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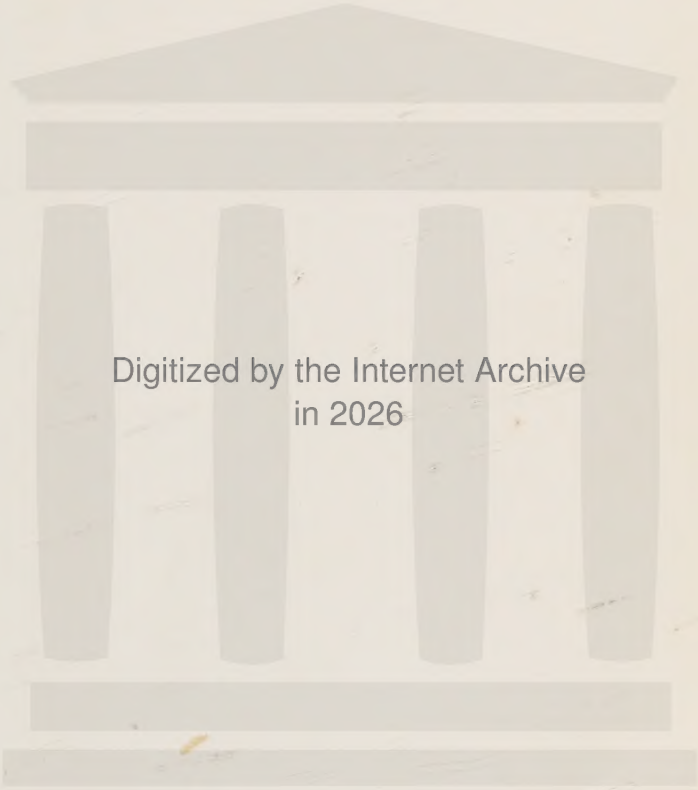
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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XII., No. 67.—OCTOBER, 1870.

UNION WITH THE CHURCH.*

THE *Mercersburg Review*, the well-known organ of what is called the Mercersburg theology, is one of the ablest and, to us, most interesting theological publications received at this office. The writers are members of the (German) Reformed Church, and occupy in relation to their own denomination about the same position that the Puseyites, Anglo-Catholics, or Ritualists do in relation to theirs, though they are profounder theologians and, if we may say so, understand far better the philosophy of the church—its relation to the Incarnation, its position in the divine economy, and its office in the work of salvation. In their church theory they approach the Catholic doctrine, and too nearly, it seems to us, for them to be excusable in remaining in a Protestant sect.

The article we have referred to in the July number of the *Mercersburg Review* discusses the question of union with the church, and reviews with great fairness and ability the two works, the titles of which we have cited in our foot-note. The reviewer, Rev. J. W. Santee, says of them:

"The authors of these volumes represent two tendencies in religion; these are wholly diverse, and may be regarded as types of different systems of thought, as well as of Christianity. The first one is a practical treatise on union with the church, and moves in the sphere of Christianity, as apprehended in former ages, and now, to a great extent, in the German Reformed Church, and makes earnest of the church of Christ, as a real order of grace, into the bosom of which souls are to be born—reared—nourished and prepared for heaven. The second moves in an order of thought altogether different, which sees nothing special in the church—nothing in her heaven-ordained means, but seems to regard the church only as a place of safe keeping for the soul, after the work of conversion—the new birth—has taken place, there to be kept safe, until God calls it into another world. The one regards the church as the 'mother of us all;' the other, as a place where nothing is to be had for spiritual support, in the way of growth, but only a place of safety. This may be seen from the following: 'It would be a difficult and almost endless task to exhibit all the good effects which will result to you from a right connection with the church. They

* 1. *Union with the Church the Solemn Duty and Blessed Privilege of all who would be Saved.* By Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D. Fourth edition.
2. *Where is the City?* Boston: Roberts Brothers. Second edition. 1868.
3. *The Mercersburg Review.* New Series. Art. III.: "Union with the Church." July, 1870. Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board. Quarterly.

are as extensive and various as the influences of religion itself, which it is the great aim and end of the church to beget and unfold in the heart and life of all. Many of its influences are so silent that they cannot be traced in their details. Gently as the dew do its cheering, refreshing, and life-giving influences distil on the heart; and it is because these influences are so gentle and silent, that they are so difficult fully to appreciate.' Hosea xiv. 5, 6, 7. (*Union with the Church*, pp. 110, 111.) Now turn to the other volume, and there you have another theory, as the following shows: 'Israel Knight opened his Bible at Ez. xlviii. 35, reading, "And the name of the city from that day shall be, *The Lord is There*." Closing the book, he reflected. At length he said, "Oh! that I might find the city with that name." Israel Knight had come to this recognition. . . . *Somewhere, there is a church, a peculiar people, whose name is rightly, "The Lord is There."*' Being a youth who lacked little of his majority, he addressed to his guardian the following:

"RESPECTED SIR: I hope I am a Christian. As I have had but little experience, and have examined but few books except those used in my classes, I am undecided what church I had better select with which to connect myself. Please advise me upon this important subject, and oblige, yours obediently,

"ISRAEL KNIGHT.

"He received this reply:—MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I hope you are a true disciple of Christ. He that doeth his will will know of the doctrine. Love the Lord your God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself, and you will find the truth. An old man like myself sees through different spectacles from those used by young eyes. God is good. He gives wisdom to all who seek it with a humble mind. Therefore, look for yourself; but my advice is—*look on all sides before you cleave to any*. Be cautious about starting to make your jar, lest, like the one you found in Horace, as the wheel goes round, it turns out an insignificant pitcher. Yours truly,

"EPHRAIM STEARNS.

(*Where is the City?* pp. 7, 8.)

"Now, here is a soul, a Christian, all right in its own estimation, hunting the church, and is encouraged, not to cleave to any one until he has seen on all sides, that is to say, that soul found all in the sphere of nature that it needed, and on that plane is to fight the battle of life in the world, and in some way, neither he nor his guardian could tell, is to make his way to heaven. Here are two distinct schemes—distinct theories of the church—of our Christian life set forth, which affect the life and condition, everything of importance which has a bearing on this and on the future life. This last scheme is modern, and it has, to a great extent, supplanted the faith of early Christianity, which faith is found, partially, in a few branches of the church of the Reformation. The larger portion of our Protestantism has succumbed and is moulded by this scheme, and has very little in common with the maxim imprinted on the title-page of the little volume by Dr. Harbaugh, while this ancient faith recognized the church as a divine order of grace—a real institute from heaven to men, for the salvation of souls. The theory of Christianity—of the church—which we find in the volume, '*Where is the City?*' is the one prevailing generally in New England, radiating from thence into all parts where New England influence and theology extend, moulding the Christian life, conditioning society, and even reaching over to the state. The *Bibliotheca Sacra* stands in the same stream, for in the notice it gave of this strange book, there was no intimation of dissent, and its theory and position were accepted as seemingly right, sound, and proper. As German Reformed, trained in the system of religion represented by Dr. Harbaugh, a book with tendencies like that '*Where is the City?*' cannot be safely recommended as suitable reading, especially for the young baptized members of the church of Christ. There is no doubt but that the tendency and influence of the book are of the low, humanitarian order, which have been and ever will be pernicious to true vital piety, and the less paper and ink are wasted in the production of such books, the better for society and the church: whereas, a book like that of Dr. Harbaugh will live and go on its mission for good, pointing the reader to Christian responsibilities and duties, and directing him to the way which leads to a spiritual home, where food for the soul is found—where it may grow in grace—where it may live and prepare for a better life." (*Mercersburg Review*, pp. 374–376.)

Israel Knight believes himself already a Christian, though the member of no church, when he starts out on his hunt after the church. But if he is already a Christian without the church, what need has he of the church? If one is a Christian, is not that enough? Nevertheless, the author conducts him through the Baptist sect, the Congregationalist, the Methodist, the Episcopal, the Universalist, the Swedenborgian, the Spiritualist (Spiritist), the Unitarian — virtually the whole round of Protestant sects—in pursuit of the city, that is, the church. Israel, after a thorough examination of all these, and unable of course to find the church in any one of them, comes to the conclusion that the church is nowhere or anywhere. We give the conclusion as cited by the reviewer, with his comments:

"He is a Christian, and with this impression he starts out in his search, and a weary, long hunt he has of it, turning out in the end that his effort was fruitless, that he found '*The Lord is there*' inscribed nowhere, but . . . Israel said, 'There is peril in my thus halting between opinions. Henceforth I will seek to be a disciple of Christ. I shall love all men though they love me not. In whatever place I find a true worker for the good of his fellow-man, I will be to him a brother. And with this simple, yet sublime faith in his heart, he went forth again into the world, no longer seeking the city. He had found it, and over all the gates on either side he read this inscription: *Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest.*' (Pp. 348, 349.) And was this the city Israel Knight found; and after all, what is it? Where does it differ from the ancient heathen? Wherein is it better than that of Seneca and hundreds of others? No, that is not the city to which the apostle points; it is not the kingdom of God, that was at hand in the person of Jesus Christ. Who could recommend such reading to the young or to any one? We have had too much of this same kind of milk-and-water trash, from which we are suffering, and such books, with such humanitarian tendencies, deserve the severest condemnation." (*Mercersburg Review*, p. 378, 379.)

The reviewer's comments are very true and just, but we cannot agree with him that the no-churchism of *Where is the City?* is peculiar to New England theology, or that it is anything but the strict logical as well as practical conclusion from the principles of the Protestant movement, or so-called Reformation, in the sixteenth century. We know that Dr. Schaff attempted, in a work published some years since, to maintain that the current of Christian life flows out from Christ through the church of the apostles, down through the church of the fathers and the church of the mediæval doctors in communion with the see of Rome, and then, since the sixteenth century, down through the church or churches of the Reformation, and therefore that Protestantism is the true and legitimate continuation and development, without any break, of the church of the ages prior to the reformers. This is mere theory, suggested by German nationalism, and ridiculed in a conversation with the writer of this article by Dr. Nevin himself, the founder of the Mercersburg school, or, as the (German) *Reformed Monthly* calls it, Nevinism, and now abandoned, we presume, by the author himself. It is a theory which has not a single fact in its support, and which was never dreamed of either by the reformers themselves, or by their opponents. The reformers sought not to continue the church of the middle ages, but to break with it, to discard it, and restore what they called "primitive Christianity," which had for a thousand years been overlaid by popery. They believed in corruption, not in development or progress.

Protestantism in its original and es-

sential character is a revolt, not simply against the authority of the pope and councils, nor simply against abuses and corruptions alleged to have crept into the church during the dark ages, but against the whole church system as understood by the fathers and mediæval doctors. The Protestant movement in the sixteenth century was a movement against the entire Christian priesthood, a protest against the whole system of mediatorial or sacramental grace, and the assertion of pure immediatism. Protestants have no priests, no altar, no victim, no sacrifice, no sacraments; they have only ministers, a table, and ordinances, and recognize no medium of grace. Some of them indeed practise baptism, and commemorate what they call the Lord's Supper, but as rites or ordinances, not as sacraments conferring the grace they signify, not as effective *ex opere operato*, but at best only as *ex opere suscipientis*. No doubt, the reformers retained many reminiscences of Christian truth, as taught by the church, not reconcilable with their protests and denials, and which certain Protestants, like our friends of the Mercersburg school, and the Ritualists among Anglicans, seize upon and insist are the real principles of the Reformation, and that what among Protestants cannot be harmonized with them should be eliminated; but the whole ἦθος, the whole spirit, current, or tendency of the Protestant world repudiates them. Undoubtedly, they are more Christian, but they are less true Protestant than the Evangelicals, who reject their teachings as figments of Romanism and themselves as papists in disguise.

The authentic Protestant doctrine of the church is not that the church is an organic body vitally united to Christ, but the association or aggregation of individuals who are personally united to Christ as their invisible head. The church is not, in the Protestant sense, the medium of the union of the individual with Christ, but the creature or result of such union. It is the union of Christians that makes the church, not the union with the church that makes Christians. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, the Dutch Reformed, the German Reformed, Baptists, Methodists, and others, before admitting a candidate to their church, examine him to see if he gives satisfactory evidences, not simply of a right disposition and belief, but of having been "hopefully converted," or regenerated by the direct and immediate action of the Holy Ghost. Comparatively few Protestants hold what is called baptismal regeneration, and no Protestant can consistently hold it, for every consistent Protestant denies supernaturally infused virtues, or habits of faith and sanctity, and holds that one is justified by faith alone. Some Episcopalians hold that infants are regenerated in baptism, but in so far as they so hold, they are not sound Protestants, and we find that the Anglicans who are faithful, like our neighbor the *Protestant Churchman*, to the Protestant movement, hold nothing of the sort, stigmatize the doctrine as a relic of popery, and are laboring to expunge it from the Book of Common Prayer.

Protestants may be divided into two great families: the supernaturalists and the naturalists or rationalists. With the latter we have at present nothing to do, for they hardly pretend to be Christians, and see in the church only a voluntary association of individuals for mutual edification and assistance. The former class recognize the necessity of regeneration or the new birth, indeed, but they hold that it is effected by the immediate and direct operation of the Holy Ghost on the soul, without the visible sacra-

ment as a medium, and must be effected before one can rightfully be admitted to church membership. The conclusion, then, follows necessarily, that one not only can be, but must be a Christian, if a Christian at all in the sense of one born anew of Christ, without the sacrament of regeneration or union with the church, and as the condition precedent of such union. Israel Knight is, then, only a true and consistent Protestant in assuming that he is, though the member of no church, a Christian, and that he can live the life of Christ without union with any church organization.

The Mercersburg reviewer is quite right in asking, by way of objection, if one can be a Christian without union with the church, what is the use of the church? but he condemns the Reformation in doing so. For ourselves, we confess that we have never been able to see, on Protestant principles, any necessity or use for the church; and so long as we remained a Protestant, we were avowedly a no-churchman. When one has attained the end, one does not need the means. Our first step in the passage from Protestantism to Catholicity was the conviction that without the church we could not be united to Christ and live his life. Indeed, no consistent Protestant can admit the church idea; and Protestantism is essentially and inevitably the denial of the church as a medium of the Christian life. The church, if she exists at all as the medium of union with Christ, in whom alone there is salvation, must be instituted by God himself through his supernatural action; but none of the so-called Protestant churches have been so instituted; none of them have had, it is historically certain, a divine origin; and they have all been instituted by men whose names we know, and who have had from God no commission to found a church or churches. Consequently, those churches so called have and can have no Christian character of their own, and none at all, unless they derive it from their individual members. They are, then, really no churches, but simply associations of individuals who call themselves Christians. There is and can be no Protestant church; there are and can be only Protestant associations or societies; and therefore there really is no church in the Protestant world with which one can unite, or with which union is necessary as the medium of union with Christ.

Dr. Harbaugh professes, indeed, to differ from the doctrine of Mr. Israel Knight, but is not as firm in denying, as is the Mercersburg reviewer, that one can be a Christian outside of the church; nor does he explicitly assert that union with the church is *absolutely* necessary to the Christian life or to salvation. His doctrine is that "union with the church is a solemn duty and a blessed privilege." He indeed asserts, in his fourth argument, p. 87, that "it is necessary to be united with the church because, according to the Scripturos, we *are united to Christ through the church*." The Mercersburg reviewer argues from this that Dr. Harbaugh holds that one can be united to Christ *only* by being united with the church. This may be Dr. Harbaugh's meaning, but he does not unequivocally say it; and if he means it, his other eight arguments for uniting with the church are quite superfluous. Once let it be settled that there is no salvation without union with Christ, and no union with Christ without union with the church, and no additional argument is needed to convince any one who loves his own soul and desires salvation that he ought to become a true and liv-

ing member of the church, the living body of Christ. The one argument is enough.

Yet assuming that Dr. Harbaugh does mean all that the Mercersburg reviewer alleges, he fails, as does the reviewer himself, to recognize the indestructible unity of the church. Both concede that the church is divided, and both contend that it suffices to be united to some one of the many parts or divisions into which it is divided. "We freely confess," says Dr. Harbaugh, pp. 11, 12, "that *the church is divided into many parts*, and we mourn over it. *It is a great evil;* and those who are the means of dividing it are certainly very guilty before God. Christ instituted only *one* church, and it is his will that there should be but one fold, as there is also but one shepherd—one body as there is but one head. . . . Grant that the church is divided, and that this is a great evil; it does not destroy it. The church still exists; divided as the branches, yet still one as the tree. The church can exist, does exist, and is still one church, under all these divisions."

The tree includes its living branches in its organic unity, and there is no division unless the branches are severed from the trunk or parent stem, in which case they are dead branches, and are no longer any part of the living tree. If the church exists in her organic unity, and the branch churches are in living union with her, there is no division of the church at all, and the Mercersburg school is quite wrong in assuming that there is, and that "it is a great evil." In such case there are no divisions of the church to be regretted or mourned over. The variety and number of branches are only proofs of her vigorous life and growth. But if the branches are divided from the trunk, severed from the tree, they are dead, not living branches, and union with them is not and cannot be a medium of union with Christ, or of living his life.

But our Mercersburg friends, while they hold that "the church is divided into many parts," maintain that her unity is still preserved. "She is still one church under all these divisions." We cannot understand this. We cannot understand how unity can be divided—and if not divided, the church is not divided—and yet remain undivided. To our old-fashioned way of thinking, the division of unity is its destruction. The branches of a tree may wither, be severed from the trunk and burned, and yet its organic unity remain intact; but we cannot understand how branches divided from the tree, and no longer in communion with its root, are still living branches, and one with it.

Our friends of the Mercersburg school, under the lead of Dr. Nevin, have conclusively shown that the church of the apostles' creed is an organic body, growing out of the Incarnation, vitally united to Christ the Incarnate Word, and living by and in his life. It is the living body of Christ, and therefore necessarily one and indivisible, as he is one and indivisible. How, then, can this church be divided and still exist as one body? or how can it exist as one organic body under the several sectarian divisions, which are none of them included in its unity and integrity, and all of which are separate bodies, independent one of another? What organic union is there between the German Reformed Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church, or between either of these and the Roman Church? The unity to be asserted is the unity of the church, not as an invisible spirit or as a doctrine or theory, but as an or-

ganic, therefore a visible, body. None of the parts into which Dr. Harbaugh says she is divided can be included in her unity, unless visibly united to her as the branch to the trunk, or, for instance, as the see of New York is visibly united to the apostolic see of Rome, from which it holds. There is no such visible union between the divisions in question. The Roman Church communes or is united with no Protestant sect, and the Protestant sects as organic bodies do not intercommune with one another. They are mutually independent bodies, and are no more one body or parts of one body than France and Prussia, Great Britain and the United States, are one or parts of one empire, kingdom, or commonwealth. Each is complete in itself, with its own constitution and laws, its own centre of authority, its own legislature, executive, and judiciary, subordinate to and dependent on no other body or organism whatever. So much is undeniable. How, then, can they be parts or divisions of one organic whole, with which they have no visible connection, and be made one in its unity? The supposition is absurd on its very face.

It will not do to say that, though these parts or divisions are united in one body by no visible bond of unity, and are externally separate and mutually independent bodies, they are yet united by an invisible bond, and therefore are really parts, divisions, branches of the One Holy Catholic Church; for that would imply that the church is simply an invisible church, not a visible organic body, as it is conceded she is. Doubtless the church is both visible and invisible; but the invisible is the *forma* of the visible, as the soul is the *forma* or informing principle of the body. The invisible is Christ himself, or, rather, the Holy Ghost, who dwells in the visible, and applies to the regeneration and sanctification of souls the grace purchased by the Word made flesh, the one Mediator of God and men. Union with the invisible church is the end sought by union with the visible church; and, if that union is possible without union with the visible body, we must accept Mr. Israel Knight's conclusion that there is Christianity outside of the church, and that one can be united to Christ and live his life without being a member of any church organization, which the Mercersburg reviewer denies and ably refutes.

The question raised by the works before us is as to union with the church as an organic body as the necessary medium of union with Christ, and of living his life. A union of the sects in doctrine, in usages, in spirit and intention, avails nothing, unless they are in vital union with this organic body, the one body of Christ. This is the great fact that Catholicizing as well as other Protestants overlook. After all their talk, they forget that the bond of unity must be visible since the body is visible; and hence St. Cyprian, in his *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, argues that, though all the apostles were equal, our Lord conferred the pre-eminence on one, and established one cathedra, whence unity should be seen to take its rise. Overlooking this, Protestants are able to assert only an invisible Catholic Church, which is simply no organic body at all, and leaves Christ without a body through which we can be united to him, or a pure disembodied spirit, and as strictly so as if the Word had never been made flesh and dwelt among us. Our Mercersburg friends see and admit it. We ask them, then, is or is not this organic body divided? If so divided that the several parts or divisions have no

longer a visible bond of unity as one organic body, unity is destroyed, the church has failed, and the gates of hell have prevailed against her; if not, if the unity of the living organic body remains, then no union with any body not in visible communion with this one organic body is or can be union with the Holy Catholic Church of the creed, or the medium of union with Christ. We do not here misrepresent the Mercersburg school. The reviewer himself says:

"*The church is one, as there is but one body,* and this fact was maintained for sixteen centuries, troublers were silenced, and branded as heretics, and some of the reformers felt the force of this indisputable fact, and there was manifested a spirit of compromise, which, however, could not succeed, and presently the Reformation divided into two confessions, coming down to our days. Not only this, but these divided and subdivided, running into endless divisions, and not the most exact rules of calculus can calculate how small the fragments may become, or where the divisions will end; and what is worse than all, these now live on each other—prey on each other—attempt to devour each other, as the lean and fat kine, so that it is true and cannot be gainsaid, Protestantism, with its divided interests, engages not in fighting the world and the devil, but fighting itself. This surely is a blot which the warmest friends of the system can neither justify nor defend, and it is equally true that this very fact stands in the way of many, as an opposing barrier, and keeps many (inexcusably) from a duty which they solemnly owe to God and to their own souls; namely, a consecration to the service of God, in soul and body. How long this unfortunate condition will continue, no human eye can see. It must ever lie heavy on the Christian heart longing for unity. In this confusion, where sects multiply so rapidly, we have always a want of unity. The church, however, cannot be divided as our modern Protestantism presents the case. The faith of the church cannot be so uncertain nor unwavering as it is presented; if it be so, it becomes of all things most uncertain." (*Mercersburg Review,* p. 390.)

The reviewer also expressly approves Dr. Harbaugh's church theory:

"The tract of Dr. Harbaugh regards the church as a divine institution, for the purposes of salvation—an order instituted by Jesus Christ, in the bosom of which the healing of the nations is to be accomplished—an institution having means and forces to do all that is proposed. Here is the home of the Christian—in her he is born—in her nurtured, and here grows to be prepared, by her blessed means, for heaven. Here is a door of entrance; entering her are found means to carry forward the great work of preparation, and in her the baptized soul realizes the fact only, 'that in life and in death, in soul and in body, I am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ." It falls in with the ancient creeds—with the ancient faith, *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.*" (*Mercersburg Review,* p. 386,)

The plain logic of all this is that the church as an organic body subsists always undivided in her unity and integrity, and that all bodies organically divided from her or not organically united with her are aliens from Christ, without any church character or Christian life, and union with any one of them is not union with the Catholic Church, out of which there is no salvation. But neither our Mercersburg friends nor our Ritualistic friends are willing to admit this plain logical conclusion, and indeed cannot do it without unchurching the bodies of which they are members, and consequently not without unchristianizing themselves and their associates. Here is the stick. Unwilling to deny that the Christian life can be lived and has been lived in their respective bodies, they try to find out some ground on which bodies which are united to the church and to one another by no visible bond, and are even visibly disunited and separate organic bodies,

may yet be vitally united to the one organic body, the One Holy Catholic Church, out of which German Reformed, Episcopalian, Anglican, and Presbyterian alike admit there is no salvation. Unhappily for their wishes, no such ground can be discovered, for it would imply a contradiction in terms; and as no one of the Protestant sects does or dares assert itself alone as the One Holy Catholic Church, and as no one of them is organically united with any body but itself, they are forced to stand self-condemned, and each to confess itself a body separated from Christ, and therefore without the means of salvation. Men seldom fail to fall into self-contradictions and gross absurdities when they attempt to follow their feelings or affections instead of the inexorable logic of principles. Error is never self-consistent.

Our Catholicizing Protestant friends, that is, Protestants who profess to hold the Catholic doctrine of the church and yet fancy themselves or would like to believe themselves safe while remaining in the communion of their respective sects, have, after all, little confidence in their theory of branch churches, and fall back for safety on their real or supposed baptism. Baptism, by whomsoever administered, makes the baptized members of Christ's body, and hence all baptized infants dying in infancy are saved; yet it by no means follows that all who receive what purports to be baptism among the sects are validly baptized. In fact, the Catholic clergy place so little confidence in the sectarian administration of baptism that converts to the church are almost always baptized conditionally.

The sacrament is indeed efficacious *ex opere operato*, but only they who, as infants, interpose no obstacle to the inflowing grace are actually regenerated. They who have not the proper disposition of mind and heart, who lack belief in Christ, or have a false belief, do oppose such obstacles, and receive not the fruits of the sacrament till they repent of their sins, and come to believe the truth, and the truth as the church teaches it. Then, again, the habit of faith infused in baptism may be lost; and the union with Christ is severed, if the infant on coming to years of discretion makes an act of infidelity, or, what is the same thing, refuses or omits to make an act of faith. Under some one or all of these heads a great portion of adult Protestants must be classed, and we see, therefore, no solid ground to hope for their salvation, unless before they die they are converted and gathered into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church. Theologians, no doubt, distinguish between the soul of the church and the body of the church, but this does not help those who are aliens from the body of the church. Certainly no one who does not belong to the soul of the church is in the way of salvation, and all who do belong to the soul are in the way, and, if they persevere to the end, will certainly be saved; but union with the body is the only means of union with the soul of the church, and hence out of the church as the body of Christ there is no salvation. There is no logical alternative between this conclusion and the no-churchism of Mr. Israel Knight.

Union with the church as the medium of union with Christ is no arbitrary condition, any more than is the condition that to be a man one must be born of the race of Adam. To be a Christian one must be born by the election of grace of Christ, as one to be a man must be born of Adam by natural generation; and for one not born of Christ to complain that

he is not in the way of salvation is as unreasonable, as absurd, as for a horse to complain that he is not born a man; nay, even more so, for, if any man is not born of Christ, and, therefore, is excluded from the elect or regenerated race, it is his own fault. It was ordained before the foundation of the world, in the self-same decree by which the world was created, that man should be redeemed and saved, or enabled to attain the end of his existence, through the Incarnation of the Word, that is, through Christ, and through him alone. The church originates in the Incarnation, and is in the order of regeneration or grace, in relation to Christ, what the human race in the order of natural generation is to Adam; and hence Christ is called in prophecy "the Father of the coming age," and by St. Paul, "the second Adam, the Lord from heaven." The church is elect or regenerated mankind. Under another aspect, she not only includes all who are born of Christ as their progenitor in the order of grace, but is his bride, his spouse, through whom souls are begotten and born of him; and hence St. Cyprian says, "He cannot have God for his father who has not the church for his mother."

It is not ours to say what God could or could not have done; but we may and do say that the Christian order, or the church founded by the Incarnation, is the teleological law of the universe, without which it cannot be perfected, completed, or attain to its end or final cause, but would remain for ever inchoate or initial, as has been frequently shown in this magazine, especially in the article No. IX. on *Catholicity and Pantheism*. All things are created and ordered in reference to the glory of the Incarnate Word, and it is only in the Incarnation, the Word made flesh, that we have the key to the meaning of the universe and the significance of the facts or events of history, both sacred and profane. Read the first fourteen verses of St. John's Gospel, and, if you understand them, you will see that we only assert the central truth, the informing principle, of what it has pleased God to reveal as the teleological law of his creation. Christ is the Lamb slain from the foundation or origin of the world; he is the resurrection and the life, and he only could open the gates of heaven.

Nothing is more unphilosophical as well as unchristian than to look upon the Incarnation as an accident or an anomaly in providence or the divine economy of creation, or as an afterthought in the mind of the Creator. It is the creative act itself raised to its apex and completed. Hence the profound sense of the words *Consummatus est* which our Lord pronounced on the cross. Christianity, the church, is only the evolution and application to the regeneration, sanctification, and glorification of souls of the Incarnation, is only Christ himself in his mediatorial work fulfilling, completing, perfecting the work of creation. It is easy, therefore, to understand the place and purpose of the Incarnation, and also why union with the church as the medium of union with the Incarnate Word is an indispensable condition of salvation or of attaining to the beatitude for which we are created. It is easy also to see how little they comprehend of the profound philosophy of the Gospel who deny or attempt to explain away the Catholic dogma.

It will not be difficult now to comprehend the real character of Protestantism, and to understand why it is and must be so offensive to the Christian soul. It is

a protest against the whole teleological order of the universe. By its no-churchism, it reduces Christianity to a naked abstraction, therefore to a nullity; rejects Christ himself as the living Christ and perpetual Mediator of God and men; denies his present and continuous mediatorial work; deprives the soul of all the gracious means and helps without which it cannot live and persevere in the Christian life; and it reverses the whole order of the divine economy of creation and providence, as well as of grace. It is not simply a misapprehension, but a total rejection of the whole Christian order. It does not ordinarily, indeed, reject Christ in name; but it rejects all visible medium of union with him, and renders nugatory the Incarnation in the work of salvation and glorification. It recognizes no order of grace. It indeed calls upon us to come to Christ or to submit to Christ, but it tells us not how we can come to him, what is the way to him, what we must do in order to come to him, or to have him come to us and abide with us. It says, Be Christians, and—you will be Christians; be ye filled, be ye warmed, and be ye clothed, and ye will be no longer hungry, cold, or naked—which is but bitter mockery.

When one feels himself dead in trespasses and sins, and cries out from the depths of his agony, What shall I *do* to be saved? it is to insult his misery to tell him, Come to Christ, and you will be saved. You might as well tell him, Be saved, and you—will be saved; if you show him not some visible and practicable way of coming to him, and being one with him, or if you deny all visible medium of salvation. Christ as simply invisible or disembodied spirit is practically no Christ at all, and there is for the sinner no means of salvation, no means of beatitude for the soul, any more than there would have been if the Word had not been "made flesh, and dwelt among us." We are no better off than we should have been under the law of nature. Christianity would afford us no aid or help, and would leave us as naked, destitute, as helpless, as under paganism; for prayer, the only means of communion with the invisible Protestantism recognizes, is as open to the pagan as to the Christian.

We do not by this mean to deny the honesty and worth of large numbers of those outside of the church or in sectarian communities; yet we have seen no instance among them of a virtue surpassing the natural strength of a man who has simple human faith in the great truths of the Gospel, and strives to practise the moral precepts of Christianity, or superior to many instances of exalted human virtue to be found among the Gentiles. We find among them men of rare intellectual powers and great natural virtues, but no greater among those counted church members than among those who are connected as members with no church organization. There is much that is excellent in many of the Protestant Sisters of Mercy and Charity organized in imitation of Catholic sisterhoods of the same name, and we readily acknowledge the worth of a Howard, a Florence Nightingale, a Caroline Fry, and other noble-minded men and women who have devoted themselves to the mitigation of human suffering, to the succor and the consolation of the sick and dying, or to the recovery of the fallen and the reformation of the erring. We also honor the liberal bequests and donations of wealthy Protestants to found or endow colleges, institutions of learning and science, hospitals, infirmaries, and institutions for the deaf and blind, the poor and desti-

tute; but we see nothing in any of them that transcends the natural order, or that is not possible without regeneration. Men and women with the Christian ideal intellectually apprehended, even imperfectly, from reading the Scriptures, the example of the church always in the world, and reminiscences of the Catholic instruction received by their ancestors, all traces of which have not yet been lost in the non-Catholic world, can, by the diligent exercise of their natural powers, reach to the highest virtue of these Protestant saints, without that grace which elevates the Christian above the order of nature, and translates him into the order of the regeneration, joins him to Christ as his head, and makes him an heir and joint-heir with him of the kingdom of God. Perhaps no class of Protestants have exhibited virtues superior to those exhibited by the Friends, or Quakers, and they are not Christians at all, for they are not baptized, and therefore not regenerated, or born of Christ. Nature instructed by revelation, or even imperfect reminiscences of revelation, may go very far.

We find among the heathen and among Protestants rare human or natural virtues which really are virtues in their order, and to be approved by all; but we do not find among them the supernatural virtues or the heroic sanctity of the Christian. We find philanthropy, benevolence, kindness of heart, sympathy with suffering, but we do not find charity in the Christian sense; we find belief in many of the principles and doctrines of Christianity, but not the theological virtue of faith, which excludes all doubt or uncertainty, and is, as St. Paul says, *sperandarum substantia, argumentum non apparentium*, the substance of things to be hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. We find a Socrates, a Scipio, a Howard, an Oberlin, a Florence Nightingale; but we do not find a St. Francis of Assisium, a St. John of God, a St. Vincent de Paul, a St. Agnes, a St. Catharine, a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a St. Jane Frances de Chantal, nor even a Fénelon or a Mother Seton. Protestant novelists, when they would present a man or woman of rare heroic virtue, are obliged to draw on their imagination, or, like Mrs. Beecher Stowe in *Uncle Tom*, to borrow from the lives of Catholic saints, and in neither case do they come up to the Catholic reality.

We know that some classes of Protestants insist on the new birth, or regeneration, what they call a change of heart, and they have protracted meetings, prayer-meetings, inquiry meetings, and much ingenious machinery to effect it; but all the change effected can easily be explained on natural principles, without supposing the supernatural operations of the Holy Ghost. It rarely proves to be a real change of life beyond that of substituting a new vice for an old one; and, what is equally to the purpose, we find the converts who are gathered into the Protestant churches in seasons of revivals, and assumed to be in grace, often surpassed in virtue by those who have undergone no process of Protestant conversion, and who belong to no church, but are, in the slang of the day, nothingarians. The best people among Protestants are rarely their church-members. We find, also, from the statement in the Boston *Congregationalist and Record*, that only about one-fourth of those who undergo the process of conversion and are received into the Congregational churches remain pious and active members; and experience proves that they who fall away become many de-

grees worse than they were before being converted.

It is not ours to judge, but we see among Protestants, any more than among the heathen, no indication that they are supernaturally joined to Christ as the father and head of the elect or regenerated humanity, and therefore none that they inherit the promise of eternal life or the beatific vision of God, the reward of the true Christian life. They have their virtues, and no virtue ever misses its reward; but their virtues being in the natural order are, like those of the old Romans of whom St. Augustine speaks, entitled only to temporal rewards, or rewards in this life. One must be born into the kingdom of Christ before one can live the life of Christ, or reign with him in glory.

We can now see that the Mercersburg school and the Ritualists, though approaching very near in their church doctrines to Catholicity, yet not being joined to the body of Christ, and adhering to bodies alien from the church, have no better-grounded hopes of salvation or eternal life than any other class of Protestants. We can also understand the significance of the Evangelical Alliance, which was to have held a Grand Conference in this city last month, but was postponed on account of the war between France and Prussia. Protestants are well aware of the disadvantages they labor under in their war against the church by their division into a great variety of jarring sects; and, despairing of unity, they seek to obviate the evil by forming themselves into a sort of confederation or an offensive and defensive alliance. Hence the Evangelical Alliance, intended to embrace all Evangelical Protestant sects. The very term *alliance* proves that they are not one body or one church, but several bodies. These several mutually independent bodies have effected or are trying to effect a union for certain purposes, or an agreement to act in concert against their common enemy, the Catholic Church. There being no Christianity outside the One Catholic Church, which they evidently are not, since they are many, not one, the alliance is, of course, no *Christian* alliance, but really an alliance of bodies, falsely calling themselves Christian, against the Christian church, against Christianity itself. The alliance is not a co-worker with Christ, but really with Satan against Christ in his church. Such is the meaning and such the position of the so-called Evangelical Alliance.

No one who understands the Evangelical Alliance of this and other countries, whatever protests it may issue against rationalism and infidelity, or pretensions to Christian faith it may put forth, can doubt that it is formed expressly against the Catholic Church, which it calls Babylon, and whose Supreme Pontiff it denounces as "the man of sin." It is antipapal, antichurch, antichristian, in spirit Antichrist, and marks that "falling away" of which St. Paul speaks.

It is not easy to explain the hostility of this Evangelical Alliance to the church, except on the same principle that we explain that of the old carnal Jews to our Lord himself, whom they crucified between two thieves. It cannot be concern for the souls of Catholics that moves it, for Protestants themselves do not pretend that the Christian life cannot be lived and salvation secured in the communion of the church. Their greatest champions do not attempt to prove that Catholicity is an unsafe way, but, like Chillingworth, limit themselves to the attempt to prove that "Protestantism is a safe way of salvation." Even they being judges, we are at least as safe and as sure of eternal life as they are. The alliance,

then, has and can have no *Christian* motive for its hostility to the church, and therefore can have only a human or a satanic motive for seeking her destruction. Protestants say she is a corrupt, a superstitious church, and keeps her members in gross ignorance, and enslaved to a degrading despotism; but they practically unsay this when they concede that salvation is possible in her communion. They cannot seek to destroy the church, then, in the interest of the soul in the world to come.

It can then be only in the interest of this world. But as the chief interest, as it should be the chief business, of man in this world is to make sure of the world to come, it is hardly worth while to war against the church for the sake of this life only, especially if there should be danger by living for the earthly life alone of losing eternal life. It would be decidedly a bad speculation, and altogether unprofitable, and more silly than the exchange of his golden armor by Glaucus for the brazen armor of Diomed. As for society, it is very certain, from experience, that the success of the alliance would prove its ruin, as it has already well-nigh done.

All the temporal governments of the world, without a single exception, have withdrawn themselves from the authority of the church in spirituals as well as in temporals, and the nations, both civilized and uncivilized, without exception, are now governed by Protestants, Jews, infidels, schismatics, or such lukewarm and worldly-minded Catholics as place the interests of time above those of eternity; yet at no epoch since the downfall of heathen Rome has society been less secure, or its very existence in greater danger; never have wars on the most gigantic scale been so frequent, so expensive, or so destructive to human life, as in the last century and the present. We are still startled at the terrible wars that grew out of the French Revolution of 1789, not yet ended; we have hardly begun to recover from our own fearful civil war, in which citizen was armed against citizen, neighbor against neighbor, and brother against brother, to the loss of half a million of lives, and at the cost of ten thousand millions of dollars to the country, counting both North and South, before we are called upon to witness the opening of a war between France and Prussia, not unlikely in its progress to envelop all Europe in flames, and the end or result of which no man can now foresee. The great mass of the people have for nearly a century been living for this world alone, and are to-day in a fair way to lose it as well as the world to come. Material wealth, perhaps, has been augmented by modern inventions, but in a less ratio than men's wants have been developed, and both worldly happiness and the means of securing it have diminished. Vice and crime were never more rampant, and are increasing in Great Britain and our own country at a fearful rate, while the public conscience loses daily more and more of its sensitiveness.

Nothing is more evident to the observer than that in losing the *magisterium* of the church society has lost its balance-wheel, rejected the very law of its moral existence and normal development. Society must rest on a moral basis, and be under a moral law and a spiritual government, as well as a civil government, or it tends inevitably to dissolution. Since their emancipation from the church, the nations have been under no spiritual government; they have recognized no power competent to declare the moral law of their existence and growth, much less to enforce it by spiritual pains and penalties. They

have in consequence lost all reverence for authority in the civil order, as well as in the spiritual order, and tend, under pretence of establishing popular liberty, to no-governmentism, to downright anarchy. In our country, the most advanced of all in the direction the age is tending, we have hardly any government at all, in the proper sense of the word; we have only national and State agencies for taxing the people to advance the private interests of business men or of huge business corporations. We have tampered with the judiciary till we have well-nigh destroyed it, and the maintenance of justice between man and man is left pretty much to chance. Fraud, peculation, theft, robbery, murder, stalk abroad at noonday, and go in a great measure unwhipt of justice. The English system has ripened with us and brings forth its legitimate fruits. In warring against the church, and seeking to destroy her power and influence over society, the alliance is warring against the true interests of this world as well as of the next. The sects, the creatures of opinion, and without any support in God, are too weak, however commendable their intentions, to withstand popular opinion, popular errors, popular passions, or popular tendencies, and must always go on with the world, or it will go on without them.

A slight experience of the sects united in the alliance, and a slight analysis of their principles and tendencies, are sufficient to convince any one not judicially blinded that they are prompted in their war against the church only by those three old enemies of our Lord, the world, the flesh, and the devil—enemies which the church must always and everywhere in this world combat with all her supernatural powers. These sects do not believe it, and many in them, no doubt, believe that they are doing battle on the side of God and his Christ. But this is because they know not what they do, and are laboring under the strong delusions of which St. Paul speaks to the Thessalonians. But this does not excuse them. The Jews who crucified our Lord knew not what they did, yet were they not free from guilt, for they might and should have known. No man labors under a strong delusion against what is good and true but through his own fault, and no man is carried away by satanic delusions, unless already a captive to Satan, unless he already hates the truth and has pleasure in iniquity. The ignorance and delusions of the alliance in the present case are only an aggravation of its guilt, for the claims of the church are as evident as the light, and can no more be hidden than a city set on a hill, or the sun in the heavens. The church has in the sects, or their representatives in the Evangelical Alliance, only her old enemies, more powerful just now than at some former periods; but he whose spouse she is, is mightier than they, and never mightier than when men fancy he is vanquished, and the only thing for us to grieve over is that they are causing so many precious souls for whom Christ has died to perish.

For ourselves, we are not, like Israel Knight, obliged to inquire, Where is the city, or the church? to discuss the question, whether it is necessary to join the church or not; nor are we called upon, like our Mercersburg friends, to consider whether we are vitally joined to the church, and through her to Christ, while we remain members of a Protestant sect. We Catholics know which and where is the church, and we know that we are members of the body of Christ. We have for ourselves no questions

of this sort to ask or to answer. All Catholics are members of the one Church of Christ. We know the truth, we have all the means and helps we need to live the life of Christ, and to reign with him in glory. The only question for us to ask is, Are we *of* the church as well as *in* the church? It will in the last day avail us nothing to have been *in* if not *of* the church. The mere union with the external body of the church will avail us nothing, if we have not made it the medium of union with the internal, with Christ himself.

It would, perhaps, be well for all Catholics to consider their responsibilities to those who are without, for whose salvation we are bound in charity to labor. One of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of those without is the misconduct, carelessness, and indifference of Catholics. If all Catholics lived as good practical Catholics, the combinations against the church might still be formed, but they would be shorn of much of their power, and conversions would be facilitated. Yet we must not forget that it is the truth and sanctity of the church that give the greatest offence.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

On the shore I fell asleep,
  And I dreamed an angel came
Walking on the liquid deep
  With his glorious limbs on flame;
All diaphanous and bright
As a topaz in the light.

Something to the sea he said;
  What it was I could not hear;
And I saw a living head
  Straightway on each wave appear,
And like Aphrodite grow
Into beauty's perfect glow.

Then from lip to lip there passed
  Some sweet watchword so intense
In its import, that at last
  In that risen phalanx dense
All the beings bright and strong
Burst into a sea of song.

Ne'er did such a summer sea,
  Vast, melodious, and low,
Of unearthly minstrelsy
  Moderate its ebb and flow,

Ne'er on mortal listener beat
With a pæan half so sweet.

Breathing thus their psalms, the blest
  Gazed entranced upon the skies,
Turning from the darkling West
  Toward an Orient paradise:
And they seemed to see afar
Some stupendous morning star.

Soon the star became a sun;
  And within its disk of gold
Stood th' emblazoned form of One
  Whom the heavens cannot hold,
One in whom all glories shine,
Whether human or divine.

"Hope of Ages," cried the sea,
  "Welcome to thy bought domain!
Take us where thou wilt with thee,
  Or among us here remain!
Like to us is that or this,
For thy presence is our bliss."

Echoes from adjacent lands,
  Echoes from remotest sky,
From the dead who burst their bands
  Or descended from on high,
Answered to the choral host
Triumphing from coast to coast.

Then in haloes round their king
  All these holy sons of light,
Ranged in ring succeeding ring,
  Moved in self-sustaining flight,
Bent th' adoring knee in air,
Interchanging praise with prayer.

All the firmament was full
  Of enormous rainbows rife
With those beings beautiful
  Risen to ethereal life;
And th' expanding pageant seemed
Nigh to touch me while I dreamed.

"O my dream!" I dreaming said,
  "For a dream thou surely art,
In the galleries of my head,
  In the caverns of my heart

Linger through the charméd night,
Linger till the morning light!"

Wert thou but a dream, O dream!
Or a prophecy of things
Which in after time shall beam
On the gaze of him who sings—
An assuring far-shot ray
Of the already dawning day?

MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

THE history of England during the sixteenth century has been so closely studied in modern times that men have generally come to form and hold settled convictions upon the merits of the personages who chiefly figure in its pages. In the court of public opinion decisive evidence has been given, and admitted, in the case of "bluff King Hal" and of "good Queen Bess;" and the beautiful Queen of Scots ceases to be exaggerated into a fiend or an angel, and stands before us a gifted and much-injured woman. The name of Mary of England would seem to be an exception to this rule. We are left to glean an account of her earlier life as best we may from the incidental mention of her name in the history of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, while the odious epithet of "bloody," applied to her as queen, seems to encircle her reign with a mysterious obscurity that Protestant and Catholic alike are only too happy to leave unexplored. Her character in books of instruction for the young and in popular literature is summed up in the language of Burnet, Hume, and Foxe, the three bitterest enemies of her memory, so that where an authority is given it is one of these three, or some writer who avowedly copies their words. The necessities of history, as we modern men expect it to be written, and the fairness of the art of criticism, every day improving among writers and readers of every nation and religion, cannot allow us to leave in the dark a character of such importance as Mary, the daughter of King Henry VIII., sister of Elizabeth and Edward VI., first queen regnant of England and Ireland, last legitimate scion of the House of Tudor, and the last Catholic who died in possession of the throne of Great Britain. Her reign covers a period of vast importance in the history of the laws, commerce, institutions, national affairs, and foreign relations of England; and if personal attractions are needed to gain attention to her claims, we are supported by the unanimous testimony of historians in saying that she was superior in strength and dignity of character and in mental accomplishments to both her stately sister Elizabeth and her lovely cousin, Mary of Scotland.

Miss Agnes Strickland, that best-

natured of lady writers, has collected abundant proof to show that Mary was equally admirable for gentleness and sweetness of manner, and for elegant symmetry of form—that she was sung by the poets and courted by the princes of Europe on account of her singular wit and beauty. The large dark eyes of her Spanish mother, we are told, gave a serious grace to her fair spotless English countenance—but neglect and sorrow and persecution soon increased the seriousness and dimmed the girlish gaiety of the lovely princess. If an additional circumstance is required to interest, I may mention that all grant her to have been from her earliest infancy a princess of irreproachable character, and never to her latest breath did she swerve from sincere devotion to the faith of the Holy Catholic Church.

The influences which surrounded her childhood were not such as to develop in her a cruel or revengeful disposition.

From her birth in 1516 until her sixteenth year, she was carefully and lovingly instructed by her pious mother, Katherine of Arragon. Next to her mother, her most intimate friend was the Countess of Salisbury, whom, without regard for the royal blood that flowed in her veins, Henry VIII. sent to the scaffold for the double crime of being the mother of Cardinal Pole and a firm confessor of the religion of her fathers.

The Lady Mary was distinguished at an early age on account of her love for music, and the skill and proficiency with which she played on several instruments in use at the time. She was instructed in science and languages after a rule laid down for her guidance by the celebrated Spanish scholar, Ludovicus Vives, who encouraged Queen Katherine to give her a learned and virtuous education like that of the daughters of Sir Thomas More, to keep out of her hands the idle romances of chivalry, which he styles "pestiferous books," to teach her to despise cards, dice, and splendid dress, to make her love the study of the Scriptures and the classic writers of Greece and Rome. Her life of seclusion gave her ample time for long and patient study, which was crowned with complete success. She excelled in music, she understood Italian, she spoke fluently the French and Spanish languages, and the accuracy with which she spoke and wrote Latin was the admiration of all Europe.

Her speeches in public and from the throne were delivered with grace and ease, and among other productions of her pen there is a translation of the Latin Paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which places her among the ablest English writers of her time. The despatches of the French ambassador, Marquis de Noailles, relating his conferences with her when queen, prove the acuteness and vigor of her mind, and show her to have been a match for that crafty and unscrupulous diplomatist. She was betrothed at an early age to the Emperor Charles V., and although the contract was afterward dissolved, Charles proved a constant friend and prudent adviser to the princess. Many other matches were taken into consideration by Henry for his accomplished and virtuous daughter, but without coming to any definite arrangement. At one time, her kinsman Reginald Pole, confessedly among the most comely, gifted, and high-minded of English youths, was spoken of as most likely to obtain the hand of the princess. The queen and herself would have been favorable to such an alliance, which would have been highly acceptable [illegible] the nation from his being great-nephew of Edward

IV., and the last scion of the popular royal line of the Plantagenets. Reginald used no anxious efforts to improve such flattering opportunities. When the young princess was in her sixteenth year he retired from England, finding that his conscience could not accord with the measures of the wilful king.

He who turns over the pages of the *Privy Purse Expenses of Queen Mary*, edited from half-burnt rolls of original paper by Sir Frederick Madden, is surprised at the proofs of constant kindness and generosity which this private record affords. From the maids of honor who waited on her royal person to the humblest cottager in her neighborhood, Mary, whether as princess or queen, freely distributed her bounty; consoling the recipients of it with kind visits, sweet smiles, and gentle words. She gave large donations to poor prisoners in various parts of London. She was in the habit of learning the circumstances of poor families, even when queen, by going in a simple dress with her ladies to visit them, and when she found that they were numerous and poor, she apprenticed the more promising among the children at her own expense. She had a singular fondness for standing godmother to children. Beginning with her brother Edward in the palace even to the children of poor gamekeepers and husbandmen, we find a long list of objects of her charity who were her god-children.

During the year 1537, she was sponsor to fifteen children. These numerous spiritual children were often brought to pay their respects to their godmother, and she made them presents of money and clothing. In her private journal we constantly find such items as these:

"To the woman who keepeth Mary Price, my Lady Mary's god-daughter, 1*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*" "To a poor woman of her grace living at Hatfield, 3*s.* 9*d.*" "Given to John Potticary at the christening of his child, my lady's grace being godmother, 40*s.* 5*d.*" "Item: Given at the christening of Doctor Michael's child, my lady's grace being godmother to the same, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"

Thus we find charges for her sick servants, among whom are mentioned "Bess Cressy, Randal Dod, and Jane the Fool." On her recovery Jane must have been seized with an extraordinary fit of industry, for we find in the accounts of the princess for the first and last time the following item, "1*d.* expended for needles for Jane the Fole."

There are further proofs of Mary's mild and gentle disposition, among which her biographers have recorded her singular fondness for pets and for flowers. Her tenderness toward her little sister Elizabeth deserves especial mention, the more so as her kindness was in later years so ungratefully repaid. We have ample evidence to prove that she was greatly beloved by all her household, and that she was popular with the nation at large. John Roy, a Protestant, speaks of her quite enthusiastically, in some lines which have been preserved. While expressing his admiration for Mary, he deals very unceremoniously with Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, who, he says, favored the king's desire to obtain a divorce from Katherine of Arragon. The poet pays as little respect to his eminence as he does to the rules of rhyme:

"Yea, a princess whom to describe
It were hard for an orator,
She is but a child in age,
And yet she is both wise and sage,
And beautiful in favor.
Perfectly doth she represent
The singular graces excellent
Both of her father and mother.
Howbeit this disregarding
The *carter* of York is meddling
For to divorce them asunder."

In the year 1531, the princess met with the first great sorrow of her life

and the chief cause of many miseries that overshadowed her later years with a cloud of melancholy. She was parted from her loving and virtuous mother. This was done by order of the king, who, after many fruitless efforts to obtain a divorce from Rome, had finally made up his mind to espouse Anne Boleyn in defiance of all laws to the contrary. A letter from Queen Katherine, written shortly after to Mary, encourages her to keep her mind ever pure and holy, and to cultivate assiduously the studies to which she had been trained from her earliest years:

"I pray God," says the queen, "that you, good daughter, offer yourself to him. If any pangs come over you, shrive yourself, first make you clean, take heed of his commandments, and keep them as near as he will give you grace to do, for there are you sure armed."

It is difficult to read without tears her impassioned appeals to the king for permission to hasten to the bedside of her dying mother—a permission which it did not suit his plans and those of his new adviser, Anne Boleyn, to grant. Mary was not allowed to see her mother even when Katherine, worn out by neglect and ill-usage, found peace and repose at last—that peace and repose which awaits the afflicted in the cold embrace of the tomb.

And now, torn from the home of her childhood, with all its endearing scenes and tender recollections, she was surrounded in her new abode by uncongenial attendants in the pay of her enemies; tortured with constant applications to sign papers which branded her noble mother with shame and degradation, she suffered the additional misery of being entirely in the power of Anne Boleyn, her mother's successful rival in the affections of the king. She was bitterly persecuted by this lady. We do not know precisely what were the insults she heaped upon the unfortunate young princess, but they must have been terrible to bear, from the fact that when Anne Boleyn was making up her accounts for eternity, these very insults were among the misdeeds which, according to her own open statement, weighed heavily on her soul.

Both before and after the death of Anne Boleyn, Mary's attachment to the king her father was remarkable, and remained firm and unshaken. Indeed, after the death of Queen Katherine she seems to have transferred all her affection to her erring father. She complained of no hardship so much as the restraint which kept her away year after year from the smile and the embrace of her father. She craved to be admitted to his presence in the most tearful and endearing expressions. In one of her letters she states that she would rather be a domestic servant near her father during his life, than heiress to his realm after his death:

"I most humbly beseech your highness to think that I would a thousandfold more gladly be there in the room of a poor chamberer to have the fruition of your presence, than in the course of nature planted in this your most noble realm."

The bluff king had treated the princess in her early days with great affection, often appearing with her in public, even tenderly caressing her, and sharing her childish pastimes; and he never at any time personally addressed her a harsh word. It is pleasing to have this trait to record to the credit of the wicked and fiery old tyrant, and it was but natural that Mary should attribute her sufferings, not to his want of feeling, but to the influence of Anne Boleyn and other evil advisers. Be that as it may, poor Mary was probably in the end the only being in the world that really

loved Henry VIII. And thus we ever find that when a man has acquired for himself by his crimes the scorn and hatred of the whole human race, there is a mysterious law of providence which will not allow him to be utterly abandoned, but which places near him some faithful woman who cherishes him in her heart, and in spite of all the world beside has faith in him to the last.

The events which followed from the death of King Henry VIII. until the accession of Mary to power, cover the period during which her brother Edward VI. was on the throne. Her life was similar to that which she had led during the latter years of her father's reign. She was annoyed and insulted on account of her religion; but she did not meddle with state affairs, nor had she on other subjects any difference with the king. Edward's private journal records a conversation which passed between himself and Mary, from which we very distinctly learn her principles, and the rule she had adopted to guide her conduct.

"The Lady Mary my sister," writes Edward, "came to me at Westminster, where, after salutations, she was called with my council into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her to have Mass said, in the hope of her reconciliation, and how (now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters), except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it."

He added that she was to "obey as a subject, not rule as a sovereign." She answered that "her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change, nor dissemble her opinion with contrary words."

Before his death, Edward VI. had become a mere puppet in the hands of the crafty and ambitious John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. That nobleman contrived and set on foot the conspiracy which ended in the coronation of Lady Jane Grey, who had been married to his nephew, Guilford Dudley. Either by craft or violence he had obtained the signature of the imbecile king to an illegal will, which disinherited not only the Catholic Princess Mary but also the Protestant Elizabeth, and nominated the unfortunate Jane to the throne. In spite of the wariness of the conspirators, Mary was proclaimed queen, and was soon at the gates of London with a powerful army, and the good wishes of all England enlisted in her cause. The Duke of Northumberland was among the earliest to abandon the queen improvised by his ambition. He personally proclaimed Mary queen in Cambridge Market, and tossed up his cap, while tears ran down his cheeks. Dr. Sandys, vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who stood by, was disgusted with such servility, and did not hesitate to give expression to his contempt. The duke made the remarkable answer, "that Queen Mary was a merciful woman, and that doubtless all would receive a general pardon." The Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane, and that hapless lady herself, were soon afterward lodged in the Tower of London.

Mary made a triumphal entry into London, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth.

One of the first petitions presented to the queen was by Lady Frances, mother of the Lady Jane, in favor of the wrong-headed duke, her husband. She represented, with tears, that he was old and infirm, and that he could not bear the rigors of imprisonment. Mary at once granted his liberation, and made Lady Frances a lady of her household. One of her next steps was to give a full pardon to that William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who, a trai-

tor under Edward and a hypocrite under Mary, became prime minister of Elizabeth and the bitterest enemy of the religion which, by the dictates of her charity, had saved his guilty head from the block. Suffolk's pardon is recorded by the Protestant Bishop Godwin, who honestly calls it "a wonderful instance of mercy," Cecil's from some curious papers edited by Mr. Tytler. The rebellion was fairly quelled by the middle of July, 1553, and the leaders secured by the Earl of Arundel. "It required," says Stowe, "a strong guard to protect the prisoners from the vengeance of the populace." The number of prisoners presented for trial for high treason was twenty-seven. When the list was presented to the queen, she struck out more than half the names, and reduced the number to eleven. Toward the enemies who had sought her crown and life, in the hour when the raising of her finger would have reduced them all to ashes, such was the conduct of a queen whom historians have loved to call the bloody Mary.

Passing on through the acclamations of the people, Mary entered the Tower, where a touching sight presented itself to her and the brilliant procession which accompanied her. Kneeling on the green before St. Peter's church were the prisoners, male and female, Catholic and Protestant, who had been detained in that fortress under the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. There knelt Edward Courtenay, the heir of the Earl of Devonshire, now in the pride of manly beauty, who had grown up from infancy without education; there was an early friend of Mary's, the wretched Duchess of Somerset; there was the aged Duke of Norfolk, still under sentence of death; there were the mild Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and the learned Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, sufferers for the ancient faith. Bishop Gardiner pronounced a short address to the queen in the name of all. Mary burst into tears as she recognized them, and extending her hands to them she exclaimed, "Ye are my prisoners." She raised them one by one, kissed them, and gave them all their liberty.

Somerset the Protector, as we mentioned, had persecuted Mary on account of her religion. She now revenged herself by taking the duchess his widow from the Tower, and making her a lady of the bedchamber, and her daughters maids of honor near her person. The heir of the Protector, an infant minor, was restored to his rights, and the heirs of the three unfortunate gentlemen who now suffered with the Protector were reinstated in their property. It should be mentioned here that the queen acted in this matter of her own free will, and that the followers of Somerset were zealous Protestants.

The trial of Northumberland and his accomplices, of whom we have seen that eleven remained under indictment, took place in the beginning of August. Of the eleven, Northumberland, Gates, and Palmer were executed; and they were the only three thus punished on account of the rebellion which had for its object to give the throne to Lady Jane Grey. The Protestant Holinshed affirms that Mary desired to spare the guilty and hypocritical Northumberland "because of their former friendly intercourse." Her firm attachment to her friends was one of the good traits that distinguished the queen. He died, however, on the scaffold, publicly protesting that he execrated the Reformed religion, that he died a firm Roman Catholic, and that nothing but ambition had ever led him to appear anything else.

This is a convenient place to form a

dispassionate judgment on the history of the Lady Jane Grey, whose death has contributed to render Mary unpopular as much perhaps as any other event of her reign. Let us, however, turn from the pages of partisan champions, and glean the details of her melancholy story from documents of the period, brought to light chiefly by anti-Catholic editors.

Lady Jane Grey's reign was called the nine days' wonder, for it lasted that length of time. At the end she resigned, and was confined to the Tower. The ambassadors of Charles V. urged the queen to bring her to trial, with her father-in-law Northumberland, for "while that lady lived she could never reign in security, as the rival faction would seize the first opportunity to set up her claims again." I copy her answer from the official dispatches of Renard, the French ambassador, as I find it translated by several Protestant historians. The queen replied "that she could not find it in her heart or conscience to put her unfortunate kinswoman to death, who had not been an accomplice of Northumberland, but an unresisting instrument in his hands. As for the danger existing from her pretensions, it was but imaginary, and every requisite precaution should be taken before she was set at liberty." When the first parliament met, a bill of attainder was passed on Lady Jane and Guilford Dudley, her husband. Lady Jane was brought to trial before the lord-chief-justice at Guildhall, and received sentence of death, in accordance with the ancient laws of England against treason, "to be burnt on Tower Hill, or beheaded, at the queen's pleasure." The Protestant Collier says "the queen seemed disposed to deal gently with this lady," and he mentions that she was allowed the liberty of parade in the Tower and of walking in the queen's garden." It is stated in addition that she was even permitted to walk outside on Tower Hill. The truth is that the queen meant to liberate her altogether, when it could be safely done.

Early in November, 1553, she was attainted by parliament. The authors of the rebellion were executed, and the whole matter allowed to sleep and be forgotten, without any further mention of Lady Jane, until February 8, 1554. It was understood by all that Lady Jane was to be pardoned.

What, then, was the cause of her fresh misfortunes? Why, three different rebellions against the crown and life of the queen raged over all England. Taking for their pretext the proposed marriage of Mary with Philip II. of Spain, and uniting all the elements of discord in the kingdom, they pushed on the tide of civil war to the gates of London. Among the earliest of the instigators of this rebellion was the Duke of Suffolk, the father of Jane, and her uncles John and Thomas Grey, and the men of their estates in Warwickshire; they proclaimed the Lady Jane queen again. Without their support and those of their religious partisans, Wyat, the leader of another insurrection in a different quarter of the realm, would never have been able to alarm the palace of St. James at midnight. The queen's bedchamber was filled with armed men, her women wrung their hands and screamed around their mistress, many of her guards turned their horses' heads and fled to Whitehall, darkness and heavy rain rendered the scene still more dismal, while the charge of soldiery and the booming of cannon increased the horror of that terrible night. Amid the uproar and havoc of that sudden invasion, it is true that Mary showed that she possessed the lion heart of her race, although she was for a time

within reach of the arquebuses of the rebels; and to her heroic spirit was owing in great measure the success of her brave defenders.

But Mary was a delicate woman. The reaction of the morrow found her worn out and exhausted. On that morning, while she stood at Temple Bar, upon the very ground saturated with the blood of her subjects, her councillors rallied around her. They represented the hapless Jane as the cause of the dreadful ordeal through which she had passed; they pleaded that such scenes "would be frequent while she suffered the competitor for her throne to exist;" they arraigned severely her policy, which, they argued, had encouraged the factions to brave again the authority of their sovereign; and while her mind was still agitated by the danger through which she had passed, she condemned, as Renard writes, her former lenity as the cause of the insurrection, and was induced to sign a warrant for the execution of "Guilford Dudley and his wife." The queen gave orders that the hapless pair should be allowed to see each other, and have every attention and kindness shown them that their doom would admit; and the Lady Jane died protesting that she was innocent of designing treason against the queen, and that her guilt consisted in not resisting the persuasions, the threats, the violence of the pretended friends who had made her their victim. I have given you an authentic statement of an act of extreme justice, which we would all wish to have seen tempered with mercy. It is frequently adduced as a sufficient reason why the title of a heartless tyrant should be applied to Queen Mary by those who bestow the titles of good, noble, and saint upon Henry and Elizabeth, who, to use the words of a Protestant historian, "shed a pint of English blood for every drop that was shed under Mary."

The three rebellions of which I have spoken were followed by the execution of sixty persons throughout the realm, including the Duke of Sussex, Thomas Wyat, and Lord Thomas Grey. Of these fifty were soldiers who were sent out under Captain Bret against Wyat's men, but had deserted at the critical moment, and passed over to the ranks of the enemy, thus causing the loss of the queen's artillery and almost fatally increasing the defection against her.

The balance of the insurgents were disposed of as follows: Courtenay was pardoned and liberated; Lord George Grey was condemned, but pardoned and discharged by the queen; Sir Nicholas Throckmorton discharged after a year's imprisonment; and the remainder, amounting to four hundred of their followers, were led to the palace, with halters round their necks. Mary appeared on a balcony, pronounced their pardon, and bade them return in peace to their homes. Among those deeply implicated in this insurrection, and generously pardoned by the queen—alas! that I should have to say it—we possess only too certain proof that we must number her sister Elizabeth.

It is not easy to follow the order of time in dwelling upon the history of the queen. I wish space would allow us to dwell upon her numerous acts of kindness and generosity toward well-known Protestants, including the eccentric Edward Huntington, called otherwise the Hot Gospeller; her prudence and devotion to religion; the brilliant reception of the Pope's legate, Cardinal Reginald Pole; the generosity of the queen, the Pope, and the priesthood to the Protestants who held abbey lands and church revenues; the noble disinterestedness of Mary

in depriving herself of every jot and tittle of property appropriated by Henry and Edward to the crown, and by her given back to the church; her enlightened and maternal policy in doing away with all taxes throughout the kingdom; her brave English spirit in resisting French encroachments; her protection of literature and the arts; her numerous good qualities and royal traits of character. All this we must pass over, with the hope that there may one day arise some historian who will have patience to study the truth of her history and the requisite courage to tell it forth to the world.

There is an anecdote which deserves to be mentioned in reference to the charge of despotism, especially as the authenticity of it is admitted by her bitter enemy, Bishop Burnet. An ambassador of the emperor's brought to the queen a treatise composed after the fashion of Macchiavelli, the object of which was to teach her how to enslave the parliament as King Henry had done, and make legal by the simple exertion of her own will the punishment of her enemies, and even the re-establishment of papal supremacy and the restoration of the monasteries throughout all England. As the queen read this treatise she disliked it, judging it to be contrary to her coronation oath. She sent for her prime minister, Bishop Gardiner, and charged him as he would answer at the day of general doom to read the book carefully, and give her his opinion. The day after happened to be Holy Thursday, and the queen, after washing the feet of twelve of her poor people, according to the old Catholic custom, received the bishop to hear his opinion of the MS., which he gave in the following words: "My good and gracious lady, I intend not to ask you to name the devisors of this new-invented *platform;* but this I will say, that it is pity so noble and virtuous a queen should be endangered with the snares of such ignoble sycophants; for the book is naught, and most horribly to be thought on." Mary thanked the bishop, and threw the book in the fire. Moreover, she exhorted the ambassador "that neither he nor any of his retinue should encourage her people in such projects."

In discussing the causes which have rendered the memory of Queen Mary so unpopular, we must not fail to mention her marriage with Philip, crown-prince of Spain. The national jealousy and aversion to foreigners broke out in loud complaints, and finally in open rebellion, on account of this ill-starred and impolitic union. The liberty and independence of the country, it was averred, were in danger, and the fact that the bridegroom was a Roman Catholic exasperated all the lovers of novelty and change. When the Spaniard placed his foot on British soil in the midst of a drizzling rain, and the English people gazed upon his cane-colored complexion, his head shaped like an egg, his unpleasant-looking sandy hair, and his gloomy expression of countenance, their aversion to him grew stronger than ever. Don Philip told his attendants in the Latin language that he was going to live among them like an Englishman; but he was observed to stare at the ladies in a bold and decidedly foreign manner. He also for the first time in his life drank some ale, which he gravely praised as the "wine of the country." I am sorry to have to add, on the authority of a fashionable courtier and historian of the time, that this "wine of the country," assisted by the clammy weather, disagreed with his royal highness, and proved to be unequivocally discomforting to his inner man.

On ascending the throne of Eng-

land, Mary, a devoted Roman Catholic, found herself by act of parliament and the decrees of her two predecessors head of the Church of England, and was exhorted to continue so. No one understood the ridiculous position which she occupied better than herself, and although she seldom indulged in a joke, she is reported to have proposed this witty question to her councillors: "Women," she said, "I have read in Scripture, are forbidden to speak in the church. Is it, then, fitting that your church should have a dumb head?" She managed through the legal action of parliament to get rid of the dumb headship as soon as possible. In the beginning of her reign she promised that no one should be molested on account of religious convictions, exhorted the people to peace, and forbade the use of the offensive epithets papist and heretic. But tumults ensued everywhere; the reforming ministers and even bishops preached openly against the religion and the sovereignty of the queen, and the Catholic clergymen appointed to preach were insulted and even driven from the pulpit by the fanatics. A dagger was thrown at a priest in the pulpit in one case, a priest was shot at in another. The council, of course, met these outrages by restrictive measures, and even by imprisonment.

In 1554, Cardinal Pole arrived in England, and on the 30th November pronounced in a full meeting of both houses of parliament an absolution of the kingdom from the excommunication for heresy and schism, and declared it reunited to the communion of the Holy Catholic Church. Thus England stood again in the position it occupied before Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn.

In the following year, 1555, were promulgated the laws against heresy, and hard times began for the reformers. The place of execution was generally Smithfield, where those condemned by the bishops' court, or sentenced by the lord chancellor, were burnt alive.

Lingard, who is by no means a panegyrist of Queen Mary, makes the number of persons punished under her laws for religious opinions amount to almost two hundred. Some Protestant writers say that they amounted, in all parts of her kingdom, to two hundred and seventy-seven. This is the highest figure given by Dr. Heylin, by Foxe, Hume, Cobbet, and other Protestant writers. It is said more particularly that there perished in the flames five bishops, twenty-one divines, eight gentlemen, eighty-four artificers, one hundred husbandmen, servants, and laborers, twenty-six wives, twenty widows, nine virgins, two boys, and two infants. Let us examine this list with some care. The death of the two infants, and the affecting martyrdom of their mothers and a third woman in Guernsey, was asserted by Foxe, but immediately in his own day it was contradicted and disproved by Harding. Foxe replied; and his reply was refuted by the celebrated Father Parsons. "I have had the patience," says Lingard, "to compare both, and have no doubt that the three women were hanged as thieves." In addition to this, we know that the magistrates of Guernsey who condemned and executed these women were tried for having done so under Queen Elizabeth, and were discharged by sentence of court as "not guilty." As to the boys, they formed part of a gang of forward urchins who made game in public of the queen and Philip, her consort.

Noailles, the French ambassador, a detected conspirator against the queen who maligns her on every occasion, affirms "that she wished the life of one at least to be sacrificed for the good of the public," and Mr. Tyt-

ler says: "The truth is, the queen requested that a few salutary whippings might be dispensed, and that the most pugnacious of this band of infantry might be shut up for some days; and that was all the notice which she took of the matter." The five bishops were, Cranmer, Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Farrar, condemned in addition to heresy as leaders of insurrectionists, and repeatedly guilty of high treason. At the very time that Cranmer was sentenced, a recantation of his former heresies, written and signed by himself, placed him before the court and the sovereign whom he had sought to rob of her crown and her life, in the light of a sincere and fervent Roman Catholic.

Of the Reformed clergy, we do not know that any suffered except those whose zeal excited them to brave the authority of the law, and to induce others to follow their example. Hundreds of the ministers sought an early asylum in foreign climes. Parsons has shown that many of John Foxe's pretended martyrs were men of wicked and scandalous lives, others insane enthusiasts. A Protestant bishop, Dr. Heylin, acknowledges that these pretended martyrs were laughed at in Germany, and represents the mild and amiable Protestant Melancthon "vociferantem martyres Anglicos esse martyres diaboli"—saying, that is, "that these English martyrs were certainly not martyrs of God, whoever else might claim them." As an instance of Foxe's disregard of truth, we are told by Anthony Wolfe, a Protestant, that in Elizabeth's time there was a parson who in a sermon related, on the authority of Foxe, "that a Catholic of the name of Grimwood who had been a great enemy of the gospellers had been punished by a judgment of God, and that his bowels fell out of his body." Grimwood was not only alive at the time when the sermon was preached, and in the enjoyment of perfect abdominal health, but happened to be present in the church to hear it, and sued the parson for defamation of character.

It must be remembered that Queen Mary did not originate the laws for the punishment of heretics. The statutes of her reign which allowed men to be punished for the crime of heresy were a revival of those which were passed against the Lollards, or followers of the religious and political reformer John Wyckliffe, in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. It was admitted by all, in the sixteenth century, that punishment, even burning at the stake, for the preaching of heretical doctrines, was proper, just, and godly. "The principle of toleration," says Mr. Tytler, "whether we look to Catholics or Protestants, was utterly unknown. In this respect, Gardiner and Knox, Pole and Calvin, Mary and Elizabeth, stand pretty much on the same ground. The Protestants of Queen Mary's time found no fault with her for punishing heretics; what they complained of was, that the men of their party should be considered as such." King Henry VIII., according to the Protestant authority of Holinshed, executed on the gibbet during his reign seventy-two thousand English subjects, and his creatures, Cranmer and Cromwell, put to death alike Catholics and Protestants. Numerous victims perished under Edward VI. Many hundreds of unfortunate Englishmen were slain, during the long reign of Elizabeth, for upholding that religion which she had sworn to defend on the day of her coronation, and many Catholics also were put to death under her successor, James I. As a proof of the cruelty with which even Protestants were treated by a Protestant

king, the Honorable Mr. Burtie mentions that he heard the Catholic James II. declare that he had released twelve thousand and thirty Quakers confined in different jails at his accession. Whilst these melancholy facts afford no excuse for the severity of the laws passed during the reign of Mary, they go far enough to show that she cannot be with justice singled out as an unusual instance of cruelty and persecution, but that her faults were the faults of the age in which she lived, not attributable by any fair course of reasoning to her individual disposition, training, or opinion.

It is established beyond a doubt that many executions were brought about by the zeal of magistrates whose intemperate advocacy of her cause the kind-hearted queen in many instances disapproved of. Protestants in other cases were molested and persecuted on the plea of religion by envious and wicked individuals, whose lives were a disgrace to the church they professed to uphold. It is a melancholy fact, too, that we find among those who were most active in burning heretics under Mary's reign, some who had distinguished themselves in burning papists under Henry and Edward, and who returned to the same occupation in the subsequent reign of Elizabeth. Paulet St. John, Marquis of Winchester, was one of these; he supported the reforming measures of Harry and Edward; he became a furious persecutor of the Protestants under Mary, so much so that, as president of the council, he repeatedly reprimanded Bonner, the Catholic bishop of London, in very severe terms, for his want of zeal and diligence in sending Protestants to the stake. He died a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth, having kept himself in place during the reign of five sovereigns and changed his religion four times, to correspond with the changes made by four out of the five. Sir William Cecil, the friend and fellow-persecutor of Cranmer and Cromwell under Henry and Edward, became, under Mary, so pious a Catholic that, when Cardinal Pole was on his way to England, he could not contain himself from running over to Brussels that he might be the first to receive the blessing and absolution of the holy father the Pope at the hands of his legate. Under Elizabeth, he became secretary of state, and surpassed the queen in atrocity against the Catholics. I shall not multiply these sad instances, which are only too common. It is a remarkable fact that when Mary, toward the end of her short reign, lay torpid from the effects of an oft-recurring disease, the persecution against Protestants raged with greatest virulence. When she was able to be present herself and take part in the administration of affairs, no persecuted Protestant ever appealed to her in vain.

Let us conclude this portion of our paper in the words of the honest Protestant historian Fuller, who lived too near the times of Queen Mary to be deceived. "She had been a worthy princess," he writes, "if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her." She hated to equivocate, and always was what she was without dissembling her judgment or conduct for fear or flattery.

It has been my thought not precisely to praise Mary Tudor, but to understand and explain her character and her administration, in so far as they are points of interest and importance to the student of history. I have never believed that the unpopularity of her name can be satisfactorily accounted for to a candid mind by her alleged

heartless disposition or cruel conduct, for it does not appear that she was either much better or much worse than the age in which she lived. We have seen that she was a gentle, gifted, and well-educated princess, and we have shown that less blood was shed under her reign than under the reigns of her non-Catholic predecessors and successors on the throne. We have dwelt upon the execution of the young and lovely Lady Jane Grey, which was forced upon Mary by her counsellors and the excited condition of the times. We have considered the passion and strife stirred up by religious prejudice and innovation, so rife in the sixteenth century, and adverted to the irritating effects produced upon the public mind of the English nation by the marriage of their queen to Philip II. of Spain. These circumstances go far enough to explain why the name of Mary should be so unpopular in Protestant histories of England, without having recourse to the theory that she was a phenomenon of female depravity, or a monster who took delight in shedding the blood of her fellow-creatures. Three hundred years have passed since the stormy time when she sat on the throne, and the day has surely come when praise and blame should be dealt forth with severe impartiality by the writers of her history. The historian has been called a philosopher who teaches by examples. Whether Protestant or Catholic, his philosophy will prove to be of comparatively little value to his fellow-men if he goes on the principle of praising everybody who belongs to his party or creed, and blaming everybody who happens to be in the ranks of the opposition. The public documents, state-papers, and private letters recently edited by the English antiquaries, Sir Frederick Madden, Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Tytler, and others, contradict the popular idea of Mary's character, and show many virtues and many generous and winning traits in a queen who was represented as remarkable for nothing but dark and stormy passions. It is worthy of remark that the motto which she adopted for herself during her lifetime was the saying, "Time unveils truth." These words are a prophecy which has been fulfilled in her own case.

Queen Mary died on the morning of November 4, 1558. After she had received the sacrament of extreme unction, Mass was celebrated by her desire in her chamber. At the elevation of the holy eucharist, she raised her eyes to heaven, and at the benediction she bowed her head and expired.

He who visits Westminster Abbey is guided among other venerable memorials to the chapel of Henry VII. There he is shown the resting-place of two great women, one the representative and champion of the Catholic party, the other of the Protestant party of her age. The inscription is in Latin, and the black marble tablet which bears it was placed there by James I., son of Mary, Queen of Scots. It reads as follows:

"Partners in a throne and in a grave, here rest in the hope of resurrection the sisters Elizabeth and Mary."

We may learn a lesson from the illustrious dead who sleep beneath this monumental stone. However fervent our zeal for religion, however firm our convictions of right, let us never be guilty of word or action toward our neighbor that we may have reason to regret at the hour of death—let us remember that according to all testimony, human and divine, "the fulness of the law is charity."

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

NEXT morning, before the gray of the dawn began to kindle into sunrise, Paulus had completed with swinging strides the distance between Crispus's inn and the camp outside of Formiæ, and he stood before the Prætorium of Germanicus Cæsar exactly as the commander-in-chief lifted its curtain door, and stepped forth.

"To come with us, or not?" asked Germanicus, smiling.

"To go with you, general," answered Paulus; "but my mother and sister grudge me this one day, and as Tiberius Cæsar has made me a present of the horse which I broke the other evening, and as an army travels far more slowly than a well-mounted individual, will you permit me to follow you to-morrow? Before your vanguard reaches Faventia (Faënza now), nay, before you are out of Latium, I hope to report myself."

Germanicus mused.

"Nay," said he, after a moment or two, "wait you at that Hundredth Milestone Post-house till you receive further orders. You shall have them this night."

The commander-in-chief then slightly raised his right hand, over which Paulus, taking it, bowed low.

That evening, in the bower of the veranda overlooking the garden of Crispus's inn, our hero was seated, not smoking as so many generations of modern heroes have smoked, and not whittling as American heroes when at leisure think it necessary to whittle, but sedate and at his ease, listening to the occasional wise and keen observations of the Lady Aglais, and the less sparing conversation, the volatile empty prattle of his sister Agatha. While they were thus occupied, a well-known step came up the staircase from the garden.

"Dionysius!" cried Paulus.

The visitor brought them news for which they had not hoped. Augustus, who had first resolved not to listen to the suit of Paulus, had suddenly appointed a day for its hearing; and, moreover, it was agreed, by a sort of comity and indulgence, that Dionysius, although not a Roman lawyer, should be allowed to plead the case of his friend. Finally, the emperor himself, who, since the death of Mæcenas, many years before the date of our tale, had desisted from this practice, was to preside in court for the day (to use modern parlance) as a judge in equity.

The wanderers were exchanging remarks of congratulation upon these important and unexpected tidings, when Crispus himself ran up the stairs, holding out a large letter fastened with the usual silken tie, and addressed to Paulus. The handwriting was very delicate, and yet a little careless and easy, the handwriting of a man who, while accustomed to write more than the Romans of high station (except, indeed, the professed men of letters) usually did, could unite the despatch of much business with a certain fastidious neatness even in trifles.

Paulus went to the dining-table,

and opening the paper, out of which tumbled a gold ring, read as follows by the light of the scallop-shaped lamp at the top of the tapering pole which flanked one of the corners of the board:

"Germanicus Cæsar to Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, the centurion, greeting."

"*He makes me a centurion already*," said Paulus.

The letter continued:

"Do not follow the army directly. Go to Rome. Seek the house of Eleazar the Hebrew, near the lower end of the Suburra. Show him the enclosed ring, which he well knows as my signet, and demand of him the already stipulated sum of twelve millions of *sestertii* (twelve thousand *sestercia*), which is the pay of forty thousand of my common legionaries for one month. I mean to issue a fortnight's pay as a bounty, extending it to all (centurions and horse as well as legionaries). *Post nummos virtus.* It would be far more convenient if you could bring this money to me in bronze or copper coin, the *as*; but this will be utterly impossible; you could not find horses to carry the load, nor a sufficient guard to convoy it. You must therefore make Eleazar pay you as much as possible in gold: for instance, in the gold *scrupulum*, each coin equal to five silver *denarii*. After receiving and reckoning the treasure, give him a written voucher signed with your name, and sealed with my signet. Pack the gold in strong iron chests or boxes; collect as a guard all the men you can of the fourth *centuria*, to which you are appointed, and hasten, night and day, to join me at *Forum Allieni* (now Ferrara), on the Adriatic Sea. Farewell."

Paulus determined to start at daybreak upon this important and confidential mission, and, in order not to multiply leave-takings, he said adieu to his family and to Dionysius that night.

CHAPTER II.

It was about sunset in Rome when four persons of splendid stature, a trained martial bearing, and eminently gallant appearance, sauntered along one of the principal streets. They loitered here and there at a portico, or paused under a covered colonnade, to swell the momentary groups who were watching some Sardinian jester, or who listened with wonder to a sophist from the Greek islands as he declaimed. Two of these four men —for whom, as they strode along, the rabble made obsequious room—were still in the physical prime of life, and two in the flower of early youth. They were all plainly but neatly and carefully attired, not in the toga, but in the *sagum*; for there was war in Italy;* and the Germans, everybody knew, were even now to be expelled beyond the sacred frontiers, with carnage, and shame, and a great overthrow. Another impressive lesson was to be taught to all barbarians. The four men who wore the sagum were also armed, and some who noted them wondered why such men were there, and not with Germanicus in Venetia. (News had been whispered, indeed, that the irruption had come much nearer than Illyricum, and that the barbarians, swarming round the top of the Adriatic, had defeated and dispersed the stationary guards, and were well within Italy proper.)

It soon grew dusk, and one of the four, who, although the youngest, seemed to exercise a species of authority over the rest, said:

"Now let us take a look at our

* Whenever there was war in Italy itself, the Romans donned the *sagum*.

stable, then at our men, after which the *Suburra.*"

They went into an alley, threaded their way through a dense, motley, seething multitude of roystering idlers, the ebullition of which had once fermented clear into a Julius Cæsar, and presently they passed under an archway into a courtyard strewn with sawdust, where all was comparatively quiet—a creek, so to say, running out of a high sea into sheltering cliffs on either hand.

As they peered under a low porch into a stable lighted by lanterns, our old acquaintance, Philip the freedman, came out with a dust-covered and grim face, and saluted respectfully the youngest of the company.

"Twelve fine, strong Tauric horses, master Paulus," he said, pointing to twelve clean, well-littered stalls, "*besides the Sejanus*," added he, turning toward the stall immediately opposite the door.

"Are these all we can obtain?" inquired Paulus.

"Ah! and lucky too, master Paulus, to obtain these," answered the freedman; "they wanted forty *nummi aurei* a pair, but I chaffered them down a bit. This Rome is a nasty place, I can tell you, and, between ourselves, a dangerous place too."

"But," said Paulus, with a serious look, "if we cannot mount the soldiers, we must travel at an infantry pace; the vehicles cannot leave the guard behind. However, where are the men, Philip?"

"Hard by, master. I will conduct you to their thermopolia" (*wine-shop: tavern*, curiously enough, meant bookshop or stationer's).

Philip hereupon lead the way, and the four followed till just within the lower end of the Suburra; pushing aside a curtain, he introduced them from the street into what appeared to be a den of raging maniacs.

Ten stalwart men, dressed and armed as soldiers, were seated opposite to one another on benches at each side of a long table, five a side. Earthenware vessels, called *cupæ*, full of common draught wine (*vinum doliare*), loaded the coarse pine table, and each pair of soldiers appeared to be engaged in a deadly strife across the board. It was who should best "*micare digitos*," or "flash his fingers." The men were seriously gambling in that ancient traditionary way which still survives in Italy under the name of "*morra*," a wonderful instance of the tenacious capacity which popular customs possess to outlive political changes, the overthrows of dynasties, the revolutions of states and constitutions. The men thus gambling in the reign of Augustus Cæsar roared, grimaced, and gesticulated, as they exhibited on the one side, and guessed on the other, the number of fingers closed or straightened in the hands which they darted alternately against each other's faces; and nearly two thousand years later men still roar, grimace, gesticulate, and rave after the same manner over the same curious game in Italy, from Rome to the Boot of Magna Græcia. The only principle of skill in the game is that which gives its interest to the "Odd and Even" of our modern schoolboys.

It seemed as if the soldiers were on the point of massacring each other. The sudden apparition of Paulus and his companions at the door of their bower produced an amusing change of scene. Every gambler was petrified and crystallized in his particular attitude and his own proper and peculiar grimace; but the yelling at once gave place to dead silence, as if by enchantment, and ten pair of eyes gazed askance with a troubled expression upon the unexpected intruders. A word explained all to the foreign-

reared Roman. Not a man of the howling company was in the slightest degree intoxicated.

"All is well, my men," said Paulus, with a smile; "be ready for orders, night or day."

"Ay, ay! centurion," was the reply sung out in chorus; and as he left them the roaring recommenced —"*Duo! Quinque! Tres!*"

"Now for *our man*," said Paulus; and they ascended the famous, or rather infamous, Suburra about thirty yards. They stopped on the left side of the street, going upward, at a door which a man with a pinched, withered, yellow face, a long hooked nose, thick lips, and thick overhanging red eyebrows, was in the act of closing. Paulus placed his hand against the door to keep it ajar, the man within set his shoulder against it, and shoved with all his might to close it home; the door quivered slightly, and remained as it was.

"Why, Cassius Chærias," observed Paulus, laughing, and turning to one of the two eldest of the not elderly group, "you could cut your way through this door, even if it were closed, more easily than through eight thousand infuriated mutineers."

In a recent mutiny of the legions under Germanicus in Gaul, the future slayer of Caligula had actually performed this astounding exploit, as Tacitus particularly recounts.

Cassius Chærias blushed, and slightly bowing, replied with a smile:

"Our friend Thellus, here, who has left his tragic and thankless, although valiant, calling of the Arena, to join us army-folk, even in the low rank of a decurion, could, I think, do more than cut his way through it. Give him a cestus for his right hand, and with one blow he would shiver it from top to bottom."

Thellus said, addressing the frightened face within, "Dear old man, open your door, our leader here must speak with you, and we mean no harm."

"Go away, brawlers!" answered a quavering but vigorous voice, "this is no *thermopolia*, nor anything of the sort."

"Look at this," replied Paulus.

The person within held up a lantern, and examined the object extended toward him.

"Oh!" exclaimed he. uttering some Hebrew invocation, unintelligible to his visitors; "the signet-ring of Cæsar! Enter, illustrious sirs."

And he held the door wide, while his visitors entered.

Having had occasion more than once already to describe minutely the architecture, form, appearance, furniture, and all the arrangements of peo le's houses in that age, I need not now either weary the reader or delay the story by dwelling any more upon antiquarian particulars. But in the present instance there was something unusual, which shall not, however, lead us into description; it must be left to display itself as our tale runs on.

Paulus noticed with surprise that the species of hall in which they stood seemed to lead nowhere. Eleazar, meantime, shut and bolted the house-door, took up his lantern from the ground, pushed back a sliding panel in the right-hand side-wall, and then led his visitors in a direction parallel to the Suburra outside, along an internal passage lighted by a solitary sconce. At the end of the passage was a staircase, and at the top of this a door, half open. They passed through it; and Eleazar bolted and locked the door. Another but shorter passage in the same direction was terminated by a similar staircase and similar door; after passing which they found themselves in the real vestibule of the house—large,

handsome, well-lighted by a hanging lamp, paved with tessellated marble, and rising overhead into a concentric vault. Evidently, at some former time, the entrance of the house had been straight from the Suburra into this vestibule. While indeed they waited here for the Jew, who was fastening the last as he had fastened the first door, they could hear distinctly the roaring torrent of disorder and debauchery in the infamous street outside.

"A curiously constructed house, sir," remarked to Paulus the decurion Longinus, with a bewildered look in his handsome face. The Jew, who had come back as this was said, chuckled and observed, as he again led the way:

"If you lived in the Suburra, you would like to make your house difficult to enter."

Presently they arrived in a fine spacious apartment, and beheld in the middle of it a table, on which were lights arranged so as to illumine a long lambskin scroll in characters new and strange to them, and a venerable aged man seated at the table bending over the scroll, and standing at his side a young girl, who held in her hands some kind of oriental embroidery, an end of which trailed along a pile of cushions from which she had apparently risen, leaving her work for a moment in order to look at a passage in the book at the call of the aged reader. The latter was so absorbed in his occupation that he was not at first aware of the presence of strangers; but the child, who stood on the side of the table opposite the door, looked up and gazed with surprise at the four martial-looking figures who strode behind Eleazar into the room. Whatever the amazement, nevertheless, of the young maiden might have been, Paulus was more astounded still; for, truth to say, he thought he could never have beheld anything beautiful until that moment. The new comers having nearly reached the table, had halted, Paulus and Eleazar in front; and yet, even now, the old man, reading the scroll with his back to them, was unaware of their arrival, for pointing with his finger to the page, he exclaimed in a tone eloquent with emotion:

"And this warrior, this patriot, this glorious hero, this matchless servant of the Most High, and champion of the people of God, this very same Judas Maccabeus, my grandchild, was my ancestor and yours—he belongs to our own line!"

"Your line; your own line," said Eleazar, in a harsh voice, and sneering, "is to mind your business, or rather my business; it is for *that* I give you your bread, and not for dreaming over the Scriptures. Who, think you, is going to pay the smallest consideration to you or your grandchild because you are descended collaterally from the Maccabees?"

At this bitter speech, bitterly spoken, the old man, who, on the first sound of the voice, had turned round and risen, bent his head meekly, but yet with a certain dignity, and replied:

"I had finished the accounts you gave me. My grandchild and I are not asking for any consideration from you beyond what I earn. You need not remind us that a noble old race has fallen into poverty. Come, Esther."

With this he was retiring, but the young girl burst into tears, and running to her grandfather, taking his hand with one of hers, and brushing her tears away with the other, she looked at Eleazar, and made the following speech:

"You rude, cruel man! you are always saying shameful cruel words

to my grandfather, because he bears everything. But I will not allow you to speak so to my grandfather; I will not bear it any more."

Here she heaved a little sob, and added rather illogically:

"You ask who will pay grandfather any consideration because he is descended from a glorious warrior and a noble hero? *I* will!"

Paulus, deeply interested in the unexpected interior drama which had thus suddenly been presented and played out before him, glanced at his martial comrades, and then said in a serious and kindly tone:

"Without intrusiveness be it spoken, *I* will too. To be descended from a glorious warrior and noble hero is no small title to respect."

The little damsel's countenance cleared at once into sunlight.

"Well, well," said Eleazar, "I meant you no offence, Josiah Maccabeus. But go now and see to *half the treasure*," emphasizing the last words.

With a look of astonishment, which was not lost upon the observant Paulus, Josiah Maccabeus left the room; whereupon the young girl resumed her embroidery and her former place on the pile of cushions, and said with a sly glance at Paulus:

"You have come, sir, I suppose, for the treasure which our master here, the Rabbi Eleazar, has got ready for the army, because the *Ærarium Sanctum* won't have enough money for some months?"

"Child, child!" exclaimed Eleazar, "who said I had the treasure ready?"

"*You* did yesterday, Rabbi—don't you remember?—when our countryman, Azareel, came."

"You mistook, Esther. You can run now, my dear, and see that some refreshments be prepared for these honored visitors."

During this short dialogue Paulus and his companions had their first good view of the person to whom they had brought Germanicus Cæsar's signet. None of them liked his looks.

"Surely," said Paulus, "you have the money ready?"

"It is, and it is not, honored sir. The greater portion I must receive from various persons who will not part with it except on better terms than those which the Cæsar offered to me. *My* share, however, I will cheerfully advance, as agreed."

"We will," said Paulus firmly, "either take the treasure with us this night, or we will take *you*, in order to prove to the commander-in-chief that we have executed his orders, so far as we are concerned."

"But you will leave me my profits," answered the Jew, "and give me, all the same, a voucher in full?"

We will spare the reader the sort of argument which ensued. It has, in cases analogous, been repeated millions of times, all over the world, for thousands of years.

When all was settled, servants brought in wines and dainty refreshments, and little Esther, with extraordinary gracefulness of mien and language, pressed the visitors to partake of the various delicacies before them. Eleazar forthwith prepared to produce the treasure. Attended by Josiah Maccabeus (who had now returned) as his scrivener, and by many servants, he first directed a large and massive empty chest of wrought-iron to be brought into the room. The chest ran upon rollers, or little wheels of hard wood, which were deeper than the thickness of a couple of stout poles, braced horizontally beneath the chest, and projecting beyond it at each end. The poles were thus kept from touching the ground. These poles, like those of a litter or "palkee," could be lift-

ed and borne upon the shoulders of four or of eight men.

The next operation was to count the twelve thousand *sestertii*, or twelve millions of sesterces (equal to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling). And here it will be worth while to note the fact that the money was delivered in such proportions respectively of gold and silver coin—the *aureus nummus*, or gold denarius, worth, I believe, a guinea; the small gold scruple, less than the value of a dollar, perhaps three and eightpence; and, finally, the silver denarius, equal to about ninepence—that the whole treasure rose to a very considerable and unwieldy weight.

The operation of counting and packing the rouleaux in the chest occupied the party almost all the night, although they employed great diligence and a proper division of labor. Long before the task was over, little Esther had said farewell to the company: but ere doing this, she stole toward Paulus, stood on tiptoe, and reaching her hand to his shoulder, signified that she wished to whisper something in his ear. With a kindly smile, the tall youth stooped, and with an important and serious face the child whispered. Chærias was the only one present who observed this little operation; the two other comrades of Paulus were bending over the chest and packing it; the Jew Eleazar was handing the rouleaux to Longinus and Thellus; while Josiah Maccabeus, Esther's father, was busy with the stylus and a large slate-like tablet. Chærias perceived, when the whisper was finished, that Paulus looked for a moment fully as grave as the young girl. Paulus patted the girl's head, and thanked her, upon which she bounded away to the door. Arrived there, she turned round, and, still directing her conversation to Paulus, whose appearance and manners had evidently much interested her, said aloud:

"Are you going to the war, sir?"

"Yes," said he.

"I thought," pursued Esther, "that you might have come back soon;" and she heaved a slight fluttering sigh.

"You are very good, my little lady," replied our youth: "but sometimes people do return even from wars, do they not?"

"Oh! yes; my own ancestors often did. But I thought you might return sooner still; because Rabbi Eleazar said that the persons who took the money from this house were not the persons who would take it home—that is, to where it was bound, and that is to the war. But it seems you are to take it all the way. My grandfather does not know what I have just whispered you," added she, returning, and speaking in a lower voice; "shall I tell him before all these persons?"

"*On no account*," answered Paulus, in a whisper; "it might lead to an immediate struggle. I have formed my own plan. Fear nothing, my good and kind little lady; I am safe, I believe, and I shall never forget *you*."

At this assurance, and the emphasis with which it was spoken, a sort of crimson fell like a light over Esther's face; she stood musing for a moment, and said:

"Then I will wait up for grandfather, whose room is next to mine, and tell him, as he passes, that I have mentioned the facts to you. Farewell!"

She now withdrew altogether, and Cassius Chærias, who had, in spite of himself, overheard a part of the singular and mysterious conference, gazed hard at Paulus. But the lat-

ter stood, with his eyes bent abstractedly on the floor, calm, impassive, and impenetrable. Chærias could gather nothing to solve the enigma.

By hard work the reckoning and the packing of the treasure were finished considerably before daybreak; whereupon Paulus received the key of the chest, and gave in exchange to Eleazar a receipt in full, signed with his own name, witnessed by Thellus, Chærias, and Longinus, and sealed with the signet of Germanicus Cæsar.

A sneering and malignant expression in the Jew's face struck Paulus, and the Jew saw that he saw it.

"You can't remove this now," said the Jew, composing his features with nervous rapidity.

"No," said Paulus; "and we have had fatigue enough for one night. There are couches and cushions in this room; we must trouble you to turn it into a sleeping apartment for the next four hours, and to leave us the key."

In ten minutes the numerous attendants had made all the arrangements requisite for this purpose, and Eleazar, taking up a lamp to retire, said, in a tone of sentimentality, intended for sentiment:

"This is a memorable chamber, honored sirs. Here Julius Cæsar, time and again, held wild orgies in his boyhood. Here Catiline and he, and a numerous convivial band, of whom Cæsar was much the youngest, played many a strange prank."

"What!" cried Paulus, in amazement; "Cæsar frequent this quarter of Rome! Cæsar live in the Suburra!"

"Certainly," quoth Thellus, yawning.

"When a boy, yes," observed Chærias.

"This was his very house in those days," pursued the Jew. "My father, who was one of the many thousands of my nation brought hither as hostages from Jerusalem by Pompey the Great, often told me that he had seen Julius Cæsar more than once in the room we are now standing in. Pompey, of course, had selected the wealthiest families to carry away, and my father lent money over and over again to Julius Cæsar."

"Was your father," asked Chærias, with a sneer, "ever paid? Was he paid, I pray you, by the chorægus of that convivial crew?"

"Not till after the battle of Pharsalia," answered Eleazar, "when indeed he had long ceased to look for the money. It was, however, then paid, valiant sir, and the interest of it was paid also."

"Ah!" returned Chærias, "the hem of the garment was wider than the garment, I wager."

The Jew here moved toward the door.

"Before you go, good Eleazar," said Paulus, "give us another interesting piece of information. I am taking this treasure from your house, am I not?"

"Yes, most honored sir; it looks very like it."

"Why did you say I should never take it to its destination?"

"I say that? Never!"

"Your scrivener's grandchild has told me that she heard you say that it was not those who took the money from here who would take it to its destination."

Eleazar's active mind was not quite quick enough for this abrupt emergency; and he certainly looked more than usually ugly before he replied. But recovering himself, he said:

"My scrivener's little grandchild is so bright that she catches broken lights upon the numberless points of a whimsical, myriad-faced, and diamond-like intelligence. What I stat-

ed was, that those who took the money from this house would be only the messengers of those who were to take it to its destination."

And with this pretty bit of semi-oriental rhetoric, he bowed and left them.

A curious quarter of an hour ensued, when the four emissaries found themselves at last alone.

Said Paulus, "I want some sleep; let us take our several couches, and prepare for to-morrow."

"This Jew has provided us," observed Chærias, "with really good wine; none of your *vinum doliare*. Before we sleep, one cyathus round!"

While Cassius Chærias poured out four portions of the wine, Paulus shrugged his eyebrows, Thellus his shoulders, and Longinus the decurion looked upon the operation with an impassive countenance. When they had each drunk their respective measures, Cassius Chærias turned up his sagum, and bared his right arm.

"That is the arm," said he, "which, last year,* cleared a road for me, with the short Roman sword, through thousands of opposing mutineers. Come, Longinus—TRY ARMS!!"

And he planted his elbow on the table, and seized in his right hand the readily-offered left hand of the decurion. Severe was the struggle. The central vein in each man's forehead came out into view; their lips were compressed; their feet were steadied strongly upon the floor; their shoulders quivered, and—after a doubtful period of nearly three minutes—down with a crash went the knuckles of Longinus upon the elm table.

"Now for the next," said Chærias.

"Do you mean to challenge *me?*" quoth Paulus.

"Even so," said Chærias, with an amicable smile.

* An anachronism of two or three years, with which the historian can reproach the novelist.

The ensuing struggle was much more severe than the last. Cassius Chærias was considerably older than Paulus; but Paulus had been trained in the Athenian *Pancratia*, and it was impossible for the energy and muscular power of Chærias to break down the scientific resistance of his youthful opponent, nor could Paulus pretend to bend back by main force the mighty arm of the famous centurion. Indeed, Paulus had, throughout, a downward but yet an unconquered arm. Again and again Chærias threw his whole vigor into the effort, panting and gasping; and each time Paulus, who had never opened his lips during the struggle, smiled at the end of it.

"You cannot do it, can you, Chærias?" cried Thellus, who also was smiling.

"Well, scarcely," said Chærias; "in fact, I cannot. But *you* would be just as powerless."

A laugh met this, that was not unlike the laugh with which Paulus, a few days before, had greeted Claudius's panic-stricken deprecation of being selected to break the Sejan horse.

"As powerless!" cried the ex-gladiator; "why, you have had the best of it against our chick here; who, when he comes to his plenary powers, will have the best of it against us all But you are speaking now to Thellus—I may have gone into a wrong calling, or, if it be allowable, I may yet have rashly chosen it; but, once upon the sands, I have walked them a king—give us your hand, and hold it up if you can."

Cassius Chærias—brave, handsome, youthful, and vigorous—seized the mighty hand proffered to him, and found his own arm instantly bent powerless back upon the table.

"I would not do that," said Thellus, "to young master Paulus, our

present leader, for a hundred thousand sesterces. He must meet—he has to meet, alas! the mortifications of life; but I do not want to be, in his case, the early vehicle even of the least of them."

Paulus bowed to Thellus, and said, smiling: "I have known a few already; and it would be no shame to be beaten by you in vigor, valor, or skill."

Chærias rose, stared, frowned, and laughed. He marched up and down the room once or twice, and then exclaimed:

"Why, Thellus, what an infernal establishment the arena must be! Such men as you ought not to be sucked into that kind of vortex."

Thellus, though smiling, heaved a sigh. "Come, friends," cried Paulus, moving to the centre of the large chamber, "enough of pastime. We have work to do. Sit round me here, in the middle of this room, while I tell you something. Walls, you know, have ears."

Forthwith his three companions brought cushions, and placed them near the settle which he had set down in the middle of the apartment, and, sitting before him, waited for his communication.

"Yonder beautiful grandchild of the uncanny-looking Jew's poor clerk or scrivener," said Paulus in a low tone, almost a whisper, after a moment or two of reflection, "not only made one or two singular disclosures in the remarks you all heard, but whispered to me a very serious fact."

Here Cassius Chærias, whose curiosity had been already much spurred, appeared the very embodiment of attention. But all were keenly attentive. Paulus pursued:

"Learn, then, that in this queerly built or queerly arranged house, there is, at this moment, a crowd of men of dangerous and debauched appearance, and doubtless of desperate disposition; some of them, friend Thellus, men who have been in the arena. Nor is this all. They have comrades outside, watching our ten soldiers."

Longinus uttered that low-whispered whistle by which some men express the cool appreciation of a sudden calamity.

"Twelve millions of sesterces, my friends," continued Paulus, "are to many men hereabouts an object of great interest. I am certain that we are to be attacked on the road, and yonder chest is to be taken from us. While here, or in Rome, first the Jew's own safety is our hostage, and next, Lucius Piso's government of the city will be our safety. But once we are on the road, the Jew calculates on a part of the booty as a reward for betraying us, to be got out of the robbers themselves—while he looks to recover the whole money and interest for it all the same from the *Ærarium Sanctum*, in the end."

"We have twelve good horses," said Longinus, "and might outstrip the villains."

"So will *they* have horses," answered Paulus, "and no iron chest or wagon to clog their pace; the speed of a column is the speed of its slowest part; and then what can fourteen men do against seventy? You are aware that the army, except stationary Prætorians and an Urban Guard, of which Lucius Piso would not lend us a man beyond the walls, has gone north; and there is not another soldier to be found at our disposal in all Rome. What advice do you give?"

The conjuncture was obviously serious. They had "*tried arms*" in play; they were now to try wits in earnest.

Paulus's counsellors advised one course and another. 1. *To wait:*—but the difficulty would wait also.

2. *To send to Germanicus for a larger escort:*—but time pressed, and the treasure was wanted by Germanicus at once. 3. *To announce that they were to be met, twenty miles from Rome, by more soldiers*—or, *that they would start the day after the next at dawn, whereas they should start early the night before;* neither of these plans would avail, for they would be too closely watched.

These were the devices of ready and well-exercised, but ordinary soldiers. Paulus shook his head smiling, and then gave his orders, which his comrades soon felt were fraught *punico astu*.

"After an hour or two of sleep," said he, "we will roll and carry this wheel-chest straight down to our stables. There we must lock ourselves in with old Philip. We will then and there unpack and empty the chest: the gold we must next repack, as best we can, in some corn-bags, to be placed under several of the many bundles and trusses of hay which we must carry for the use of our horses on the road, cording the bags roughly, but strongly and securely. We must, when this is done, *unpave a portion of the stable*, and mixing the stones with rubbish to prevent them from rattling when shaken, we must repack the chest with that sort of treasure. To get stones from anywhere else outside the stable, and convey them thither, would excite first attention, then curiosity, and finally a suspicion, if not a sure inference, of our whole design. After these measures we will set out, leaving Philip to keep possession of the stable, and to prevent any person whatever (who might notice the displacement of the paving-stones) from entering it for a couple of days; which time past, he can follow us. The chest is one, you perceive, which, without the key, would take iron crowbars many hours to break open, and steel saws as many to bite through—the lock being both cunning as a lock and the strongest part of the whole fabric. Our pursuers will not think of crowbars or of steel saws; and the key I will fling into the first water or wood we meet after starting. When we are overtaken—or if we be—you must at first make a show of fighting, and leave the rest to me."

His three companions highly applauded this plan, and they and he lay down on cushions round the chest, one on each of its four sides, to take a short and very necessary slumber. They soon awoke, and began to execute, point by point, the scheme of young Paulus Lepidus Æmilius.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHARITIES OF PARIS.

It has often been said that New York is the Paris of America; nor are there points of resemblance wanting to warrant such a statement. Her merchants are cosmopolitan in trade and in nationality; her Central Park is deserving of mention beside the Bois de Boulogne; and her public buildings, churches, educational establishments, and private residences are all gradually becoming assimilated in architecture and decoration to those of the French capital.

Her social life also partakes of the characteristics of Paris more than any other city in America. And, finally, the charitable institutions, legal and otherwise, which are so rapidly increasing in our midst, give us reason to hope that in the process of time the Annual Report of our Commissioners of Charity will find a worthy place by the side of that of the "Assistance Publique."

The facts in the report for last year are certainly encouraging. Twelve hospitals, furnishing beds for 4,076 persons, and subsisting at different periods of the twelve months 21,558 persons, besides 3,600 more at the nurseries; over 17,000 out-door sick relieved at the "office" by the physicians, and 708 others at their homes; 51,320 persons relieved in money, fuel, and other necessaries, to the amount of $156,810.07. To which must be added the Free Labor Bureau, which, in the first seven months of its organization, has procured employment for 11,013 females and 3,965 males—nearly 75 per cent. of the applicants; also the Nautical School, which instructs in all the mysteries of navigation over 200 of our New York boys, who would, otherwise, join the non-producing, vagabond class of the population.

If a comparison with the official charities of Paris, of which an excellent synopsis is given in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the facts and figures of which we intend freely to use in the following pages, shows a large balance against us, it ought to serve only as a greater incentive to our citizens and legislators. The division of the city into eleven medical districts, to each of which a physician has been appointed, may in time lead to the establishment of associate houses of relief for the poor which the Commissioners already hint at as necessary, and which have proved of such immense utility in the French capital.

In our number for February, 1868, an exhaustive article appeared concerning the charities of Paris in immediate relation with the Catholic Church and sustained by her faithful children; such as the work of the prisons, the faubourgs and the soldiers, the Sisters of Charity (numbering ten thousand), the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, that of St. Francis Regis, and the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Friends of Childhood, Apprentices' Patronage, and the Maternal Associations. Aside from these, "there remains, even in impious and worldly Paris, an effect produced by the Catholic religion in former times, and sustained even now by a secret supply of force from the same cause, which places it in a much nearer proximity to genuine Christianity than any other great city in the world." The above quotation is intended to cover the charities which we propose to point out, as is evident when we recall the sentiments of religion which impelled

so many of the 8,287 benefactors who, since the days of Philip Augustus, are inscribed on the books of the hospitals.

M. Du Camp tells us there are two causes which chiefly concur to bring about the great amount of indigence absorbing the vast charities of Paris. The one, geographical and induced by the climate. Material life is more expensive, and consequently harder, than in the milder south of France, where hunger, if not appeased, is at least lessened by the high temperature, where more water is drunk than wine, and where there is less danger to health from sleeping in the open air. The other, purely moral, and springing from the improvident nature of the Parisian, who too often lives thoughtless of to-morrow, wasting in one night the earnings of a week, and making no provision either for a growing family, for the idle days when work will have ceased, or for the always serious demands of illness.

The direction of such charities as were considered an element of public security, and which were to be dispersed right and left, without regard to either political or religious creed, was primitively vested in the Hôtel Dieu, governed by the chapter of Notre Dame; but by a decree of May 2, 1505, parliament transferred all duties and rights to a lay-commission, composed of eight notables and magistrates, and which, some years later (1544), became known as the "poor-commission." The members watched over not only the hospitals and supplied the wants of the sick, but the general poor also, for whose benefit they were authorized to raise taxes. So stringent was this tax that any citizen who sought to evade it was fined four times the amount required (decree of January 15, 1574). Confiscation of temporal possessions was the penalty of non-compliance, even for religious communities, as we see by the laws of 1596 and 1602, when exacting fulfilment of a poor-law (1586) by which all were required, each day at noon, to deposit the remains of their soup and meat in one of the twenty-seven large poor-pots placed in the principal streets.

In 1690, the Archbishop of Paris was added to this poor-commission, then composed of the president and councillors of parliament and the *cour des aides;* nor was the routine of office or labor changed for a century. In 1791, amid the storm and outbreak of the first French revolution, Moulinet, Dumesnil, Cabinis, and the other individuals appointed to administer the wreck of public charity, although men of science and of a certain capacity, were unequal to the arduous task. Successive famines, scarcity of money, the almost absolute ruin of so many wealthy families and institutions from which abundant alms, food, and shelter had been thus far dispensed with commensurate liberality, and the general chaos peculiar to that extraordinary epoch, all rendered it impossible to follow any determined plan. Men and measures changed day by day: the administrator of to-day was the applicant of to-morrow; the funds hitherto considered sacred to their object were lessened by repeated plunderings; and the patrimony of the poor diminished rapidly under the pretence of "liberty, equality, fraternity." Revenues were obliged to be sacrificed in order to meet urgent demands, real estate almost given away to provide food and sustenance, the hospital buildings necessarily neglected, and the general administration, to say the least, extremely inoperative. That the entire hospital system did not succumb was almost a mi-

racle, and its condition was pitiable enough when M. Frochot, Prefect of the Seine, gathered up the dispersed and compromised elements, which he succeeded in moulding together into a new organization.

Upon the remarkable report which he made to the consuls, a decree was issued the 17th January, 1801 (27 Nivose, An IX.), creating a general council and an administrative commission for the hospitals, to which was subsequently (19th April, same year) added the administration of home charities. And this system was in vigor until the entire reorganization under the present title of "Assistance Publique," after the revolution of 1848. The constitution adopted at this latter epoch, wishing to avoid recognizing a claim to work, did not hesitate to make assistance *obligatory*. "Society furnishes assistance to abandoned children, to the infirm, and to old persons without resources, whom their families cannot support." In the presence of this formal declaration, the consular organization became insufficient, and the whole institution was remodelled by the law of the 10th of January, 1849. The general council of administration was superseded by a council of surveillance, and the executive commission by a responsible director-general.

It must be acknowledged that the centralization of all hospital power in one hand has been most excellent in its results. By assuring unity of action to a multitude of services, it permits their concurrence toward a single purpose, to vivify benevolence, and to regulate it, so to speak; distributing no assistance without prior knowledge of circumstances, and in a measure proportioned to the resources at hand and the various wants to be relieved. The headquarters of the "Assistance" are, since 1867, in a large building having a triple front on the Avenue Victoria, the Quai le Pelletier, and the Place of the Hôtel de Ville. That it forms a most active ministry, lacking neither applications nor occupations, must be manifest to all who learn that it "runs" (to use an expressive Americanism) eight general hospitals, seven special hospitals in Paris, three for the treatment of scrofulous children in the country (at Berck-sur-mer, Forges, and La Roche-Guyon), ten asylums, three houses of retreat, twenty bureaus of charity, and fifty-seven houses of relief. Besides this, it presides over all assistance rendered at homes, is guardian to lost or helpless children, and employs a corps of 6,338 agents, 1,989 of whom belong to the medical staff. All come to it who, in the great city of Paris, are hungry and in want, or who in any wise find a difficulty in compassing the necessities which beset them. It is an ubiquitous Sister of Charity, healing wounds and alleviating miseries, according to the measure of its forces.

And these forces, what are they? Whence the revenues, the well-filled purse, which for so many centuries has required public laws for its dispensation? Slowly and gradually has been accumulated the wealth, which to-day represents the charity of Louis VII. (whose bequest it administers) as truly as that of the rich man who remembered it in his will of yesterday. Some of the legacies are whimsical enough. Thus, a canon of Noyon, in 1199, left two houses, the income of which was to be used, on the anniversary of his death, in furnishing whatever food the sick might desire. Philip Augustus gave all the straw supplied to the palace for litters. Besides gifts of money, effects, and legacies, various kings granted privileges which were,

in their time, of no small benefit. Thus, Philip IV. (1308) granted, and John II. (1352) confirmed, the right to a basket of fish and other provisions from the vehicles at the Halles. Philip VI. (1344) allowed the gathering of fagots in the royal forests, and also exempted from the payment of entry-dues, from lodging soldiers, and from chancery dues. In fine, from a multitude of concessions, some of which sound queer enough to modern ears, we note that of Charles IX. (29th January, 1574), permitting the Hôtel Dieu to invest one thousand livres at the usurious rate of twelve per cent.

Donations were encouraged by all possible means, and even indulgences were granted by the popes to encourage the charitable work. Several briefs of this nature are extant, the veracity of which cannot be called in question, as they bear the great seal of the Hôtel Dieu, namely, the good shepherd carrying the lost sheep; two stars shine above his head; while an oak dropping acorns is the image of fecundity. Above the figure are the fleur-de-lis and the inscription, *Sigillum indulgentiarum domûs Dei Parisiensis.*

The bed of the Bishop of Paris, or of a canon of the cathedral, belonged to the Hôtel Dieu; and, as luxury gradually introduced rich and sumptuous furniture, the law was on several occasions invoked to decide between the legal heirs and the hospital as to what and how many mattresses, coverlids, hangings, etc., should or should not be included in the customary bequest. Parliament in the case of François de Gondy, Archbishop (1584), decided that all the accompanyings must go with the bed to the Hôtel Dieu.

At the period of the Revolution, the aggregate revenue of all the lay-establishments of benevolence amounted to 8,087,980 livres, into which, however, we must not forget how many official hands were dipped between 1788 and 1801. Notwithstanding the many legacies of the past fifty years, the sum is much smaller to-day. By the most recent official documents, it appears that the "Assistance Publique" represents an income of 3,247,600 francs; in addition to which are 673,258 francs attached to special foundations, making the total amount 3,920,858 francs. Of this amount, 1,686,340 francs are fixed revenues, 458,832 the result of investments, and 1,102,428 come from state funds. There remain the special foundations of which we must take notice, because of the respect always due to those who both pity and alleviate suffering. Montyon, whose name is sure to appear when there is question of beneficence, bequeathed the annual sum of 281,630 francs for the relief of convalescents after their discharge from the hospital. Brézin, an old workman, who made his fortune as a metal-founder, was desirous that those who contributed toward his abundance should share in its fruit, and therefore donated the annual sum of 190,233 francs to an asylum for invalid founders. Lambrechts, a senator, left an asylum at Courbevoie, and an income of 48,093 francs, for the assistance of Protestants. Bourlard, an upholsterer, devoted 20,804 francs a year for a retreat for a dozen old and infirm unfortunates of his trade. Devillas, a rich merchant, exacted that the 31,000 francs yielded annually by his bequest should provide 35 septuagenarians with a home at Issy.

Such legacies as the above are not held, but rather administered, by the "Assistance."

Besides the above amounts, we must further speak of 6,366,872 francs, of which 940,000 are received in

payments at the asylums or hospitals; 3,808,388 from sales made at the general establishment, to be subsequently noticed; 1,184,434 paid by the department of the Seine toward the care and treatment of strangers; besides 442,050 from the same for the support and clothing of children. All this, however, forms no actual income, as it is but a series of actual reimbursements. There are, however, serious amounts received: from pay patients at certain hospitals, the sum of 238,550 francs; from the grant of a portion of the public burial tax, 203,000 francs; from the tax on the monts-de-piété, 750,000 francs; and, finally, 1,750,000 francs, coming from the poor-tax at theatres, concerts, and balls.

This latter tax, now disputed before the courts, found its origin in a decree of Louis XIV. (January 25, 1699) declaring that a sixth part "over and above what is and what shall be charged" shall be given to the general hospital.* A subsequent decree of the 4th of March, 1719, more fully explained that the tax was to be an addition to the ticket price, and to come, therefore, from the spectator's pocket and not the manager's. Swept away in the deluge of 1789–90, a law of the 7th Frimaire, An V. provides "that there shall be collected one décime per franc over and above the price of all tickets during six months." This was annually renewed until 1809, when it was indefinitely renewed. It was again confirmed in 1864, where article 2d of the decree of January the 6th says, "The impost in favor of the poor continues in force." It is not so long since the posters of the Comédie Française announced: "Boxes, six francs, sixty centimes; Parquet, two francs, twenty centimes. The smaller sums for the poor." The tax used formerly to be paid at a separate window, but to facilitate ingress the managers were directed to collect the whole and account for the tax themselves. Possession once obtained, however, they decline to refund, and, protesting that the tax is unjust, they seek redress at law!

The total receipts, then, of the "Assistance Publique" amount to the considerable sum of 13,204,280 francs, and yet fall far short of the sum requisite for this immense work. In fact, the ordinary expenses, foreseen and calculated from the experience of centuries, foot up 23,806,027 francs, leaving, between income and expense, the terrible gap of 10,601,747 francs, which therefore becomes the share to be furnished by the city of Paris "officially," in carrying out this high and important mission.*

In addition to the above, each of the ministerial bureaus has a well-provided fund for distribution, and an average of 70,000 petitions for relief (most of which are favorably received) is annually made to the administration of the imperial purse. We must indeed conclude that more than 40,000,000 francs are annually absorbed in the alleviation of Parisian poverty.†

And yet, if Chamfort were alive today, he could write as truly as of his own times: "Society is composed of only two classes: those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner."

* The general hospital, at this period, comprised "La Pitié, Bicêtre, La Salpetrière, Les Enfans Trouvés, and the Scipio House."

* In an article on the church in France and Paris, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1869, the amount dispersed by the authorities of Paris in charities in 1866 is given at four millions, and a disparaging remark is made on the inadequate relief thus afforded. The facts given above, showing 10,601,747 francs as the official gifts of 1869, prove either that the previous statement was erroneous, or that the municipality has not been unwilling to increase its efforts in so laudable a direction.

† One banker alone is in the habit of occasionally buying and giving away 30,000 bread tickets!

And the conclusion of the "Assistance Publique" would remain: "Whatever may be done, the dinners will never equal the appetites, which are too often insatiable."

The "Assistance Publique" has establishments of its own, whence it provides all that is required for its almost innumerable wants. These comprise a wine-cellar, an abattoir at Villejuif, a pharmacy, a general merchandise depot, and a bakery.

The bakery is near the Rue du Fer-à-Moulin, in a house built by Scipio Sardini, an Italian trader of the reign of Henry III. As early as 1612, this large building was used as a depot for the poor; in 1622, we find it an asylum for old men; in 1636, the plague-stricken sought and found refuge within its walls. In 1656, Louis XIV. appointed it as the charitable bakery, although space seems to have been reserved within its walls for indigent women and unmarried mothers as late as 1663. In 1675, it was restored to its primitive use, with the addition of an abattoir and a candle factory. At the beginning of this century, it was again under the hospital administration, and in 1849 a steam bakery was erected. A ninety-five horse-power engine supplies the working force to a fine five-story English mill. Up to 1856 the flour was purchased outside, but now, all the arrangements being completed, the grain is purchased, and stored in the vast and well-ventilated granaries until it is required to be ground. On the lower floor is the bakery proper, where a sixteen horse-power engine runs night and day to operate the ten mechanical kneading-troughs, and the half-stripped workmen have to manage their long-handled shovels with dexterity and perseverance in order to feed the ten large ovens, whence twenty or twenty-five thousand kilogrammes of good bread are daily drawn. This is delivered, gratuitously of course, to the various hospitals and asylums, etc., and for pay to numerous other public institutions and colleges, besides the halls and markets of the city.

Well-founded objection is made by visitors to the excessively disagreeable odor arising, as inspection proved, from an innumerable army of roaches, which issue from the walls and crevices of the building and swarm about like a veritable plague.

The central pharmacy, formerly connected with the Hospital for Lost Children, has been since 1812 in the ancient Hôtel de Nesmond, on the Quai de la Tournelle. The entrance is ordinary, and the building, although extensive, offers nothing worthy of peculiar remark. Here are stored the vast supply of medicaments required in the many institutions of the "Assistance." The appearance is therefore that of an immense drug-store; the predominant odor, that of ether. Enormous jars, filled with liquids of all colors and every conceivable flavor, carefully stopped, are methodically arranged on shelves which extend quite around the vast hall; baskets standing ready for delivery exhibit enormous rolls of plaster of various sorts, and little pots of various shapes carefully done up. There are sticks of Calabrian licorice and bundles of the root; tempting and offensive looking unguents; phials with crystals of ioduret of potassium, looking like crushed or cut sugar; bottles of the oil of sweet almonds, resembling liquid gold; cantharides, pomades, etc., etc. In a reserve cabinet, under lock and key, and in charge of the steward, or "econome," are the more dangerous medicines, forming an extensive diabolical armory; among them are arsenic, cyanuret, opium, strychnine, morphine, digitaline, curare, and nux

vomica, in their various glass prisons, and along with them we find the odoriferous musk, which is frequently kept among poisons, and is not unusually given in certain forms of nervous complaints.

Elsewhere the display is more inviting, as large open-mouthed sacks exhibit an abundant stock of herbs; the dull-red corn-poppy, transparent lichen, camomile, wormwood, sage, mint, rosemary, and all the precious and powerful families of the mint tribe; hellebore and daturas, cassia, bitter coloquinth, saffron, and valerian: one would say, all the simples of nature collected here. On the first story is a room where careful analysis and scientific experiments precede the acceptance of any medicinal agent whatsoever. Here are also drawers from floor to ceiling, carefully labelled with the name of the contents, mostly drugs but seldom used, or which require to be kept from light and air; the names of ergot, henbane, and flower of wild genet catch the eye in passing. Although remodelled as late as 1812, it is a most curious study to run over some of the cabalistic names which graced the medical practice of our ancestors. Sang de bouquin, crabs' eyes, hartshorn shavings (replaced by phosphate of lime), red coral, vipers' poudre, and even wood-lice. This last pretended diuretic is at last spared to man, and given only to horses; so progress most desirable has certainly been made.

The laboratory is in constant activity. Sarsaparilla, antiscorbutic, gum, and other syrups are in constant process of manufacture. Steam-driven apparatus cuts licorice, crushes almonds, and extracts oils. The busiest mechanism, perhaps, is that which labors night and day to reduce to meal the immense quantity of linseed required for cataplasms. In the court-yard stand, like wine-barrels, large copper vessels filled with flower-of-orange water.

Before the immense display it is difficult not to experience a feeling of respect for the city of Paris, which, like a good mother, thus cares for her sick children.

The central store, or general merchandise depot, is in a new building near the Salpetrière, on the Boulevard de l'Hospice. It has taken the place of one which had been devoted in 1793 to spinning flax and hemp. Employment was thus given to about six hundred poor women, with but little result, however; for the raw material was brought from the provinces to be spun, carried back again to be woven, and then retransported to be sold. The expense was heavy and the profit naught, while the charity was susceptible of improvement every way. Certain portions of the building (otherwise famous as the ancient dwelling of the Sisters of Charity of Notre Dame, where Madame Scarron sought retirement previous to becoming anonymous Queen of France) were used as a depot for bedding and other stores. The present edifice contains all that was desirable and wanting in the old one. Appropriate rooms are devoted to the storage of whatever is or may be needed; thus we find a large collection of oils, dried vegetables, etc. Brushes, brooms, dusters, shovels, and kindred helps to neatness have their place, while beds, commodes, mattresses, tables, chairs, furniture for the sick, make a prominent display. Cooking utensils and table-ware, some coarse for ordinary use, others nicer, including porcelains and cut-glass, for paying patients, present an unbroken front on one side, while an immense stack of crutches and other supports for physical infirmities oppose our further progress on the other. This

gallery is devoted to blankets, cotton and woollen coverlids, sheets, night-dresses, and caps, reserves of old linen to be made into lint, material for shrouds, etc. An opposite one exhibits clothes for men and women, single articles, or complete outfits from cap to shoes; even little wardrobes for the newly born, which so often finds itself ushered into the great poverty-stricken world of Paris without any provision in its behalf, save what is to be found at this generous step-mother's store-house. These little wardrobes consist invariably of

1 Woollen 2 Cotton	Bands.	6 New 2 Old	Sheets.
4 Shirts.		2 Muslin caps,	
4 Fichus.		2 Cotton waists.	
4 Calico wraps.			

There are also workshops where great numbers of girls cut, sew, and trim with ceaseless energy the material supplied by the watchful superintendents. The hair, which is to form mattresses and pillows for all the houses of the "Assistance," is both picked and made up on the premises, thus giving much practical charity to those whose needle brings them sustenance. Aged and infirm dwellers at the Salpetrière, whose fingers do not yet refuse to work, give their help toward preparing lint, which consumes not only all the old linen supplied from the numerous institutions, but also an extra supply usually bought at the military and other depots. There are about 144,000 metres (156,000 yards) of bands and compresses annually made and carefully rolled here, showing the activity of the establishment. One small hall is devoted wholly to the exhibition of samples or models of each and all the various objects and articles supplied hence to the multiple wards of the "Assistance Publique."

The indigent population of Paris is very numerous, but it is only since 1829 that any positive, or rather scientific, estimates have been had as to its extent. At that time it amounted to 62,705 out of a population of 816,486, showing the large proportion of 1 to 13. The prosperity of the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe reduced it in 1838 to 1 in 15. Famine, however, and insufficient measures for its relief, raised it again in 1847 to 1 in 14 (13.99), there being 73,901 paupers out of 1,034,196 inhabitants. In 1861, we find the number apparently larger, being 90,287; but this was not actually so, as the annexation of suburbs had raised the population to 1,667,841. The real proportion was less, therefore, being 1 in 18; and the same was the case in 1866, being about 1 in 17. The records of 1869 show assistance given to 129,991 poor!

That the wants of such a vast number might be systematically provided for, a thorough organization was of course necessary. The one actually in use dates from the first Revolution, when a special commission, appointed by law, organized "bureaus of charities" for the various quarters of the city (then forty-eight in number), each acting in its own limits, under the direction of the general administration. In 1816, these were superseded by twelve, one for each *arrondissement;* later increased to twenty, one being annexed to each mayoralty of the capital. The members are the mayor, *ex officio*, and his adjunct, twelve administrators, a number of commissioners and ladies of charity, proportioned to the poor of the section, and a secretary-treasurer, who acts as responsible agent for the central administration. Each arrondissement is divided into twelve zones, one for each administrator, on whom it rests to decide what and how great shall be the assistance in each case. The prefect of the Seine appoints the

doctors and midwives attached to each bureau. None have a right to assistance save those whose names appear in the official registry or "control." When an appeal is made, the administrator has to visit the applicant, also a commissary and a doctor, and a report is then made to the council, which meets every fortnight. If it is favorable, the name is written upon a yellow or a green card, as the assistance granted is *temporary* or *permanent.*

Temporary assistance is ordinarily given to the wounded, the sick, cases of childbirth, nursing mothers if destitute, abandoned children, orphans under sixteen, heads of families having three children under fourteen, widowers or widows having two young children; but charity often steps over these limits, noting, however, that the assistance always ceases with the motive which induced it. Permanent or periodic assistance is different, as it is reserved to cases where infirmity or age absolutely precludes labor. From the age of 70 to 79 years the old receive 5 francs a month; increased then to 8 francs, it becomes 10 at 82; and at 84 years 12 francs until death. The blind, paralytics, epileptics, and those suffering from cancerous complaints are also recipients of from 5 to 10 francs a month, which modest sum does not exclude from receiving tickets for bread, meat, or clothing also. The number permanently assisted in 1869 was 6,982, of whom there were 455 paralytics, 917 blind, 1,345 octogenarians, and 4,265 septuagenarians. Another class likewise permanently cared for are the unfortunatse who, having all the sad requirements for admission to the hospital, are yet rejected for want of room. To such an annual pension, known as the "hospital assistance," is given, of 195 francs per annum for women, and 253 francs for men. The year 1869 shows 710 women and 427 men, or 1,137 in all, to have been recipients of this most worthy charity.

As the resources of these bureaus of charity depend on individual effort, they are more or less variable, being the result of a few legacies, but more especially of the quests made by the commissioners and *dames de charité* at the official request of the mayor. The sum total of 1869 thus obtained was 906,926 francs, 94 cent., for the whole city, the richer quarters giving, of course, much more abundantly than the less favored districts. Thus the 'Quartier de l'Opéra' gave 97,288 francs, while Vaugirard only scraped together 13,889 francs. The aggregate would, of course, be far too inadequate to the work, were it not for the general administration of the "Assistance Publique," which gives to the work 500,000 francs in money and 684,123 francs, 60 per cent., in bread. A reserve of 450,000 francs is also kept as an extraordinary fund from which to equalize as far as may be necessary the resources of the different bureaus. Each year an average amount for each indigent family to be assisted is estimated: in 1869, it was 50 francs, 50 centimes; and each bureau then receives a supplementary sum to cover a determined minimum. Last year, 345,301 francs were required of the reserve fund for this purpose, most of which went to about ten of the poorest arrondissements. The whole amount distributed in money and effects was 2,436,351 francs, 54 centimes; and yet, while the poorer quarter could with the general assistance only attain the average (50 francs, 50 centimes) with great difficulty, some of the richer districts went as high as 115, 118, and even 127 francs to each poor family.

Even this latter sum, it will be objected, is but a paltry amount in the year, and cannot keep a man from

the most abject misery: this is undoubtedly true, yet it is not intended by the "Assistance Publique" to supply *incomes* to all who ask it. The object to be attained is, fortunately, much more simple and less difficult, that is, to *assist* individuals momentarily embarrassed, to help laborers over those occasional intervals when work fails, and other similar cases.

A close study of the special population which recurs more or less regularly to public and private charities will convince almost any one that it *affects* rather than *feels* its wants; and the experience of all administrators is, that extreme circumspection will not always prevent this sacred trust from being deceived and robbed. How many times are not bread-tickets sold and the proceeds spent in drink! How often are meat-tickets (each worth from 1 franc to 50 centimes) kept until several will cover the expense of a fine beefsteak and a bottle of wine! Such cases are of almost daily occurrence, yet they are not noted, as it is far better to be deceived a hundred times in matters of charity than to mistake once.

Each of the twenty bureaus has under its immediate direction one or several houses of assistance; the number in all being 57, and the location being dependent on an intelligent estimate of the extent and the poverty of each quarter, as well as its peculiar wants. The Thirteenth Arrondissement finds need for four of these houses, while the Ninth (that of the Opéra) calls for but one, because its riches more than neutralize its poverty. These houses are marked by a flag and an inscription, and a visit to one will do for all, although the plans are not wholly identical. They are in charge of those admirable women, always to be found at the bedside of the sick and by the cradle of the abandoned: their delicate hands soothe every wound, and their very presence seems an antidote for every ill. Long known and loved by the people, who call them "the little sisters of the poor," and the "gray sisters," they belong to the congregation of Lazarists, so well known to travellers, founded by St. Vincent of Paul, and their legitimate name is Daughters of Charity. They are here in a position, created, as it were, for them, near the sick, who always claim them, and in proximity to the rich whose almoners they are.

The house is marvellously neat, for the only vanity of the good sisters is to have utensils bright, and floors almost dangerous from scrubbing and polishing. The linen-room, which would make our most careful and thrifty housewives jealous, betrays but slightly the smell of the lye, always corrected by orris-root or some other aromatic concealed behind the shelves. The stock has to be extensive, as they loan bed-linen, towels, even chemises, to such as are in need, and they are numerous enough. Sheets are changed once a month, and chemises once a week, if they are produced, but it is not unfrequently necessary to seek them even at the pawn-shop. There is a good supply always on hand of warm clothing, flannel shirts and skirts, woollen stockings, drawers, etc. In one house I saw an imposing array of men's and women's boots, shoes, and gaiters, second-hand, which one of the sisters had made in order to be able the better to provide for her protégés.

There is at the entrance a large hall, filled with benches, while a suitable fender prevents children from burning their clothing against the comfortable stove. Here the sick gather two or three times a week to consult the doctor, whose punctuality is prompted by the fact that many

of his patients have to leave their work to seek his advice. Each one, as he enters, exhibits his poor-card, which gives a right to gratuitous medicine, or, if their names are not on the book of control, to consultation only; yet but little attention is paid to this rather arbitrary regulation. The prescriptions given by the doctor are of three different colors: *white* for those visited at home, *yellow* for those whose names are inscribed, and *pink* for those not on the books. In this latter case, a letter from the secretary requisite to obtain the medicine prescribed is never refused.

Curious pathological cases are very rare: rheumatism, anæmia, accidental wounds, etc., are more ordinary. A frequent description of illness on the part of ignorant applicants, who cannot distinguish chest from stomach or heart from lungs, is that they are "sick all over." To many baths are ordered, taken usually in the neighboring establishments, whose proprietors are reimbursed at the bureau; more frequently some simple treatment is given, easy to follow and not less salutary than more complicated potions. There are often to be seen here old "rounders," who know all the ordinary prescriptions by routine; they usually complain of general debility, difficulty of digestion, and assert most humbly that they have no more strength than a chicken! If the doctor, who knows his customers well and is up to all their tricks, turns a deaf ear, they generally add in a most convincing tone that they think a good dose of "wine of quinine" would do them good. In ninety-five out of one hundred cases, it is some drunkard who has no longer wherewith to buy his glass. The bitter drug, harsh to the lips, rough to the palate, yet serves them as an illusion: execrable to others, to them it is better than water. That made in the Paris general pharmacy is prepared with a coarse wine of the south of France, which gives it a higher flavor, perhaps, than that of Séguin prepared with Madeira, or that of Bugeaud with Malaga. So extensive is its use that 35,221 litres were given out at the houses of assistance alone last year. Next to this in demand is camphorated alcohol, or spirits of camphor. Almost as burning and as sharp as vitriol, this liquor, so sickening in its odor, is eagerly sought for, even at the expense of self-inflicted bumps and ideal pains in the limbs, and, when the small phial is obtained, it is mixed with sweetened water and drunk like brandy. One thousand nine hundred and six litres of this were delivered, not one-quarter of which, certainly, served for "external application."

Women outnumber the men in consultation, many of them bringing little ones marked with the scrofula, or with even worse results of paternal debauchery. One cannot but pity those little faces, patient perhaps with suffering, yet doomed apparently to drag out a wretched existence, perhaps impotent, certainly miserable. "Fancy a mother, still young, light hair and mild blue eyes, yet with discolored lips and an emaciated face, written all over with suffering and privation; in short, one of those figures we see sculptured in our cathedrals of the twelfth century, when every one seems to have been lean. While showing her little one, who seems scarcely able to breathe, so weak is it, she replies to my questions: 'How old are you?' 'Thirty-four years.' 'Have you other children?' 'Sir, I have ten.' 'Que fait votre mari?' With indistinct voice and eyes suffused with tears, the answer came, 'Des enfans.' The cynical reply in its very naïve brutality

expressed so much misery and sacrifice, such hopes deceived and such intense despair, that the doctor in attendance," says M. Du Camp, who tells the case, "and I, looked at each other as if we heard the revelation of a dreadful crime. As she rose to depart, a glance showed that a new brother was soon to join the elder ten!"

From the experience of these institutions, the ungallant deduction is made that so long as woman is not absolutely checkmated and overcome by age, she remains a coquette! The doctors assert that, food or no food, they must have their chignon! Many whose medicine obtained at the house of assistance is apparently a matter not of relief, but of very sustenance, yet find means to procure their box of pomade and a pannier. Their demands are insatiable: they must have tilleul to make them sleep, camomile for their poor stomach, wine of quinine to support them, and syrup of gum for their thirst. The boldest, indeed, hint that they want sugar for their morning cup of coffee; but they plead in vain. Sugar! why, were it not absolutely refused, the call for this article alone would exhaust the "Assistance Publique" in less than two years.

The poor-sick are generously treated. Not only are medicines given, but also, when needed, crutches, spectacles, knee protectors, elastic stockings, and many orthopedic appliances, so often indispensable to poor as well as to rich sufferers, are freely provided. Lucky if they are not too often disposed of to buy drink!

The prescriptions are divided into two classes: those containing any of the thirty-seven substances considered as dangerous, or which offer any serious difficulties in compounding, are obliged to be taken to the city pharmacy; all others may be made up in the little pharmacy of the house, where experience has taught the good sisters to read the prescription, measure the dose, mix the drugs, or roll the pills with a most charming dexterity. When they pass it, carefully enveloped, through the little window, their only thanks from the attending patient is, frequently enough, a grumble that "it is too small."

Many a collector or amateur of potteries would envy the exquisite specimens of Delft, Rouen, and other old wares which in quaint and curiously deviced shapes and patterns serve now as the only embellishment of the good sisters' apartments, standing on the oaken cases and topping the well-filled wardrobes. These are part of the inheritance which they acquired at the distribution of the drugs, etc., from suppressed convents at the close of the last century.

The "coming and going" in these houses is incessant, as they are the centre of information whenever an accident happens or a misfortune of any sort is threatened; and all, without exception, go to them in perfect confidence, knowing that formalities are ignored whenever a need is urgent, and that one is sure to be kindly received by women to whom charity is the first duty and the most imperious want.

During the year 1869, the 'Assistance Publique" received 61,080 appeals for extraordinary assistance, each of which became the occasion of an examination and visit; 17,855 of these were rejected, as being made by persons of dishonest or immoral life, or who had been recently assisted; 43,225 others participated in the distribution of charities. We may perhaps find a lesson in the absence of *red-tape* which is quite apparent in this management: thus, an applicant on Monday has the visit from a

doctor and commissary on Tuesday, and, finally, a notification to appear Wednesday for whatever relief has been decided upon. The manner of the applicant upon receiving his assistance is matter for curious study. The recipient of money rarely or never fails to smile, while those who receive a bundle of infant or other clothing, a ticket for food, bedding, or perhaps hospital assistance, too often grumble, audibly even. They would not object, like Scarron, to draw a regular pension of 1,500 francs, with the title of "sick to the queen by the grace of God."

Although the law of the twenty-fourth Vendemiaire, l'An XI., requires a certain residence before assistance can be given, in order to prevent the poor and the sick of all France from rushing to Paris, yet no well-authenticated case of suffering is ever refused, and cases are cited in which persons not six weeks in Paris have asked and obtained relief. Strangers in distress are frequently relieved or provided with tickets and food at their homes.

To show the immense result which has followed the home visitation of poor-sick in Paris, we find registered in 1869, 72,706 visits, 11,671 of which were for cases of "accouchement," and 61,035 for other sickness. The number of days' sickness in the aggregate was 842,907, an average, therefore, of a fortnight to each patient. Such a service as this involved an outlay for doctors and medicines of 818,897 francs.

Despite the vast difference between these sums and those presented by our own city officials, there is no occasion for any feeling of shame on our part. We see that much of what is dispensed in Paris comes from old bequests or from certain collections and quests which from long custom have become a second nature instilled into the Parisian heart, whereas nearly all our charities are of our own creation, of our own generation, and due wholly to the good hearts of our generous fellow-citizens. Time with its precious experience, guided by the hand of Providence and sustained by the charitable, will one day perfect the work so well commenced and so ably carried out.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AN UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of this century Dieppe had, as a city, lost much of its importance, its maritime expeditions were on a grander scale than its limited commerce to-day would lead us to suppose. The era of fabulous fortunes had not so long passed by but that occasionally there came from distant lands some of those unexpected millionaires whom the theatres have so much abused; so that, without being at all simple-minded, one might then easily believe in "uncles from America." In truth, many a merchant at Dieppe whose vessels crowded the port had, perhaps, departed thence, twenty years previous, a sailor in his simple

jacket. Such examples encouraged the strong and afforded eternal hope to the penniless, who were always on the look-out for a miracle of fortune in their favor.

Such a miracle was apparently about to be performed for a poor family, of the small village of Omonville, some four leagues from Dieppe.

The widow Mauraire had experienced sad afflictions. Her eldest son, and the only support of the family, had been shipwrecked, leaving his four children to her care. This misfortune had likewise interfered with —perhaps rendered impossible—the marriage of her daughter Clémence. At the same time, it had entirely deranged the projects of her son Martin, who had been obliged to relinquish his studies, and reassume his part in the work of the farm.

But, in the midst of the uneasiness and dejection of the poor family, a ray of hope seemed to dawn for them. A letter from Dieppe announced the return of the brother-in-law of the widow, who had left there twenty years before, with, according to his own account, "some curiosities from the New World," and with the intention of establishing himself at Dieppe.

This letter, received the day before, now completely occupied them, and, although it contained nothing precise, the son Martin, who had some little learning, declared he recognized in it the style of a man so good-natured and liberal that he could not fail to have enriched himself. The sailor evidently was returning with some tons of crowns, and his relations would, of course, not be neglected.

Once started, imagination travels fast. Each one added his supposition to that of Martin; even Julienne herself, a god-daughter who had not been forgotten by the widow, and who lived at the farm less as a servant than as an adopted relative, wondered what the uncle from America would bring her.

"I shall ask him for a cloth mantle and a gold cross," said she, after a new reading of the letter aloud by Martin.

"Ah!" said the widow, sighing, "if my poor son Didier had only lived till now. Who knows what his uncle would do for him!"

"But there are his children, godmother, and Miss Clémence, who will not refuse a legacy," said the young girl.

"What use have I for it?" said Clémence, hanging her head sadly.

"What use?" replied Julienne; "why, then the parents of M. Marc would have nothing to say. They would not have sent away their son to hinder the marriage if Uncle Bruno had then been here; or, at least, he would soon have come back again."

"Better consider first whether he would want to return," replied the young girl in a sad voice.

"Well, if he did not come, you could easily find another," said Martin, who thought only of the *marriage* of his sister, while she thought of the *husband*. "With an uncle from America, any one can make a good match. Who knows if he may not have with him some young millionaire he would like to make his nephew-in-law!"

"Oh! I hope not, indeed," cried Clémence, frightened. "There is no hurry about my marriage."

"What there is hurry about is a place for your brother Martin," said the widow, in a sad tone.

"Well, the Count gives me some hope," replied Martin.

"But he never decides," said the mother; "and, meanwhile, time passes and the corn is eaten. Great lords never think of that; their time is given to pleasure, and when they remember the morsel of bread they

have promised, one is almost dead with hunger."

"Never mind; with Uncle Bruno's friendship we shall have no more to fear," said Martin. "He is not going to forget us. His letter says, 'I will arrive at Omonville to-morrow, with all that I possess.'"

"He should be on his way now," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive at any moment. Is everything made ready for him, Clémence?"

The young girl rose up and showed her mother the sideboard, loaded with unusual abundance. Near a leg of mutton, just taken from the oven, was an enormous quarter of smoked bacon, flanked by two plates of wheaten buns, and a porringer of sweet cream. Several jars of sweet cider completed the bill of fare. The children looked on with cries of covetousness and admiration. Julienne spoke, besides, of some apple-sauce and short-cake, which were before the fire.

From her linen closet the widow had chosen a table-cloth and napkins, which want of use had turned yellow. The young servant had placed on the waiter the plates that were the least notched, and had begun to set the table—the only silver spoon which the family possessed conspicuously exhibited at the end—when one of the children, keeping watch outside, rushed into the house, crying—

"Here he is! here he is!"

"Who is it?" cried they all in one voice.

"Why, it's Uncle Bruno," replied a strong and jovial voice.

The entire family approached the door. A sailor rested on the door-step, and looked up at them. On his right hand he held a green parrot, on his left a little monkey.

The children, frightened at his appearance, took refuge at their grandmother's side, while she herself was unable to restrain a cry. Martin, Clémence, and the servant looked on as if stupefied.

"Why, what's the matter? Are you afraid of my menagerie?" said Bruno, laughing. "Take courage, my hearties, and let us embrace each other. I have come three thousand miles to see you."

Martin took courage first; then Clémence, the widow, and the largest of the grandchildren, but nothing could induce the little girl and the youngest one to approach.

Bruno made amends by kissing Julienne.

"Upon my word! I thought I never would get here," said he; "it is a good long cruise from Dieppe to this infernal place."

Martin noticed for the first time that the shoes of the sailor were covered with mud.

"Did you come on foot, Uncle Bruno?" asked he, with an air of astonishment.

"Why, man, did you expect me to come over your corn-fields in a canoe?" replied the sailor, gayly.

Martin turned to the door.

"But your baggage—" he hazarded.

"My baggage! it's on my back," said Bruno. "A sailor, my boy, has no need of other wardrobe than a pipe and a nightcap."

The widow and children looked at him.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man; "but, after reading uncle's letter, I had supposed—"

"Well, what? You thought I would arrive with a three-decker, did you?"

"No," replied Martin, trying to laugh agreeably; "but with your trunks—to stay some time; for you gave us to understand you would remain with us."

"Did I?"

"Yes! for you said you would come 'with all you possessed.'"

"Well! here is all I possess!" said Bruno; "my monkey and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" cried the family simultaneously.

"With my sailor's trunk, where you will find stockings without feet, and shirts without sleeves. But, my hearties, such things need not make you sad. If your conscience and stomach are in good order, the rest is all a farce. Excuse me, sister-in-law; but I see here some cider, and the dozen miles I have walked have made my throat rather dry. Hallo, Rochambeau! salute my relations."

The monkey made three little jumps, then sat down before them, and scratched his nose.

The sailor, in the meantime, had helped himself to something to drink. The family looked on in consternation. As soon as the table was set, Bruno sat down without ceremony, declaring that he was almost dead with hunger. Whether they liked it or not, they had to serve the apple-sauce and the smoked bacon, because they had been seen; but the widow Mauraire contrived to shut up the rest in the sideboard.

The sailor, during dinner, being questioned by Martin, related how for twenty years he had sailed the Indian seas in different ships, receiving nothing but his scanty pay, which was spent as soon as earned; and so, at the end of an hour, it appeared that Uncle Bruno's only fortune was good humor and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, but displayed itself differently according to the character of each one. While in Clémence it only awakened surprise mingled with sadness, Martin seemed spiteful and humbled, and the widow angry and mortified. So changed a state of feeling soon manifested itself. The monkey having frightened the little girl by chasing her, her grandmother demanded its consignment to an old stable, and Martin declared he could not bear to see the parrot eat off the sailor's plate. Clémence said nothing, but left with Julienne to attend to household affairs, while the widow resumed her wheel outside the door.

Left alone with his nephew, Uncle Bruno quietly set down his glass, which he had emptied little by little; gave a sort of low, short whistle; and then, placing both elbows on the table, looked Martin steadily in the face.

"Do you know, my boy," said he quietly, "that the wind in this house appears to come from the north-east? Your looks are enough to freeze one, and as yet nobody in the house has spoken to me a single friendly word. This is not the way to receive a relative whom you have not seen for twenty years?"

Martin replied brusquely that his reception had been as good as it could be, and that it did not depend upon them to offer him better cheer.

"But it depends upon you to offer me pleasanter faces," replied Bruno; "and I'll be hanged if you have not received me as you would a white squall. But we have said enough on the subject, my boy, and I don't like family quarrels. Only remember, some day you may be sorry for such behavior; that's all I have to say."

Then the sailor cut himself another slice of bacon, and commenced to eat again.

Martin, struck by his words, began to suspect that Uncle Bruno would not have spoken in this way if he possessed only a monkey and a parrot! We have been duped, thought he. He wanted to prove us, but the menace he has just made has betray-

ed him. Quick, let me repair our stupidity, and win him back again.

He ran to his mother and sister to make known his discovery. Both hastened to enter, and their faces, hitherto so frowning and dissatisfied, were now radiant with smiles. The widow excused herself by saying that the necessities of housekeeping had taken her away from her dear brother-in-law, and seemed astonished at the empty appearance of the table.

"Why! where is the short-cake?" said she; "where are the buns and the cream I put away for Bruno? Julienne, what are you thinking of, my dear? And you, Clémence, see if there are not some nuts in the sideboard—they sharpen the teeth, and help one to drink an extra glass."

Clémence obeyed, and when all was on the table, sat down smiling near the sailor. The latter regarded her with kind complacency.

"I am glad to see you," he said; "you are something like a relative—like the daughter of my poor George."

And then passing his hand under her chin—"This is not the first day I have known you, my little one," added he; "some one spoke to me long ago of you."

"Who was it?" said the young girl, astonished.

Before the sailor had time to reply, a sharp, quick voice called loudly, "Clémence!" The latter, surprised, turned, but saw no one.

"Ah! you can't tell who calls you!" said the sailor laughing.

"Clémence! Clémence!" repeated the voice.

"It's the parrot," said Martin.

"The parrot!" exclaimed the young girl; "why, who taught him my name?"

"One who has not forgotten it," said Bruno, twinkling his eye.

"Was it you, uncle?"

"No, child; but a young sailor from Omonville."

"Marc!"

"I believe that was his name."

"Have you seen him then, uncle?"

"Occasionally, as I returned on the same vessel with him."

"Has he returned?"

"With sufficient after his voyage to enable him to marry, without any need of his parents giving him a house-warming."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of you," said the sailor, "and so often that Jake has learned the name, as you see."

Clémence blushed deeply, and the widow could not restrain a gesture of satisfaction. The projected marriage between Marc and her daughter had greatly gratified her, and she had been sadly disappointed at the obstacles his parents had interposed to their union. Bruno informed her that Marc had only been detained at Dieppe by the formalities necessary for his landing, and that perhaps he would arrive the next day—more in love than ever.

Every one rejoiced at this news—but Clémence especially, who kissed her uncle in a transport of gratitude.

"Well, now you and I are the best of friends," said he, laughing; "but for fear you grow tired waiting for the sailor, I will give you the parrot. It will talk of him to you."

Again Clémence kissed her uncle, thanking him a thousand times, and held out her hands to the parrot. It perched on her arm, calling out, "Good-morning, Clémence!"

They all burst out laughing, and the delighted young girl carried it off, kissing it as she went.

"You have made one happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, following Clémence with her eyes.

"I hope she will not be the only one," said the sailor, looking serious

as he spoke. "To you also, sister, I would like to offer something; but I fear to awaken many sad remembrances."

"You would speak of my son Didier," replied the old woman, with the natural promptness of a mother.

"Yes, precisely," said Bruno. "We were not together, unfortunately, when he was shipwrecked. If we only had been, who knows? I swim like a porpoise, and perhaps I might have rescued him, as in that affair at Tréport."

"Oh! I remember you once saved his life," replied the widow, suddenly recalling this distant memory. "I ought never to have forgotten it, brother."

She had given her hand to the sailor. He pressed it in both of his.

"Oh! that's nothing," said he with simplicity; "only a neighborly turn. When our ship arrived in India, his had been there two weeks. All I could do was to find out where he was buried, and put over his grave a simple cross of bamboo."

"And you did that for him?" cried the widow, bathed in tears. "Oh! a thousand thanks, Bruno! a thousand thanks."

"I have not told you all," continued Bruno, who was affected in spite of himself. "Those beggarly Lascars stole everything belonging to him; but I managed to find his watch, which I have brought back to you, sister. Here it is."

While speaking, he showed her a large silver watch, suspended by a cord made of yarn. The widow seized it and kissed it over and over again. All the women wept, and even Martin seemed moved; Bruno coughed, and tried to drink to smother his emotion.

When the widow found words again, she pressed to her heart the worthy sailor, and thanked him again and again. All her bad humor had disappeared, and the ideas which till then had occupied her mind vanished entirely. The precious gift which recalled a son, so cruelly snatched from her, had awakened all her gratitude. The conversation with Bruno became more free and friendly. They were soon undeceived as to his being wealthy. The "Uncle from America" had come back as poor as he went away. In telling his nephew that he and his might, some day, repent their unkindness, he had only had in mind the regret they would sooner or later experience for having misunderstood a good relative. The rest was Martin's own inference.

Although this discovery gave a final blow to the hopes of both mother and daughter, it changed in nothing their conduct toward Uncle Bruno. Their hearts warmed toward him, and the good-will which interest at first had prompted them to testify, they now accorded him from choice, and were ready to load him with affection and kindness.

The sailor, for whom they had exhausted the resources of their humble housekeeping, now rose from the table just as Martin, who had gone out but a moment before, suddenly returned to ask Bruno if he would be willing to sell his monkey.

"Rochambeau? Jove! I would not," said he. "I raised him, and he obeys me; he is my companion and servant. I would not take ten times his value for him. But who wants to buy him?"

"The Count," replied the young man. "He just passed by, saw the monkey, and was so taken with it that he asked me to sell it to him at my own price."

"Well! you may answer that we prefer keeping him," said Bruno, puffing away at his pipe.

Martin looked woful.

"This is an unlucky day," said he; "the Count told me he recollected his promise; and that if I would bring him the monkey he would see if he could let me have the appointment of receiver of rents."

"Alas! your fortune will never be any better," cried the widow in a distressed tone.

Bruno made him explain the whole affair.

"Then," said he, after a moment of reflection, "you hope, if the Count gets Rochambeau, to obtain the place you desire?"

"I am sure I shall get it," replied Martin.

"Well, then!" said the sailor, brusquely, "I won't sell the monkey, but I will give it to him. You will make him a present of it, and then he will be obliged to recognize your politeness."

A general concert of thanks arose around Bruno, which he could cut short only by despatching his nephew to the castle with Rochambeau. Martin was received most graciously by the Count, who talked with him a long time, assured him he could well fill the office which he had asked, and which he granted him.

The joy of the family may be imagined when he returned with this news. The widow, wishing to repair the wrong she had done, confessed to the sailor the interested hopes which his reappearance among them had excited. Bruno burst out laughing.

"By Neptune!" cried he, "I have played you a good trick. You hoped for millions, and I have only brought you two good-for-nothing animals."

"Oh! no, uncle," said Clémence gently; "you have brought us three priceless treasures. Thanks to you, my mother has now a souvenir, my brother employment, and I—I have hope!"

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THIRD ARTICLE.†

"What a wonderful history it is!"—Mrs. Muloch Craik.

Under a thin veil of sentimental tinsel fringed with rhetorical shreds about "pleasant mountain breezes" and "blue skies smiling cheerily," Mr. Froude, as observed in our first article, always has his own little device; and, by innuendo and by every artifice of rhetorical exaggeration, never loses the opportunity of a deadly thrust at those he dislikes. It is unfortunate for any claim that might be made in favor of his impartiality that to be a Catholic is to insure his enmity. With more or less vehemence of language, in stronger or milder tone of condemnation, this is the one thing that surely brings out this writer's best efforts in detraction, from muttered insinuation to the joyous exuberance of a jubilant measure in which, occasionally forgetting

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

† For first and second articles, see The Catholic World for June and August, 1870.

himself, he, like Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge*, astounds his auditory with an extemporaneous No-Popery dance.

The insidious suggestion is found in such cases as those of Sir Thomas More and Katherine of Arragon. For Reginald Pole, he has a labored effort of invidious depreciation; for Black and Cardinal Beaton, the reassertion of exploded calumnies to palliate their assassination; and for Mary Stuart, a scream of hatred with which he accompanies her from her mother's nursing arms to the scaffold of Fotheringay, where, grinning with exultant delight at the scars of disease and the contortions of death, the scream deepens into a savage scalp-howl worthy of a Comanche on his bloodiest war-path.

Sir Thomas More.

An early occasion is seized (vol. i. p. 53) to damn with faint praise the noblest character of his age, by classifying Sir Thomas More with men not worthy to mend the great Chancellor's pens; and with quite an air of impartiality, Mr. Froude talks of "the high accomplishments of More and Sir T. Elliott, of Wyatt and Cromwell."

But we are soon told of the fanaticism of the man "whose life was of blameless purity" (vol. ii. p. 79), and presently follows a justification of Henry's judicial murders of More and Fisher, for the crime of holding the very doctrine which Henry himself, in his work against Luther, had but lately asserted. A pretence is made to give an account of More's trial, but its great feature, which was More's crushing defence, is totally omitted. Characteristic of the new historical school is Mr. Froude's reason why More and Fisher,* innocent of all crime, were righteously sent to the scaffold. It was, you see, most untranscendental reader, because "the voices crying underneath the altar had been heard upon the throne of the Most High, and woe to the generation of which the dark account had been demanded" (vol. ii. p. 377).

* The latter, as Mr. Froude informs us, "sinking into the grave with age and sickness" (vol. ii. p. 362).

Henry the Eighth.

And if any one is so unreasonable as to inquire into the nature of the connection in this unpleasant business between "the Most High" and Henry VIII.—two princes of very nearly equal merit in Mr. Froude's estimation—he will find himself summarily warned off the premises by the historian, thus: "History will rather dwell upon the incidents of the execution, than attempt a sentence upon those who willed it should be so. It was at once most piteous and most inevitable" (vol. ii. p. 376).

And so, inquisitive reader, enjoy as well as you may the chopping off of heads, but do not ask impertinent questions as to "those who willed it should be so." Indeed, such inquiry would seem to be useless, for, as we read further, we ascertain that nobody in particular is to blame. It cannot be discovered from Mr. Froude's pages who, during the reign of that admirable prince, "chosen by Providence to conduct the Reformation," was the author of all its bloody acts of persecution and attainder, of its merciless cruelty, of its petitions to a beloved sovereign to take unto himself a new wife the day after cutting off her predecessor's head, of its legalized assassination of men for their religious opinions; or whose voice it is constantly clamoring for somebody's money, or somebody's land, or somebody's head. The voice of Henry VIII. it surely could not be, be-

cause Mr. Froude assures us (vol. iv. p. 489) that "perhaps of all living Englishmen who shared Henry's faith (?), there was not one so little desirous in himself of enforcing it by violence." "Desirous in himself" is one of those delicate touches which exemplifies Mr. Froude's command of ambiguous language, for he goes on to say: "His personal exertions were ever to mitigate the action of the law while its letter was sustained." That is to say, Henry made the bloody statute and remorselessly carried it out,* but in himself was not desirous of enforcing it. No! the voice of a gentleman adorned with so many domestic and theological virtues it could not have been, although, as Mr. Froude with engaging candor admits, "it is natural that the Romanists should have regarded him as a tyrant" (vol. iv. p. 490). But on the part of these "Romanists" this is surely mere ignorant prejudice, inasmuch as these things "were inevitable," and More and Fisher were beheaded because, as has been already explained, "voices were heard crying underneath the altar." What more obvious than that men holding a religious belief unpalatable to an admirable prince must, sooner or later, come to grief? Mr. Froude explains that they were "like giddy moths flitting round the fire which would soon devour them" (vol. iii. p. 430). Can anything be clearer? Nothing of which we have any knowledge, unless perhaps it be the reason why Thomas Cromwell's head was taken off by Henry.

Truly a capital reason: because "the law in a free country cannot keep pace with genius" (vol. iii. p. 455). And although Cromwell† was murdered without even pretence of trial (even Mr. Froude admits, "in fairness Cromwell should have been tried") by a tender-hearted and pious monarch, whose "only ambition was to govern his subjects by the rule of divine law and the divine love, to the salvation of their souls and bodies" (vol. iii. p. 474), it was all "inevitable." "Inevitable," too, was the foul murder of Cardinal Beaton by Scotch assassins* in Henry's pay, because "his [Henry's] position obliged him to look at facts as they were rather than through conventional forms" (vol. iv. p. 296). "Inevitable," too, the fate of the amnestied rebels of the North, because there was "no resource but to dismiss them out of a world in which they have lost their way, and will not, or cannot, recover themselves" (vol. iii. p. 175).

Reasons for anything he desires to excuse are, in Mr. Froude's pages, as plenty as blackberries. Here is an additional one for Henry's wholesale murders. A very pretty reason it is, too, and prettily expressed. "When a nation is in the throes of revolution, wild spirits are abroad on the storm" (vol. ii. p. 367).

Truly, with "spirits abroad on the storm," the discarding of "conventional forms," and "the inevitable," serious historical difficulties may be surmounted and the most intricate

* During the entire reign of Henry VIII., an English judge and jury never once acquitted the victim of a crown prosecution.

† We have contradictory accounts of the origin of Episcopalianism. Mr. Froude clears them up. The so-called Church of England was, it seems, a clever invention of Thomas Cromwell, although we had always supposed that Henry VIII. had a hand in it. In his eulogy of Cromwell, our historian informs us (vol. iii. p. 478), "Wave after wave has rolled over his work. Romanism flowed back over it under Mary. Puritanism, under another even grander Cromwell, overwhelmed it. But Romanism ebbed again, and Puritanism is dead, and the polity of the Church of England remains as it was left by its creator."

* On the authority of John Knox, Mr. Froude describes the principal assassin as "a man of nature most gentle and modest" (vol. iv. p. 436). How consoling to the murdered cardinal in his dying agony that, "in disregard of conventional forms," a man of such lovely character should have been hired to cut his throat with pious deliberation.

moral problems solved. Thus, the ugly facts that the "prince chosen by Providence" had six wives and kept at least two mistresses (not including the mother of his illegitimate son, "the young Marcellus" of whom our historian is legitimately proud), are clearly accounted for by the "inevitable," although Mr. Froude gives special reasons for the king's erratic virtue, which, it appears, was the result of a "self-denying submission to the dictates of public duty."

But of all Mr. Froude's ingenious explanations we find none so entertaining as that assigned for the dreadful mortality among Henry's wives. "It would have been well for Henry VIII. if he had lived in a world in which woman could have been dispensed with, so ill in all his relations with them he succeeded. With men he could speak the right word, he could do the right thing; with women he seemed to be under a fatal necessity of mistake" (vol. i. p. 430).*

This is so true that even to this very day similar difficulties appear to beset royal gentlemen of irregular temper. There is, for instance, the case of Prince Pierre Bonaparte. It would have been well for him if he could have lived in a world in which Monsieur Noir had been dispensed with, so ill in all his relations with that young republican did the prince succeed.

On the "fatal necessity of mistake," then, and on the inevitable, we take our stand; for, as an acute critic has remarked, "we may set all cross-questioning at defiance so long as we hold the spigot of destiny and can turn upon the importunate querist the overwhelming tide of fate."

The noble Katherine of Arragon receives at Mr. Froude's hands the same unfair treatment given Sir Thomas More, and Henry's outrages were, it appears, caused by herself.*

Mary Stuart.

But Mr. Froude's views of the philosophy of history, of the agency of fate, and of the subordination of morality to the "inevitable," all undergo a radical change after leaving Henry VIII. His partisanship culminates on reaching Mary Stuart, when it comes out with more elaborate machinery of innuendo, more careful finish of invention, unscrupulous assertion, wealth of invective, and relentless hatred. Events cease to be inevitable. The historian's generous supply of palliation and justification (usually "by faith alone") has all been lavished on Henry or reserved for Murray.

In no one instance is there "fatal necessity of mistake" for Mary; and her sorrows, her misfortunes, her involuntary errors, and the infamous outrages inflicted upon her by others, are, according to Mr. Froude, all crimes of her own invention and perpetration.

Simply as a question of space, we renounced at the outset the idea of following Mr. Froude through all his tortuous ways, and only undertook to point out some of his grossest errors. Proper historic treatment in the case is difficult—not to say impossible, for the reason that, instead of writing the history of Mary Stuart, Mr. Froude has drawn up against her an indictment in terms of abuse which few prosecuting attorneys would dare present in a criminal court, and showers upon the Queen of Scots such epithets as "murderess," "ferocious animal," "panther," "wild-cat," and "brute."

* We know of but one passage in all our literature that at all approaches this in massive fun. It is Artemus Ward's opinion concerning one Jefferson Davis: "It would," says A. W.—"it would have been better than ten dollars in his [J. D.'s] pocket if he'd never been born."

* "Her injuries, inevitable as they were and forced upon her in great measure by her own wilfulness" (vol. i. p. 445).

JEDBURGH.

As long as Buchanan was believed, Mary's ride from Jedburgh was the strong point relied on to show her guilty complicity with Bothwell during Darnley's life. Referring to the fact that Bothwell was lying wounded at the Hermitage, the accusation ran thus in Buchanan's *Detection*, and in the Book of Articles preferred by Murray against his sister:

"When news hereof was brought to Borthwick to the queen, she flingeth away in haste like a mad woman, by great journeys in post, in the sharp time of winter, first to Melrose and then to Jedburgh. There, though she heard sure news of his life, yet her affection, impatient of delay, could not temper itself, but needs she must bewray her outrageous lust; and in an inconvenient time of the year, despising all discommodities of the way and weather, and all dangers of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey, with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have adventured his life and his goods among them."

This makes a ride of sixty miles. Robertson repeats the story, remarking that "she flew thither with an impatience which marks the anxiety of a lover." Although this absurd fable, so far as it reflects on the queen, is long since exploded, and nothing of it is left but a short journey for a praiseworthy motive, Mr. Froude yet manages to give a version of it which, if less gross in terms than that of Buchanan, is to the full as malicious in spirit. Mr. Froude states (vol. viii. p. 349) that the Queen of Scots in September

"proposed to go in person to Jedburgh, and hear the complaints of Elizabeth's wardens. The Earl of Bothwell had taken command of the North Marches; he had gone down to prepare the way for the queen's appearance, and *on her arrival she was greeted* with the news that he had been shot through the thigh in a scuffle, and was lying wounded in Hermitage Castle. The earl had been her companion throughout the summer; her relations with him at this time—whether innocent or not—were of the closest intimacy; and she had taken into her household a certain Lady Reres, who had once been his mistress.

"She heard of his wound with the most alarmed anxiety: on every ground she could ill afford to lose him; and careless at all times of bodily fatigue or danger, she rode on the 15th of October twenty-five miles over the moors to see him. The earl's state proved to be more painful than dangerous, and after remaining two hours at his bedside, she returned the same day to Jedburgh."

This is one of the best specimens of Mr. Froude's skill in the historical joining and veneering art. We propose to dissect it, that our readers may see his process and with what manner of materials he constructs history. One such dissection must suffice. Space fails for more.

It is not true that in September Mary proposed as here stated.* Her journey to Jedburgh for the purpose of holding an assize was resolved upon by the advice of her ministers at Alloa, as far back as the 28th of July, as shown by the record of the Privy Council. Not true that Bothwell "had gone down to prepare the way," etc. Not true that he "had taken command," etc. Bothwell had for many years been warden of the Marches, having been appointed by Mary's mother, and "had gone down"—not to Jedburgh, but into Liddesdale—to arrest certain daring free-

* "After the strange appearance of Darnley in September at the Council of Edinburgh," Mr. Froude has it. A characteristically clever little stroke of his to connect the supposed failing affection for Darnley with the attributed "intimacy" with Bothwell. Here again, as usual, Mr. Froude is in open hostility with a mass of reliable testimony. We have Bedford's letter to Cecil as far back as August 3, announcing the queen's notice "to keep a justice-court at Jedworth, the queen's proclamation from her lying-in chamber, ordering an assize at Jedburgh for August 13, and the fact that owing to representations that the assize would interfere with the harvest, it was postponed, and proclamation issued, September 24, for holding it on the 8th of October."

booters. Not true, finally, that "on her arrival she was greeted," etc. Mary arrived at Jedburgh October 7, and first heard on the day following of Bothwell's being wounded. Mr. Froude carefully gives no date here, neither stating when Bothwell was wounded nor when the queen arrived; but tells us that *she heard* of his wound, *and rode* on the 15th October to see him. This leaves the inference that *as soon as she heard of Bothwell's wound she started.* The facts are, that although the queen knew of the wounding on the 8th, she remained at Jedburgh with her council, presiding and attending to the business of the assize until it adjourned on the 15th of October, and even then did not leave Jedburgh until the following day.

From Mr. Froude's account, she would appear to have taken the ride without any escort. But the admirable Buchanan, whose work, Mr. Froude informs us, "is without a serious error," states that she went "with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have ventured his life and his goods among them;" in other words, that she went escorted by thieves and murderers. Now, in thus describing Mary's escort, does Buchanan tell the truth, or does he lie?

A serious dilemma for Mr. Froude, who finds his safety in "sinking" the escort, which consisted of the queen's ladies, the "stainless" Murray, Lethington, and several members of her council. Were these persons the approvers and accomplices of such a journey as Mr. Froude would have his readers believe in? In their presence the queen thanked Bothwell for his good service, and expressed sympathy for his dangerous condition. That the queen did not remain that night at the *Armitage* (arsenal of Liddesdale, of which Hermitage is a corruption) is a source of positive unhappiness to Messrs. Froude, Buchanan, and Mignet. The first consoles himself in all his succeeding statements. Buchanan finds satisfaction in saying that she hurried back in order to make preparations for Bothwell's removal there, and Mignet (the French Froude) tells us it was in order to get back in time to write a long letter to Bothwell the same night! Just here let us relieve the tedium of our dry work by a pleasant story which exemplifies how some histories are written. On the day following Mary's return to Jedburgh, a quantity of writs, summons, and other documents were dispatched to Bothwell in his official capacity as lieutenant of the Marches, and the treasurer's accounts of the day certify the payment of six shillings for sending "one boy" passing from Jedburgh, October 17, with "*ane mass of writings* of our sovereign to the Earl of Bothwell." Chalmers in recording this adds ironically, "love-letters, of course." Whereupon M. Mignet, unfamiliar with "sarcastical" English, takes it for a serious statement, and tells his readers that Mary hurried back to Jedburgh in order that she might write a long letter that night!

Mr. Froude says Bothwell was wounded in a scuffle. A scuffle may be a drunken brawl. But Bothwell's "scuffle" was this. He was seeking officially* to arrest John Elliott of Park, a desperate outlaw and the leader of a formidable band of insurgents. Coming up with him on the 7th October, Elliott fled, and Both-

* "To compel certen unbrydlit insolent thevis to shaw their obedience to hir; but they according to their unrewlie custume dispysit him and his commissioun, in sik sort as they invadit him fearcelie and hurt him in dyverse pairties of his bodie and heid, that hardlie he escapit with saiftie of his lyfe, and this act was done be the handis of Johne Ellot of the Park, whome the said Erle slew at the conflict."—Contemporary MS., published by the Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh. 1835.

well, without counting the risk or waiting for his escort, pursued him alone. Overtaking him, a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued,* in which Bothwell killed Elliott, but was himself covered with wounds and left for dead upon the moor. His attendants coming up took him to the Arsenal.

This fierce death-struggle is Mr. Froude's "scuffle." †

"The earl had been her companion throughout the summer." How, when, and where, Mr. Froude has forgotten to tell us, for Bothwell's name does not once appear in this history from page 272, vol. viii., where he rallies to the queen's standard with hundreds of the Scottish nobility, to page 303, where we have no facts, but insinuating suggestion and evil supposition.

We now propose to follow separately the queen and Bothwell "throughout the summer," and show how Mr. Froude writes history.

The queen was within three months of her confinement when Riccio was murdered in her presence (March 9). After her escape from the murderers, she returned to Edinburgh, and, entering her sick room in the castle, she never left it until the following July. Her child was born on the 19th June. But it is absolutely necessary for the success of Mr. Froude's theory that guilty love should exist between her and Bothwell previous to the incidents of Jedburgh and Craigmillar, which, otherwise, would not be available for desired manipulation, and therefore, setting at defiance psychology, physiology, decency, and the historic record, he selects this period. Bothwell, it must be borne in mind, was, with the entire approbation of the queen, married to Lady Jane Gordon, a sister of the Earl of Huntly, on the previous 16th February, and there is no evidence that Mary ever saw him from the day she returned to Edinburgh in March to the angry interview between him and Murray in her presence in August. It is true that at page 302, vol. viii., Mr. Froude very cunningly seeks to create the impression that Bothwell was at the castle with the queen on the 24th of June, by a garbled citation from a letter of Killigrew to Cecil: "Bothwell's credit with the queen was more than all the rest together." We use the term "garbled" advisedly, and to spare ourselves the trouble of repeating it, we state here, once for all, that in matters concerning Mary Stuart there are very few of Mr. Froude's citations which are not garbled. Here is what Killigrew wrote to Cecil:

> "The Earls of Argyll, Moray, Mar, and Crawford *presently in court* be now linked together; and Huntly and Bothwell with their friends on the other side. *The Earl of Bothwell and Mr. Maxwell be both upon the borders of Scotland;* but the truth is, the Earl of Bothwell would not gladly be in danger of the four above-named, which all lie in the castle; and *it is thought and said* that Bothwell's credit with the queen is more than all the rest together," etc.

From this it would appear that Argyll, Murray, Mar, and Crawford, rather than Bothwell, were the queen's companions, for they "did lie in the castle," while Bothwell was "on the borders," and that Bothwell's "credit with the queen" was rather political than personal, and after all a mere *on dit*—people "thought and said." And why did people so think

* Sir Walter Scott's admirable picture of the death-struggle between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James is in Scotland generally understood to have been taken from a description of this fight.

† In a document put forth by Henry VIII. to palliate the robbery and desecration of the shrine of Canterbury, the horrible and ghastly murder of the venerable Thomas à Becket by a band of mailed assassins is described as "a scuffle." —Froude, vol. iii. p. 278.

and say? We answer in the admirable words of a living Scotch author:*

> "Bothwell was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who, from first to last, had remained faithful both to her mother and herself, . . . and whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, no man could say that James Hepburn was either a hypocrite or a traitor. Though staunch to the religion (Protestant) which he professed, he never made it a cloak for his ambition; though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, he never, so far as we know, accepted of a foreign bribe. In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues, we need not be surprised that his sovereign at this time trusted and rewarded him."

For Bothwell read Murray in this passage, and we have a piece of the bitterest and most merited sarcasm. Mr. Froude labors hard to transfer the origin of the enmity of Murray and his friends to Bothwell to a much later period and to far different causes. But their ill-will to him was that of traitors to a faithful subject. Although perfectly at home in the "Rolls House," and thoroughly familiar with the diplomatic correspondence of the period, Mr. Froude does not appear to have seen the letter of Bedford to Cecil, written as far back as August 2: "I have heard that there is a device working for the Earl of Bothwell, the particulars whereof I might have heard, but because such dealings like me not, I desire to hear no further thereof. *Bothwell has grown of late so hated, that he cannot long continue.*" "Of late" takes us back weeks and months, and "device" and "such dealings" simply mean assassination or murder.

Mr. Froude's Castle of Alloa story, at page 304, vol. viii., forms part of the foundation for his assertion of companionship throughout the summer. This Alloa story is a wretched fable of Buchanan's invention. The historian Burton, to whom Mr. Froude must always bow, passes it over in contemptuous silence, and, in his history, Bishop Keith, the Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church, says that "the malignancy of the narrative is obvious," and that "the reader need hardly be reminded that all this is gratuitous fiction, having no foundation in fact." Nevertheless, for Mr. Froude this rubbish is good historic material. A part of the Alloa story was that Mary was "inexorable" to her husband, and Mr. Froude, ingeniously representing Darnley's conduct as arising from his fear of Mary, so mangles Bedford's despatches to Cecil (vol. viii. p. 304) as to leave the reader to suppose that Bothwell was the cause of the angry scenes between Mary and Darnley, when it was in fact the dispute concerning Lethington's (Maitland) pardon for the Riccio murder, solicited by Murray and Athol, and so fiercely remonstrated against by Darnley. All Darnley's vacillation, trepidation, and strange behavior arose from his fear of the revenge that would be visited upon him by the leading Riccio assassins whom he had betrayed to the queen.

He was the cause of Morton's exile, for, as Mr. Froude says, "his complicity was unsuspected until revealed by Darnley," and he full well knew what might be expected from the resentment of such men, even if Ruthven had not threatened him with it on the night of the murder. Even Mr. Froude cannot help seeing and admitting that "in the restoration to favor of the nobles whom he had invited to revenge *his own imagined wrongs*, and had thus deserted and betrayed, the miserable king read his own doom." Most true; and the doom overtook him at Kirk-a-Field.

* *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers.* By John Hosack. Page 152.

Here, in a moment of forgetfulness, Mr. Froude tells the truth as to Darnley's "wrongs," which were "imagined," thus contradicting his prurient insolence in saying, "whether she had lost in Riccio a favored lover or whether," etc., which he again contradicts by another calumny, "The affection of the Queen of Scots for Bothwell is the best evidence of her innocence with Ritzio" (vol. viii. p. 304).

And so passes away our summer of 1566, and no Bothwell appears. He was not at Alloa at all, and in Edinburgh but a day, to protest in audience against the return to Lethington of his forfeited lands. Murray, all-powerful, menaced Bothwell in the queen's presence in language insulting to her, and Bothwell, who, as Killigrew wrote to Cecil, "would not gladly be in danger of Murray and his friends," perfectly understanding that his life was not safe there, immediately left the court.

The Lady Reres's story is, like that of Alloa, "pure Buchanan." From Mr. Froude's statement one might suppose that no one but Lady Reres accompanied Mary to Jedburgh. The probability is that Lady Reres was not there at all. The certainty is that Mary was accompanied by a large retinue of ladies, among whom was Murray's wife; and Burton says that according to Lord Scrope, who sent the news to Cecil, "she had with her, as official documents show, Murray, Huntley, Athol, Rothes, and Caithness, with three bishops and the judges and officers of the court."

Now if, as Mr. Froude represents, Mary Stuart "spent her days upon the sea or at Alloa with her cavalier," if Bothwell had been her companion during the summer, if she rode twenty-five miles over the moor as soon as she heard of Bothwell's wound, such conduct would have inevitably shocked and scandalized all about her, and the result must have been the utter destruction of respect for her person and her authority. Unfortunately for Mr. Froude, his assertions concerning Mary Stuart at this time fall within that very large category of his facts which the historians of that period have totally forgotten to chronicle. Nay, still more unfortunately for him, it so happens that the precise condition of public sentiment at this time concerning Mary Stuart has been recorded by an authority not to be gainsaid by our English historian. At page 350, vol. viii., Mr. Froude gives a false translation and a malicious signification to the honest reflection of the French ambassador* that Bothwell's death would have been no small loss to the queen, but fails to see in the very same despatch this passage: "*I never saw her majesty so much beloved, esteemed, and honored*, nor so great a harmony amongst all her subjects, as at the present is *by her wise conduct.*"

Think you the performances described by Mr. Froude would have been held to be wise conduct by onlookers at whose head was the "stainless" Murray?

In cheerful tones, Mr. Froude says a few characteristic words as to Mary's deadly illness at Jedburgh. The passage is a fit forerunner of the brutality of his subsequent picture of her execution. But, bad as it is, we can yet congratulate him on his failure to follow Buchanan to the end. He does not appear to have sunk so low as to dare mention what Buchanan says as to the cause of the queen's illness. We have no comment to make on the intimation that the bearing of Mary Stuart on what she and all around her supposed to be her dying bed was "theatrical," nor on the vulgar fling at her piety.

* Maitland's statement is on the same page quite as roughly handled.

Mr. Froude says concerning

THE SECRET LEAGUE

for the uprooting of the Reformed faith (viii. 241), that "Randolph *had ascertained* that Mary had signed it." Randolph did not say he had ascertained it. He speaks of it only by hearsay. The historical fact is, she did not sign it. We have not room to discuss the point. It is thoroughly treated by Mr. Hosack (pp. 125–129), closing with this remark:

"By refusing to join the Catholic league, she maintained her solemn promises to her Protestant subjects—the chief of whom, we shall find hereafter, remained her staunchest friends in the days of her misfortune—she averted the demon of religious discord from her dominions, and posterity will applaud the wisdom as well as the magnitude of the sacrifice which she made at this momentous crisis."

We now come to the great scene at

CRAIGMILLAR,

which is thus related in Froude at page 354, vol. viii. One morning Murray and Maitland (let the reader here follow Murray's movements) come to Argyll "still in bed." They want to counsel as to the means of obtaining Morton's pardon for the Riccio murder. Maitland suggests that the best way is to promise the queen to find means to divorce her from Darnley. Argyll does not see how it can be done. Maitland says, "we shall find the means." These three next see Huntly and Bothwell, who fall in; and all five go to the queen, who, Mr. Froude—with that never-failing knowledge of all that passes in her mind—says, "was craving for release." Thus far, our historian adheres with, for him, wonderful fidelity to the only authority* we have for an account of this interview, but, as usual, the moment Mary Stuart appears, Mr. Froude and his authorities are arrayed in open hostility. Maitland suggested to the queen that *if she would consent to pardon Morton and his companions in exile*, means might be found to obtain a divorce between her and Darnley. Huntly and Argyll represent Mary as saying "that if a lawful divorce might be obtained without prejudice to her son, she might be induced to consent to it." Of this Mr. Froude makes the very free translation, "She said generally she would do what they required." Then came the question where the king should reside, which is met by the queen's suggestion that instead of seeking a divorce, she herself should retire a while to France (she had entertained the same project upon the birth of her child); but it was warmly opposed by Maitland in these very significant words: "Do not imagine, madame, that we, the principal nobility of the realm, shall not find the means of ridding your majesty of him without prejudice to your son," etc.—the rest, substantially, as in Froude as to Murray's "looking through his fingers and saying nothing." This is at page 356, and the average reader is already supplied at page 349 with the theory Mr. Froude desires to apply to the Jedburgh and Craigmillar incidents in a strain of touching reflections (it is well to be observant when our historian talks sentiment or piety, for it is then that he most certainly means mischief), which might properly be headed, "Mary Stuart makes her preparations to kill Darnley." The historian is liberal, and supplies not only the facts

*See Protestation of Huntly and Argyll in Keith, vol. iii. p. 290. The Earls of Huntly and Argyll were both Protestant lords, the latter the brother-in-law of Murray

for his hypothesis, but an exhortation calculated to put the reader in the frame of mind best adapted for their reception. "But Mary herself," dramatically exclaims Mr. Froude, "how did she receive the dark suggestion"?

"This part of the story rests on the evidence of her own friends"—imbecile reader being supposed by Mr. Froude to be ignorant of the fact that *every part* of the story rests on the same piece of testimony,* that of Huntly and Argyll. She said, continues Mr. Froude, and we ask especial attention to this,—she said she "would do nothing to touch her honor and conscience;" "they had better leave it alone;" "meaning to do her good, it might turn to her hurt and displeasure."

This is an ingenious piece of work. Mr. Froude so marshals these broken sentences as to present to the reader the picture of a guilty person who receives a criminal suggestion and replies somewhat incoherently but so as to convey this idea: "There, there, we understand each other perfectly; go and do the deed." Such is the impression inevitably conveyed, and intended by Mr. Froude to be conveyed.

This is but one of the many instances in which Mr. Froude totally disregards the universally received signification of quotation marks, and coolly inserts his own language in lieu of the words of the text.

The *Saturday Review* states his offence with mild sarcasm by saying that "Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas." Of course Mary Stuart never spoke the words Mr. Froude puts in her mouth. Here "according to Argyll and Huntly" is her reply to Maitland—a reply in perfect harmony with her habitual elevation of sentiment and dignity of bearing: "I will that you do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honor or conscience; and, therefore, I pray you rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of his goodness put remedy thereto."

Judge ye!

Mr. Froude then follows up his remarkable citation with a pregnant "may be," two "perhaps," both prolific, and a line or two of poetry, all of which are supposed to convict Mary Stuart of asking the gentlemen in her presence to oblige her by murdering Darnley. To confirm his accusation, Mr. Froude says, "The secret was ill kept, and reached the ears of the Spanish ambassador," and cites a passage from De Silva's letter, which he prudently abstains from translating. We find that Mr. Froude's citation, so far from confirming, flatly contradicts his statement. We translate it:* "I have heard that some persons, seeing the antipathy between the king and queen, had offered to the queen to do something against her husband, and that she had not consented to it. Although I had this information from a good source, it seemed to me to be a matter which was not credible that any such overture should be made to the queen." As usual, De Silva's information was correct. It came from one of the party present. The queen would not consent. But here is something better. Mr. Froude exposes Mary Stuart's crime of entertaining a "dark suggestion" to murder Darnley. Very good. We like to see criminals exposed. But

* The latest historian of Scotland, Mr. Burton, who, although an enemy of Mary Stuart, shows in citation some respect for the integrity of historical documents, says, "There is reason to believe that this conversation is pretty accurately reported" (vol. iv. p. 334).

* Original Spanish in Froude, vol. viii., note at page 356.

whatever "dark suggestion" there was in the case *came from Murray*, and was made to Mary Stuart in his name—Maitland speaking for him*—and in his presence—the presence of Murray "the stainless," "a noble gentleman of stainless honor" (viii. 216), who "had a free and generous nature" (viii. 267), and of whose "supreme and commanding integrity" (ix. 557) Mr. Froude so often boasts. Must we believe that this saintly man listened approvingly, and silently acquiesced in the horrible plot? Mr. Froude is seriously embarrassed here, but relying, as usual, on the imbecility of his reader, explains Murray's innocence by saying (it is almost incredible, but he has written it down, and it may be read on his page 355, vol. viii.): "The words were scarcely ambiguous, yet Murray said nothing. Such subjects are not usually discussed in too loud a tone, and HE MAY NOT HAVE HEARD THEM DISTINCTLY." The rooms at Craigmillar were small, and Mr. Froude, in his last volume, describes Mary Stuart's voice on the scaffold of Fotheringay, after twenty-one years of suffering and sickness, as one of "powerful, deep-chested tones." And yet Murray did not hear her! Maitland's answer to the queen is omitted by Mr. Froude. It was, "Madame, let us guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but *good, and approved by parliament.*" They certainly did not expect murder to be approved by parliament. Mr. Froude does not tell his readers of this, because it is fatal to his "ill-kept" secret and his "dark suggestion." What was really meant was impeachment, to which Darnley was liable for dismissing, by usurped authority, the three Estates of Scotland in parliament. The schemes attributed to Mary by her traducers for the destruction of Darnley are not half so remarkable for their wickedness as for their clumsiness and stupidity. If Mary Stuart desired at this or at any time to be rid of Darnley, he could have been legally convicted and sent to the scaffold on half-a-dozen charges, not to mention the crime of heading the conspiracy to murder Riccio in the queen's presence. A word or a nod from her would have been sufficient; but she clung to him with all the strength of her much abused love, and a late discovery* has brought to light a touching proof of her attachment to him during this very summer of 1566, the period of those asserted peculiar "relations" with Bothwell. Although made in 1854, this discovery appears not yet to have been heard of by Mr. Froude. It was the proposed impeachment which De Silva refers to in his letter, and he speaks still more plainly in another despatch not cited by Mr. Froude: "Many had sought to engage her in a conspiracy against her husband, but she gave a negative to every point." And yet our historian has the hardihood to represent as an entire success this utter failure of Murray and his colleagues to draw the queen into a plot against Darnley. If a success, why was not Morton immediately pardoned, for that was the point the nobles were to gain

* "And albeit that my Lord of Murray here present be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your grace is for a papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same."

* Mr. Hosack gives the fac-simile of a page of Mary's will made just before the birth of her child in June, 1566. It was discovered in the Register House, Edinburgh. She bequeaths to Darnley her choicest jewels—far more of them than to any one else. There are as many as twenty-six valuable bequests to her husband of watches, diamonds, rubies, pearls, turquoises, a "St. Michael" containing fourteen diamonds, a chain of gold of two hundred links with two diamonds to each link, and, lastly, a diamond ring enamelled in red, as to which the queen writes: "It was with this I was married; I leave it to the king who gave it to me."

from the queen? Failing with her, the conspirators resolved on the murder of Darnley, and a bond was drawn up to get rid of the "young fool and proud tyrant." It was prepared by Sir James Balfour, an able lawyer and thorough-paced villain. Murray,

> "The head of many a felon plot,
> But never once the arm!"*

declares he did not sign it. Possibly he did not, his colleagues being satisfied with his promise that he "would look through his fingers and say nothing."

We have thus dissected Mr. Froude's singular presentation of the facts connected with Mary's presence at Alloa, Jedburgh, and Craigmillar, partly to expose his system of writing history, and partly to draw attention to the dilemma in which he finds himself. Were Mr. Froude really a historian, he would recount the facts attending Mary Stuart's career, and leave the reader to draw his conclusions. And indeed, as a general proposition, he appears to have some dim perception that such a course would be the true one. At page 485, vol. iv., he says: "To draw conclusions is the business of the reader, it has been mine to search for the facts." Again, at page 92, vol. i.: "It is not for the historian to balance advantages. His duty is with the facts."

But he starts out with the assumption of Mary Stuart's guilt, and hastens to announce it while describing her as an infant in her cradle,† entirely forgetting his very sensible reflection at page 451, vol. ii., "We cannot say what is probable or what is improbable, except that the guilt of every person is improbable antecedent to evidence;" making of her a fiend incarnate, in the very teeth of his own declared belief (vol. i. p. 172) that "some natural explanation can usually be given of the actions of human beings in this world without supposing them to have been possessed by extraordinary wickedness;" setting at defiance his principle that a given historical subject "is one on which rhetoric and rumor are alike unprofitable" (vol. ii. p. 448); and elaborating such a monstrous portraiture of the Queen of Scots as can be "credible" (we borrow Mr. Froude's words) "only to those who form opinions by their wills, and believe or disbelieve as they choose."

A reader of good memory who has just completed the perusal of Mr. Froude's account of Mary Stuart must involuntarily recall his prophetic words in his fourth volume, page 496: "We all know how such fabrics are built together, commenced by levity or malice, carried on, repeated, magnified, till calumny has made a cloud appear like a mountain."

Here is Mr. Froude's dilemma. He assumes Mary Stuart's guilt. But her guilt cannot be proven unless we accept the forged casket-letters as genuine. If they are admitted, we have no choice but to look upon the Queen of Scots as a most wicked and depraved woman. Now, as we will show in the proper place, our historian not only utterly breaks down in attempting to establish the casket-letters, but makes a deplorably feeble failure in meeting the question at all. Hence, for him, the necessity of proof *aliunde*. But we have seen of what this proof is made. Mr. Froude's great effort is to lead captive the reader's judgment, and impress him with the belief of Mary's guilt before the casket-letters are reached. If he can but obtain even a hesitating faith in them, he is safe

* Aytoun.

† See CATHOLIC WORLD, June number, 1870, page 295.

— the fair fame of this woman is blasted, and people may, if their taste that way incline, do as Mr. Froude does, and in joyous phrase execrate her memory and call her foul names.

We would not, though, have our readers suppose Mr. Froude incapable of pity. By no means. He relates how Anne Boleyn was justly and legally convicted of fornication, adultery, and incest, and exclaims: "Let us feel our very utmost commiseration for this unhappy woman: if she was guilty, it is the more reason that we should pity her" (vol. ii. p. 458). Amen! say we, with all our heart. And to this amen we find in all Mr. Froude's pages the response, Yes, pity for her—for any one but Mary Stuart. Hence, we witness efforts, by means and appliances heretofore unknown to serious writers of history, to show Mary Stuart's guilt as manifested in her determination to be divorced from Darnley, the threat to take his life, and in the plot to murder him. We have shown that the threat to take Darnley's life is simply an invention of Mr. Froude,* that the determined divorce† is also an invention, and that the plot was — so far as Mary is concerned—what we have just exposed.

There are whole pages of Mr. Froude's history in which blunder and invention strive for the mastery, and alternately obtain it in every other line.‡ Thus: "The poor boy might have yet been saved, etc. He muttered only some feeble apology, however, and fled from the court 'very grieved.' He could not bear, some one wrote, 'that the queen should use familiarity with man or woman, especially the lords of Argyll and Murray, which kept most company with her.'"

"Some one wrote"—it matters not who, "some one's" text being here no more respected than any one's text. What "some one" really wrote was, "The king *departed* very grieved." For "departed" Mr. Froude *substitutes* "fled from." The effect is more picturesque. The word "ladies" is by Mr. Froude *altered* to "*lords*," one of the ladies of the original* being dropped by him in the process. These ladies were the ladies of Argyll, Murray, and Mar, respectively the sister, the wife, and the aunt of Murray! It does not suit Mr. Froude's purpose that the reader should see that these ladies, and not Lady Reres, were the "constant companions" of the queen during the summer, and that the Murray—not the Bothwell—interest was in the ascendant at court. Therefore, the slight liberty of the alteration of "ladies" to "lords." Mr. Froude is curiously felicitous in translations from the French and Spanish. He quotes Du Croc, "In a sort of desperation," and "he [Darnley] had no hope in Scotland, and he feared for his life" (vol. viii. p. 307). *There is not a syllable of this in Du Croc*, and properly to qualify this performance of our

* See Catholic World, June number, 1870, p. 302.

† See Catholic World, June number, 1870, p. 306.

‡ The paragraph of twenty-one lines beginning at "The next morning the council met," p. 307, vol. viii., contains fifteen serious errors, the least of which is that Mr. Froude names Bothwell as one of the lords who were "all Catholics." Bothwell! than whom there was not in all Scotland a more uncompromising Protestant. At the baptism of the prince, he refused to be present at that "popish ceremony." Mr. Froude says, p. 358. vol. viii., "three of the Scottish noblemen were present at the ceremony. The rest stood outside the door." Reader necessarily supposes "the rest" to signify a large crowd. "The rest" were Bothwell, Murray, and Huntly, who, as the Scotch Puritan *Diurnal of Occurrents* records, "came not within the said chapel, because it was done against the points of their religion."

* Which reads, "He cannot beare that the queene should use familiaritie either with men or women, and especially the ladies of Arguille, Moray, and Marre, who kepe most company with her."

historian there is but one English word to use. It is an ugly one, and we abstain from uttering it. Du Croc wrote, "*Je ne vois que deux choses qui le desespèrent.*" These two things he goes on to explain, are: *First*, The reconciliation between the lords and the queen rendering him jealous of their influence with her. *Second*, That Elizabeth's minister, coming to the baptism of the young prince, was instructed not to recognize Darnley as king. "*Il prend une peur de recevoir une honte*," adds Du Croc. That is to say, he feared this public slight, and therefore was not present at the baptism. And of this Mr. Froude makes not only the abuse of the false translation, "*He feared for his life*," but conceals the true cause of Darnley's absence from the baptismal ceremonies, and tells his too confiding readers, "It boded ill for the supposed reconciliation that the prince's father, though in the castle at the time, remained in his own room, *either* still brooding over his wrongs and afraid that some insult should be passed upon him, *or else* forbidden by the queen to appear" (vol. viii. p. 358). "Either"—"or else"—Mr. Froude does not pretend to say which. Reader may take his choice. Meantime, historian, aware of the true cause, knows positively it was neither. Admire, as you pass, "*his wrongs.*" Darnley's wrongs!

Lennox "neglected" is excellent and mirth-compelling. If Mary had been Elizabeth, this miserable old sinner Lennox would long before have been sent to the block for his repeated treasons. He was an irreclaimable traitor, and his son's mad and perverse conduct was mainly due to his evil counsel. The only punishment inflicted upon him was banishment from Mary's presence. Thus was he *neglected*. Decidedly Mary was wrong. He should have been attended to. Chalmers has correctly described Mary's reign as a reign of *plots* and *pardons*. And so it was. The timely chopping off of a few traitors' heads would have saved to her her crown and her life.* Darnley is now the "poor boy." In Mr. Froude's pages, every one, from Murray down to "blasphemous Balfour," is good, virtuous, or pious, just in proportion as they are useful to him against Mary Stuart; and Darnley begins from this moment to be more and more interesting, up to the scene where Mr. Froude places him "lying dead in the garden under the stars," in the odor of sanctity, with the words of the Fifty-fifth Psalm expiring on his lips.

Darnley was despised by the loyal for his treatment of his wife, while the disloyal had his foul treachery to avenge. Here is the estimate of his standing and character at the time, made by two Scotch Protestant historians, Burton and Tytler: "Darnley was a fool, and a vicious and presumptuous fool. There is scarcely to be found in his character the vestige of a good quality." "He indulged in every vicious appetite—to the extent of his physical capacity—overate himself and drank hard. His amours were notorious and disgusting—he broke the seventh commandment with the most dissolute and degraded because they were on that account the most accessible of their sex." (Burton, vol. iv. p. 296.)

It will be remembered that, when Mary was disposed to pardon the principal conspirators in the Riccio murder, Darnley opposed it, and de-

* "To the philosophical student of history it is not a pleasing matter for reflection that, while the unexampled forbearance and humanity exhibited toward her rebellious subjects by Mary only encouraged them to fresh attacks upon her authority, the ruthless policy of her sister queen proved eventually successful." (Hosack, p. 509.)

nounced some who until then had been unknown. They retaliated by accusing him of having instigated the plot, and laid the bonds for the murder before the queen, who then, for the first time, saw through his duplicity. He was thus, in the expressive words of Mr. Tytler, the "principal conspirator against her, the defamer of her honor, the plotter against her liberty and her crown, the almost murderer of herself and her unborn babe." He was "convicted as a traitor and a liar, false to his own honor, false to her, false to his associates in crime." *

Melvil, Du Croc, and other eye-witnesses have given us vivid pictures of the keen suffering and poignant grief caused Mary by her disappointment in the handsome youth on whom she had lavished her affections — grief a hundred-fold increased by the silence which love for Darnley and respect for herself imposed upon her.† If Mary Stuart had been the woman portrayed by Mr. Froude, she would have made Scotland ring with her complaints and recitals of Darnley's misconduct. Instead of these, we see suppressed grief, sighs, melancholy, dark brooding sorrow, and illness that brought her to death's door.

It is almost incredible that even Mr. Froude should have the weakness to adopt Buchanan's silly story of the poisoning of Darnley.‡ Nevertheless he does so with the solemn face of the teller of a ghost story who believes his fable. The abundant testimony as to the true nature of Darnley's illness should have warned Mr. Froude against his miserable blunder. Always inspired by Buchanan, but careful never to cite him, Mr. Froude substantially copies the charge that Darnley was poisoned, laid sick at Glasgow, "and yit all this quhyle the quene wuld not suffer sa mekle as ane Phisitioun anis to cum at him." Mr. Froude sinks the "Phisitioun" passage, because he well knows that Mary quickly sent her own skilful French physician, who rescued the patient from the hands of a Dr. Abernethy of the Lennox household, who was really poisoning him with antidotes. With dreadful sarcasm Mr. Froude tells us of "a disease which the court and the friends of the court were pleased to call small-pox." It is hardly necessary to state that the Earl of Bedford, Elizabeth's minister, wrote to Cecil, January 9, 1566–7: "The king is now at Glasgow with his father, and there lyeth full of the small-pockers, to whom the queen hath sent her phisician." Drury, the English agent on the border, sends a despatch of the same nature, and there is abundant other contemporary evidence to the same effect.

* Even Mr. Froude is not far wrong when he describes (vol. viii. p. 284) Darnley as "left to wander alone about the country as if the curse of Cain was clinging to him."

† "She is still sick," writes Du Croc in November, "and I believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor can she, it seems, forget the same; again and again she says she wishes she were dead."

‡ We regret that want of space will not permit our copious citation from Buchanan's *Detection*. Here is a specimen of his method of proving Mary Stuart's guilt. "When he (Darnley) was preparing to depart for Glasgow, she caused poison to be given him. You will ask: By whom? In what manner? What kind of poison? Where had she it? Ask you these questions? as though wicked princes ever wanted ministers of their wicked treacheries. But still you press me, perhaps, and still you ask me, Who be these ministers? If this cause were to be pleaded before grave Cato the censor, all this were easy for us to prove before him that was persuaded that there is no adultress but the same is also a poisoner. Need we seek for a more substantial witness than Cato, every one of whose sentences antiquity esteemed as so many oracles? Shall we not in a manifest thing believe him whose credit hath in things doubtful so oft prevailed? Lo, here a man of singular uprightness, and of most notable faithfulness and credit, beareth witness against a woman burning in hatred of her husband, etc.," and so on for quantity. We take the liberty of suggesting that in his next edition, Mr. Froude quote "Cato the censor" for the poisonings story.

Almost amusing is Mr. Froude's haste to reach the point where he may avail himself of the forged casket-letters and the Paris confession. He clutches at them as a drowning man would at a plank, and hastens to weave their contents into his narrative, with skilful admixture of warp of Buchanan, woof of "casket," and color and embroidery wholly his own. He thus introduces them in a note at page 362, vol. viii.: "The authenticity of these letters will be discussed in a future volume in connection with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place."

Of course this promise is not kept. Mr. Froude cannot keep it. His pledge is utterly delusive. The putting off of the evil day does not avail. His *mauvais quart d'heure* must be endured, and, when we reach the period of promised redemption, we find it, substantially, a repetition of what he relies on at the outset. "The enquiry at the time appears to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures." If space permitted, we could easily show what this "enquiry at the time" amounted to, as also the nature and substance of these conjectures. Small wonder is it that Mr. Froude is perfectly content with the "enquiry at the time," and desires to be "let alone."

At page 361, vol. viii., we are favored with some philosophical reflections on the difficulties "the historian" has to encounter, and Mr. Froude says, with some truth, "The so-called certainties of history are but probabilities in varying degrees." But when he resumes the historical narrative he appears to have no conception of the corollary of his doctrine, namely, that things merely probable must not be stated as certain. It is just about this stage of his work that Mr. Froude at almost every page is forcing the reader's hand—so to speak—by coupling Mary's name with that of Bothwell as "her lover." "She set out for Glasgow attended by her lover." This is put by Mr. Froude on the 23d of January. But Murray's journal makes Bothwell start for Liddesdale, a different direction, on that very day. We do know that she was accompanied by her lord-chancellor, the Earl of Huntly, and a retinue. "They spent the night at Callander together." Reader to suppose some "hostelry." Mary Stuart spent the night with her friends Lord and Lady Livingston, who were among the most faithful of her Protestant nobility, and for whose infant she had stood godmother a few months before. It suits Mr. Froude's purpose to conceal the high standing and respectability of Mary's hosts. "Mary Stuart pursued her journey attended by Bothwell's French servant, Paris" (vol. viii. p. 362). Mary Stuart pursued her journey attended by her ladies, the Earl of Huntly, Lord Livingston, the Hamiltons and their followers, and numerous gentlemen, so that before she reached Glasgow her train amounted to nearly five hundred horsemen. "The news that she was on her way to Glasgow anticipated her appearance there." Really this is not very surprising when we know that the queen had sent repeated messages and letters that she was coming. And now comes a blunder of Mr. Froude almost incredible in its stupidity: "Darnley was still confined to his room; but, hearing of her approach, he sent a gentleman who was in attendance on him, named Crawford, a noble, fearless kind of person, to *apologize for his inability to meet her*." This is amazing. A man down with the small-pox apologizes for not coming out five miles on horseback in a Scotch January! That Mr. Tytler

made the mistake of taking Crawford, who was a retainer of Lennox (Darnley's father), for a retainer of Darnley, is no excuse for Mr. Froude. It was the official duty of the Earl of Lennox to have met and escorted the queen into Glasgow, and he sent Crawford to present his humble commendations to her majesty, "with his excuses for not coming to meet her in person, praying her grace not to think it was either from pride or ignorance of his duty, but because he was indisposed at the time," etc., etc. Mr. Froude has before him Murray's diary—which should be to him authority but little short of Holy Writ—with the entry: "January 23d. The quene came to Glasgow, and on the rode met her Thos. Crawford from the Earl of Lennox," etc. He has before him the minutes of the English Commissioners, who describe Crawford as "a gentleman of the Earl of Lennox." He has before him the Scotch abstracts describing this passage as "*Nuncius Patris in itinere*"—"The Message of the Father in the Gait," but cannot consent to spoil his tableau. He has another reason. Murray's diary and date January 23d plays havoc with Mr. Froude's chronology and that of the casket-letters. And yet another, which is, that Crawford, according to his own account, was a mischief-maker and a spy, sent by Lennox to eavesdrop and report what he might see and hear in Glasgow castle. Being enlisted against Mary Stuart, Crawford *ipso facto* becomes for Mr. Froude "a noble, fearless kind of person." When not employed in weaving garlands for Murray, Mr. Froude gives all his spare time throughout these volumes in delivering certificates of excellence, rewards of merit, and prizes of virtue to all and sundry who may appear in opposition to Mary Stuart.

With his usual intrepidity, Mr. Froude goes on with his fantastic sketch, assuring us that Darnley's "heart half-sank within him when he was told that she was coming," and ascribing to the son the "fear" of the father. Then follow four pages in which Mary's inmost thoughts and the most secret workings of her wicked designs are laid bare to the reader. He even sees the "odd glitter of her eyes." Mr. Froude assures us that "Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player." and Mr. Froude adds, "She had still some natural compunction." The "perhaps" is really superfluous. It is, too, very handsome in our author to credit Mary Stuart with "some natural compunction;" and as a friend of Mary Stuart's memory, we are moved to make some complimentary return by saying of him that rarely (without any perhaps) on the world's stage has there been a more skilful playwright.

One of Mr. Froude's most elaborately finished and sensational pictures is the scene, vol. ix. pp. 42-44, where he describes Bothwell's departure from Holyrood to stand his trial for the murder of Darnley.

As the authority for this recital, we are referred to the report made by a messenger charged with the delivery of a missive from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, and we are assured by Mr. Froude that "*this officer has preserved, as in a photograph, the singular scene of which he was a witness.*" Unfortunately, Mr. Froude has chosen to substitute a sketch of his own for the officer's photograph. Passing over some minor misstatements, we come to "presently the earl [Bothwell] appeared, walking with Maitland." The beggarly Scots "fell back as Bothwell approached, and he [the officer, Provost-Marshal

of Berwick] presented his letter." And now Mr. Froude gives us a specimen of the psychological treatment by looking into Bothwell's heart and informing the reader what were his feelings:" "The earl perhaps felt that too absolute a defiance might be unwise. He took it [notice, *Bothwell* took it] and went back into the palace, but presently returned, and said [Bothwell said] that the queen was still sleeping; it would be given to her when the work of the morning was over." This narrative forces upon the reader the inference that Bothwell has at once exclusive charge of the queen's affairs and the *entrée* to her sleeping apartments.

We have long ceased to be astonished at any historical outrage from the pen of our author. As there is no ignorance too gross, no superficiality too shallow, for the writer who could perpetrate the *peine forte et dure* blunder,* so there is no perversion too shocking, no misrepresentation too bold, for one who could manipulate, as does Mr. Froude, the passage under consideration.

The Marshal, in his official report, made through Drury, states distinctly that Maitland (not Bothwell) demanded the letter, Maitland (not Bothwell) took the letter, Maitland (not Bothwell) returned, and Maitland (not Bothwell) gave him the answer he reports, but which, of course, is not the answer stated by Mr. Froude, who has "not yet succeeded in grasping the nature of inverted commas."

Of the groom, the horse, the queen at the open window, the farewell nod to Bothwell, *there is not a syllable in the Marshal's statement.*

Here is the text of the official report, beginning at the point where Maitland and Bothwell made their appearance:

"At the which, all the lords and gentlemen mounted on horseback, till that Lethington (Maitland) came to him demanded him the letter, which he delivered. The Earl of Bothwell and he returned to the queen, and stayed there within half an hour, the whole troop of lords and gentlemen, still on horseback attending for his coming. Lethington seemed willing to have passed by the provost without any speech, but he pressed toward him, and asked him if the queen's majesty had perused the letter, and what service it would please her majesty to command him back again. He answered that as yet the queen was sleeping, and therefore had not delivered the letter, and that there would not be any meet time for it till after the assize, wherefore he willed him to attend. So, giving place to the throng of people that passed, which was great, and, by the estimation of men of good judgment, *above four thousand gentlemen* besides others, the Earl Bothwell passed with a merry and lusty cheer, attended on with all the soldiers, being two hundred, all harkebusiers, to the Tolbooth."

Mr. Froude changes the Marshal's "four thousand gentlemen" into "four thousand ruffians," in order to conceal the fact that at this time Bothwell's cause was the cause of Murray, Maitland, and of the great body of the nobility—his confederates in the Darnley murder, and who formed the court and jury about to try him for the crime of which he and they were equally guilty. It is almost certain that the queen never received the missive from Elizabeth, and did not at the time, if ever, know of the arrival of the messenger who brought it. She never would, even as a matter of policy, have countenanced the incivility and outrage to which the Marshal was subjected. In our first article, we stated as among Mr. Froude's objectionable manipulations "the joining together of two distinct passages of a document, thus entirely changing their original sense; the connection of two phrases from two different authorities, and present-

*See August (1870) number, CATHOLIC WORLD, p. 573.

ing them as one; and the tacking of irresponsible or anonymous authorities to one that is responsible, concealing the first and avowing the last." Although Mr. Froude has a loop-hole of escape in adding to his reference note, "*Drury to Cecil, April*," the words, "*Border* MSS. *printed in the appendix to the ninth volume of Mr. Tytler's Hist. of Scotland*," he has nevertheless, in his text, fully impressed the reader with the belief that he is perusing the recital of Elizabeth's messenger. The horse, the queen at the window, the friendly nod, etc., are found in a fragment without date and of anonymous authorship, forwarded by Drury, whose business it was to gather and send to Cecil every rumor, report, and scandal concerning the Scottish court. Tytler gives it in an appendix as of no historical value whatever. Here it is:

"The queen sent a token and message to Bodwell, being at assize.

"Bodwell rode upon the courser that was the king's, when he rode to the assyse. . . .

"Ledington and others told the undermarshal that the queen was asleep, when he himself saw her looking out of a window, showed him by *one of La Crok's* servents, and Ledington's wife with her; and Bodwell after he was on horseback looked up, and she gave him a friendly nod for a farewell."

If any such incidents had occurred, we would have heard of them from numerous sources. They were too remarkable to have been overlooked. Even Buchanan has no knowledge of them; and, if they were true, the Marshal would have added to his report after the words, "He answered that as yet the queen was sleeping," this statement—which was not true—for I myself saw her looking out at a window, etc. The story of the "courser that was the king's" resembles Buchanan's stuff as to giving Darnley's old clothes to Bothwell.

THE BELLS OF ABINGDON.

Ting—ting—yet never a tinkle;
Ring—ring—yet never a sound
Stirs the beds of periwinkle,
Stirs the ivy climbing round
The belfry-tower of well-hewn stone,
Where, ages ago, at Abingdon,
Saint Dunstan's bells, with Saint Ethelwold's, hung;
Hung and swung;
Swung and rung;
Rung,
Each with its marvellous choral tongue,
Matins and Lauds, and the hour of Prime,

Terce, Sext, and None, till the Vesper hymn
Was heard from the monks in their stalls so dim;
Then lent their chime
To the solemn chorus of Compline time.
And blessed was he, or yeoman or lord,
Who, with stout bow armed or with goodly sword,
Heard, at the hour,
Those wonderful bells of sweetness and power;
And, crossing himself with the sign of peace,
Had his Pater and Ave said at their cease.

Ting—ting—yet never a tinkle;
Ring—ring—yet never a sound
Stirs the beds of periwinkle,
Stirs the ivy creeping round,
Creeping, creeping, over the ground,
As if to hide
From the eye of man his own rapine and pride.
Matins and Lauds, and the hour of Prime,
Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline time.
Unrung,
Unsung:
The bells and the friars
Alike in their graves; and the tangled briers
Bud in May, blush with blossoms in June,
Where the bells, that once were all in tune,
Moulder beneath the ivy vines;
Only, as summer day declines,
The peasants hear,
With pious fear,
Ting—ting—yet never a tinkle,
Ring—ring—yet never a sound,
Where, in their beds of periwinkle,
And ivy close to the ground,
Saint Dunstan's bells, with Saint Ethelwold's, keep
A silent tongue while the good monks sleep.

THE PASSION PLAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

During the past summer, the celebrated drama of the Passion of our Lord has been represented at short intervals in the village of Oberammergau, in Bavaria.

Its origin, according to the commonly received account, dates from the breaking out of the plague, during the Swedish war of 1633. The epidemic spread through the villages of Oberammergau, Eschenlohe, Parten-Kirsch, and Kahlgrub, the mortality being remarkably great, notwithstanding the high situation of the villages. Oberammergau was separated from the adjacent villages by mountains, and, despite of the greatest precautions, the disease was carried by a field-laborer from Eschenlohe, who returned to join his family and assist at the harvest festival. On the second day after his return he died. In a short time eighty-seven of the inhabitants fell victims; the remaining ones then made a solemn vow, in order to stay the pestilence, to represent, every ten years, the Passion of Christ. Their trust in God was rewarded, for the plague immediately ceased. In the next year, 1634, the representation took place for the first time. Until 1677, ten years elapsed between each representation, when another took place in 1680. From that time the round number ten years has been observed.

While giving respectful credence to this report of the origin of the play, we cannot suppress the opinion that the drama of the Passion in Oberammergau is as old as the practice of wood-carving in that part of the country; that both date from the earliest conventual times, and were introduced by the monks. The solemn vow of which mention is made referred in all probability to a well-known fact; the only new feature being the time that was fixed for the regular representation of the play.

At intervals the text underwent various changes, until, in 1811, Dr. Ottmar Weis remodelled the whole, omitting much that was either objectionable or in bad taste. In 1815, Rachus Dedler, of Oberammergau, a highly esteemed teacher and apt composer, wrote various songs and choruses, which are still in use, and which give in their quiet intensity of feeling special interest to the drama.

Up to 1820, the representations were not crowded; the village itself had to contribute mainly to the expense of the entertainment, and the leading actor was fortunate if he obtained five florins for a half-year's services. But in 1840 a sudden change took place: the matter had been brought before the public notice through the report of Dr. Ludwig Steub, and still more by the eulogies of Guido Goërres. Foreigners now poured in, especially in 1850, to witness these representations, and among others Eduard Devrient, the well-known actor and dramatist, who published a series of illustrated letters on the play.

The proceeds are now devoted to liquidating the debts of the parish for the support of their drawing and moulding schools. But there are heavy expenses attending these representations. In 1860, they amounted to over twenty thousand florins:

seven thousand were expended in wood for the erection of the stage; the rest was required for costumes and mechanical arrangements.

The place of representation is a large platform, erected in the open air and supported by heavy beams, and covered with heavy plank floors. The spectators, for the most part, are seated in the open air.

The play occupies from eight A.M. to five P.M., and with only one hour's intermission at noon. Even this pause is omitted if there is an appearance of rain. Even if rain, however, should pour down, it does not disturb the attention of the actors, who then make use of cotton umbrellas.

The stage, before which a small orchestra is placed, distinctly shows the ancient German theatre. The three stories used in the Middle Ages are replaced by an amphitheatre. Before us, we see an open, elevated space, about eighty feet long and from sixteen to twenty feet deep. This ordinarily is occupied by the chorus. On the same level is the real stage, of which the centre, called the middle stage, is shut out from view, may be, by a falling curtain. On its right and left, narrow houses with balconies are seen: the one is the house of Pilate; the other, of the high-priest Annas. Beyond are arched gates, which, upon opening, disclose a sight of the streets of Jerusalem. The houses are painted in brilliant colors. The gable of the pointed roof of the middle stage shows an allegorical picture. The whole has a very original appearance, and the beholder experiences a feeling of surprise as he turns from these sights, and gazes beyond the stage into the grandeurs of the Alpine world. The bells of herds of cattle and the song of birds fill the ears, and the fresh morning air affects one agreeably. The discharge of cannon warns the assembly of six thousand spectators that the representation is about to begin.

It opens with a soft, solemn strain of music composed by Dedler. The chorus enters from both sides. It consists of men, women, and boys. They are all dressed in white tunics and stockings, but their mantles, girdles, and sandals are colored. On either side, eighty singers are standing on the level stage in pyramidical gradation. Their hands are covered with white cotton gloves. They cross them over their breasts when they are going to bow, and begin with sonorous voices the song which prepares the spectators for the dramatic renewal of the great sacrifice of expiation. At its conclusion, the chorus-singers step back, the curtain rolls up, and we see in tableau the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, and the sacrifice of Isaac. A few words of description are given. Soon after is shown the adorable cross, the sign of the redemption. All kneel before it with great veneration, while four children sing a touching song. Each tableau lasts generally ten minutes, or just long enough to produce the desired effect; but much longer than the most experienced manager of even a royal theatre would accomplish with the most perfect actors. The curtain falls without noise, and the chorus-singers retire in two separate divisions, after having exhorted the spectators to follow the Redeemer on his thorny path. The effect is exceedingly grand. We listen eagerly for the slightest sound, but are not prepared for the following surprising scene.

Loud hosannas are heard behind the stage, and the rising curtain discloses a view of Jerusalem and the Jews in festival attire. The children come first, strewing palms and singing; then men, women, and children follow, looking behind them and spreading the road with garments, in

order that honor may be shown to the Lord as he enters the city. Surrounded by the youngest children, the Saviour appears, seated sidewise upon the back of an ass. In the midst of loud cheers, he alone seems thoughtful and almost mournful; but his countenance beams with clemency and humility. The profile of the long, pale face is before us, with the narrow, straight nose, the noble forehead, and the parted, flowing hair and long beard. All is here as it has become typical in the school of design. Thus Devrient paints this scene with master-words:

"The impression made upon me the first time I saw it was so powerful that I feared I would not be able to endure it to the end, in case scene by scene should increase in the same intensity. The curtain falls as soon as the Saviour has arrived at the middle of the back stage; meanwhile a crowd of priests and doctors of the law pour in from the opposite streets; and now the Saviour enters upon the front stage through the gate into the bright sunlight. He gets off the animal, which disappears, one hardly knows how. It makes a most wonderful impression to see the Saviour, who is so familiar a subject of our childish imaginations, and who has been represented in so many pictures, walking alive before us; to hear him speaking and instructing the people, and to hear the praises and blessings of the crowd, and how he answers the questions of the doctors. The acting is so excellent that we are completely carried away by the artistical illusion. Not only his appearance, but his every movement grows out of the picture. The management of his arms and hands, the light yet firm tread, is in the most correct historical style, and withal so complete, natural, and unstudied."

While the Redeemer steps forward, the rising curtain shows us the Jewish merchants and the money-changers, whom the Lord drives forth with the words, "My house is a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." The scene is well represented by the actors; the still, quiet dignity of Christ is perfectly portrayed. In the tumult occasioned by the dispersed populace, a basket is overturned containing a number of pigeons, which escape and fly wildly over the heads of the spectators. The whole picture, and particularly the mean, mercenary portion of the populace pausing to threaten vengeance, is in the highest degree admirably sustained. We were somewhat dissatisfied with the costumes of the different actors, although they were in accordance with the scenery of the stage; still they might have been a little more perfect. The people of Jerusalem, the merchants, and the priests are represented in the style which pervades the works of the scenic painters of the last century, as a reminiscence of Rembrandt. The Jews wear red, yellow, and green colored boots, great flowering roquelaures, Turkish turbans with high points, and other unhistorical appendages. This is the only weak point, however, and we did not greatly demur, as most of the spectators have not yet had their eyes opened to the scientific details of our modern theatres.

The curtain falls; the chorus-singers narrate in varied songs of a dramatic character how the sons of Jacob put away their brother Joseph; and then in a more stirring manner describe the scene where the Scribes and Pharisees consult together how they may entrap Jesus and kill him. It is a complete parliamentary session or synedrium,* under the presidency of Annas and Caiphas. It grows in intensity, particularly through the complaints of the leading merchants and money-changers, until it reaches a point of violent excitement, and

*Synedrium is a half-clerical and half-civil council deciding upon ecclesiastical, civil, and political affairs.

concludes, after exhaustive speeches, in threats and bitter denunciations against Christ. Meanwhile, the music of the dramatic controversy is played in a quick and lively measure.

Afterward the chorus sings a song of thanksgiving in honor of the voluntary sacrifice of Christ. It pictures the sorrows of the mother's heart in parting with her Son, by exhibiting as an allegory the picture of the parting of young Tobias from his father and mother. A second tableau, entirely separate and original, represents the farewell of the Redeemer to his mother—the loving bride of the Canticles complaining of the absence of her beloved. The background discloses an open arbor in a flower-garden, wherein stands the richly-adorned bride, covered with a flowing veil. On either side of her stand eight daughters of Jerusalem, in white and blue. In sad notes of complaint the bride sings thus:

> "My eyes look everywhere
> For thee—in all directions;
> And with the first beam of the sun
> My heart seeks to meet thee."

To which the weeping maidens reply:

> "Cease, dear friend! He will come soon,
> And, standing by thy side,
> No clouds will darken more
> The joy of thy reunion."

After this tableau, we have the last visit of our Saviour to his friends in Bethania. The apostles, in garments of the traditional colors, with their pilgrim-staffs, walk in his train. This scene recalls to one's mind the lovely picture of Steinles. As he ascends the broad steps to Simon's house, Mary Magdalen comes forth from the crowd and pours ointment on his feet; whereupon the jaundiced, envious, and mercenary Judas becomes angry. He is the insignificant penny-shaver and miser, who thinks it culpable in his Lord and Master to permit such wastefulness, and to take no greater heed to the devoted twelve. At the farewell of the Redeemer, his mother Mary appears for the first time.

After the curtain falls, the Lord is seen making an invocation to Jerusalem. In the background picture appears the rejection of the haughty Vashti, and sinners are exhorted to repent. After the exit of the chorus, the Lord appears with the apostles, on the road to Jerusalem. He then bemoans the city where it has been prophesied "that not one stone shall rest upon another." Peter and John are sent forward to prepare the Paschal lamb. The calculating Judas meets some of the expelled merchants, and falls through his greediness into the finely woven net of seduction. The last voice of conscience speaks to him in vain; he satisfies himself with the sophistical explanation that his Lord and Master as God can help himself. This scene is not exactly perfect, and it is represented in large fresco style with a heart-touching truthfulness. As Devrient pointedly remarks, "This drama has for the people a familiar plainness; for Judas appears to knock at the hearts of six thousand spectators, and ask, 'Art thou not as I am? Wilt thou not to-day or to-morrow, for thy security or thy temporal gain, or to serve a superior, deny the eternal truth?'" Judas could not have been more expressively represented.

The further development of the drama is preceded by other tableaux, representing, for instance, the finding of manna in the wilderness by the people, and the latter bringing grapes from the promised land, as well as bread and wine, which the chorus announces as a figure of the new mystery which will immediately follow in the Lord's Supper. This most affecting scene is not arranged according to Leonardo da Vinci, but more after Overbeck's conception.

The apostles receive communion after their feet have been washed; Judas leaves the table, and Peter hears the prediction of his denial. The scene, which at first appears exceedingly difficult, is so arranged that no trace of irreverence appears, nor does any fear of profanation suggest itself. Whoever hesitates on that score to approve of a Passion drama has never seen one. After witnessing this scene, every earnest soul present becomes repentant and converted; yet still this is not by any means the climax of the drama of Oberammergau.

Now the chorus explains the tableau in the foreground, how Joseph was sold by his brethren; after which the high council of the Jews appears in active session, Judas having sold to them his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea loudly declare against it. They are condemned by the enraged Caiphas as unworthy for the future to hold a place or vote in the synedrium. Judas promises, after hastily putting the money in his pocket, that he will that day deliver the Lord into their hands. The death of the Lamb is decreed. By an artistic arrangement of the whole, a running connection is retained with the history of the old covenant by means of tableaux, in the first of which Adam is represented as earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, a figure of the sweat of blood in the Garden of Gethsemani. The second tableau represents Joab, who, while professing to give Amasa the kiss of peace, buries a sword in his body. (2 Kings xx. 9, 10.)

Next comes the affecting scene in the Garden of Olives; the capture; the treachery of Judas; and the tumultuous procession of the Lamb to the sacrifice. This outrage upon the Holy of Holies, now deserted by all, affects the hearts of the spectators, who are spell-bound. The indescribable effect occasioned by the denial even of his beloved Peter, Devrient gives in the following words: "This sublime, lonely greatness filled my soul for the first time with the complete power of the dramatic art, although inspired only by village performance." The curtain now falls; the action so far has taken the whole inside and outside of the stage. The chorus appears, and announces that this painful scene is only the beginning of the sufferings of our Lord, causing each one to mentally exclaim, "Is it possible that all the terrors that have just been witnessed can be surpassed?"

The next tableau represents the prophet Micheas, who, for speaking the truth to King Achab, receives a blow on the cheek. Then Christ is brought before Annas, and struck on the face. The scene is represented partly on the balcony of the house, and partly on the middle of the stage; by which arrangement the tumult and rioting of the people have room to move in front. During the ravings and fury of the crowd, the imperturbable sweetness of the Redeemer is shown with indescribable power.

After this scene, the close attention and emotion of four consecutive hours have necessitated a relaxation of nerves for both actors and spectators.

The intermission over, the discharge of the cannon announces the continuation of the drama. Moving and stationary tableaux are shown; and the choir relates in musical cadence how the innocent Naboth was condemned to death by false witnesses (3 Kings xxi.), and how the afflicted Job was tormented by his wife and friends. These scenes seem to foreshadow the bringing of our Saviour to Caiphas to be judged by him on the accusations of false wit-

nesses, and declared guilty of death, and afterward maltreated by his keepers. Nobler than ever, purer, and grander does the Lord appear in the midst of the brutal soldiers with their tormenting malice. Never was a tragedy put upon the stage which so plainly showed the world its falsities, cruelties, and deceptions. This scene takes possession of the mind, and calls forth a feeling of loving admiration which grows upon the spectator at each succeeding representation. The sun is sinking in its burning light, but the drama absorbs every thought; while the silence is broken only by a sob or a cry of sympathy.

The representation of Cain's flight comes next. In former times, the suicide of the perjurer Achitophel was rendered instead. Judas now returns to the high council, tormented with remorse, and throws down the treason-money. The scene of his suicide has been transferred to the forest, where hurriedly he draws down the boughs of a tree and slings his girdle around the main branch. The fatal moment is concealed with great tact by the falling of the curtain. This scene is managed with so much fine taste and classical skill that it commands our greatest admiration.

A stationary tableau represents the denouncing of Daniel to King Darius, and the Babylonians urging that he be cast into the lions' den. Next follows the second hearing of Christ before the high council, when Caiphas, declaring that Christ has blasphemed, rends his garments. Christ is then led away to Pilate, who appears on the balcony of the opposite house. The procession conducting him to the house of Pilate is arranged in the most artistical manner.

Two more tableaux follow. The brothers of Joseph show the blood-stained coat to the weeping father. On the left-hand side, Isaac is kneeling before the altar. Abraham stands at its side, holding the ram which is destined for the sacrifice instead of Isaac. The typical meaning of the picture is given by a subdued chorus. Then the noisy procession before Pilate reappears, and the charges against Christ are renewed by the high-priests and people. They choose Barabbas in preference to Christ, who is condemned to be scourged.

The scourging is supposed to take place behind the scenes; the chorus-singers prepare us for it. During their last words, you hear the falling blows. When the curtain rises again, the last motion of the hands of the scourgers is seen, and also the Saviour tied to the bloody pillar. He falls, covered with blood; then he is raised from the ground, and clothed in a purple garment; a reed is placed in his hand for a royal sceptre, and they seat him on a chair for a throne. The rabble knock him down; the manacled Saviour falls motionless to the ground. Even at this moment the actor of this difficult part shows dignity and grandeur. They rudely lift him, and press a crown of thorns upon the handsome head of the silent sufferer, while the drops of blood are trickling down. This fearful sight would be intolerable, were it not that the devotion of the heart raises it above all consciousness of the man, making the scene appear a glorification of endurance.

As a contrast to this mocking coronation is shown in tableau that of Joseph in Egypt. It is a magnificent festival pageant, consisting of a brilliant crowd, in the midst of which the youth invested with royal honors is riding in a chariot drawn by white horses.

The soldiers then appear casting lots for Christ's raiment, but they are interrupted by the clamor that de-

mands the liberation of Barabbas. Here is seen a completely organized street tumult before the palace of Pilate, who at length makes the sacrifice to public opinion. Those who know how difficult the representation of such scenes is, even in first-class theatres, and how many rehearsals are required to perfect them, will accord the warmest praise to the devoted people of Oberammergau if only for their admirable acting.

Three tableaux introduce the next scene. Isaac, preparing for sacrifice, is seen mounting the hill, laden with wood; Moses is erecting the brazen serpent, by virtue of which the Israelites will be cured of the deadly bites; then follows the procession to the scourging-pillar, and the carrying of the cross. All this is so artistically managed that you can easily imagine you see the picture of some celebrated painter alive before you, and would like to call it a Raphael.

From afar you already hear the approaching procession, which is now observed coming slowly down the street, headed by the Roman captain, with the Saviour carrying his cross. Simon of Cyrene is seen entering the middle stage from a garden. He carries a basket, and turns his eyes, ears, and footsteps from the increasing noise. He stands aside to let the procession pass. In the next street, the holy women appear deeply agitated and weeping. The Roman captain bears a kind of standard, and behind him the Saviour staggers under the burden of his cross, surrounded by a band of soldiers. The two thieves come after, carrying their crosses, and followed by soldiers, priests, and people. Here the magnificent arrangement of the stage appears again. We get a glimpse of several parts of the city and its specialties; but our gaze is riveted to the appearance of the Saviour sinking under his heavy burden. He drags himself slowly, and the sight is exceedingly pitiful. Heavy is the pressure of the cross on the wounded, bleeding, and beautiful shoulders. The bodily pain, heightened by the maltreatment of his executioners, is only a part of the sufferings which precede the crucifixion of the God-man. The threats and roughness of the soldiers, the mocking imprecations of the people, press like a burden upon the soul of the Word made flesh.

Christ at length sinks under his sufferings. The executioners seize the bewildered Simon, drag him along, and command him to help carry the cross. The procession moves forward, and enters through the middle stage. Meanwhile Christ addresses the weeping women of Jerusalem, who bear their children in their arms. Through another street the mother of Christ is seen coming, supported by St. John and the three Marys. These sad mourners advance to the front of the stage, and then the Holy Virgin bewails her sufferings in a touching plaint, which has been repeated from the earliest ages of the church in her sorrowful mysteries. The dreadful procession continues, followed from afar by these grief-stricken souls.

The chorus-singers now reappear, but in mourning garments. This time the leader of the chorus begins with a recitative which ends in singing, during which blows of a hammer are heard behind the curtain driving the cruel nails into the Saviour's hands and feet. The singers leave when the curtain rises. Already the two thieves are nailed to their crosses. The sacred wood with the crucified Saviour upon it is slowly erected and placed firmly in the ground. This is an incomparable scene. No other work of art could ever produce such

a painful and startling effect. Here we behold the God-man and the Saviour of the world elevated between heaven and earth, and, in a faltering voice, praying for forgiveness and grace on the crazy and mocking crowd below. His last words to his mother and St. John are heard. He dies.

Pale, frightened, and breathless, a servant rushes in, and announces that the veil of the temple is rent. Surely no one among the spectators, irrespective of their religious creed, but is touched to their inmost heart. Every one feels that the greatest tragedy in sacred art has just been reproduced.

The crowning point, however, of the whole, is the descent from the cross. It is rendered with such quietness and sacred piety, and so sorrowfully true, that you think you see the celebrated picture of Rubens endowed with life. The stage becomes almost deserted; only a very few have remained. The descent is managed thus: A ladder is placed against the back of the cross. Nicodemus ascends with a roll of linen, which he unfolds. He winds the linen around the breast of the corpse, and lets the ends fall over the cross-arms so that they reach to the ground. Each of them is caught and held by one of the disciples below, while another places a ladder in front of the cross, which Joseph of Arimathea ascends. He draws out the nails with a hammer, and they fall down noisily. One of the holy crowd lifts them with great reverence, and places them at the side of the Holy Virgin, who, overcome with sorrow, has fainted. Now the arms, liberated from the cross-beam, are thrown over the shoulders of Joseph of Arimathea. He sustains the body of the sacred corpse with superhuman strength, but still without showing how great is the effort. After the nails have been taken from the feet, he descends from the cross to the ground. The strictest silence is observed during the continuance of this action. You cannot but see from the expression on the faces of these devoted disciples that they are entrusted with the performance of a sacred and solemn duty. They communicate by signs instead of words. The whole scene is one of touching beauty. We join in spirit with true friends who are showing the last honors to the remains of the Saviour. He whose sympathies are not touched here must be devoid of every noble sentiment. We are still more deeply affected when we notice the careful tenderness with which they touch the sacred body after so many indignities have been heaped upon it.

The body is now laid upon a white cloth spread upon the ground, so that its head, relieved of its ignominious crown, rests upon the lap of the beloved mother; then the corpse is prepared for burial by rolling it in fine linen. When this is finished, the disciples and friends convey it to a sepulchre cut in a rock. A heavy stone is placed before it, and the guards appear and take their places. The curtain here falls slowly to give us as long a view of the holy sepulchre as possible.

Agitated with high, holy, and deep emotions, the spectator welcomes the next tableau with pleasure. The singers appear in a variety of costumes, explaining their meaning, and describing how Jonas was cast upon the shore after three days' burial in the whale's belly. Another tableau represents the Israelites passing through the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharaoh, his wagons, riders, and cavalry, in the floating tide.

When the curtain of the middle stage rises again, you see the holy sepulchre, with the guards who have fallen asleep. Then follows the earth-

quake, represented by a discharge of cannon. The Saviour rises from the tomb, holding the ensign of victory. The amazed and terrified guards turn and flee. The holy women draw near, to whom an angel announces the resurrection, which the synedrium refuses to believe. The orchestra in joyous strains proclaims the triumph of the church and the destruction of the synagogue.

This scene closes the drama, and was represented in an Easter play, six hundred years ago, by monks of the Benedictine Order. The effect of the whole play upon the people and the spectators is that of a mission. Not only through the ears, but likewise through the eyes, does it reach and affect the soul. Every spectator takes to his heart and home an application greatly exceeding an historical or artistical interest, and for his whole life carries with him an agreeable souvenir of the lonely valley of Oberammergau.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

Mr. Morris's poems, having passed through several editions, and having been hailed with marked approbation by many of the best critics, they claim to be brought under the closest inspection, so that the causes of their success may be ascertained, and their merit, if real, more fully recognized. Our age has been so surfeited with odious pretensions to the poetic faculty, with affectation and artificiality in verse only equalled by Gongora and the Euphuists, simplicity and clearness have been so ruthlessly sacrificed, and the impossibility of being understood has, in so many instances, been made a claim to public attention, that lovers of true poetry, weary and disgusted with the countless imitators of Robert Browning and parodists of Tennyson, turn with delight to song which, at least, is not as difficult as Euclid or algebra, and which promises by its sweetness and perspicuity to fulfil the office of poetry, and give to the jaded intellect refreshment and repose. This advantage, at all events, appears on the surface of Mr. Morris's pages—that they are easy to be understood; that language with him is *not* invented for the concealment of ideas; that the channels between thought and expression in him are not choked up, but that, on the contrary, his *poetica mella* are distilled most sweetly and transparently; that the lines follow each other softly and evenly as snowflakes, like the sentences that fell from the lips of Ulysses:

Ἔπεα νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν.*

Satisfied therefore, at first sight, of the fluency and simplicity of the poet, the reader is disposed to accept a draught of Hippocrene at his hands, and to say of it, like Menalcas in Virgil's *Bucolics*, "Thy song, divine poet, is like sleep to the weary on the grass—like quenching one's thirst from a bubbling spring of fresh water in summer-tide."†

There are many great poets, easy to enumerate, who affect us powerful-

* *Iliad*, b. iii. 222.
† *Bucolics*, Eclogue V. 45–47.

ly at times by passages of overwhelming tenderness, such as Milton, when he sings of his blindness; Byron, when the prisoner of Chillon sees his youngest brother die; Dante, when Francesca di Rimini tells the poet the tale of her unhappy love; but Mr. Morris differs from other poets in this, that his sweetness is invariable; that he possesses "the most sustained tenderness of soul that ever caressed the chords of the lyre;"* that, describe what he will, reflect as he may, it is in a pensive tone, with a joyful sorrow and a sorrowful joy. Hence, as is generally the case with dispositions the reverse of cheery, he lives in the past. His muse is eminently retrospective. He may be disappointed with the present, or disgusted, but he does not say so. He may be desponding about the future, or careless, but this also he does not say. He makes no effort to set the crooked things straight. He takes refuge in the past. He embowers himself in the groves and gardens of other lands, and of summers that bloomed when the world was young. He courts the *Juventus Mundi*, not with a pitiable affectation of Hellenisms, Archaisms, and Mediævalisms, but by instinct, which in him, no doubt, is natural, he applies himself to cherish remembrance at the expense of hope; to observe, learn, and imitate, rather than teach, argue, and invent. He thinks, though it is perhaps only in his character as a poet that he says it, that,

"In that long-past half-forgotten time,
While yet the world was young, and the sweet clime,
Golden and mild, no bitter storm-clouds bred,
Light lay the years upon the untroubled head,
And longer men lived then by many a year
Than in these days, when every week is dear."

Without any forced and artificial calm, therefore, Mr. Morris is placid and pathetic; and of all modern poets we have read or heard of, he is the best fitted to take his reader by the hand, and, while he smooths the wrinkles of care on his brow, lead him away from present associations and cheat him into hours of delicious enjoyment in regions of pure fancy. He has no higher aim than this, but this he attains. The introductory lines to "The Earthly Paradise" set forth his views in language so exquisitely simple and poetic that they may well be quoted as a specimen of his powers and an expression of his purpose. It may, indeed, be objected that he ought to have had higher aims, and in this opinion we most heartily concur; but, on the other hand, we are bound to admit that the human mind needs relaxation, and that poetry which pleases without vitiating, even though it fails to instruct and edify, may, like music, fulfil a useful end.

"Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

"But rather, when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
Remember me a little, then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

"Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,

* *Temple Bar*, August, 1869.

That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow.
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

"So with this earthly paradise it is,
If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day."

Certainly nothing can exceed the grace and modesty with which Mr. Morris invites his readers to follow him through untrodden ways. We hope that he is as humble at heart as he is unpretending in his professions. But the modesty of poets is generally a bidding for applause. He might, without presumption, have taken a more confident tone; for the scenes through which he can lead us, with all the power of Orpheus, are beautiful beyond measure, and varied without number. He wanders at will through sea-ports of Norway and deserts of Lybia; through Arcadian woods and Ægean islands; through Cyprus groves in the era of the gods and minster aisles in the ages of faith; through Roman columns and Thessalian feasts; through Lydian luxury when Crœsus reigned, and Danish simplicity when Ogier was King—Ogier,

". . . To whom all strife
Was but as wine to stir awhile the blood,
To whom all life, however hard, was good."

"You may obtain," says Ruskin,* "a more truthful idea of the nature of Greek religion and legend from the poems of Keats, and the nearly as beautiful and, in general grasp of subject, far more powerful recent works of Morris, than from frigid scholarship, however extensive. Not that the poet's impressions or rendering of things are wholly true, but that their truth is vital, not formal."

* *Queen of the Air*, p. 20.

Other English poets have devoted their powers to classical subjects, but only with partial success. They have either been mere translators, like Pope, Dryden, and Cowper, or they have, like Shelley and Swinburne, only enveloped their own modern thoughts and feelings in a Greek mantle—making the exploded mythology of Hellas serve a purpose for which it never was intended and for which it is unfit. Thus, *Prometheus Unbound* is brimful of those peculiar speculations—social, moral, political, and religious—which, to his great misfortune, engross Shelley's thoughts. Mr. Swinburne, again, seems to throw himself into Attica and Argos in order to find a more convenient region for the indulgence of his erotic proclivities. In the *Witch of Atlas*, it is true, Shelley was more strictly Grecian; and Keats, in his *Endymion* and *Lamia*, successfully infused into Hellenic fable the ideas and sentiments of a tender nineteenth-century soul enamored of the beautiful. To these precedents it may be that we are indebted for Morris's *Tales of Grecian Life*, in days when gods and goddesses took part in the affairs of men, and history was inseparably blended with legend. Mr. Morris, however, has in this field far surpassed his predecessors. He has contrived to divest himself of modern associations in a greater degree than those who went before him, and to write as if for him the wheels of time had rolled backward, and he were left, during the voyage of Ulysses (whenever that may have been), on the dreamy shores of the Lotophagi,* to forget his own people and his father's house, and remember only the "images of gold" and

"Gods of the nations who dwelt anciently
About the borders of the Grecian sea."

* *Odyssey*, book ix. 84–104.

The story of the *Earthly Paradise* is simply this: Some gentlemen and seamen of Norway, having heard of a land very distant, beautiful and happy, an earthly paradise, exempt from toil, disease, and death, set sail to find it. After many mishaps and the loss of many years, they came at last to a country in the far west, inhabited by the descendants of some colonists from Ionia in ancient days. They were kindly received by these people, and two solemn feasts a month were instituted, in which some one of the elders or their guests should relate a story for the amusement of the festive assembly. There will thus be four-and-twenty tales to complete the poem; half of them—those from March to August—were comprised in the volume first published. Of these twelve, the majority refer to Greece in the ages before Christ, while some have their scene laid in the Middle Ages. With the subject of the first, "Atalanta's Race," every school-boy is acquainted; but the manner of treating it is so new, harmonious, and delicate, that it would be difficult to find anything to surpass it in the whole range of narrative poetry. The sources, indeed, from which the writer may be supposed to have drawn many of his materials are numerous. Yet he cannot be proved to have appropriated unfairly what was not his own. The voyages and travels of remote ages are, no doubt, fresh in his memory; but, whether they be in prose or verse, whether fabulous or true, they seem to mingle in his mind without disturbance or confusion, producing only a general and pleasing effect. He is, doubtless, familiar with the accounts of foreign countries given by such travellers as John Mandeville, Sebastian Cabot, Ludovico di Varthema, Hakluyt, and Captain Cook; and his "Life and Death of Jason" shows how fondly he has dwelt on Pindar's brilliant description of the voyage of the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece.*

The *Odyssey*, with all its wanderings of Ulysses, must have been his manual and text-book, to say nothing of the *Æneid* and him whom Dante took as his master and guide. The *Pilgrimage to Canterbury*, with its lively tales by Chaucer, has been to him a rich mine of thought and incident; and he has evidently followed with delight the exploits and discoveries of Vasco de Gama as narrated in the *Lusiad* of Camoens. Nor is he imbued less deeply with the poetry of more recent wanderers, with the *Excursion* of Wordsworth; the *Shipwreck* of Falconer, which Byron so admired; with the wild Arabian romance of *Thalaba;* with the thoughtful roaming of *Childe Harold;* with the *Voyage of Christian and his Comrades*, the *Alastor* of Shelley, and the "fairy journey" of Keats's *Endymion*. He does not encumber his pages with notes, or give any clue himself to the sources from which he has quaffed his inspirations. It is from internal evidence alone that we infer that the poems here mentioned have been familiar to him as household words, and that they form a vast picture-gallery through which he has loved to wander even from a boy. These are the voices which speak to him by day and by night; and these he often unconsciously echoes when

> ". . . Gone far astray
> Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance."

"Atalanta's Race" is followed by a charming tale, the scene of which is laid in a country over which the Catholic Church reigned in the Middle Ages. The story is simple, being that of a great king, to whom it was

* *Odes*, Pyth. Carm. iv.

foretold that he who should reign after him was to be poor and low-born; which thing comes to pass in spite of all the king can do to prevent it. The tale contains several Catholic touches, which either indicate that the writer has Catholic sympathies, or that he can discourse of matters relating to our religion with dramatic propriety. This is becoming daily more apparent in every branch of literature; and we have the satisfaction of perceiving that, even where our distinctive doctrines are not accepted, they are, at least, much better understood. The vulgar notion of our committing idolatry in worshipping the Host is now exploded, and obtains no favor from any educated man. Whether people believe in the Real Presence, or believe not, they recognize that belief in us, and admit that we are intending to adore Christ, and not to honor any created thing. Mr. Morris gives great prominence to this altered view of our eucharistic worship. He makes the sub-prior say, in the "Proud King:"

> "I took between mine hands the Lord,
> And bade the boy bear forth the bell."

And again:

> "Bidding him note Whom in mine hands
> I held, the Ransom of all Lands."

It was while the plague was raging:

> "The heavy tolling of the minster-bell,
> And nigher yet a tinkling sound did tell
> That through the streets they bore our Saviour Christ,
> By dying lips in anguish to be kiss'd."

When the poet glances at Catholic ritual, his language is no less exact; as when he says:

> ". . . The singing folk
> Into most heavenly carol broke.
> And going softly up the hall,
> Boys bore aloft the verges tall
> Before the bishop's gold-clad head."

But in the "Story of the Proud King"—one of the most beautiful in the poem—we have Catholic doctrines and practices wrought into the texture of the tale with exquisite art. There is a certain king, blinded by pride, who thought that he was something more than man, if not equal to God. A strange judgment fell on him, so that none knew him to be king. Another successfully usurped his place, while he was treated as a madman, with ignominy and contempt. He suffered many things, till, in the end, he humbled himself, confessed his sins to a hermit, regained his kingdom and his honors, and found that the supposed usurper, whom he had taken for his foe, was, in fact, his best friend, and his guardian angel in disguise. Thus the outline of the poem is strictly Catholic, and the filling up of the details is no less so. Thus, in the stanzas following, there is a religious pathos which cannot fail to beat pleasantly on a Catholic ear:

> "'Nay, thou art mad to tell me such a tale,'
> The hermit said; 'if thou seek'st soul's health here,
> Right little will such words as this avail;
> *It were a better thing to shrive thee clear*
> *And take the pardon Christ has bought so dear,*
> Than to an ancient man such mocks to say
> That would be fitter for a Christmas play.'"

So in the king's reply to the hermit, we read:

> "'Now, since thou know'st me, surely God is good,
> And will not slay me; *and good hope I have*
> *Of help from Him that died upon the rood,*
> And is a mighty Lord to slay and save.'"

We should rejoice if such passages and such lines of thought were more numerous in Mr. Morris's poems; but, influenced either by the fear of being trite, or by a secret preference of heathen to Christian imagery, his tales turn chiefly on matters such as those which occupied the minds of Sophocles and Bion. Yet, closely as he imitates the ancients, there is in his narratives a depth of religious feeling we cannot find in theirs. Under a veil of idolatry, he often represents the fervor of a regenerate soul; and

some of the most beautiful and touching lines he has written are prayers addressed from full hearts, with weeping eyes and implicit trust, to deities which, though false, were the only deities that the imagined worshippers knew. In this way, he becomes an exponent not only of the material, but of the mental, part of the Greek religion, taking us into the inner life of pagan devotees, if, indeed, their dim and distorted spirituality deserves to be called by such a name.

Nor is he less faithful in his exhibition of the poetic and romantic phases of Grecian life. He is not as homely as Aristophanes, for comedy and low life are not his aim; but, in so far as he is domestic, he paints truthfully and with an artist's hand. To one who is familiar with the *Odyssey*, the lines which follow will appear to be a translation, so exactly do they echo the language and the *ring* of Homer's most charming though not most powerful epic:

"Then a damsel slim
Led him inside, naught loth to go with him;
And when the cloud of steam had curled to meet
Within the brass his wearied, dusty feet,
She from a carved press brought him linen fair,
And a new-woven coat a king might wear;
And so being clad he came unto the feast." *

And again:

"Admetus shook the golden-studded reins"

is a truly Homeric line; and the account of Perseus going across the desert may be compared with anything of the kind in Lucan's *Pharsalia* or the *Thebaid* of Statius:

"Yet, glad at heart, he lifted up his feet
From the parched earth, and soon the air did beat,
Going north-east, and flew forth all the day,
And when the night fell still was on the way;
And many a sandy plain did he pass o'er,
And many a dry, much-trodden river-shore,
Where thick the thirsty beasts stood in the night.
The stealthy leopard saw him with affright
As, whining, from the thicket it crept out;
The lion drew back at his sudden shout
From off the carcass of some slaughtered beast
And the thin jackals waiting for the feast
Stinted their hungry howls as he pass'd by;
And black men, sleeping, as he came nigh
Dream'd ugly dreams, and reach'd their hands to seize
The spear or sword that lay across their knees." *

There is another particular in which the *Earthly Paradise* resembles the Homeric poems. They are full of action. The writer seldom pauses to make reflections; his thoughts and feelings are suggested rather than expressed by the plaintive and touching manner in which he tells his tale. It is but rarely that he breaks off altogether and moralizes as in these lines:

"Love while ye may; if twain grow into one,
'Tis for a little while; the time goes by,
No hatred 'twixt the pair of friends doth lie,
No troubles break their hearts—and yet, and yet—
How could it be? we strove not to forget;
Rather in vain to that old time we clung,
Its hopes and wishes round our hearts we hung,
We play'd old parts, we used old names—in vain,
We go our ways, and *twain once more are twain.*"

The love of nature, with patient observance of her ways, is so distinguishing a characteristic of a true poet that no science or reading could atone for its absence or supply its place; and Mr. Morris, having, as we believe, this habit of mind highly developed, surpasses in this respect many of the ancients, in whom it was very often wanting. The love of natural scenery and of natural objects appears to be, in some degree, a growth of advanced civilization, and to belong to higher scientific attainments, deeper moral principles, and more quiet consciences, than the poets of Greece and of Rome in general possessed. Moreover, it has been taught us in the present century by mighty masters and founders of new schools in poetry. At the head of these undoubtedly stands

* "The Love of Alcestis."

* "The Doom of King Acrisius."

Wordsworth, and perhaps we may place next to him the meditative and eminently ideal Keats. It needs not here to speak of the art and precision with which Tennyson has expressed his ponderings on the loveliness of natural objects; and one or two extracts from the *Earthly Paradise* will show that Mr. Morris is no less genuine a lover and observer of nature than he. In the "Story of Cupid and Psyche" we read:

"Now, midst her wanderings, on a hot noontide,
Psyche pass'd down a road, where on each side
The yellow corn-fields lay, although as yet
Unto the stalks no sickle had been set;
The lark sung over them, the butterfly
Flickered from ear to ear distractedly,
The kestrel hung above, the weasel peer'd
From out the white-stalks on her unafear'd,
Along the road the trembling poppies shed
On the burnt grass their crumpled leaves and red."

Mr. Morris might without presumption take up the language of Sir Philip Sydney, and say:

"And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit."

He has certainly taken no one poet as his model, but has gone forth into the fields and valleys to learn of nature's self how to sing, and how to describe her wondrous ways. The following lines occur in the conclusion of the "Son of Crœsus:"

"But when the sun was fairly going down
They left the house, and, following up the stream,
In the low sun saw the kingfisher gleam
'Twixt bank and alder, and the grebe steal out
From the high sedge, and in his restless doubt
Dive down, and rise to see what men were there;
They saw the swallow chase high up in air
The circling gnats; the shaded dusky pool
Broke by the splashing chub; the ripple cool,
Rising and falling, of some distant weir
They heard, till it oppressed the listening ear,
And twilight grew."

But it is not only in heathen mythology and the boundless field of nature that Mr. Morris has collected the materials of his striking and plaintive poems; he is known to be a devoted student of art, and to give a large portion of his time and labor to artistic pursuits. Many traces of this peculiarity appear in his pages, and a few examples only will illustrate our remark. In the "Doom of King Acrisius," he speaks of

"Unequall'd marvels of the loom.
. . . . . .
Fine webs like woven mist, wrought in the dawn,
Long ere the dew had left the sunniest lawn.
Gold cloth so wrought that naught of gold seem'd there,
But rather sunlight over blossoms fair."

In the "Proud King," again, we find:

"Fair was the ranger's house and new and white,
And by the king built scarce a year agone,
And carved about for this same lord's delight
With woodland stories deftly wrought in stone."

"A new coin stamped for people of the land.
Thereon with sceptre, crown, and royal robe
The image of a king (himself) was wrought,
His jewelled feet upon a quartered globe. . ."

The Proud King's guardian angel is described in equally artistic terms:

"For he was clad in robe of shining white
Inwrought with flowers of unnamed colors bright,
Girt with a marvellous girdle, and whose hem
Fell to his naked feet and shone in them.
And from his shoulders did two wings arise
That with the swaying of his body play'd
This way and that; of strange and lovely dyes
Their feathers were, and wonderfully made."

"Cupid and Psyche," too, has many bits which show the acuteness of an artist's eye and the fineness of an artist's touch; as when we hear of—

"Huge elephants, snow-white
With gilded tusks; or dusky gray with bright
And shining chains about their wrinkled necks."

Or, again:

". . . Goodly gifts of price:
A silken veil, wrought with a paradise,
Three golden bowls set round with many a gem,
Three silver robes with gold on every hem,
And a fair ivory image of the god
That underfoot a golden serpent trod."

Mr. Morris has a strange habit of ending each paragraph with a single line instead of a couplet, so that the ear is balked for want of a rhyme. The paragraph following supplies the wanting rhyme, but grudgingly, because it

has need of one itself. This makes the beginning and ending of his poetic passages less musical and less effective; and no reason for this strange arrangement can be imagined, except that it is unusual and sanctioned by Keats. We may also mention as a blot upon his shining shield that he repeats too often the expression "this and that," and the epithet "brown," which he applies to men, women, birds, furrows, sands, caverns, bears, bees, Indians, and nightingales. It is a more serious blot in the *Earthly Paradise* that two poems, "Atalanta's Race" and "Pygmalion and the Statue," turn on prayer to Venus; and that the "Doom of King Acrisius" is too like that of "The Man born to be a King." It follows it immediately, and, like it, turns on a prophecy that a certain child shall accomplish great things. In the one case, the child, though poor, succeeds the king, and in the other he, though his grandson, slays him. Similarity of plot in distinct poems forming a series is always a sign, more or less, of poverty of invention.

It must be admitted also that "Ogier the Dane," with which the first half of the *Earthly Paradise* ends, is an idle tale, and that the beauty of the poetry does not compensate for the absurdity of the story. Nor, again, is there any moral in it sufficiently obvious to atone for the flimsy and impossible sequence of events on which it turns. Six fairies come to Ogier's cradle—that Ogier who was one of Charlemagne's paladins, and who, in France, gives his name to the Knave of Spades—and gave him many gifts. The sixth fairy granted him that he should be her love for ever, though she allowed him once to return to earth after he had been dead a century. Another—but we will not try the reader's patience by following the elfin history step by step; suffice it to say that in this tale, and in several others in the second volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, a web is woven of tiresome length, and the incidents are not of sufficient importance to warrant the vast amount of description bestowed upon them. The rhymes, too, are often very slovenly; and it is evident that William Morris has not learned the art of writing little enough. His warmest admirers complain of his being prolix in some of the stories which he has recently published. Few poets have known how to rein in Pegasus. Any measure of praise makes them prolific, and they soon sacrifice quality to quantity. When writing heroic verse, Mr. Morris's couplets, like those of Marlowe and Fletcher, follow the laws of blank-verse and add rhyme, that is to say, the pauses are determined by the sense. This may be more natural, but it is far less musical than the old time-honored practice of Pope and Cowper, in whose verses the pauses are for the most part determined by the rhymes.

But Morris is a disciple not of the old school, but of the new—not of the classical English poets, but of the romantic. He seems to concur with Barry Cornwall in thinking that "Keats was by nature the most essentially a poet in the nineteenth century," and that "there is little doubt Wordsworth has left his impress more broadly and more permanently than any other of our later writers upon the literature of England." He treads in their steps, and he owes much also to Tennyson and the two Brownings, husband and wife. Like the poet-laureate, he affects the use of old English words of Saxon origin, and for this he is to be commended. In one respect, he has never imitated Robert Browning, and that is in obscurity. He has no ambition to write what no one can understand, or to

acquire a reputation for depth of versifying unfathomable nonsense. He condescends to be simple and clear, as if he recognized the great truth that a literary man's first duty is to have distinct conceptions, and to express them precisely and plainly. He can cherish, therefore, a certain mysticism of thought common to all the poets of the romantic school, without falling into the prevailing error of obscure language. The more mystic be the writer, the clearer should be his utterance; that the perspicuity of his style may make amends for the strangeness and subtlety of his ideas.

It would be well if Mr. Morris could impress these obvious truths on the minds of several of his compeers. He is unfortunately mixed up with a clique; and the fine gold of his poetic character is dimmed by too near an association with poetasters unworthy of his support and praise. A certain forced and spasmodic reputation has been acquired by some of his friends to which they have no right, and which they cannot long retain. Algernon Charles Swinburne, no doubt, is gifted by nature with some of the qualifications of a poet, but there are others in which he is signally wanting. He mimics the obscurity of Browning, without sharing his philosophic depth. He loses himself in details, without producing any grand and general effect. He is the apostle of melancholy and despair, forgetting the dictum of a seer in song:

> "A cheerful life is what the muses love:
> A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

Yet his spirit cleaves to the dust, or, what is worse, to the flesh. He is the most sensual of English bards. Such is Swinburne's ignoble pre-eminence. His sensualism would have shocked the Greeks; Moore and Byron would have rejected it with loathing. It is tolerated only because it is veiled, and so veiled as to be often undetected. He is on one side of the Atlantic the rival of Walt Whitman on the other. He would throw the charm of poetry over vices which should not be so much as named among us. And for this his friends find excuses, nay, praises. Nor is this all. He is the avowed enemy not only of every code of morals, but of every system of belief. We judge him not as a man, but as a writer. We draw our inferences directly from his works, and from Mr. William Michael Rossetti's elaborate defence of them. We find him in *Atalanta in Calydon*, and elsewhere, the open enemy of the gods, and through them of the God of gods, the creator and ruler of mankind. He inveighs against them and him as partial, unjust, persecuting; the implacable foes of human happiness and weal. He maligns them so that men may infer that they do not and cannot exist. He assails Christianity through paganism, and designs for Calvary the arrows which he aims at Olympus. For him, Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph, and the saints, are idols, and matter only deserves to be worshipped. He believes in what he sees, and his primary doctrine is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Away with Paul and Aquinas: Anacreon, Epicurus, Hafiz, these are the true friends of man! To enforce this principle, he writes page after page of senseless melody, as if poetry were addressed to the ear only and not to the mind. He recurs incessantly to the same images, blood, fire, wine, and wine-presses, presenting these favorite objects in every conceivable form and combination. But even Swinburne's eccentricities are slight, and his violations of good taste are pardonable, compared with those of another as-

pirant to poetic fame whom Mr. Morris has, in mistaken generosity, taken under his critic-wing. This is Dante Gabriel Rossetti, an artist, a translator of early Italian poets, and author of various sonnets and other poems of a most vicious style, obscure, inharmonious, affected, and pretentious in the highest degree, which have been largely extolled for the merits they do not possess, and pronounced clear of those blemishes of which they are full. Their author, however, has the good fortune to belong to a mutual admiration society, the members of which, as in duty bound, praise in unmeasured terms the productions of each other. It was, doubtless, to these effusions of Mr. Rossetti, and to such as these, that Disraeli alluded in *Lothair* when he spoke of "immortal poems which no human being could either scan or construe, but which the initiated delight in as 'subtle' and full of secret melody."

But although Mr. Morris has damaged his reputation as a critic by applauding too highly works which deserved little commendation and much blame, we are happy to acknowledge his superiority to those among whom he has incautiously allowed himself to be classed. He is undoubtedly possessed of "the sacred fire," and, though it burns in him with an unsteady brightness, it commands respect by its general fervor and occasional splendor. If his genius sometimes flags, it is never in straits, never pompously impotent or struggling in vain to produce grand results. Though he calls himself "the idle singer of an empty day," we are not disposed to concur in this severe sentence on himself. He sings far too well, too sweetly, too ingeniously and delicately, to have sung idly. If some of his writings may seem to have a pagan tendency, and others may lead us to fear that the writer is in his heart a disciple of Comte and the positive philosophy—the philosophy which would eliminate theology altogether as a branch of science—yet there are some of his poems of which the most orthodox poet might have been proud, and which cannot but foster in the breast of Catholic readers tastes and feelings perfectly congenial to their divine religion.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

BY HENRI LASSERRE.

PART II.

I.

On her return to Lourdes, Bernadette spoke to her parents of the promise she had made the "Lady" to visit the grotto daily for a fortnight.

Antoinette and Mme. Millet narrated what had taken place in their presence, the marvellous transfiguration of the child during the ecstasy, the words of the apparition, and the invitation to return during the next two weeks. The rumor of these won-

derful things was bruited in every direction, and created quite an excitement in that part of the country.

Thursday, February 18, 1858, was the market-day at Lourdes. As might be expected, the news of the visions had spread through the mountains and valleys, to Bagnères, to Tarbes, to Cauterets, to Saint-Pé, to Nay, to all the districts of the department, and to the nearest villages of Béarn. On the following day, a hundred persons were already at the grotto when Bernadette arrived. The day after saw four or five hundred, and by Sunday morning they amounted to several thousands.

What did they see? What did they hear? Nothing, absolutely nothing; except a little child praying, who said that she saw and heard something. A very insignificant cause, and, humanly speaking, a very inexplicable effect. Either those who believed her must have been pretending, or a reflection from on high was really visible on the face of this child, or else the Spirit of God, which moves the hearts of men, had passed over the multitude. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*—"The Spirit breatheth where he listeth."

An electric current, an irresistible power seemed to have suddenly aroused the people at the word of an ignorant shepherdess. In the wood-yards, in the workshops, in domestic circles, in social reunions, among the laity and clergy, among rich and poor, in the *cafés*, at the club, on the squares and streets, morning and evening, in private and in public, they spoke of nothing but her. Some were disposed to sympathy, others were hostile, others neutral and merely curious to find out the real truth; but none entirely escaped the excitement which was caused by these singular occurrences.

The popular mind only waited for the apparition to tell its name to give it recognition. "It must be the Blessed Virgin," they said on every side.

Before the slight authority of a little girl of thirteen or fourteen years, professing to have seen and heard what nobody else around her could see or hear, the philosophers of the land, strengthened by the vigorous prose of the daily papers, had a clear field against "superstition."

The child was not old enough to take an oath; they would hardly give heed to her testimony in court even on a trifling fact; and yet, forsooth, they were expected to believe her when it was a question of an utterly impossible event—an apparition. Was it not plainly a trick, got up for the benefit of the family or by the priest? It only required two clear-sighted eyes to see through the miserable fraud.

Some of those who spoke in this manner were desirous of seeing Bernadette, of questioning her and witnessing her ecstasies. The child's answers were simple, natural, free from contradiction, and made with the unmistakable accent of truth, which carried to the most prejudiced mind conviction of the sincerity of her who uttered them. As to the ecstasies, those who had seen at Paris the greatest actresses of the day declared that art could not possibly be carried so far. The theory of a comedy could not stand twenty-four hours before the evidence in the case.

The *savants*, to whom the philosophers now left the solution of the puzzle, took a high position at once: "We understand perfectly the state of things. Nothing more simple. This little girl is evidently in the best of good faith; but she is laboring under a hallucination. She thinks that she really has seen something and heard something, but she has not seen or heard anything. As to these ecstasies of hers, equally sincere so

far as she is concerned, they are by no means a studied piece of imposition, for it is plain that art could never produce such effects; they merely show great need of a physician. The little girl is afflicted with a disease—catalepsy. A derangement of the brain and the muscular and nervous systems, such is the explanation of this wonderful story. Nothing more simple."

The little local newspaper, called the *Lavedan*, a weekly advocate of "advanced" principles, which, however, habitually appeared somewhat behind time, kept back its next issue for several days in order to speak of this event; and, in an article as hostile as the limited ability of the editor could make it, presented its readers with a *résumé* of the high-sounding philosophical and scientific explanations of the phenomena which had been given by the wise men of the place. From that moment, that is to say, from Friday evening or Saturday, the comedy theory was abandoned on all sides as untenable, and the friends of "enlightenment" and "free-thought" have never taken it up again, as may be seen by examining the files of the newspapers of the day.

According to the approved rules of infidel criticism, the good editor of the *Lavedan* began by calumniating Bernadette, and insinuating that she and her companions were swindlers:

"Three little children went to gather boughs of trees, the remains of a wood-cutting at the gates of the town. These girls, *finding themselves surprised by the proprietor*, fled in all haste to one of the grottoes which lie close to the road through the forest of Lourdes."*

*The *Lavedan* of Feb. 18, 1858. In spite of its date, this number did not appear until the evening of the 19th or 20th, as is proved in the text by facts themselves, and among the notices by an extract from a legal decision given after the date of the paper.

Thus it is that "free-thought" always writes history.

After this honest statement, which so clearly showed his good-will and sense of justice, the editor of the *Lavedan* proceeded to give a tolerably exact account of the facts that had transpired beneath the cliffs of Massabielle. They were too well known, they had too many witnesses, to be publicly denied.

"We will not detail the thousand versions of this story," he says. "We will merely state that the little girl goes every morning, at daybreak, to pray before the entrance of the grotto, accompanied by more than five hundred persons. There she is seen to pass from a calm recollection to a sweet smile, and finally to fall into an ecstatic condition of the most unmistakable character. Tears escape from her motionless eyes, which remain fixed on that portion of the grotto where she thinks that she sees the Blessed Virgin. We will keep our readers posted on this singular affair, which daily finds new dupes."

Not a word about comedy or jugglery. Such an explanation would have been demolished by one conversation with Bernadette or one glance at her ecstasy. The kind-hearted editor, in order to give more weight to what we may be permitted to call the "cataleptic theory," affected sorrow for the little girl's malady. He spoke of her with great compassion as "the poor little visionary." "Everything," he said, "goes to prove that the young girl is afflicted with catalepsy."

"Hallucination—catalepsy," were now the two grand words of the *savants* of Lourdes. "Bear in mind," they often repeated, "that there is not a single supernatural fact which science has not fully accounted for. Science explains all: science alone is certain. The supernatural was all very good

in the ages of ignorance, when the world was buried in superstition, when nobody knew how to observe facts carefully; but now, let it but show its face, and we straightway confront it. See the stupidity of this rabble. Because a little child is ill, because she is in a fever and has fits, all these fools believe there is a miracle. Human credulity must surpass all bounds, to see an apparition which nobody can see, and to hear a voice which nobody can hear. Let the pretended apparition stop the sun, as Josue did; let it strike the rock, as Moses did, and bring forth streams of water; let it heal incurable diseases, and, in short, command nature, then we will believe in it. But does not everybody know that these things never do happen and never have happened?"

Such were the lofty words which, from morning till night, proceeded from the wise representatives of philosophy and medicine at Lourdes.

The greater portion of these men had seen enough of Bernadette to be certain that she was not acting a part. This was sufficient for them. From the fact that she was clearly in good faith, they at once concluded that she must be either mad or afflicted with catalepsy. The possibility of any other explanation was not even admitted by their scientific minds. When it was proposed to them to study the case, to visit the child or the grotto, to follow up the details of these surprising phenomena, they shrugged their shoulders, laughed philosophically, and said, "We know it all by heart. These crises are perfectly understood. In less than a month, the child will be completely mad, and probably paralyzed."

Some of them, however, reasoned thus: "Such phenomena are very rare," said one of the most distinguished physicians of the town, Doctor Dozous, "and I, for my part, will not fail on this occasion to examine them carefully. The partisans of the supernatural are too fond of casting them in the face of medical science, to allow me to let pass an opportunity of personally studying this celebrated question."

M. Dufo, an attorney, and several members of the bar, M. Pougat, president of the court of justice, and quite a number of others, resolved to devote themselves during the fortnight announced in advance to most scrupulous observation, and to be present, as far as possible, at all the extraordinary occurrences. In proportion as the matter increased in interest, so also did the number of observers.

Some physicians, some rural Aristotles, local philosophers who called themselves Voltairians, as if they had read Voltaire, controlled their curiosity, and held themselves bound in honor not to appear in the stupid but daily increasing multitude. As is usually the case, these fanatics of "free inquiry" started with the determination not to make any inquiry at all. For them, no fact was worthy of attention which might upset the inflexible dogma of the creed which they had learned from the daily papers. Supreme in their infallible wisdom, at the doors of their counting-houses, before the *café*, and from the windows of the club, these superior spirits stood gazing with ineffable disdain on the countless human waves which some sort of madness seemed to drive toward the grotto.

II.

The clergy were naturally very much interested in all these occurrences; but, with much tact and good sense, they assumed from the

first a very reserved and prudent attitude.

Like everybody else, they were surprised at the extraordinary facts which had forced themselves suddenly upon the public attention, and deeply interested in finding out their true nature.

While the enlightened philosophy of local Voltairianism could see only one possible solution, the clergy perceived several. The facts might be natural ones, and, in that case, produced by perfect acting or by disease; but then they might be supernatural, and, in that case, it would be necessary to decide whether they were diabolical or divine. God has his miracles, but the devil also works signs and wonders. The clergy knew all this, and resolved to study with great care every circumstance connected with the events which were daily occurring.

They had always received with suspicion the current rumors. Still, it might be that the work was from God, and it would not be right to decide rashly. The child, whose name had become famous in the place, was entirely unknown to the priests. During the fifteen days that she had been with her parents, she had gone regularly to the catechism; but the ecclesiastic entrusted with the instruction of the children, the Abbé Pomian, had not specially noticed her. It is true he had questioned her once or twice, but without knowing her name or paying particular attention to her appearance. When great numbers of people began to go to the grotto, about the third or fourth day of the fortnight appointed by the mysterious apparition, M. l'Abbé Pomian, anxious to know this extraordinary child, the subject of universal conversation, called out her name at the catechism, as he was accustomed to do when he wished to ask questions about the lesson. At the name, Bernadette Soubirous, a little girl, delicate and poorly clad, arose timidly. The ecclesiastic remarked nothing about her, save her simplicity and extreme ignorance with regard to religious matters.

The parish then had at its head a priest whose acquaintance it is necessary for us to make.

The Abbé Peyramale was then in or near his fiftieth year, and had been for two years parish-priest and dean of the town and canton of Lourdes. He was a man whom nature had made brusque, even violent, perhaps, in his love of good, and whom grace had softened, although, at times, one could see the rugged trunk on which the hand of God had ingrafted the Christian and the priest. His natural impetuosity, entirely subdued with respect to all that concerned himself, had become pure zeal for the house of God.

In the pulpit, his language, always apostolic, was sometimes most severe. He gave no rest to wrong-doing, and no abuse, no moral disorder, it mattered not from what quarter it came, ever found him indifferent or feeble. Often the society of the place, scourged for some of its vices or irregularities by the burning words of the pastor, cried out against him; but he never gave up the struggle, and in almost every instance, with the assistance of God, succeeded in effecting the reform he desired.

These men of duty are generally troublesome, and their independence and sincerity are rarely forgiven. Nevertheless, both were pardoned in the Abbé Peyramale; for, when the people saw him walking through the town with his pieced and threadbare cassock, his large shoes, often mended, and his old three-cornered hat, sadly the worse for wear, they knew that the money which might

have supplied his wardrobe was used to succor the poor. This priest, so austere in his manner, so severe in his doctrines, had an unspeakably tender heart, and had spent all his inheritance in secretly doing good. But his humility could not conceal, as completely as it would, the devotedness of his life. The kind greetings of the poor had betrayed it; besides, in small places the real character of each individual is soon known. So the pastor had become an object of general veneration. Nothing could equal the respect with which his parishioners always took off their hats to him, or the tone of familiar affection with which the poor people saluted him from their door-ways with, "*Bonjour, Monsieur le Curé!*" It showed that the sacred tie of good, modestly done, bound together pastor and flock. The freethinkers said of him: "He is not always very pleasant, but he is charitable, and does not keep any money. He is a good man, in spite of his cassock."

Full of good nature and kindness in private life, never suspecting evil, and often allowing himself to be deceived by people who imposed on his charity, he was, as a priest, prudent even to mistrust in all that concerned his ministry and the eternal interests of religion.

This priest possessed with the soul of an apostle a sound practical judgment and a rare firmness of character which nothing could cause to swerve when the interests of truth were at stake. Future events were to bring to light these qualities. In placing him at Lourdes, at this time, Providence had special designs.*

Restraining in this matter his rather impetuous disposition, M. Peyramale, before allowing his clergy to take a single step, before permitting them to visit the grotto or doing so himself, resolved to wait until events should take some definite character; until some sort of proofs should be produced, and the ecclesiastical authorities pronounce upon them.

He directed certain intelligent and trustworthy laymen to go to the cliffs of Massabielle whenever Bernadette and the crowd went thither, and to keep themselves informed daily and hourly of all that might take place. But, while he thus took measures to learn all the facts in the case, he was careful not to compromise the clergy in an affair the exact nature of which was still doubtful.

"Let us wait," said he to those who were impatient. "If we are, on the one hand, rigorously obliged to examine with care these occurrences, on the other, the most common prudence dictates that we should not mingle with the crowd which goes singing to the grotto. Let us keep away, and not expose ourselves to the danger of countenancing an imposture or an illusion, or, on the other hand, of opposing by a hasty decision or hostile attitude a work which perhaps is from God.

"As to going there as mere spectators, that is not possible, in the dress we wear. The people, seeing a priest in their midst, will gather around him, and insist on his walking at their head and leading the prayers. If in such a case he should yield to public pressure or to blind enthusiasm, and afterward it should turn out that

* From my heart I beg pardon of the Abbé Peyramale for the good I am telling about him; its publication will, I know, cause him cruel suffering. But the shock thus given to his humility is rendered necessary not merely in the interests of speculative truth, but because I am obliged, in writing this history, to narrate all, in order that I may show the secret ways of God and the manifest work of his hand.

As an historian, I write without hatred and without personal friendship. I consider it a duty and I make it an absolute rule to state the exact truth, at the risk of wounding the humility of the good and the pride of the wicked.

the apparitions are false, who does not see how religion and the clergy would be compromised? If, on the contrary, he should resist, and the hand of God should afterward become clearly manifest, would not grave consequences result from this resistance?

"Let us, then, keep away, since we would only compromise God, either in the works which he intends to accomplish or in the holy ministry which he has committed to our hands."

Some in the ardor of their zeal still insisted. "No!" he answered with firmness; "we will have nothing to do with this affair, unless some evident heresy, superstition, or disorder should grow out of it. Our duty will then be perfectly plain. By the bad fruits we shall recognize a bad tree, and, on the first symptom of evil, hasten to the rescue of our flocks.

"But, hitherto, nothing of this kind has appeared; on the contrary, the crowd has confined itself to praying with great recollection to the Blessed Virgin, and the piety of the faithful seems to increase.

"We should, however, wait until the wisdom of the bishop shall have pronounced a supreme decision on these facts.

"If they are from God, there will be no need of us, and the Almighty will know how to overcome all difficulties without our assistance, and to direct all things to the accomplishment of his plans.

"If, on the contrary, this work is not of God, it will itself show when it is time for us to interfere in his name. In a word, let us leave the whole matter to divine Providence."

Such were the excellent reasons which determined the Abbé Peyramale to formally prohibit all priests under his jurisdiction from appearing at the grotto of Massabielle, and also to abstain from going there himself.

Monseigneur Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, approved this prudent reserve, and extended the prohibition to all the ecclesiastics of the diocese. When consulted in the sacred tribunal elsewhere with regard to the pilgrimage to the grotto, the answer was to be: "We do not go there ourselves, and, hence, we are unable to pronounce on facts which we do not sufficiently know. But it is plainly lawful for all the faithful to visit the place and to examine the facts, in default of any ecclesiastical decision on the subject. Go, or stay away, just as you please; we shall neither counsel nor forbid, neither authorize nor prohibit."

Such a position of strict neutrality was, it must be confessed, very difficult to maintain; for every priest had to struggle not only against public pressure, but against his own desire, surely a legitimate one, to take part personally in the extraordinary events that were, perhaps, about to be accomplished.

This line of conduct was, nevertheless, faithfully observed. In the midst of a population roused like the ocean by an unknown breath and impelled towards the mysterious rock, where a supernatural apparition conversed with a child, the clergy, without a single exception, abstained from taking any part whatsoever. God, who invisibly directs all things, endowed his priests with strength not to yield to this mighty current, and to remain immovable in the midst of a great movement. But this all goes to show that the hand and action of man counts for nothing in the explanation of these events, and that their true cause must be sought at a different, or rather at a higher, source.

III.

This, however, was not a sufficient proof. Truth must not only be left without human support, but she must overcome the human forces that oppose her. She must have persecutors, bitter enemies, and adversaries, who are shrewd and able to lay snares. While truth is passing this ordeal, the weak of heart tremble lest God's work be destroyed. Why do ye fear, O ye of little faith? These men, by seeking to undermine the truth, only serve to place it on an immovable basis. They are witnesses to the future that the belief in question did not grow up in secret, but in the face of enemies who endeavored to crush it. They prove that its foundations are solid, since their efforts against them resulted only in making strong what was apparently feebleness itself. They prove that its origin was pure, since after a careful examination, conducted with all the bitterness of infidel hate, they were unable to discover in it a single spot or stain. Enemies are witnesses whose words cannot be called into question when they unwillingly testify in favor of those whom they have striven to oppose or destroy. Hence, if the apparitions were the beginning of a divine work, there should be not only neutrality on the part of the clergy, but likewise opposition from the powerful ones of the world.

God had provided that it should be so.

While the ecclesiastical authority represented by the clergy maintained the prudent reserve recommended by the Curé of Lourdes, the city authority became deeply interested in the extraordinary movement which was taking place in the town and its environs, and spreading daily through the department, and which had already crossed the limits of Béarn.

Although no disorder had yet occurred, these pilgrimages, these quiet assemblies, and this ecstatic child aroused the suspicions of the official world.

In the sacred name of liberty of conscience, is there no way of hindering these people from praying, and, above all, of praying when and where it seems good to them? Such was the problem which now occupied the mind of official liberalism.

In different degrees, M. Dutour, *procureur impérial;* M. Duprat, justice of the peace; the mayor, the *substitut*, the commissary of police, and a number of others, became all more or less alarmed.

What! a miracle in the full sight of the nineteenth century, and without any permission or license whatsoever from the government! Truly, this was an insufferable outrage on civilization, and a manifest attempt against the sovereignty of the state. The honor of this glorious and enlightened age demanded that the matter should be seen to. The majority of these gentlemen, of course, did not believe in the possibility of supernatural manifestations; consequently they were unable to look upon the affair in any other light than as an imposture or a malady. In any case, many of them were instinctively hostile to any occurrence which might advance the interests of religion, against which they entertained either secret prejudices or open hatred.

Without reverting to thoughts which we have before expressed, it is truly worthy of remark that the supernatural, wherever and whenever manifested, meets always, though under different names and aspects, the same opposition, the same indifference, and the same devoted belief. Herod, Caiphas, Pilate, Joseph of Arimathea, Thomas, the Holy Women; bold enemies, lax, feeble, devout be-

lievers; the sceptical, the timid, and the brave—all these are characters belonging to every age. The supernatural, likewise, never escapes the hostility of a party more or less powerful in the official world; only the opposition comes sometimes from the master and sometimes from his lackeys.

The most intelligent in the little regiment of functionaries who flourished at this time in Lourdes was by all odds M. Jacomet; although, in the order of rank, the said M. Jacomet was the very last of all, as he held only the very humble position of commissary of police. He was young, very shrewd under certain circumstances, and gifted with a flow of words rather rare in men of his station. His keenness of perception was extraordinary. Nobody could put his finger on a scoundrel as quickly as M. Jacomet. He was marvellously cunning in unravelling villanies; and stories are told in proof of this which are very wonderful. He didn't, however, understand honest folk quite so well. Completely at his ease before scamps, this man found himself at fault in the presence of simple innocence. Truth disconcerted him, and appeared to him suspicious; disinterestedness excited his mistrust; candor put his very soul on the rack, because he was so eager to discover duplicity and fraud. On account of this monomania with which he was afflicted, sanctity always appeared to him a monstrous deception, and he was implacable in persecuting it. Such phases of character are not rare among those whose very profession causes them to be always on the lookout for crime and wickedness. Theirs is a restless and suspicious disposition, which makes them appear like men of genius when dealing with villains, but very fools when treating with honest men. Though still young, M. Jacomet had already contracted this old malady of veteran detectives. He resembled the horses of the Pyrenees, sure-footed on steep and rugged ways, but always stumbling on the level roads; or the night-bird, which flies securely through the darkness, but dashes itself against walls and trees in broad daylight.

Well satisfied with himself, he was very dissatisfied with his position, to which his intelligence rendered him superior. Hence a certain loftiness of manner and a burning desire to distinguish himself. He had more than influence with his superiors in office: he possessed an absolute ascendency over them. He always affected an air of equality with the *procureur impérial*, as well as with all the other functionaries. He had his hand in everything; he lorded it over all who would submit; and, as far as he could, managed the business of the town. In all that concerned the canton of Lourdes, the prefect of the department, M. le Baron Massy, saw only with the eyes of M. Jacomet.

Such was the commissary of police, the important man of the town of Lourdes, when the apparitions took place at the grotto of Massabielle.

IV.

It was the third day of the fortnight, the twenty-first of February, the first Sunday in Lent.

Before sunrise, an immense crowd of several thousand persons had already collected before and around the grotto, on the banks of the Gave, and in the meadows of the Châlet. It was the hour at which Bernadette usually came. She arrived enveloped in her white *capulet*, followed by one of her family, either her mother or her sister. Her parents, who on one of the two preceding days had been present at her ecstasies, had seen

her transfigured, and now believed. The child advanced modestly, without boldness, yet without timidity, through the crowd, which respectfully made way for her; then, as if unconscious of the fact that she was the object of universal attention, she knelt down with simplicity to pray before the niche wreathed with eglantine.

Presently her brow became radiant. The blood did not rush to her countenance; on the contrary, she grew slightly pale, as if nature were giving way in presence of the apparition. All her features expanded, and entered, as it were, a higher sphere, a region of glory, reflecting feelings and things which are not here below. Her parted lips were full of wondering joy, and seemed to breathe the air of heaven. Her fixed and happy eyes contemplated a beauty which no other glance perceived, but which all present recognized by the reflection on the child's countenance. This poor little peasant-girl, of so mean condition, seemed to be no longer a habitant of earth.

It was the angel of innocence, leaving the world for a moment, and falling in adoration where, through the eternal gates, she caught a glimpse of Paradise.

All who saw Bernadette in ecstasy speak of the sight as something which has no analogy on earth. Their impression after ten years is as vivid as on the first day.

Strange to say, although her attention was entirely absorbed in contemplating the Blessed Virgin, she had a partial consciousness of what was going on about her.

At one time her taper went out: she reached out her hand to the nearest person in order to have it lighted.

Some one touched the eglantine with a stick: she quickly beckoned him to desist, and her face expressed great fear. "I was afraid," she afterward naïvely remarked, "that he would strike the Lady, and hurt her."

One of the observers, whose name we have previously mentioned, Dr. Dozous, was at her side.

"This," he thought, "is neither catalepsy with its stiffness, nor the unconscious ecstasy of hallucination: it is an extraordinary fact, of an order entirely unknown to medicine."

He took the arm of the child, and felt her pulse. She did not seem to notice him. The pulse was quiet and perfectly regular, as in an ordinary state.

"There is no unhealthy excitement here," said the doctor, more and more confounded.

At this moment, the girl advanced several paces into the grotto on her knees. The apparition had left its former place, and Bernadette now saw it through the interior opening.

The glance of the Blessed Virgin appeared for a moment to survey the whole earth; then she turned sadly toward Bernadette, who knelt before her.

"What do you wish me to do?" murmured the child.

"Pray for sinners," replied the Mother of mankind.

When she saw this cloud of sorrow veil, as it were, the eternal serenity of that virginal face, the heart of the little shepherdess was filled with grief. An unspeakable sadness fell upon her countenance. From her fixed and open eyes two tears rolled softly down and remained upon her cheeks.

At last, a gleam of joy again lit up her face; for the Blessed Virgin had undoubtedly turned her own glance toward the heart of the eternal Father, where she contemplated the source of that infinite mercy which descends upon the earth, in the

name of Jesus Christ, and by the hands of his church.

At this instant the apparition vanished. The queen of heaven returned to her kingdom.

The halo of light, as usual, shone for a few seconds, and slowly melted away, as a luminous mist gently dissolving in air.

The features of Bernadette gradually resumed their ordinary state. She seemed to pass from sunlight to shade, and the commonplace look of earth replaced the transfigured glow of ecstasy. She was again the humble shepherdess, the little peasant, with nothing to distinguish her from ordinary children.

The breathless crowd pressed around her, anxious, agitated, and filled with devotion.

We shall have occasion further on to show its feelings toward her.

V.

During the whole morning, after Mass and up to the hour of Vespers, these strange events were the common topic of conversation among the inhabitants of Lourdes, who naturally gave various explanations. Those who had seen Bernadette in ecstasy represented the mere appearance of the child as an irresistible proof of the truth of all that she said. Some of them expressed their thoughts by very happy comparisons: "In our valleys, the sun rises very late, since the east is hidden by the Peak and the Mountain of Ger. But long before we see it we notice in the west the reflection of his rays on the mountain-sides of Bastsurguères, which are brightly lit up while we are still in the shade, and then, although we cannot directly see the sun, but only its reflection on the heights, we know that it has risen behind the enormous masses of Ger. 'Bastsurguères sees the sun,' we say. 'We should see it, too, were we on the top of Bastsurguères.' So it is when we look upon the face of Bernadette, illumined by the invisible apparition. In both, cases, the evidence is similar; in both the certainty is complete. The face of Bernadette appears so bright, so transfigured, so dazzling, so splendid with heavenly rays, that the wonderful reflection which we perceive gives us complete assurance of the existence of a glorious source of all this light. And if it were not concealed from us by a mountain of sins and faults and worldly cares and carnal blindness; if we, too, were at the height of this child-innocence—of this eternal snow which no human foot has pressed, we, too, should behold no longer by reflection, but immediately, that which illumines the face of Bernadette."

Such reasons, however conclusive to those who had been eye-witnesses of the ecstasy, could not suffice for those who had not been thus favored. Supposing this to be the work of God, it would seem as if he ought to give, if not stronger proofs (for no one could resist who had experienced those already given), at least more continuous, more material and palpable signs. Perhaps it was the design of Providence to withhold these until he had assembled a multitude of incontestable witnesses.

After Vespers, Bernadette came out of the church. She was, as may easily be imagined, the object of general attention. They surrounded her and questioned her on all sides. The poor child, embarrassed by the crowd, answered modestly, and tried to make her way through.

At this moment, a man in the uniform of the police, a *sergent de ville*, approached, and touched her on the shoulder.

"In the name of the law," said he.

"What do you want of me?" asked the child.

"I have orders to arrest you and bring you with me."

"Where?"

"To the commissary of police. Follow me."

VI.

A threatening murmur ran through the crowd. Many of them had in the morning seen the poor child transfigured in heavenly ecstasy. To them this little favorite of God was something very sacred; and when they saw the minister of the law place his hand upon her, they were filled with indignation, and wished to interfere. But a priest, who came out of the church at this moment, motioned to them to be calm, and said: "Make no resistance to lawful authority."

By a strange coincidence, such as is often met with in the history of supernatural events, when one takes the trouble or, rather, the pleasure of looking for them, the universal Church had sung, on this day, the first Sunday in Lent, those words fraught with life-giving power to console and comfort the innocent and feeble in the presence of persecution: "God hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands shall they bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Hope in him; he will protect thee beneath the shadow of his wings. His truth shall surround thee as a shield. Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk; thou shalt trample the lion and the dragon beneath thee. Because he hath hoped in me, I will deliver him. I will protect him, for he hath confessed my name. He shall call upon me, and I will hear him. *I am with him in his afflictions.*"*

The Gospel of the day had told how the Saviour of mankind, the eternal type of the just upon earth, had begun the exercise of his divine mission by submitting to temptation. It had given the details of that struggle against and victory over the evil spirit in the lonely wilderness. "Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert, *that he might be tempted by the devil.*"

Such were the texts which the Church had repeated to strengthen and console innocent and persecuted weakness. Such were the sacred memories which she had recalled on this day, when, in an obscure village, the representative of law came to seize, in its name, the person of an ignorant little girl, to conduct her before the shrewdest and most subtle of those who exercised its authority.

The indignant and excited multitude followed Bernadette as she was led away by the officer. The office of the commissary of police was not far from the spot. The sergeant entered with the child, and, allowing her alone to come into the entry-way, turned around, and made fast the door with lock and bolt. A moment afterwards, and Bernadette found herself in the presence of M. Jacomet.

An immense crowd gathered outside the door.

VII

The sharp-witted man, who was about to interrogate Bernadette, felt confident of an easy victory, and boasted of it in advance.

* From the Missal. See First Sunday in Lent, Introit, Gradual, and Tract of the Mass. See also, in the Breviary, the Vespers for the same day.

He was one of those who obstinately rejected the explanations of the scientific gentlemen. He did not believe either in catalepsy or hallucination, or in the various kinds of morbid illusion that were proposed in explanation of the matter. The precise recital which, it was said, the child had always given, the facts noticed by Dr. Dozous and by other witnesses of the scenes at the grotto, all appeared to him irreconcilable with any such theory. As to the fact of the apparition, he did not believe in the possibility of visions from the other world; or, perhaps, as it was said, the genius of a police-officer, though keen enough on the scent of rascals, is not quite equal to detecting the supernatural operations of God. Thoroughly convinced that there could only be false apparitions in any case, he resolved to find out, by force or stratagem, the point of the error, and to render a signal service to "free-thought" by catching a supernatural manifestation, a "popular superstition," *in flagrante delicto.* He had a fine chance to strike a blow at all the pretended visions of the past, especially if he could find out and prove that the clergy, who abstained so carefully from public sympathy in this affair, were really at the bottom of it.

Supposing that God had nothing to do with the matter, and that man was everything in the accomplishment of it, the reasoning of M. Jacomet was excellent. But supposing, on the other hand, that man counted for nothing, and that God was everything, the unlucky commissary had entered upon a way very rugged and calamitous.

In this state of mind, M. Jacomet had set a careful watch over all the movements of Bernadette, to discover, if he could, some mysterious communication between her and some member of the clergy, either of Lourdes or the environs. His official zeal even prompted him to place one of his creatures in the church to keep an eye on the confessional. But the children of the catechism-class went to their confessions in a certain order every fortnight or every month, and Bernadette's turn had not come during any of these days. All his conscientious efforts had not led to the discovery of any complicity in the plot which he attributed to Bernadette. He concluded, therefore, that she acted independently, though he still retained his suspicions; for the true police-agent always suspects, even without proof. This peculiarity constitutes his specific difference from the rest of mankind.

When Bernadette entered, he let fall upon her his keen and piercing glance, which he in an instant had the art to fill with good-nature and jollity. He, who was in the habit of talking big words with great people, suddenly showed himself more than polite towards the little daughter of the poor miller; he became soft and insinuating. He caused her to sit down, and assumed in questioning her the air of a true friend.*

"It seems that you are in the habit of seeing a beautiful lady, my good little girl, at the grotto of Massabielle? Tell me all about it."

Just as he said these words, a door was softly opened and some one entered. It was M. Estrade, receiver of indirect taxes, one of the leading and most intelligent citizens of

* Evidently, after the lapse of ten years, we cannot warrant the exact memory of the witnesses with regard to the precise terms of this dialogue, and also of some others which will be met with hereafter. We give the sense and the general form, and endeavor, with the aid of the numerous printed or manuscript documents which we have at hand, accounts written at the time, official and private correspondence, etc., to reconstruct, as far as possible, the original form and life of what we record.

Lourdes. This public officer occupied part of M. Jacomet's house, and having been notified, by the noise of the crowd, of the arrival of Bernadette, he was curious to assist at the examination. He shared the ideas of M. Jacomet with regard to apparitions, and believed the whole thing a cheat on the part of the little girl. He shrugged his shoulders when any other explanation was offered. He considered the whole affair so absurd that he did not even condescend to visit the grotto to see what was going on. This philosopher seated himself somewhat apart, after signing to M. Jacomet to keep on. All this transpired without Bernadette appearing to take much notice of it. The scene and the subsequent dialogue had, therefore, a witness.*

At the question of M. Jacomet, the child had raised her beautiful and innocent eyes, and had begun to relate in her language, the patois of the country, and with a timid modesty which added very much to her truthful manner, the extraordinary events of the past few days.

M. Jacomet listened with marked attention, still maintaining his affected kindness and good nature. From time to time he made a few notes on the paper before him. The child noticed it, but did not pay very much attention to what he was doing. When she had finished her story, the commissary, more sweetly than ever, asked all sorts of questions, as if his enthusiastic piety were interested beyond all measure in such heavenly marvels. He piled his questions one upon another, without any order, in short and pithy phrases, so as not to allow the child a moment for reflection.

To all his interrogations, Bernadette replied without any trouble, without a sign of hesitation, and with the tranquil assurance of one who is looking upon a landscape or a picture, and answering another who asks questions about it. At times, in order to explain her meaning, she made some imitative gesture to supply her scanty speech. The rapid pen of M. Jacomet, nevertheless, noted all her answers.

After this attempt to fatigue and entangle the mind of the child among numerous details, the terrible commissary of police assumed a threatening and angry expression, and suddenly changed his tone: "You lie!" he exclaimed violently, as if seized

* This faithful witness, whom we ourselves went to interrogate at Bordeaux, very willingly consented to collect memoranda and notes taken by him at the time of the events, and to furnish us with the means of completing the recital of Bernadette.

As to the report of the commissary of police respecting this conversation, we have vainly asked for this precious document at the *préfecture* of the Upper Pyrenees. It has been impossible for us to obtain a copy of it. The *préfecture*, moreover, closed the door against importunity, by stating that the parcel of papers relating to this affair had disappeared, perhaps by a simple disorder or accident, perhaps by being made away with by hands interested in its destruction.

We have likewise demanded from the Imperial court at Pau a copy of the report which M. Dutour, then *procureur impérial* at Lourdes, addressed to the *procureur-général* on this subject.

The *procureur-général* has refused to permit us to see and copy these papers, alleging that our request was contrary to an inflexible rule. Before this refusal, made, however, with perfect courtesy, we had always supposed that the archives were nothing more than a depository for such documents, and that their guardian was not at liberty to refuse to permit them to be seen when the request was in the name of history.

The Minister of Public Worship, to whom we have made reiterated and useless appeals, has followed the same non-committal policy. What is the cause of the instinctive terror which makes these high authorities vainly endeavor to keep truth under a bushel?

Therefore, if in speaking of the acts of the government some error slips into our history, the official world must take to itself the blame, since it has lost or refused to let us see the various documents. Fortunately, however, the numerous fragments which we have picked up in various places, and also the personal researches we have made, enable us to supply almost entirely the missing papers. We have been put to a little more trouble, that's all.

If, in spite of our efforts, our recital presents some inexact statements, we shall be happy to rectify them on the production of the official documents. We very much doubt if they will be produced.

with sudden wrath; "you are trying to cheat everybody; and if you do not confess, this very minute, the whole truth, I will have you taken off by the gendarmes."

Poor Bernadette was thunderstruck by this sudden and frightful metamorphosis, as one who, thinking to pick up a harmless bough, suddenly finds himself grasping the slimy and writhing coils of a venomous serpent. She was stupefied with fright, but, contrary to the shrewd calculations of M. Jacomet, she was not disconcerted. She remained tranquil, as if an invisible hand was sustaining her soul beneath this unexpected shock.

The commissary had risen and was looking toward the door, as if about to call the gendarmes to conduct her to the prison.

"Sir," said Bernadette, with sweet and peaceful firmness, which, in this feeble little peasant, appeared incomparably grand—"sir, you can send me with the gendarmes, but you cannot make me say anything different from what I have told you."

"We shall see about that," said the commissary, as he reseated himself, perceiving at a glance how utterly powerless were his menaces against this extraordinary child.

M. Estrade, a silent and impartial witness of this scene, was divided between the astonishment he felt at the convincing manner of Bernadette, and his admiration of the cunning policy which Jacomet had adopted, and whose aim he saw as the conversation developed.

The struggle now assumed an entirely unexpected character between the redoubled efforts of shrewdness and the innocent feebleness of childhood, deprived of any other defence than its truthful simplicity.

Jacomet, meanwhile, armed with the notes which he had been taking for three-quarters of an hour, began to repeat in a different order and in a thousand captious forms his previous interrogatories, putting always, according to his method, rough and rapid questions, and demanding immediate answers. He did not for a moment doubt his ability to entrap the little girl at least into some minor contradiction. This done, there was an end to the imposture, and he would become master of the situation. But he vainly exhausted all his wit in the many twistings of this subtle manœuvre. The child did not once contradict herself, not even in the least particular, in the least jot or tittle, as the Gospel says. However different might be the terms in which they were couched, she always gave the same answers to the same questions; if not the same in words, at least the same in substance, and with the same air of candor. M. Jacomet, nevertheless, still persisted. At all events, he would weary this simple intellect which he wished to catch in some false step. He turned and twisted the sense of the story which she had told of the apparition, but was unable to alter her representations. It was like an insect gnawing at a diamond.

"Very well," said he finally to Bernadette, "I shall now write out and read to you the official account of this which I am to send in."

He rapidly transcribed two or three pages from his notes. He intended to introduce some details varying from her former statements; for example, with reference to the kind of dress, or the length and position of the veil worn by the Blessed Virgin. This was a new trick. It was as fruitless as all the others had proved. For as he read on and asked from time to time, "This is all right, is it not?" Bernadette replied humbly, but with firmness as simple and sweet as it was immovable: "No, I did not

say that at all; I said this." Then she corrected the inexact particular.

Generally, Jacomet contested her answer. "But you said so-and-so; I wrote it down at the very time. And you have told several people the same thing," etc., etc.

How strange was the modest and yet invincible assurance of this little girl! M. Estrade remarked it with growing surprise. Personally, Bernadette appeared and really was extremely timid. Her attitude was humble and confused in the presence of strangers. And, nevertheless, on any point connected with the apparition she showed a force of character and an energy of affirmation that were by no means common. When asked to tell what she had seen, she answered without difficulty, and with perfect confidence. It was always easy, however, to recognize that virginal modesty of soul which loves to hide itself from the sight of all. Any one could see that it was only respect for the truth of which she was a messenger to men, only her love for the "Lady" who appeared at the grotto, that triumphed over her habitual timidity. It was duty alone which could overcome the sensitive and delicate reserve of her nature, which instinctively shrank from the public gaze.

The commissary again had recourse to threats: "If you persist in going to the grotto, I will have you put in prison. You shall not leave this place until you promise me not to do so any more."

"I have promised the 'Lady' to be there," answered the child; "and when the time comes I am forced by something within which calls and moves me."

The examination was evidently near its close. It had been long, occupying at the very least an hour. The people were waiting outside, not without considerable impatience, for the return of the child, whom they had seen that very morning transfigured in divine ecstasy. The confused sound of their voices could be heard in the room where the scene which we have just described was taking place. The noise seemed to swell and become threatening. Soon the crowd became agitated, as if some anxiously-expected person had arrived.

Almost immediately afterward, a violent knocking was heard at the door. The commissary did not appear to be disturbed by it.

The knocks became more violent, and whoever it was that gave them also attempted to open the door.

Jacomet, very much irritated, went himself to open it.

"You can't come in here," he said angrily. "What do you want?"

"I want my child!" answered Soubirous, the miller, and pushing by he entered, followed by the *commissaires*, the room where Bernadette was standing.

The peaceful countenance of his daughter calmed the father's anxious excitement, and he was no longer anything more than a poor man, in the presence of a personage who, in spite of his very humble position, was on account of his activity and his shrewdness one of the most important and influential men in the place.

François Soubirous had taken off his Béarnese cap, and began to twist it about in his hands. Jacomet, whom nothing could escape, saw at a glance the embarrassment of the miller.

He again put on his good-natured and compassionate look. He put his hand familiarly on the miller's shoulder.

"Soubirous," said he, "take care, take care! Your daughter is in a fair way to be committed to jail. If I

do not send her there now, it is on condition that you forbid her to go to that grotto where she performs her little comedy. On the first relapse, I shall be inflexible; and you know, besides, that the *procureur impérial* is not a pleasant personage to have to deal with."

"Since you wish it, M. Jacomet," said the poor, frightened father, "I shall forbid her, and her mother will do the same; and, as she has never disobeyed us, she will certainly not go there any more."

"At all events, if she does go, if this scandal continues, I shall hold to answer not only her, but likewise you," said the terrible commissary, as he dismissed them with a menacing gesture.

The people outside greeted with shouts of joy the reappearance of Bernadette and her father. Soon the little girl was home again, and the crowd dispersed through the town.

The commissary of police and the receiver of taxes were now alone, and they naturally compared their impressions of this strange examination.

"What immovable firmness in her answers!" said M. Estrade, struck with astonishment.

"What invincible obstinacy in her lies!" replied M. Jacomet, stung by his defeat.

"What a truthful manner!" continued the receiver. "Nothing in her language or gesture contradicted itself once. It is plain that she really believes all that she says."

"What a cunning mind!" answered the commissary. "She did not make a single slip, in spite of all my efforts. She has the whole story at her fingers' ends."

Nevertheless, both these gentlemen persisted in their incredulity as to the fact of the apparition. But a shade of difference already distinguished their negations, and this shade of difference separated them as widely as if there had been an abyss between them. One considered Bernadette adroit in her deception: the other judged her to be in good faith in her delusion.

"She is very sharp," said the former.

"She is sincere," said the latter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EARLY JESUIT MISSIONS IN MARYLAND.

In the month of March, in the year 1634, the Catholic cavaliers of England, after a long and perilous voyage, landed and took solemn possession of Maryland, where they were to establish their home and rear an empire. It was the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin; Mass was offered, after which a procession was formed, led by the governor and chief officers of the new colony, carrying on their shoulders an immense cross, which they planted on the shore, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was devoutly sung.

The colonists were delighted with their chosen home in the wilderness. Although so early in the season, the woods were vocal with the songs of many birds, the air mild and balmy as June, and the earth covered with every variety of rich and brilliant wild

flowers. They were grateful to God for the beautiful land which he had given them.

The ships which brought these Catholic pilgrims to Maryland were very appropriately named—the *Dove* and the *Ark*—for they came bearing the olive-branch rather than the sword—seeking to conciliate the Indians by kindness, not to exterminate them by war. Protestant historians are obliged to acknowledge that the intercourse of the Catholics of Maryland with the natives was far more blameless than that of the Protestants of New England and Virginia. Maryland was the only state which was not stained with the blood of the Indian. These Catholic colonists purchased the land which they required; they did not obtain it by fraud and murder.

The Maryland pilgrims were fortunate in having such a leader as Leonard Calvert, a man who united in a remarkable degree the wisdom, prudence, and discretion of age with the enterprise, courage, and daring of youth. The friendship and confidence of the Indians, which he soon won by his kindness, he retained by a strict fidelity to his contracts, and a faithful adherence to his promises. We have a remarkable instance of the early confidence and friendship of the Indians. A few days after the landing of the colonists, Governor Calvert gave an entertainment to several of the native chiefs. Governor Harvey of Virginia was also present. At the feast, the King of the Patuxents, as a special honor, was placed between the Governor of Maryland and the Governor of Virginia. Before this chieftain returned home, he made a speech to the Indians, in which he urged them to be faithful to their engagements with the English; and, in conclusion, used this extraordinary language: "I love the English so well that, if they should go about to kill me, if I had so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to revenge my death; for I know they would do no such thing, except it were through my own fault."

Of all that brave band of Catholic gentlemen and Catholic yeomen who abandoned their ancient homes in England to establish in America the glorious principles of civil and religious liberty, none are more worthy of our admiration than the two Jesuit fathers, White and Altham, who accompanied the expedition at the request of Lord Baltimore, "to attend the Catholic planters and settlers, and convert the native Indians." The colonists came to rear for themselves and for their children homes in a new and most delightful land. They came, like the children of promise, to a land flowing with milk and honey. Nature surrounded their path with fruits and flowers. The Indians received them as beings of a superior order, and invited them to share their homes and their lands. The present was bright, and the future promising.

Those good fathers came, induced by no such considerations. They neither sought nor desired an earthly reward. Burning with a divine enthusiasm, they left their sweet and quiet cloisters, to labor, and suffer, and die, it might be, for the salvation of poor ignorant and unknown savages, living in another hemisphere, thousands of miles away. Chateaubriand, with a magnificent burst of admiration, thus speaks of the Catholic mission:

"Here is another of those grand and original ideas which belong exclusively to the Christian religion. The ancient philosophers never quitted the enchanting walks of Academics and the pleasures of Athens to go, under the guidance of a sublime impulse, to civilize the savage, to instruct the ignorant, to cure the sick,

to clothe the poor, to sow the seeds of peace and harmony among hostile nations; but this is what Christians have done and are doing every day. Neither oceans nor tempests, neither the ices of the pole nor the heat of the tropics, can damp their zeal. They live with the Esquimaux in his seal-skin cabin; they subsist on train-oil with the Greenlander; they traverse the solitude with the Tartar or the Iroquois; they mount the dromedary of the Arab, or accompany the wandering Kaffre in his burning deserts; the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indians, have become their converts. Not an island, not a rock in the ocean, has escaped their zeal; and as, of old, the kingdoms of the earth were inadequate to the ambition of Alexander, so the globe itself is too contracted for their charity."

Father Andrew White was born in London, about the year 1579. The odious laws of Elizabeth, which denied the advantage of education to Catholics, were then in force in England, and young White was obliged to seek on the Continent the education which was denied him at home. He entered the English College at Douay, in Flanders; and, being called to the ecclesiastical state, was ordained in 1604–5. He soon afterwards repaired to England to assume the glorious but dangerous functions of a missionary priest. In 1606, his name appears in a list of forty-seven priests "who were, from different prisons, sent into perpetual banishment."

In the following year, he entered the Society of Jesus, and, after a novitiate of two years at Louvain, returned to England, where he labored as a missionary for several years. As the penalty was death to a priest who returned to England after banishment, his life was in constant danger while he remained in that country. He was, therefore, recalled to the Continent, and sent to Spain to assist in educating English Catholic students who were qualifying for the sacred ministry in England. While in Spain, he filled the chairs of Scripture, Scholastic Theology, and Hebrew with distinguished success. He afterwards taught divinity at Louvain and Liege. In Rev. Dr. Oliver's *Biography of English, Irish, and Scotch Jesuits*, Father White is described as "a man of transcendent talents."

This accomplished priest, at the first call of duty, left his books and the professor's chair, turned away from those intellectual pursuits which were so congenial and in which he had been so long and so successfully engaged, to bury himself in the wilderness among rude savages and illiterate peasants, to meet, perhaps, a martyr's death. More truly grand and heroic is such a career than that of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, who sacrificed the lives of millions that men might call them great.

Father White wrote to the General of his order in Rome an interesting narrative of the voyage and landing of the Maryland pilgrims, with a description of the country and its native inhabitants. This rare historical document, together with the various annual letters written by the Jesuit missionaries in Maryland, is preserved in the archives of the Society of Jesus. They were originally written in Latin, but have recently been translated into English, and form a most valuable contribution to the early history of Catholic Maryland.

Father White's journal furnishes a very interesting account of the Indians of Maryland. They are described as a simple, affectionate, frank, and confiding race; of a tall, erect, and handsome stature; living in rude huts, but full of native dignity; ig-

norant of the vices as well as of the refinements of civilization; liberal in disposition, grateful, and possessed of a wonderful desire for the culture and arts of the Europeans.

They were neither warlike nor numerous, and, with the exception of the Pascatoes and Susquehannocks, neither powerful nor enterprising, only occupying a very limited extent of territory. Father White thus speaks of them:

"When rulers and kings are spoken of, let no one form an august idea of men such as are the different princes of Europe. For these Indian kings, though they have the most absolute power of life and death over their people, and in certain prerogatives of honors and wealth excel others, nevertheless in their personal appearance are scarcely in anything removed from the multitude. The only peculiarity by which you can distinguish a chief from the common people is some badge, either a collar made of a rude jewel, or a belt, or a cloak ornamented with circles of shells. The kingdoms of these chiefs are generally confined to the narrow boundaries of a single village and the adjacent country."

The Jesuit missionaries began their pious labors among the Indians soon after the landing of the colonists. At first, their ministrations were confined to the natives who resided in the immediate neighborhood of the new settlement, Governor Calvert not deeming it safe for them to live among the Indians. But in four or five years the colony had become so large, and was so generally extended over the province, that it was considered safe for the missionaries to reside among the Indians. The Patuxent tribe gave Father White a plantation on the Patuxent River, where he established a missionary station, built a store-house, and made it the starting-point for their various expeditions into the interior of the country. These excursions were generally made by water, as the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay afforded the most convenient means of transportation from place to place.

A father, a servant, and an interpreter embarked in a pinnace, carrying with them two chests: one containing bread, butter, cheese, and other provisions; the other filled with a variety of articles—a bottle of wine for the sacrifice of the Mass; six bottles containing holy water for baptism; a casket with the sacred vessels; a small table, or altar; another casket full of beads, bells, combs, fish-hooks, and other trifling things which the Indians prized. They were also provided with a little tent, which sheltered them when obliged to sleep in the open air, and that was very often.

They always endeavored to reach an Indian village or an English house by night. Failing in this, they landed; and while the father moored the boat to the shore, collected fuel, and made a fire, the others went hunting. The evening repast over and the evening prayers said, they lay down by the fire and took their rest.

So early as the year 1639, these devoted soldiers of the cross had extended their missionary work all through the country then embraced in the colony of Maryland. Four priests and one lay assistant were the only laborers in this immense vineyard. But their zeal was equal to the task, and they had the happiness of seeing their zealous labors crowned with success. The piety of the missionaries, their pure lives, their perfect self-devotion, filled the minds of the Indians with respect and wonder. They pointed out the way of salvation, and walked the "steep and thorny way" themselves. They practised the virtues which they taught, and fully exemplified by their own lives the truth, the beauty, and the

sanctity of the Gospel which they preached.

Many tribes were visited, and many converts made. Four permanent stations were established: one at St. Mary's, the seat of the colony; one at Mattapany, one at Kent Island, and one at Kittamaquindi, the capital of the Indian king Tayac. From these several stations, they penetrated into the interior in every direction, preaching the truths of Christianity to the savages, and contributing by their gentle influence to the peace and security of the settlement. By making the Indians Christians, they made them friends; and thus Maryland was spared the bloody wars which stained the early history of all the other American colonies.

This year (1639), Father White took up his residence with the Pascatoes, or Patapscoes. Tayac, the king of this powerful tribe, treated the missionary with great cordiality, and insisted upon him residing in his palace. The queen showed her attachment to the holy guest by preparing meat and bread for him with her own hands.

The Patapscoes occupied about one hundred and thirty miles of territory, lying on both sides of the Patapsco River. Their chief town, or capital, was probably on the very spot where Baltimore now stands; if so, the inhabitants of that beautiful city are daily walking over the seat of ancient Indian power and glory.

Shortly after the arrival of Father White, Tayac was seized with a dangerous sickness. Forty medicine-men tried their remedies upon him in vain. At length, at the request of the sick chief, Father White, who added a knowledge of medicine to his other accomplishments, prescribed the necessary remedies, and caused the patient to be bled. He began to recover immediately, and in a short time was perfectly restored to health.

Father White availed himself of his newly-acquired influence to instruct the king and his family in the Christian religion. The example and instructions of the pious missionary produced the most happy result. Tayac, at a grand council of his tribe, announced his determination, and that of his family, to abjure their superstitions, and to worship the only true God—the God of the Christians. Soon after, he accompanied Father White to St. Mary's, where his conduct was most edifying. He desired to be baptized immediately; but the good father deemed it better to postpone the ceremony until the king returned among his own people, when his family, and such others as were prepared, might be admitted to the sacrament at the same time.

The 5th of July, 1640, was appointed for this solemn and interesting ceremony. It was made the occasion of a very imposing display, in order to impress the minds of the savages with the beauty and grandeur of the Christian religion. In the presence of Governor Calvert, his secretary, many of the principal inhabitants of the province, and a crowd of wonder-struck natives, Tayac, his queen, their child, and several of the chief men of his council, were solemnly admitted into the Catholic Church by the regenerating waters of baptism. The king received the name of Charles, in honor of Charles I. of England; his queen, that of Mary. In the afternoon, the king and queen were married according to the rites of the Church. Soon after, Tayac sent his daughter to St. Mary's to receive a liberal and Christian education.

Great results were expected to follow from the conversion of Tayac, but he died in the following year, in

the pious practice and firm belief of the Catholic faith. His daughter was now queen of the Patapscoes; she had already acquired the English language, and was baptized at St. Mary's soon after the death of her father. Many of the natives followed the example of Tayac and his family. The inhabitants of the town of Potopaco, to the number of one hundred and thirty, together with their queen, were baptized. The young queen of Patuxent Town and her mother were converted. Anacostan, a powerful sachem, not only became a good Christian, but wished to take up his residence among the whites as a citizen of the colony.

In the winter of 1642, Father White was returning from one of his annual visits to St. Mary's by water, and was detained by the ice nearly opposite Potomac Town, in Virginia. Always anxious to do good, he crossed the ice on foot to the Indian town, where he remained nine weeks instructing the natives in the saving truths of the Gospel. His zeal was rewarded: the chief of the town and its principal inhabitants were converted, also a neighboring chief, with many of his tribe; a third with his wife and son; and still a fourth chief of very high rank, whose conversion prepared the way for his whole tribe to enter the one fold as soon as they could receive the necessary instructions.

"The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." So it was with those noble missionaries of Maryland. Exhausted by their excessive and incessant labors, they continued their glorious work as long as they had strength to preach the Gospel or to pour the saving water of baptism upon the heads of the poor savages. Like true soldiers of the cross, they died on the field of battle. Father Altham was the first of this devoted little band who perished. He died on the 5th of November, 1640, at St. Mary's. Father Brock, the superior of the Jesuits in Maryland, in announcing this sad event to the general of the order, alludes to the difficulties, dangers, and privations which they had to undergo, but expresses the most unbounded confidence in the protection of an ever-watchful Providence; concluding with this magnanimous language: "In whatever manner it shall please the Divine Majesty to dispose of us, may his will be accomplished. For my part, I would rather, laboring in the conversion of these Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succor, and perishing with hunger, than ever think of abandoning this holy work of God from fear of want. God grant that I may render him some service; the rest I leave to his providence."

On the 5th of June, 1641, only five weeks after uttering this most generous and most Christian sentiment, Father Brock went to enjoy the reward of his earthly labors.

Earnest appeals were now made by the few remaining Jesuits in Maryland to their brethren in Europe, in which it was said that "a harvest is placed within our reach, the labor of which will be richly repaid with fruit. The greatest fear is, that we shall not have laborers enough to collect so abundant a crop. Let not those who may be sent to our assistance fear that they will be destitute of the necessary supports of life; for he who clothes the lily of the valley and feeds the birds of the air will not suffer those engaged in extending his heavenly kingdom to want the necessary supplies."

These appeals were not made in vain. Dozens of English Jesuits begged to be sent upon the glorious Maryland mission. Their letters to the provincial soliciting this privilege are full of the most ardent zeal and

most edifying self-devotion. The few fathers who could be spared for this distant vineyard of the Lord proved that they were worthy to be chosen.

But, in 1644, the peace and prosperity which had hitherto blessed the colony of Maryland were sadly interrupted. The civil war between the king and parliament, which had been fiercely raging in England for several years, seemed about to be decided in favor of the parliament. A colony of Puritans, who had been banished from Virginia, which tolerated neither Catholics nor dissenters, after being cordially welcomed in Maryland, which tolerated men of every Christian sect, repaid kindness by dissension and hospitality by civil war. Led on by the notorious Claiborne, who had been a deadly enemy of the Maryland colony from its first settlement, and one Ingle, a pirate, smuggler, rebel, and murderer, they succeeded in driving Governor Calvert into Virginia, and obtained complete possession of the province. The conquerors immediately commenced to plunder and oppress the Catholics, Episcopalians, and all who adhered to the proprietary's government.

The missionaries, who had scrupulously avoided taking any side in the exciting political questions of the time, were seized by the marauders, their stations robbed and broken up, and they themselves sent in chains to England. Among them was the venerable and good Father White, who had spent ten years of unceasing labor in the Maryland mission. He never saw his rude but beloved flock in the wilderness again. Banished from England, he returned to the kingdom in defiance of the penal laws, and exercised for some time his duties as a priest. Again arrested, he remained in close and cruel confinement until his death, which occurred in 1656, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Truly grand and beautiful was the career of Father White, who well deserved the triple crown of a scholar by his learning, of a saint by his sanctity, and by his missionary labors the glorious title of *Apostle of Maryland.* Compared with his noble and generous deeds, how mean, how poor, how useless, appear the lives of—

> "Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
> Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen."

This imperfect sketch will convey some idea of the work accomplished by the Jesuit missionaries in Maryland. They brought the twofold blessings of religion and civilization: the Indians were good, docile, and eager for instruction and improvement. Both the teachers and the taught have long since passed away, but the good work then commenced has increased year after year, and become the glorious American Catholic Church of our day, which has extended its saving influence all over this vast republic.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

"'Jasper first,' I said,
'And second sapphire, third chalcedony;
The rest in order—last an amethyst.'"

"THERE! I have finished *Aurora Leigh*, and those last words remind me of your promise; and permit me to claim it this evening, *ma chère tante*. Have you forgotten that long ago you said that, the next time I came to see you, you would show me your jewels and tell me something about precious stones in general?"

"No, I had not at all forgotten it; and I have brought my jewels out, and am ready to redeem my pledge now. First I will open the case of diamonds."

"Oh! how beautiful. See how they sparkle on their beds of crimson velvet! Don't tell me they are crystallized carbon—only another form of that ugly lump of coal lying in the hod there; I can't believe it! Tell me they are crystallized dew, tears shed by the Peris when turned out of paradise, and I will credit it."

"Still, dear, it is the truth; any chemist can show you of what a diamond is made by destroying its present form. But who can make one? And so it is of all jewels. The ruby, the sapphire, are only crystallized clay; yet what imitations can equal nature? The opal, the topaz, the emerald, and the amethyst are but colored pebbles, tinged more or less with the great coloring matter of mineral nature, iron."

"Please tell me, are the stones mentioned in the description of the New Jerusalem, in the Bible, those which are known to us by the same names?"

"Some are, some are not. The sapphire of the ancients is supposed by mineralogists to have been simply the stone called by us lapis-lazuli; and the two onyx stones 'inclosed in ouches of gold, graven as signets, and with the names of the children of Israel,' that were placed in the ephod, on the shoulders of the high-priest, as described in the Scriptures, were really diamonds.

"During the middle ages, how and where gems were found remained almost as much a mystery as among the ancients. The merchants of Venice, who were the first to penetrate to the East Indies, kept their secrets well. Of course most wonderful accounts were given of the origin and qualities of their wares, and their value was proportionably enhanced. It was said there was an inaccessible valley in Arabia, where diamonds lay 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa;' and the only means of obtaining the gems was to throw pieces of raw meat down into the valley, from the rocks above; the vultures eagerly pounced upon this food, and carried it away, and with it the jewels that adhered. The diamond hunters immediately sought the nests of the birds, recaptured the meat, and picked off the diamonds. Marco Paulo, the great traveller who visited India in the thirteenth century, gives this as the manner of obtaining diamonds, and his description is identical with that given in the *Arabian Nights* in the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. Tavernier, a traveller of the seventeenth century and a jeweller by trade, was the first to give a faithful and detailed account of the diamond mines, and

how they were worked. He visited all the mines of Golconda—those mines that have become a proverb. Their discovery, as that of many another, was the result of accident. An ignorant shepherd stumbled over a shiny pebble, which took his fancy, but which he afterward changed for a little rice. The one into whose hands it thus fell was as ignorant as the other of its value; he sold it for a trifling sum, and thus it passed, after several transfers, into the possession of a merchant who knew its worth, and with infinite trouble traced it back to its original finder, and the place where it was discovered.

"Another mine was found in nearly the same way—that of Gani, in the same kingdom. The finder was a poor man who was preparing to sow millet; he knew the value of his discovery, and carried the stone he had picked up to the capital. The dealers in such things were greatly delighted and surprised at its size, for it weighed twenty-five carats."

"How much is a carat, aunty?"

"It weighs about three and a half grains, I think. The same mine yielded much larger ones. One presented to a traitor who had betrayed the king of Golconda, by the prince whom he served, weighed seven hundred and eighty-seven carats.

"There are diamond mines in Africa, and in the island of Borneo; also in Siberia, and among the Ural mountains. Brazil rivals Golconda in her diamonds, and their discovery too was an accident. There they are found in the beds of rivers, and are washed out by the natives.

"The diamond is the king of gems, and is the hardest body known. Its electric qualities are shown even in its rough state; while no other uncut gem possesses this quality. When first dug from its mine, it is covered with a thick crust, which only another diamond can remove. Every substance in nature can be cut by the diamond; the diamond can only be cut by itself. There have been found specimens of these superb stones, blue, yellow, rose, and green—even black; but the latter very rarely. Now, I think that is all I can tell you about the diamond as a stone. There are various ways of cutting them; brilliant, rose, table, etc. But I don't think you would understand by a verbal description. The most of those diamonds are 'rose-cut;' that *solitaire* ring is a 'table'—the least valuable of all the styles of cutting.

"Now I will put these back and open the next case, which contains pearls. I never see this stone without thinking of poor Mary Stuart; this was her favorite gem, and she must have looked very lovely in 'gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls.' Her pearls were the admiration of all who saw them, and were famous through Europe. Miss Strickland describes Elizabeth's mean robbery—for it was nothing else—of these long-coveted gems, and gives Mary's letter to her "sister and cousin" on the subject, which, if the latter had any conscience, must have heaped coals of fire on her head. These beautiful stones, when genuine, are either the result of disease or the eggs of the oyster which did not hatch, and gradually became covered with *nacre*, the secretion of the fish. You have read descriptions of the Indian pearl fisheries, and how the poor divers are often cheated out of their hard earnings.

"Pearls are manufactured, too, by inserting beads or some foreign substance in the oyster, which by degrees becomes covered with *nacre*. But these are always inferior in beauty, being irregular in shape, and consequently not so valuable as those produced by nature. At the late Exposition, however, in Paris, the French

chemists displayed some beautiful pearls that had never seen the inside of an oyster-shell, and yet could not be distinguished from natural ones. This is the first instance in which chemically manufactured gems in any degree approached in beauty and value those of nature.

"Chemistry has shown that the pearl can readily be dissolved in acids; consequently Cleopatra's act is robbed of its wonder, and indeed it has several times been imitated.

"Pearls were found in great profusion in the South American and Mexican coasts after their discovery; but the demand for them from Europe was so great they soon became exhausted. They are found also on the coast of Wales and of England, but of an inferior kind.

"I have mentioned pearls next to diamonds; but in value the ruby ranks second. Open that case on the table, and I will show you some beautiful rubies—not the necklace; in that, though the gems are very beautiful, they are only garnets—the ear-rings are the oriental ruby, the most beautiful of the several kinds of the same stone; see of what an exquisite color they are when held up to the light. Do you know I value this pair of ear-rings almost as much as I do those diamond ones?"

"They are certainly very beautiful; but why do you say the stones in the necklace are *only* garnets—they are very beautiful."

"Yes, they are very beautiful, for they are Syriam garnets—so called from Syriam, the capital of Pegu—and are often confounded with the ruby; but they are a far inferior stone, neither taking so fine a polish nor giving nor reflecting so beautiful a light. The garnet has a black tinge, owing to the oxide of iron which is its coloring matter; the different shades of the garnet come from the presence, more or less, besides the oxide of iron, of manganese, chromium, lime, or magnesia. There are yellow, green, rose-color, and white garnets; the ruby is pure alumina, or clay without its silicious ingredients, and its coloring matter is chromic acid, while the garnet is a silicate of alumina, colored by metallic oxides.

"Rubies are of three classes, the oriental, the singel, and the balas; the last is of a rose tint, and not very valuable unless of a certain weight.

"There is a ring with an emerald surrounded by pearls. This is very valuable, because it is a perfect stone, and perfect emeralds have passed into a proverb. According to chemists, the emerald is a double silicate of alumina and glucina. At first the beautiful green of the emerald was attributed to oxide of chromium, but it is now thought to be due to the presence of some organic matter. The Duke of Devonshire has the largest known emerald; it is an uncut, six-sided prism, two inches in width and from one to two and a half inches in length, and weighs over eight ounces. The emerald is a soft, light stone.

"Now I will show you my topaz set—Brazilian topaz. They were made for my mother by my father's orders, when he was living at Rio Janeiro. See this crescent; it has Brazilian diamonds each side of the row of topaz, and the gold is South American gold; you see it is of a reddish tinge, much richer than that from California. Put the crescent on black velvet or ribbon, and see how much better it is shown; my mother wore it in the turban head-dress it was then the style to wear; the topazes are very beautiful in it, but I think the cross is the more chaste. See, there are no diamonds in the cross, only the clear, pure topaz. The ear-rings are by no means old-fashioned in shape even for these days; but the bracelets are the least

handsome part of the set—with the chains of gold and a large topaz in each clasp.

"The topaz is another silicate of alumina, with a little fluorine; there are red, blue, pink, and white topaz. The best stones come from Brazil; though this is a disputed honor, some claiming precedence for the oriental. They are found in New Wales and Ceylon. Large ones are also found in Scotland, in the Cairngorm mountains, although a kind of rock crystal called the Cairngorm stones is also found in the same mountains, and the two are confounded.

"There is a pair of sapphire ear-rings; some call this stone the blue ruby, but though a beautiful gem, it is not as valuable as the ruby. The largest sapphire known is in the museum of mineralogy in Paris. It is called the Ruspoh, and weighs 132 carats.

"In that box is a ring set with one large amethyst. This is a very rare stone, so rare that my father always doubted its genuineness. Amethysts are crystallized quartz or silica, colored by small quantities of oxide of manganese. They are found in the East Indies, Hungary, Bohemia, and particularly in Oberstein in Saxony; they are also found in Brazil.

"There are a number of jewels in that box. A set of agate studs—agates are quartz, and can easily be polished; they are never transparent nor wholly opaque. Agates are of every variety of agate, and some are very beautiful. Here is an onyx pin; this is a kind of agate. You see it is in layers of different colors, generally brown and white and black. The sardonyx has a red tinge (whence the name, *sard*), in place of one of the more usual colors, and the chalcedonyx is of a milky blue tinge.

"Jasper, of which the bloodstone is a variety (so called from the veins and specks of bright red through it), lapis-lazuli, amber, malachite, and feldspath, are more or less used for ornaments. The last is found everywhere; it is white, and not as hard as quartz. Malachite is a hydrated carbonate of copper. Marcasite ranks with it, and is a kind of iron pyrites. Mirrors of marcasite were found in the tombs of the Peruvians. It is capable of a very high polish.

"Amber you have heard more about than any of the others. Modern mineralogists have been at a loss to account for this peculiar substance; it is of vegetable origin, being the fossil resin of a pine-tree. Sometimes pieces of amber have insects imbedded in them, and perfectly preserved. It is very transparent, though occasionally quite opaque; when burnt, it gives out a very fragrant odor. It possesses strong electrical qualities; and this perhaps accounts for the great value set upon it by the ancients. It is found in Asia Minor, China, and Sicily, and also along the Prussian shores of the Baltic. Many romantic and charming fables are connected with this stone; you easily recall Moore's lines:

"'Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept.'"

"Here is an opal stud, aunty; you forgot that."

"Yes, I had passed that by; and yet it is a most interesting stone to one who loves romance; for it was this stone which was said to reveal the absent love's truth or falsehood; paling if false, glowing in roseate hues as long as he or she was faithful. Black opals are found, but very rarely, in Egypt. The harlequin opal is a hydrated silica; it is not so precious as the noble opal, which is of a milky whiteness, exhibiting a rich play of colors, green, red, blue, and yellow. Opals are found in Hungary, Germany, and Honduras.

"But the opal was not the only stone

which was supposed to have some secret power. Almost every stone had some superstition attached to it. The emerald as well as the opal could warn of treachery by the paling or glowing of its light; you remember where L. E. L. speaks of it:

> "'It is a gem which hath the power to show
> If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:
> If faithful, it is like the leaves in spring;
> If faithless, like those leaves when withering.'

"The emerald also puts evil spirits to flight, if set in a ring or worn round the neck. I believe it also brought eloquence and increased wealth to its owner. Amethysts were thought to be antidotes against intoxication. Its name in Greek, amethystos, has that meaning."

"Had the diamond no mysterious properties?"

"Yes, it calmed anger and increased love; it gave victory and strength of mind and body. From its quality of strengthening love, it was called the stone of reconciliation, a name which, however, might be given to almost any of the others, or to all; for how many quarrels, how many heart-scalds, have been healed or salved by presents of these gems! It is said also that, in presence of guilt, the diamond loses its lustre.

"The oriental ruby or carbuncle, ground to powder and taken internally, was considered an antidote against poison. It also changed its color to a darker hue if danger of any kind, except death, threatened the wearer. If death was impending, the stone became pale. The ruby, like the diamond, possesses the power of giving light in darkness; this power has, of course, been much exaggerated by the ancients, but modern writers confirm it to a certain extent.

"Almost all precious stones are electric—that is, electricity can be evolved from them by friction; but none perhaps more than the amber. It would be an endless task to tell you all the properties attributed to precious stones—a task too long, at least, for this evening."

"You have not said a word about turquoise. Do you remember this ring you gave me for a birthday gift?"

"There are two kinds of turquoise, the eastern, which is the real gem, and is a phosphate of alumina, colored by oxide of copper; and the odontolite, or bone turquoise. The former was found first in Turkey, hence its name; it is very rare, and consequently very high-priced. The odontolite turquoise is teeth of fossil mammalia colored by phosphate of iron. The real gem is very hard and of a beautiful azure blue, opaque but slightly transparent at the edges. They are found in Turkey, Persia, and Arabia Petræa. The odontolite is found in France; these can be acted upon by acids, though the real ones cannot; they are not so hard as the latter, and when burnt give out a very strong animal odor.

"Precious stones are long-lived, if I may so speak. Handed down from generation to generation, who can tell what they have passed through, how often they have changed owners, or what their age? Had they but the gift of speech, what stories they could tell! The gems that flash or gleam upon the person of a modern belle may be the very stones upon the gift or rejection of which empires have fallen and kingdoms been convulsed by war and bloodshed. And the gems flash back no record of the past. No tears have crystallized upon their surface—no drops of blood congealed there; yet perhaps the faultless hand of a Mary Stuart or Marie Antoinette caressed them; the cruel touch of an Elizabeth or a Catharine de' Medicis is among the memories they could recall!

"Nor was the love of the glitter and

display of elaborate toilettes, or the aid of precious stones in dress, confined to the old world alone. In the wilds of Mexico and among the South American mountains the natives were fully aware of their value and beauty. You have read in Prescott and others of Montezuma's magnificence and the sad story of the Peruvian Inca.

"Of all nations of the east, India and Persia are the most famed in this matter of precious stones. We read of the army of Darius, magnificent beyond anything in its equipments, etc. The 'immortals,' a body of picked troops, wore collars of gold and dresses of cloth-of-gold, while the sleeves of their jackets were covered with precious stones and gold embroidery.

"The women of those days were as fond of decking their persons with gems, and did so to a far greater extent than do their modern sisters.

"Nor were the Greeks behind the Persians; for history tells us of Alexander's chariot enriched with gold, his gorget covered with precious stones, and his mantle embroidered with gold and gems. In saying 'Greeks,' of course I don't include the Spartans. With them every kind of luxury, cleanliness included, was strictly forbidden; even their money was of iron, and it required a cart and a yoke of oxen to carry from one place to another a sum equal to only a few dollars of our coinage.

"The Romans, after they had conquered the world by physical force, were conquered in their turn by the superior luxury of some of their captives; Greece and Carthage, bowing to the yoke of their conquerors, threw around them the chains of beauty and epicurean enjoyment.

"When Paulus Æmilius returned from the conquest of Macedonia, he laid before the astonished Romans the magnificent spoils of Greece, and his countrymen were not slow to appropriate and follow the taste for extravagances thus excited, and soon outstripped their teachers. On the occasion of Pompey's triumph, there were displayed a chess-board with all its pieces set with precious stones; thirty-three crowns of pearls; the famous golden vine of Aristobulus, estimated by the historian Josephus at five hundred talents (2,400,000 frcs.); the throne and sceptre of Mithridates, his chariot also, glistening with gold and precious stones, were among the trophies.

"Lucan in his *Pharsalia* describes the hall in which Cleopatra feasted Cæsar—columns of porphyry, ivory porticoes, pavements of onyx, thresholds of tortoise-shell, in which were set emeralds; furniture inlaid with yellow jaspers, and couches studded with gems—a description hardly to be credited did not history indorse it.

"Caligula built ships of cedar and inlaid them with gems; his mantle was embroidered with gold and jewels, and his favorite horse wore a collar of pearls.

"Nero's house had panels of mother-of-pearl, enriched with gold and gems; and Heliogabalus wore sandals covered with gems.

"Roman luxury spread among the Goths, to whom before it had been little known. They were fond of high colors and of gold, but knew little or nothing of precious stones. Surpassing everything, but true, are the accounts of the magnificence, the treasures of gold and silver, possessed by these rude despoilers of Roman grandeur. But haven't I talked you almost to sleep, child?"

"No indeed! Please 'tell on,' as the children say, unless you are tired."

"Oh! not at all. Well, then, we will leave the barbarians and their splendor, and turn to more civilized ages—to Charlemagne's sad watch

beside the lake into which the talismanic ring had been cast; and look into his tomb when opened by Frederic Barbarossa, who sought to rob the dead monarch of his golden chair, upon which he sat in his imperial robes with his jewel-covered sword at his side, his diadem on his head, and his golden shield and gemmed sceptre hanging before him.

"As Christianity spread, gold and silver and precious stones were lavished upon the service of God, and no church in France owned greater treasure than St. Denis. The Abbé Suger presented it with a crucifix profusely ornamented with precious stones, which was destroyed by the Leaguers in 1590. The church besides had shrines, crosses, and chalices of gold, enamelled and jewelled, presents from Charles the Bold; Ptolemy's famous drinking-cup of agate; the sceptre of Dagobert, a gold eagle set with sapphires and other gems with which he clasped his mantle; the gifts of Charlemagne, etc.

"Gems were also devoted to enriching the houses and plate, and the dresses of the laity.

"The wedding-gifts of Henry III. to the beautiful Eleanore of Provence cost him thirty thousand pounds. Miss Strickland enumerates in this queen's trousseau 'nine guirlands, or chaplets, for her hair, formed of gold filigree and clusters of colored precious stones. For state occasions she had a crown most glorious with gems, worth fifteen hundred pounds at that era.' Her girdles were worth five thousand marks, and the coronation present from her sister queen, Margaret of France, was a large silver peacock, a receptacle for scented water, whose train was set with pearls, sapphires, and other gems.

"But it is in the history of Charles the Bold, and the preceding and subsequent reigns of the Dukes of Burgundy, that we find the most astonishing accounts of expensive and lavishly ornamented garments.

"When Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, met the Duke of Lancaster at Amiens in 1391, his wardrobe was on a scale of great magnificence. One surcoat was of black velvet; on the left sleeve, which hung as low as the hem of the garment, was a large branch of a rose-tree with twenty flowers. Some of these roses were of sapphires surrounded by pearls, others by rubies; the buds were pearls; and the collar was similarly embroidered. A wreath of Spanish genet (in compliment to the English king) surrounded the button-holes, the pods formed of pearls and sapphires. His other dresses were equally magnificent. One was of crimson velvet; down each side was embroidered in silver a bear, whose collar, muzzle, and chain were of rubies and sapphires. With this dress he wore a bracelet of gold set with rubies.

"The Duke of Burgundy was the wealthiest prince in Europe. He and his son John spent large sums in gold and silver and jewels. Not only their own jewellers, but those of Florence, Lucca, Genoa, and Venice contributed to the indulgence of these tastes. It is said that the art of cutting and polishing the diamond was discovered in the reign of Charles the Bold; but as these stones were in great demand during the times of his ancestors, it would seem that the art must have been discovered earlier.

"When the son of Philip the Bold was married at Cambray to the Princess of Bavaria, in 1396, the duke distributed diamonds among the ladies to the amount of seventy-seven thousand eight hundred francs. At his death, his wife was compelled, in order to save his territorial possessions for his children, to declare her husband bankrupt. All his store of je-

wels, etc., was not sufficient to pay his debts.

"In 1406, when Louis XI. succeeded to the throne and made his public entry into Paris, Philip the Good of Burgundy wore jewels to the value of one million francs. His dress and the trappings of his horse were covered with them; he literally shone with diamonds. When he visited the churches, during his stay in Paris, he made costly presents to the altar. He changed his jewels daily, sometimes wearing a belt covered with diamonds, and a rosary of precious stones; again, a hat covered with them, or a surcoat sparkling with gems. He was, at his death, in 1467, the wealthiest prince of his age, notwithstanding that in liberality he exceeded his predecessors.

"Although many of the European courts were on the verge of bankruptcy, although their armies were ill-paid and the people starving, still the nobles and the members of the royal families seemed never at a loss for means to gratify their taste for display and love of personal adornment with jewels and jewellers' work.

"Of all the kings of France, none was as parsimonious as Louis XI., and none, not even excepting Louis XIV., was more magnificent in his outlay for jewels and golden ornaments than Francis I. His presents to his mistresses, particularly Madame de Chateaubriand and the Duchess d'Estampes, and to his relatives and friends, were unequalled, if we may believe Miss Pardoe and Miss Strickland. The famous Field of the Cloth of Gold—'where,' to use the words of an ancient chronicler, 'many of the nobles carried their castles, forests, and mills on their backs,' so great was the outlay necessary for the occasion—has often been described.

Nor were Henry VIII. and Wolsey behind the French king and his ministers in their display.

"Francis's presents to the beautiful Countess de Chateaubriand were not only priceless in value, but beautiful in design, owing to the good taste of his sister, Marguerite de Valois.

"The Duchess d'Estampes was of a grasping, miserly nature, and the poor king soon found her chains were not of roses. Still his infatuation for her and her power over him were so strong that he could refuse her nothing, and we read of the large sums spent by him to gratify her with amazement; the more so as his wars with Charles V. and Henry of England drained the country and reduced his subjects to the greatest sufferings for the very necessities of life. Yet we see the weak, pleasure-loving monarch diverting sums voted him reluctantly by his parliament, for the prosecution of the wars, to supply a passing desire of the beautiful duchess, or to gratify some one of her many extravagant tastes.

"Elizabeth of England was as fond of jewels as her Bluebeard father. Her dresses were heavily embroidered with pearls, emeralds, and rubies, and even her couch was studded with precious gems—even diamonds.

"Mary Stuart's jewels were very fine and very numerous; her pearls I have mentioned. When she was married to the dauphin, her train of blue-gray velvet, some six or seven yards long, was covered with precious stones. She danced in it, too, although it must have weighed considerable; it had to be carried by six young ladies, who, of course, had to follow her through the mazes of the dance.

"Gradually, through the reigns of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, royal and noble personages have laid aside their lavishly-ornamented and voluminous robes, and now, except on occasions of ceremony or great state, they dress

like ordinary mortals; so that sometimes it would be difficult to tell by the dress which was an earl and which his butler."

"But I think the change is for the worse; don't you, aunty? I admire exceedingly the dresses worn by men in the days of Francis I. and Charles II. Then dress meant something; now I defy you to find a meaning in it."

"It is certainly not so picturesque; but you must admit that it is more convenient."

"Perhaps so. But tell me, is the 'Regent' or the 'Koh-i-noor' the largest diamond in the world?"

"Neither can claim that honor. The largest diamond in the world is not yet cut, and belongs to the Rajáh of Matan in Borneo; it weighs 367 carats. The 'Orloff' weighs 193 carats; the 'Grand Tuscan,' 139½; the 'Regent,' 137; the 'Star of the South,' 125; and the 'Koh-i-noor,' 122. The diamond owned by the Rajah of Matan has been little seen. The Malays are very proud of it, and attribute all sorts of powers to it. The English have tried to buy it, but the rajah has always refused to part with it.

"The 'Orloff' was once among the crown jewels of the Grand Mogul. When he was defeated by the Shah of Persia, these jewels were stolen, and after a while this remarkable stone was offered for sale. The Russians outbid the English for the diamond, and it was bought by Count Orloff for Catharine of Russia for four hundred and fifty thousand roubles and a patent of nobility. This stone is the size of a pigeon's egg, but its shape is defective, though its lustre is very fine.

"The 'Grand Tuscan' is an heirloom in the Austrian imperial family; it is slightly tinged with yellow, which lessens its value. It is a 'rose-cut,' nine-sided, looking like a star with nine rays. This diamond was for a long time in the Medici family. After the Emperor Maximilian owned it, it was frequently called by his name.

"The most valuable and beautiful, though not the largest, diamond in Europe, is the 'Regent.' Before cutting it weighed 410 carats; the cutting, which occupied two years, reduced its size to 137 carats. It is cut as a brilliant. The name was given it because the Duke of Orleans, when Regent of France, bought it for Louis XV. for ninety-two thousand pounds. It was brought from India in 1717 by the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, who was governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies, and who, for the five years he owned it, suffered constant dread of its being stolen. Its weight in the rough was 410 carats. This stone is now in the imperial diadem, though the great Napoleon wore it in the hilt of his sword of state. Pawned, sold, stolen, given away, and passing through several revolutions, this beautiful gem has always been regained by France, and is justly considered one of the most valuable of the state jewels.

"The 'Star of the South' belongs to the royal family of Portugal. It weighs one hundred and twenty-five carats, and is estimated as worth about three millions sterling. This stone was found in the interior of Brazil by three men, who were banished as a punishment into the wildest part of the country. Their discovery, of course, procured their pardon.

"The 'Koh-i-noor' is the most unfortunate of all. Once the largest ever known, weighing nine hundred carats, it is now the sixth in size of the paragon diamonds, and weighs only one hundred and twenty-two carats. A Venetian diamond-cutter, Borgis by name, is responsible for this injury to the stone. The name signifies mountain of light, and this diamond, it is

said, was worn by an Indian rajah, Kanah, three thousand and one years before Christ. After many changes and transfers, it at last came into the possession of the English, and has been recut and very much improved by the process. According to Mr. Tennant, only a portion of this great stone has been brought from India. He says the great Russian diamond, and a large diamond slab captured at Coreham in the harem of the chief, and the Koh-i-noor, were once one stone.

"The 'Shah of Persia,' so called because that monarch presented it to the Emperor Nicholas, is of fine water and lustre, but its shape is irregular, being a long prism. It weighs eighty-six and three-sixteenth carats, and is valued at two hundred and twenty thousand francs. The names of its former owners, Indian princes, are engraved on this gem.*

"Perhaps there is no stone of which more conflicting stories are told and histories given than the 'Sancy.' The stone so called is now among the crown jewels of France; it is pear-shaped and beautifully white and clear. According to some, this stone belonged to Charles the Bold, and was lost out of the hilt of his sword at Granson. According to others, he wore it in his helmet. Some say he wore it and another, a larger diamond, suspended around his neck, and that the larger one was found by a peasant; it was sold for graduating prices, and bought by peasants, merchants, dukes, and princes, until it finally came into the hands of Julius II., and now rests in the papal tiara. Many consider this the true 'Sancy.' Others say the stone Charles wore with this diamond was found by a Lord de Sancy, and by him taken to England, where it was bought by Henry VIII. and presented by him to his daughter Mary, and by her given to Philip II. of Spain, and that by the marriage of the Spanish princess Maria Theresa to Louis XIV. it was brought into France. Others say James II. owned it, and when he took refuge in France he presented it to Louis XIV., and that Louis XV. wore it at his coronation.

"The most valuable of the French crown jewels was the famous triangular diamond, of the most exquisite sapphire blue and the most splendid lustre. This diamond was stolen in 1792 with the rest of the crown jewels, and though many of them, among them the 'Regent,' were recovered, it has never been seen since.

"Although the diamonds of the Spanish crown jewels are magnificent, they do not surpass, or even equal, those of Brazil, which are said to be the most splendid of modern times.

"The crown jewels of England are kept in the Tower in an iron cage. There are in the imperial crown five rubies, seventeen sapphires, eleven emeralds, two hundred and seventy-three pearls, four drop-shaped pearls, one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, and one thousand three hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds. The famous heart-shaped ruby in the front of the crown, and centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Nagera in 1367. This diamond was worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. On the summit of the cross in the centre is a splendid rose-cut sapphire.

"While talking of diamonds we must not forget the famous diamond necklace, one of the first steps in the downfall of the beautiful and innocent queen of Louis XVI. The whole matter was entirely unknown

* This stone is now in the Russian sceptre.

to her, and she never saw one of the diamonds; but it is too long a story for to-night. To-morrow I will give you a book that has a full account of the whole matter.

"Another diamond necklace story is connected with the present Empress of the French. At her coronation, the city of Paris voted six hundred thousand francs to purchase a diamond necklace as a present to her majesty; but, at Eugénie's request, the sum was devoted to the foundation of an educational establishment for poor young girls of one of the poorest faubourgs in Paris.

"The fashion of wearing necklaces was revived by Agnes Sorel. Charles VII. presented her with one of diamonds; she wore it always, although the gems, being uncut, hurt her neck.

"The Queen of Prussia has a necklace of pearls, each pearl alike in size and beauty. This has grown from one pearl presented to her by her husband the first birthday after their marriage, followed by a similar one each succeeding year. If the royal couple live only a few years longer, the superb *cordon* will be long enough to make a double row hanging to the waist.

"Girdles or belts are of great antiquity, and perhaps in the history of jewels no ornament has greater significance than girdles and rings. Those worn by the Roman ladies were very broad, like the more modern stomacher, and loaded with precious stones.

"In the middle ages, the belt or girdle was an important adjunct in the ceremony of paying homage. During the ceremony the belt was taken off and handed to the suzerain. This act, however, was only performed in liege homage, and the refusal of the Duke of Brittany to yield this point almost brought on a war between him and Charles VII. of France. The taking off of the belt was also a portion of the form of declaring bankruptcy; and the widow of Philip the Bold, who, I told you before, was at one time the richest prince in Europe, had to go through this painful and disagreeable ceremony over the coffin of her husband.

"In the East for a long time the belt was a badge of the profession of a Christian.

"The queens from the tenth to the seventeenth century were very fond of stomachers and belts, and owned many, always more or less ornamented with precious stones. Elizabeth of England had one so covered with gems that the original fabric could not be seen; and it must have been almost as heavy above her heart as her conscience (supposing she possessed so inconvenient an article) was within.

"A girdle richly studded with diamonds saved the life of Queen Isabella II. of Spain from the dagger of the assassin Menino. The point of the dagger striking on one of the stones, slipped aside, and inflicted only a flesh wound.

"Rings are of the greatest antiquity and of universal fashion. Solomon was said to own one which possessed magical powers, and you remember the ring of Pharaoh which he gave to Joseph as a sign of his delegated authority.

"The wedding-ring we get from the Hebrews; adopted from them by the Romans, it became a general custom. In the time of Pliny this ring was of iron with a loadstone, as emblematic of the love which should bind closely together man and wife.

"Rings were worn as a badge of knighthood. In early ages it was a mark that its wearer was a freeman or freedman. Among the Romans and Greeks they wore different rings for different seasons, some stones be-

ing considered cooler and lighter than others.

"Seal-rings are as ancient as the days of Alexander of Macedon; and as early certainly as the fourth century rings were made part of the dress of a bishop.

"The popes have two rings, of which one, the *annulus piscatoris*, the special ring of the popes, is broken whenever a pope dies, a new one being provided for his successor.

"Now one word more before saying good-night, by way of a moral reflection and a summing up of our talk, or rather my monologue. If you were to put a diamond beneath a bell-glass filled with oxygen gas, and expose it to the rays of the sun condensed to a focus by means of a lens, your diamond would burn, and the result would be merely carbonic acid gas. So you see, my dear, that not only our hopes and plans, our glory and happiness—the most precious desires of the human heart—but the hardest and most precious substance in mineral nature ends—in smoke!

"'Sic transit gloria mundi!'"

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

Samuel Duhobret was a disciple of the famous engraver Albert Dürer, admitted into the art-school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. As he was about forty years of age, small, ugly, and humpbacked, he was the butt of ill jokes among his fellow-pupils, and selected as a special object of dislike by Madame Dürer, who tormented the scholars and domestics, as well as the master, by her Xantippical temper. Poor Duhobret had not a spice of malice in his heart, and not only bore all his trials with patience, eating without complaint the scanty crusts given him for dinner, while his companions fared better, but always showed himself ready to assist and serve those who scoffed at him. His industry was indefatigable. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and worked till sunset. During three years, he plodded thus, and said nothing of the paintings he had produced in his lonely chamber by the light of his lamp. His bodily energies wasted under incessant toil. No one cared enough for him to notice the feverish color in his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing meagreness of his misshapen frame. No one observed that the poor pittance set aside for his midday meal remained untouched for several days. The poor artist made his appearance as usual, and as meekly bore the gibes of the students or the taunts of the lady; working with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands trembled and his eyes were often suffused with tears.

One morning, he was missing from the scene of his labors, and, though jokes were passed about his disappearance, no one thought of going to his lodgings to see if he were ill or dead. He was indeed prostrated by the low fever that had been lurking in his veins and slowly sapping his strength. He was half-delirious, and muttered wild and incoherent words,

fancying his bed surrounded by mocking demons, taunting him with his inability to call a priest to administer the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world.

From exhausted slumbers he awoke faint and with parched lips; it was the fifth day he had lain in his cell neglected. Feebly he stretched out his hands toward the earthen pitcher, and found that it contained not a drop of water. Slowly and with difficulty he arose; for he knew that he must procure sustenance or die of want. He had not a kreutzer. He went to the other end of the room, took up the picture he had painted last, and resolved to carry it to a dealer, who might give him for it enough to furnish him necessaries a week longer.

On his way, he passed a house before which there was a great crowd. There was to be a sale, he learned, of many specimens of art collected during thirty years by an amateur. The wearied Duhobret thought he might here find a market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and found the auctioneer, a busy little man, holding a handful of papers, and inclined to be rough with the lean, sallow hunchback who so eagerly implored his attention.

"What do you call your picture?" he asked.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with the village and landscape," replied the trembling artist.

The auctioneer looked at it, hummed contemptuously, and asked its price.

"Whatever you please; whatever it will bring," was the anxious reply.

"Hem!"—with an unfavorable criticism—"I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Duhobret had spent the nights of many months on that piece! But he was starving, and the pittance offered would buy him bread. He nodded to the auctioneer, and retired to a corner.

After many paintings and engravings had been sold, Duhobret's was exhibited. "Who bids? Three thalers! Who bids?" was the cry. The poor artist held his breath: no response was heard. Suppose it should not find a purchaser! He dared not look up; he thought everybody was laughing at the folly of offering so worthless a piece at public sale. "It is certainly my best work!" he murmured piteously to himself. He ventured to glance at the picture as the auctioneer held it in a favorable light. There was certainly a beautiful freshness in the rich foliage, a transparency in the water, a freedom and life in the animals! The steeple, the trees, the whole landscape, showed the genius of an artist. Alas! he felt the last throb of an artist's vanity. The dead silence continued, and, turning away, he buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" a faint voice called out. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy, and looked to see who had uttered those blessed words. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first meant to go.

"Fifty thalers!" cried the sonorous voice of a tall man in black.

There was a moment's silence. "One hundred thalers!" at length cried the picture-dealer, evidently piqued and anxious.

"Two hundred!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"One thousand thalers!"

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite to each other with flushed and angry faces.

The tall stranger bid fifteen hundred thalers.

"Two thousand thalers!" thunder-

ed the picture-dealer, glancing around him triumphantly.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively.

The dealer grew pale, his frame shook with agitation. His voice was suffocated; but after two or three efforts he cried out:

"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent bid forty thousand. The dealer hesitated. His adversary laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and the crowd gave a murmur of admiration. The picture-dealer felt his peace at stake, and called out in sheer desperation:

"Fifty thousand!"

The tall man hesitated; the crowd was breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted:

"One hundred thousand!" adding an impatient execration against his adversary. The crestfallen picture-dealer withdrew. The tall victor bore away the prize. He passed through the wondering people, went out, and was going along the street, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. The stranger threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as if dispensing with thanks.

"May it please your honor," persisted the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture." He rubbed his eyes; for he had hardly yet been able to persuade himself that he had not been dreaming.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, and questioned the artist. Being convinced of the truth of his statement, he took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

"Take it, friend," he said. "It is the check for your money. Good-morning."

Duhobret invested his money, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, cultivating painting as a pastime. But, though he had borne privation and toil, prosperity was too much for him. Indigestion carried him off. His picture had long an honored place in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsbach, and the curious incident of its purchase was often related. It afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

A WRITER in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine* calls earnestly on some bishop of the Church of England "to prove that he is worth his salt by writing a *Grammar of Dissent*, from which the 'beggarly elements of Protestantism' shall be excluded;" and while we wait this answer to what the same writer calls "the logical splendor of that most distressing book, *The Grammar of Assent*," our thoughts turn back to the last years of its author's connection with the Anglican Church.

Whatever we may think of the "Oxford movement" and its results, it must always be far the most interesting phase of the ever-recurring internal troubles of the Established Church; interesting not only from its gallant

though futile attempt to check the liberalism which under the name of "progress" was sapping the very foundations of the church, explaining away the Articles, and encouraging the English aversion to a dogmatic faith, but also from the character of the men who conducted it. To the original "Tractarians" we yield a respect for their single-heartedness and signal abilities which their successors, the Ritualists, cannot claim. Incomplete as it was, there is a lesson for us all in Hurrell Froude's beautiful fragmentary life; and Palmer, Rose, and Keble will find no detractors in the opposite camp.

It was at Oxford, July 14th, 1833, that Keble preached his sermon on "National Apostasy." Among his hearers was John Henry Newman, already a well-known man in his college, and destined to play an important part in the movement of which that day was the birthday. A man of great learning, and possessing great logical powers, he seemed also admirably fitted for a leader from his very indifference to his own popularity. With the culture and intellectual training of his age he combined the uncompromising spirit of the past. His much misunderstood remark, that "the age needs a little intolerance," expresses this side of his character better than we can describe it. Alike by nature and by intellect, Dr. Newman revolted from the string of moral platitudes which constitutes the slipshod theology of the day. "From the age of fifteen," he says, "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion—religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream, and a mockery."

As a boy, he passed through many phases of religious feeling. The child, who always crossed himself in the dark, at nine translated Voltaire, adding a foot-note, "How fearful, but how plausible!" Scott obtained a great ascendency over him at one time, and he often speaks of Dr. Whately's influence. It was not till his visit to the continent with Froude, in 1832, that the great attempt which absorbed years dawned on him. The conviction that there was work to be done in England seems to have entirely "possessed" him. He tells us himself that one night, when his servant feared for his life in a sudden illness, he told him he should not die, "for he had work to do." It was this feeling that brought him back to Oxford.

The great need of the "movement" was the sanction of some well-known authority. Keble and Newman had at that time only a university reputation, and Froude, with his "contempt for inferences" and power of "going across country," carried little weight. This need was fully answered when Dr. Pusey joined them, and published his tract on "Baptism" over his own initials. Tract after tract appeared, filling the air with a sort of breathless suspense; hardly a corner of Europe or America was ignorant of the "movement" that was trying Oxford to its centre. Confident in their power to prove the catholicity of the Articles, unshaken in their belief in the *Via Media*, they saw the better part of Oxford rallying around them. It was at this time that Dr. Newman published *The Prophetical Office of the Church*.

In 1838 came the first trouble; the bishop in his charge animadverted on the tracts. With characteristic deference to legal authority, Dr. Newman wrote at once to say that he had submitted them to the archdeacon, and that he felt greater pleasure in that submission than in the largest circulation they could have; the bishop, however, did not require their withdrawal, and for a time all was quiet. But the ever-growing restlessness of the opponents of the tracts

led to the celebrated "Tract 90," written to prove that the Articles do not contradict Catholic teaching, that they but partially oppose Roman dogma, and for the most part are directed against the dominant errors of Rome.

At this tract the storm burst. Unexpected as it was, we can understand that to a nature like Dr. Newman's it was almost a relief. Even those who supported him urged him to retract, but in vain; he would only agree to stop the series, still keeping the tracts on sale; to be silent, if not attacked; and to publish his own condemnation in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford. They refused to pledge themselves for what a few of the bishops might say in their charges. No written promise was given to Dr. Newman; parts of letters were read to him, but not placed in his hands. It was an "understanding"—"I have always hated understandings since," he says.

But a graver trouble was at hand. For the first time, doubts of the tenableness of Anglicanism were beginning to dawn upon him. While he was reading the history of the Monophysites, a friend placed in his hands Wiseman's article on "The Anglican Claims." In it he found the key to the Monophysite difficulty, and for a moment the veil was lifted, and he felt "that the Church of Rome will be found right after all;" then it darkened again, and, disgusted with himself, he resolved to trust only to reason; and forgetting that one who has seen a ghost can never be quite the same afterwards, he thought of Samuel before he knew the voice of the Lord, "and went and laid himself down to sleep again."

Returning, after a short absence, to Oxford, he found himself too weak to conceal his own doubts, still less able to help others; but the endeavor to answer the article which had caused all this trouble, by a tract on the "Catholicity of the Anglican Church," calmed him for a time.

Then came the second stumbling-block, namely, the catholicity of the Articles. The night was beginning to close in on him now, and he resolved, if he found this position untenable, to resign St. Mary's and retire to Littlemore, where he proposed to erect a monastic house, which proves how little thought he had of leaving the Established Church. In a despondent letter of about this date (1840), he speaks of his utter want of influence in his parish, of the strong disapproval with which the authorities regarded him, and of his own feeling that he is leading the university straight to Rome, lulled to a false security by his writings against the Romish Church.

The same year, Dr. Newman resigned the *British Critic*, and on May the 9th, at the bishop's command, wrote him a letter stopping the tracts.

Dr. Newman remained at Littlemore in peace and quiet until 1841, when three blows crushed him. In translating St. Athanasius, the ghost, so carefully laid, reappeared; in the Arian history, yet more clearly than in the Monophysite, the truth lay with the extreme church, not with the *Via Media*. In the very thick of this trouble came the charges of the bishops: one after the other they denounced the tracts, disregarding the *understanding* that a "few might mention them." Dr. Newman entered no protest; but under the third blow he could not remain silent. This was the celebrated "Jerusalem Bishopric," Mr. Bunsen's famous project, too well known to need any description here. Against this Dr. Newman published his protest to his bishop. Very little for good or ill ever came of this project, except that it brought nearer the beginning of the end to Dr. Newman.

In resigning his place in the "movement," Dr. Newman had no thought

of deserting those he had led into it. As it was impossible for him to hold office if he was denied his view of the Articles, his intention was to fall back into lay communion; he had no idea of leaving the church, for he could not go to Rome on account of the honors paid to the Blessed Virgin and the saints. His great desire was for union with Rome, as church with church. During this time he held back others from Rome, for many reasons; some, he thought, were acting through excitement; others, again, had been intrusted to him by their Anglican friends or guardians. Of course, he could not advise others to do what he could not do himself.

His theory of the Anglican Church at this, its last rallying-point, is interesting from its ingenuity; how impossible it was for a mind like Dr. Newman's to be long bound by what he confesses to be only an experiment is clear enough. The history of St. Leo having convinced him that certainly the eventual consent of the body of the church ratified a doctrinal decision, it also proved that the rule of antiquity was not infringed, though the doctrine had not been recognized for centuries after the apostles. This was the death-blow of the *Via Media*. The argument that proves it part of the old church must also prove the validity of "Roman corruptions." So he puts the whole matter on a lower level. "We have been a church," he says, "and are even as Samaria!"

It was in support of this theory that he preached the four well-known sermons at St. Mary's during December, to prove that in spite of their schisms the ten tribes were a part of Israel, and were never commanded to submit to Judah. As the *Via Media* was a thing of the past, this new view seems to have been a great comfort to him. December 13th, he writes to a friend, "I am well content to be with Moses in the desert."

During all these years a change had taken place in the "movement." A new, younger body of men had come into it, cutting across the old line of thought and bending it to their own. Indifferent as Dr. Newman had always been to the enthusiasm of his followers, he felt a deep sympathy with their troubles, and pleasure in their devotion to him—a devotion which must have been doubly precious, now that his older friends seemed passing away. Troubles were pressing thick upon him; he was subjected to all those wearing little persecutions he so graphically describes in *Loss and Gain*. His house at Littlemore was infested with spies, and the newspapers charged him with starting a monastery. At length his bishop wrote to him, that he might have a chance of denying the many charges against him. In reply, Dr. Newman explained that he had felt it better to leave St. Mary's to a curate, and had retired to Littlemore for peace, and in order to lead a more rigid, religious life; that he also encouraged young men to join him, and held them back from Rome. It was the sudden secession of one of these, who had promised Dr. Newman to remain in the Anglican Church for three years, which was the final cause of the severing of his active connection with the church.

So much was said at the time, and has been said ever since, against Dr. Newman's slowness in publishing his change of faith, and remaining in the English Church as an "enemy," that it is wisest to give his own summary of those years:

"For the first four years I desired to benefit the Church of England at the expense of the Church of Rome. The second four years, to benefit the Church of England without hurting the Church of Rome. At the

beginning of the ninth year, I despaired of the English Church, gave up all clerical duty, and strove neither to injure nor to benefit by my writings. The tenth year I contemplated leaving the church, but also said so frankly; during the latter part I wrote the *Essay on Development*, but hardly meant to publish it."

In February, 1843, Dr. Newman wrote a retraction of all he had ever published against the Church of Rome, and in September resigned St. Mary's, including Littlemore.

It was with great reluctance that he made up his mind to leave the church; for he felt that many whom he had led to a dogmatic faith could follow him no further, and he dreaded seeing them fall back into liberalism. Then, too, it was with great difficulty that he could make people understand his troubles, and an idea gained ground that he felt pushed aside; this idea gave rise to an article in one of the quarterlies, full of generous sympathy. He does not seem himself to have borne any ill-will to the liberals. "They have beaten me in a fair field," he says; "but I think they have seethed the kid in its mother's milk."

All this time he had been working steadily at the *Essay on Development*, the view clearing as he wrote, so that the conversion was finished before the book. The following letter tells its own story:

"*October 8th*, 1845, *Littlemore*.—I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. . . He does not know my intention, but I mean to ask of him admission to the fold of Christ.

"P.S. This will not go till all is over; of course, it requires no answer."

On Monday, February 25th, 1846, Dr. Newman left Oxford for ever. It must have been with a certain pang that he looked for the last time on the snap-dragon growing over the walls. In one of his earlier poems he likens himself to it, and speaks of his destiny to "in college cloister live and die." His old friends, Buckle, Pusey, Patterson, Church, etc., gathered round him at the last.

His original intention had been to enter some secular calling; but Dr. Wiseman soon summoned him to Oscott; from thence he was sent to Rome, and finally placed at Birmingham. The order of St. Philip Neri has always been very dear to Englishmen. Faber, Dalgairns, St. John, have made the Oratory well known in all countries. What Dr. Newman has done we all know.

One would have thought that when Dr. Newman had fairly taken the step which his opponents had so long urged upon him as the logical sequence of his opinions, they would have left him in peace. Far from it! To one of these incessant attacks, we owe the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

Most unwisely for himself, but most happily for us, the Rev. Charles Kingsley wrote of him in *Macmillan's Magazine* in a manner as ungenerous as it was untrue. He had probably forgotten that Dr. Newman's pen was a sword. Half a dozen notes passed between them, and Mr. Kingsley had the mortification of seeing the Anglo-Saxon love of fair-play for once overcome prejudice, and public opinion supporting Dr. Newman with "singular unanimity," as even *Fraser* confesses. But the matter was not to end here. For the first time, Dr. Newman realized how entirely the motives and actions of himself and his associates had been misunderstood, or rather misrepresented. It was after a severe struggle that he resolved to sacrifice the privacy of a reticent, sensitive nature, and lay bare the workings of his mind. There is hardly a page of the *Apologia* which does not bear on its face the pain which it cost in writing; but the

result is the best controversial book in the language.

A shrewd observer once said of Dr. Newman, "There is a man who will be silent till he begins to speak, and then will never stop." Volume after volume, sermons, lectures, minor articles, tales, poems, he has poured forth

"In the clear Saxon of that silver style."

In these days of word-painting and fine writing, Dr. Newman's clear, nervous English is a positive blessing; he never writes for verbal effect; his perfect mastery of his language keeps it always subservient to the idea, as the setting to a diamond. Long after the book has been laid aside, his terse, epigrammatic sentences linger in the memory. It has been the custom in England to say that Dr. Newman's writings since his conversion have lacked the fire of earlier days; that his sermons have not the power of those delivered at St. Mary's, which carried Oxford fairly off its feet. In reply, we need only point out the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England;* they will find no lack of fire there; and Protestant reviewers have thought *The Dream of Gerontius* worthy of the man who wrote *Lead, kindly Light.* We doubt if the author of the *Eirenicon* thinks his quondam comrade's pen has grown blunt.

So thoroughly was Dr. Newman identified with the Anglican hopes, that his conviction of their untenableness shook their most sanguine supporters. Indeed, his secession could not but be a blow to the entire church. It had become the habit in the advanced school of liberal thought to consider the Catholic faith as a sort of beautiful, picturesque, sentimental religion, adapted to "women and parsons." Artists painted Madonnas, and fashionable authors turned their superfluous heroines into Sisters of Charity; at the same time they would not have tolerated a Catholic servant in their household. Liberals and Anglicans were alike startled that a man, confessedly one of the first minds in England, trained in her highest school, of ripe scholarship, and certainly the last in the country to be swayed by gorgeous ritual and a "sentimental religion," should deliberately, and after a long mental struggle, which they might follow step by step, find his highest happiness in the Church of Rome.

And yet in spite of all she has written against him, Protestant England is proud of Dr. Newman, with an unwilling admiration; from the *Saturday Review*, which holds that from him alone can we learn the capabilities of our mother tongue, to *Temple Bar*, which says that "the workings of Dr. Newman's mind is of more interest to the thinking people of England than that of any other individual mind, unless Stuart Mill is worthy of being bracketed with him, in this particular alone"— all yield him a deprecating respect. It used to be their plan generally to speak sadly of his "mistake," and confidently of his "disappointment," and of the want of sympathy he had met with, carefully shutting their eyes to the warmth of attachment which Catholics have ever shown him, and to his reiterated assertions of happiness in his faith. As this ground has proved untenable, it has become the fashion to speak of him as a "gloomy man with a lonely mind, a man cut off from human sympathies." Would such a nature have inspired the enthusiastic devotion which has always followed Dr. Newman? Could such a man have expressed such gratitude for the

"Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unasked, unhoped, have come?"

Yet we grant that Dr. Newman's idea of a Christian life is hardly the generally received one among Protestants. In one of his lectures he says:

"You hear men speak of glorying in the cross of Christ, who are utter strangers to the notion of the cross as actually applied to them in water and in blood, in holiness and in pain. It is the cross realized, present, living in him, sealing him, separating him from the world. Thus the great prophet clasped it to his heart, though it pierced through him like a sword; held it fast in his hands, though it cut him; reared it aloft, preached it, exulted in it. And thus we in our turn are allowed to hold it, commemorating and renewing individually, by the ministry of the Holy Ghost, the death and resurrection of our Lord. Our crosses are but the lengthened shadow of the cross on Calvary."

This will never be a popular doctrine with the sects; and it is asking perhaps too much to expect them in the hurry of the nineteenth century to understand a life whose whole object has been to learn the truth and then to teach it; but, in putting aside all else for this, Dr. Newman has never lost his warm human sympathy with his fellows, nor his interest in the questions of the day.

The greater the loss to the Protestant church, the greater the gain to the Catholic cause in England. How great that gain has been, none know better than those whose difficulties he has solved, whose despondency he has cheered, and who, following him afar off, have learned from Dr. Newman to

"Hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POPE AND THE CHURCH CONSIDERED IN THEIR MUTUAL RELATIONS. By the Rev. Paul Bottalla, S.J., Professor of Theology in St. Beuno's College, N. Wales. Part II. THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE. London: Burns, Oates & Co., 17 Portman Street. 1870. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

The first part of this work has already been noticed in this magazine, and we have expressed our opinion that it is far the best of several very excellent works on the Supremacy of the Pope which we possess in the English language. This second part, which we have been waiting for impatiently for a long time, is solid, erudite, and conclusive, and we only regret that it did not appear sooner, in order that it might have had its due influence on the controversy which has been going on during the past year, but is now happily settled for all time. The most distinctive merit of this treatise is the exact, judicious, and skilfully arranged series of citations from ancient authors and councils, with precise references to the places where they may be found. The treatment of the case of Pope Liberius is remarkably satisfactory, and clears up one or two objections made by Hefelè against the view taken by Stilting, Palma, and Archbishop Kenrick. In our opinion, the supposed fall of Liberius may now be finally relegated to its proper place among Arian fables and calumnies. The treatment of the more difficult and important question of Honorius in

this treatise, taken in connection with the author's pamphlet on the same subject, is also quite sufficient. The argument of the entire treatise on the topic of infallibility is logical, compact, and for a scholar who is already tolerably up on the subject satisfactory. It is, however, in respect to several important points, very concisely expressed, and by no means exhaustive. For ordinary readers, there are many things not sufficiently developed and explained, and we think, therefore, that it does not precisely supply the great *desideratum*, which is an able, thoroughly learned, and yet popular treatise, which will give ordinary readers all the information which they can desire or need on this all-important doctrine of papal infallibility. The necessity of treating this topic in a distinct and separate manner from the general doctrine of the supremacy which has heretofore existed, has been one somewhat embarrassing both to writers and readers. Happily, the definition of the Council of the Vatican has removed it. We would suggest to F. Bottalla that, in a future edition, he should blend together all the different portions of his work, enlarge it considerably, and endeavor to give us a complete and exhaustive treatise on the Papal Supremacy — a task to which we believe him fully competent. In the meanwhile, this treatise, in its present shape, will answer a very valuable purpose, and we recommend all our readers, who are capable of following out a closely-reasoned argument, sustained by an array of documentary evidence, to obtain this book, and study it carefully.

MITCHELL'S NEW SERIES OF GEOGRAPHIES. Complete in six numbers. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

As a series of geographies founded on the analytic method of teaching this subject, these books cannot be excelled. Each number is remarkable for neatness. The maps are clear, and in general accurate. The plan of questioning is good, and the vocabularies will be found of great benefit, in spite of the cumbrous way adopted by the author of explaining the pronunciation of geographical names. The *Physical Geography* was prepared for advanced classes, and aims at a completion of the subject which will impress the pupil with the importance of the theme under consideration. In this number, the author adopts, of necessity, the synthetic plan, and is thereby enabled to group facts and phenomena, and give logical explanations, which will leave a lasting impression on the memory of the pupil, because they satisfy his curiosity, and appeal to his understanding. This number deserves unlimited praise, and success in teaching will always follow its correct use. The great objection to the system, as well as to all others with which we are acquainted, is that it calls for so much memory work without taxing the child's reasoning powers.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF DESTITUTE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ETC. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1870.

This report is very satisfactory. We especially congratulate the society on the completion of the girls' new building. Another large structure is in the course of erection, the main central building of the Boys' Protectory. This is real work; work to be thankful for. The general management of both boys' and girls' departments is excellent in every respect. We have no doubt that before long this institution will stand comparison with the best similar establishments in Europe.

KEIGHTLY HALL, AND OTHER TALES: THE MYSTERIOUS HERMIT; CLARE MAITLAND; WINIFRED JONES. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

We have read with interest these stories for children. They give very pleasant pictures of life drawn from

society in European countries. They must prove instructive as well as interesting to young people, and well adapted to Sunday-school libraries. *The Mysterious Hermit* is a translation from the French, by the fruitful pen of Mrs. Sadlier—a quaint old story of feudal times, portraying the power of Christian faith. *Winifred Jones; or, The Very Ignorant Girl*, is a remarkably well-told tale, showing how the life of an utterly illiterate person may be filled with the love of God, and her example lead those wiser than herself to seek heavenly things.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT. A Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon, with an explanation of the Mormon Principle. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

An octavo volume of 586 pages in large type. This Plains and Rocky-Mountain story is fast getting to be an old one. Nevertheless, Mr. Ludlow gives us a very readable book. His descriptive powers are good, and he dwells *con amore* on recollections of fine scenery; but he also too often dwells on matters not so interesting. The information concerning the Mormons is very full, and, we should judge, reliable. The author appears to have given much attention to the development of Mormon polity and Mormon life, and his account of Brigham Young's kingdom is one of the best we have seen.

A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION OF RHETORIC. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1871. Pp. 380.

With the help of an able teacher, this manual will be very useful. It appears to be more complete and practical than any similar work which we have seen. The author has brought to his task a long experience, and, as he tells us himself, a keen relish for the discussion of the principles of rhetoric. He has limited the book strictly to written discourses, including poetry as well as prose composition. Under the general head of style and invention, he gives those maxims which have become the recognized rules of correct writing, and teaches the art of writing, so far as it can be taught by rules.

A LATIN GRAMMAR; AN INTRODUCTION TO LATIN COMPOSITION; A FIRST GREEK BOOK. By Professor Harkness, Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

The Harkness series of text-books appears to us deserving of high commendation. The works before us have been compiled with a most laudable industry, and show a both accurate and extensive scholarship. Of the *Latin Grammar*, in particular, let us say that for completeness and judicious arrangement nothing remains to be desired.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1870.

We recommend this very able pamphlet, not only to our Protestant friends who are in earnest about truth, but also to such Catholics as have not yet seen any clear and full explanation of the subject of the great definition.

PEABODY MEMORIAL. Maryland Historical Society. January, 1870.

An account of the proceedings of the Maryland Historical Society upon the announcement of the death of the distinguished philanthropist, who had been one of its members and benefactors. The paper and typography are excellent, and very creditable to the press of John Murphy & Co., by whom the *Memorial* is published.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. By Theodore Mommsen. Vols. II. and III. New York: Scribner & Co.

The second and third volumes of this splendid history fully bear out the promise of the first. We believe the minds are not a few who will find

it delightful reading, so happily does it differ from the ordinary dry style of ancient history.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES OF MANHATTAN COLLEGE, JUNE 27, 1870. By Hon. John McKeon. New York: D. & J. Sadlier.

This address has pleased us much, not only by its eloquence, but also because the advice it gives is thoroughly sound, practical, and Catholic.

THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM. By Madame A. K. De La Grange. Translated from the second Italian edition. New York: P. O'Shea. 1870.

If in this tale there is but little deserving censure, there is less worthy of commendation; its chief features being Josephus very much diluted.

BAPTISMORUM REGISTRUM, AD MENTEM PATRUM CONCILII PROVINCIALIS BALTIMORENSIS X. CONCINNATUM, ET AB ILLMO. AC REVMO. BALTIMORENSI METROPOLITANO PROBATUM. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

MATRIMONIORUM REGISTRUM. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street.

We have received these two registers for baptisms and marriages. They have the approbation of Archbishop Spaulding.

WE publish with pleasure the following letter, which we have received from the Rev. Joseph Bayma, S.J., President of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco:

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 23, 1870.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER HECKER: In the article on "Matter and Spirit in the Light of Modern Science,"* printed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August, 1870, the writer of the said article (page 648) calls me *a learned Englishman*, and gives as taken from my *Elements of Molecular Mechanics* the following words:

"The extension of bodies is an appearance caused by the dissemination in space of the elements which compose them: abstract space is extension; consequently the science of extension, or geometry, is not a science of observation, but of abstraction."

He then adds: "According to this theory, the forces placed from the beginning in the elements govern everything in the world. Nature is under their control; matter obeys them, or is, rather, a compound of forces."

I beg leave to say, Rev. Father, that I have not the honor to be an Englishman, though I have been eleven years at Stonyhurst College, teaching philosophy; and secondly, that the words which your writer quotes as mine are not mine at all, nor can they be found in my work on *Molecular Mechanics*.

Moreover, the author of the article gives the title of my book *in French*. This leads me to suppose that my *Elements of Molecular Mechanics* must have been translated into French, and that the writer had before his eyes a copy of a French edition, in which he may have found the words which he quoted as mine. . . .

I hope you will allow me some further remarks on the aforesaid article.

1st. The writer says that, *according to my theory*, matter obeys forces, *or is*, *rather*, *entirely a compound of forces*. I must say that I am very far from having taught this last proposition. The doctrine which I have advocated throughout with regard to primitive elements is the scholastic doctrine of *matter and form*; the matter being the principle of passivity, the form the principle of activity. To say that matter is force, or a compound of forces, to my mind would be to suppress the matter altogether, and leave only the form, and thus to have a *purus actus* without any *potentia*. This would imply a denial of the most fundamental principles of all metaphysics, and would lead both to idealism and pantheism.

2d. The writer says that, according to me, *the elements or atoms* are indivisible points. But elements and atoms are not synonymous: they are quite different things. An atom is a chemical equivalent, say a molecule, and is not an indivisible point, but a dynamical system made up of a greater or smaller number of material points.

3d. The writer asserts that to attribute *forces* to the elements is to attribute them

* Translated from *Le Correspondant*, 10 *Juin*, 1869.

a word and a name, which cannot be a cause (page 651). His reason is because force *is neither a being, since it is joined to a first element, nor a substance, since it is considered as an attribute* (p. 649).

But some will say: If force, or active power, is a *name* only, then it follows that neither creatures (material or spiritual) nor God himself can act; for all action implies active power, and active power is *a name which cannot be a cause.* Nor is it true that active power is *joined* to a first element. For, according to all metaphysicians, *forma est id quo agens agit;* and the form is not *joined* to a first element, but is its intrinsic and essential constituent. Hence the active power is not a substance, but is the formal constituent of a substance; and, as actuating its own matter, comes under the name of form, though, as ready to actuate something else, comes under the name of active power, and is considered as an attribute of the substance.

I am sorry to be compelled to make these remarks. The writer of the article has many accomplishments; but from his style, I conjecture that he is a young man, who as yet has not acquired the habit, and perhaps the knowledge, of metaphysical reasoning. Certainly I am afraid he exposes himself too much by treating of such difficult matters without consulting St. Thomas and the rest of the Catholic metaphysicians. I would have remained absolutely silent on this last point, were it not that at page 652, in the same article, I found a phrase which I consider to be most dangerous. It runs thus:

"Author of all things, God causes with the qualities which belong to him the different manifestations of nature: he acts on matter, possesses it, causes it to subsist, gives it the power of producing its phenomena, is its force, its order, its law; and thus, if we may say so, he animates the world, not indeed in the same manner as the human soul animates the body, . . . but with a certain superior and divine power of animation, which produces the being, motion, and life of all that exists in the universe, moves or breathes, as the soul is the source and focus of the life of the body."

Indeed, Rev. Father, this phrase frightens me. Let me ask: Is *quality* the right name for the *attributes* of God? Why should God cause *with* his qualities rather than *by* his omnipotent power? Is it perhaps because power is nothing but a *name,* and cannot cause? Then, how can the writer call manifestations *of nature* that which is caused not by nature, but *by,* or *with,* the qualities of God? Are we, then, to say that nature and God are nearly the same thing, and differ only in this, that the first is the Schellingian apparition of the second? How does God possess matter, and cause it to subsist? Is it that matter is God's body, as the author seems to imply a little later? Is it enough to say that God causes matter *to subsist,* without mentioning *creation?* What is the use of giving to matter *the power of producing phenomena,* since this power, according to the writer, is an empty name, and God alone is supposed to do everything? Who can conceive that God is *the order of matter* and the like? Who can tell how many absurd and blasphemous corollaries might be drawn from such assertions? Lastly, what is it, that divine power of *animation* which *produces* the beings of the universe? Is animation to take the place of creation?

It is not my intention to develop any of these points. I only wish to draw your attention to them: they might hereafter bring discredit to your most valuable and orthodox magazine. . . .

Your obedient servant in Christ,

JOSEPH BAYMA, S.J.,
President of St. Ignatius College.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE *PURGATORIO* OF DANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

THE twenty-second of the thirty-nine *Articles of Religion* established, in conformity with the Church of England, by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, declares thus:

"The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardons, worshipping, and adoration, as well of images as of reliques, and also invocation of saints, is a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God."

In perusing our version, therefore, of the *Purgatorio* of Dante, the Protestant reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD may profitably direct his attention less to any dogma of the church or any formula of a special creed, than to the allegorical sense of the poet, founded, as it must be acknowledged by all Christian believers, upon the facts of our nature and the history of the human heart.

What our church teaches, Dante has developed. It may be combated as an article of faith, but must be admitted as a true statement of the condition of mankind, religiously considered.

The wretched state of man "living without God in the world"—the self-conviction of sin—the necessity of a Saviour—and the possibility of attaining, through the heavy passages of contrition and the wearisome stages of penance, to the "peace which passeth understanding," is the sum of the doctrines embodied in the *Divina Commedia.* Dante, having partly in imagination, and partly (as we may justly suppose) in reality, passed through the torments of the life of sin and passion and unbelief that make the hell of this world, has come to the *antipodes* of his poetical creation, whose way is up the toilsome hill of penance to the terrestrial paradise of pardon and peace. Still, as in the infernal realm, under the guidance of his master in song, Virgil, he is met by another pagan spirit, Cato the Suicide, of Utica, who teaches him the first lesson to be learned before the soul of man can enter into the penitential state—

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by REV. I. T. HECKER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

and that lesson is *humility*. The "lowly reed" wherewith Dante is instructed to gird himself (v. 90) is typical of that which He bare in his hand who wore at the same time the crown of thorns, and who said, "*Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.*"

PURGATORIO.

CANTO FIRST.

The little vessel of my genius now
Hoists sail o'er better waves to follow helm,
Turning from sea so terrible its prow:
And I will sing now of that second realm
Wherein are purified the souls of men
Until of heaven they worthy shall have grown.
But here dead poesy must rise again:
O sacred Muses! I am now your own;
Nor let Calliope here fall below
But soar to *my* * song! with that ancient strain
Whereof those wretched magpies * felt the blow
So that their hope of pardon was but vain.

Of oriental sapphire that sweet blue
Which overspread the beautiful serene
Of the pure ether, far as eye could view
To heaven's first circle, brightened up my mien,
Soon as I left that atmosphere of death
Which had my heart so saddened with mine eyes:
The beauteous planet † which gives love new breath
With laughing light cheered all the orient skies,
Dimming the Fishes that her escort made:
Then, turning to my right, I stood to scan
The southern pole, and four stars there surveyed—
Save the first people, never seen by man.
Heaven seemed rejoicing in their blazing rays.
O widowed North, how much art thou bereft
That constellation hidden from thy gaze!
Ceasing my look, a little towards the left
(The pole whence now the Wain had disappeared)

* Verses 10 and 11:
"Soar to *my* song," etc.
"... *magpies*," etc.
Ovid tells the story of the nine daughters of Pierus—Pierides—who challenged the Muses to sing, and being defeated were changed into *magpies*. As the Muses were also called Pierides—

"Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri! temperas"—

a familiar verse of Horace—it has been supposed that the victorious Muses took the name of the vanquished maids.

In this lofty invocation Dante, many times before depressed and faltering, becomes fully conscious of his powers, and, by this allusion to the chattering fowl of antiquity, whose successors in every age fret the genuine poet, gives vent to his native scorn for all the pretenders of his art. Horace, in his Ode to Calliope,

"Descende cœlo, et dic age tibiâ
Regina longum, Calliope! melos,"

uses the ordinary style of poetry: "Μηνιν ἄειδε θεὰ"—"Musa mihi causas memora"—"Sing, heavenly Muse!" etc. Dante is the first who boldly craves the goddess of epic song to be his *follower*—"*seguitando 'l mio canto.*"

A curious commentator might infer from this how hard a step to Purgatory a nature like Dante's found it to gird his spirit with that "reed of humility."

† Venus.

I turned, and saw an old * man all alone
Near me, whose aspect claimed to be revered;
More might no father claim it of a son.
His beard was long, and streaked, as was his hair
Which fell in two lengths down his breast, with white.
The rays of those four sacred splendors there
So sprinkled o'er his countenance with light
It seemed to me the Sun before me stood!
And thus he spake, shaking those reverend plumes:
"Say, who are ye 'gainst the dark stream who could
Fly, as ye have, the eternal dungeon's glooms?
Who was your guide? Who lighted you the way
Escaping forth from that profoundest night
Which makes the infernal valley black for aye?
The laws of that abyss, are they so slight?
Or is the purpose changed which heaven did please,
That ye condemned approach these crags of mine?"
Here my lord beckoned me to bend my knees
And brows (words adding to his touch and sign),
Then answered thus:

"My will was not my guide;
A maid from heaven besought me so to bear
This being company that I complied.
More of our state wouldst have me to declare,
Thy will to gainsay, my will cannot be.
This man hath never seen life's closing even,
But through his folly came so nigh to see
That for escape but little space was given.
Therefore was I, as I have told thee, sent
To turn him back, and other way was none
Save this to which my guidance I have lent.
All the bad spirits I to him have shown,
And purpose now revealing to him those
Who under thee their natures purify.
'Twere long how I have led him to disclose,
But a grace aids me, granted from on high,
To bring him thus to see thee and to hear:
Now may it please thee, greet him fair! he goes
In quest of Liberty—that is so dear;
How dear, who spurneth life for freedom knows.
Thou know'st! who didst in Utica delight
To die for her, doffing that vestment there
Which at the last great day shall show so white.
Unchanged for us th' eternal edicts are;
This being breathes, and Minos binds not me;
I come from where thy Marcia's chaste eyes shine

* Cato of Utica.

Who seems in aspect still imploring thee,
O sacred breast! that thou wilt keep her thine.
Then for her love incline thee to our prayer;
Through thy seven kingdoms grant us leave to go:
Thy grace I gratefully will tell her where
She dwells, if thou deign mentioning below."

"Marcia delighted so mine eyes above,
When I was there"—he answered—"that I gave
Whate'er she asked me freely to her love.
But now she dwells that side the wicked wave
She cannot move me longer: I am stayed
By laws which when I came thence were decreed.
But since thou tell'st me a celestial maid
Urges and guides thee—of fair words what need?
Enough her name to sanction thy demand.
Go then! and let this being with a plain
Smooth reed be girt, and wash with thine own hand
His visage pure from every soil and stain:
For, until every dimness be dispersed,
It were not fitting to beclouded eyes
To come before the One who sits the First
Angel—a ministrant of Paradise.
Round its low margent, on the yielding ooze,
Down by the low strand where the waves have strife,
This isle bears reeds: not any plant which grows
Hard, or that puts forth leaf, may there have life.
No such a stem to every stroke would bow.
In fine, not this way look to journey back:
The sun will show you, which is rising now,
To take this mountain at some easier track."

Herewith he vanished: I straightway did rise
Without a word, and toward my guiding One
All closely drew, fastening on him mine eyes,
Who thus began: "Follow my steps, my son.
Turn we back this way; for this way," he said,
"The shore sinks low to where its limits are."
Now day's white light had quelled the morning's red
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I recognized the trembling of the main.
Like one who turns to find a pathway lost,
And till he find it seems to walk in vain,
Silent that solitary plain we crossed.
When we had come to where the dewdrops pass
But slowly off (by reason of the shade
The sun resisting), on the soft small grass
His outstretched palms my Master gently laid:
Whence I, acquainted with his act's intent,

Held up my cheeks all wet with tears to him,
  While he restored unto my face bespent
My natural hue which Hell had made so grim.
  We came soon after to the desert shore
Which never yet beheld a man who had
  Come back, once having crossed those waters o'er.
Here then he girded me as Cato bade:
  O how miraculous! with instant growth
Sprang up immediately another spray
  In the same spot—and of the same kind both—
Whence he had plucked the lowly reed away.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

THE Bible question never certainly was in a more interesting position in England and America than it is at the present moment; never has the Bible been more talked of, never have the current English translations been more openly condemned and new versions called for.

Now, has the term "The Bible" any definite, recognized meaning? Certainly. For centuries before the Reformation and down to the present time, the books now received as inspired by the Latin and all Oriental churches have been recognized as the Bible. Before the Reformation, these formed *the* Bible, and to the vast majority of Christians these have constantly continued to be *the* Bible. As to what these books are, the Latin Church, the Greek, Armenian, Chaldee, and other Oriental churches, numbering over two hundred millions, are a unit, and have been from time immemorial.

But another volume comes forward. What are its claims? The Reformers did not choose to accept as the Bible what was thus received by the Latin and Oriental churches. They wished a Bible of their own, and, as it was to be the ostensible groundwork of their experimental forms of Christianity, they very naturally took neither *the* Bible, nor the *whole* Bible as theretofore understood, but proceeded to make a Bible for themselves by expurgating this Bible as received by the Christian world for centuries, and thus made *a* Bible suited to their scheme.

They eliminated a number of books, and what they consented to receive as inspired form to this day the "Protestant Bible;" but it is a perversion of all human language to call these books, or any translation of them, even if honestly made, "the Bible," much less "the whole Bible."

The Catholic Church discusses great questions in councils, which, regarded in a merely natural view, represent the faithful in all lands, and the accumulated learning, teaching, and experience of centuries. Protestantism, in taking its position as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, showed no such wisdom. Their canon of the Scriptures was not made the matter of close study or examination by

any body representing the learning and scholarship of Protestantism. It was merely the rash act of a few, accepted gradually and enforced by governments, which, finding money in it, made Bible printing a state monopoly, and finally carried out in full force by the Bible societies, which are neither church nor state. In England, parliament, by establishing the Thirty-nine Articles, excluded from the Bible books then and now generally received by Christendom, and this is really the highest authority for their rejection in English-speaking lands.

Yet the fact of inspiration is one of terrible moment. To reject as uninspired what God has really inspired, and to reject it in the face of the majority of Christians of all ages, must be a fearful sin—a sin against the Holy Ghost.

And can Americans say that parliament, whose right to lay a trifling tax on tea they resisted unto blood, could be God's messenger to men in this matter of inspiration?

This first great act of hostility to the Bible has not been sufficiently examined. It opened the door to the modern assaults on all revealed truth; for, if a few individuals were competent to pass on the question of inspiration then, every man now has the same right as to the remaining books, especially all Protestants, who claim the right of private judgment, and deny in themselves or in any one else infallibility on this or any other religious point.*

The books recognized as inspired by modern Jews form the Hebrew Bible. The Pentateuch, Psalms, and Gospels recognized as holy books by the Mohammedans form their Bible. The books received by Protestants constitute the Protestant Bible. Those received by Catholics and Orientals, who form the vast majority of Christians, are *the* Bible.

But how came Protestantism to reject some of the books? The Reformation arose in the German nations —the last to bow to the authority of the Catholic Church, the first to reject it. The old heathenism could not brook the yoke of Christ. Kings and princes, seeking to be demigods, wished to be supreme in church and state, to assume divine rights.

Now, in the Bible as it stood, there was one singularly unpalatable book, and on the principle that

> "There is no law to say such things
> As are not pleasing to the ears of kings."

they determined to uninspire it. How could Henry VIII., Christian II., or Gustavus Vasa, or any other of the princes who forced their subjects out of the Catholic Church, allow them to regard the Book of Machabees as inspired? There is no book more full of lessons for the last three centuries, none which day by day seems more typical. Antiochus assumed to be head of the church, and wished to make modifications in faith and worship, and this book condemns him, as though kings had no such right. Those who were found with books of the old faith or observed it were put to death according to the edict of the king, and this book honors them as martyrs. How could English monarchs, consigning to destruction every book connected with the ancient worship, tolerate such a picture? How could Gustavus Vasa, slaughtering his brave Dalecarlians, let his followers read the martyrdom of the Machabee brothers in their Bibles? A priest cries out, "Although all na-

*Since this was written, two articles have appeared by a professor in Harvard, New England's greatest university, which endeavor to show that in the New Testament only one Gospe. and four Epistles are authentic. Is this to be the New England Testament?

tions obey King Antiochus, so as to depart every man from the service of the law of his fathers and consent to his commandments, I and my sons and my brethren will obey the law of our fathers." This was not language for the imitators of Antiochus to allow men to regard as inspired.

Here, too, we see men taking up arms against the civil power which sought to force them to abandon the faith of their fathers, and this book praises them. Here we see high-priests leading armies, wielding temporal power, and at last encircling the tiara of Aaron with the crown of David, and coining money—a royal prerogative then exercised for the first time in Jewish history. All this was not to the liking of those who were denouncing the royalty of the high-priest of Christendom, and his temporal power and his armies, as something utterly at variance with the pontifical character.

Nor could men who plundered the shrines of religion find much comfort in the miraculous chastisement of Heliodorus.

The Book of Machabees was replete with lessons that people would not be slow to understand. As we read it now, it seem in parts a history of a few centuries past, where we need but change the name of king and victim, to have a perfect picture, full of encouragement, of lessons of religion and fidelity to God, of loyalty to the sovereign pontiff, of readiness to suffer loss of property, liberty, home, and life, rather than desert the faith of the fathers.

The princes who carried out the Reformation naturally desired to be rid of such a portion of Scripture. Like King Joakim with the prophecy of Jeremias, they would cut it out and cast it into the fire.

How was this to be done? A plan was ready. This book and all others of the Old Testament not received by modern Jews in their Hebrew Bibles, were to be discarded. They were stigmatized as apocryphal, and that word made to bear the signification of fictitious, invented, false.

And yet what a senseless plan! The canon of the Hebrew Bible, as we have it, was the work of the Hebrew schools of Masora and Babylon, which arose after the fall of Jerusalem, and of course after the establishment of the Christian church. They were a revival of the old Hebrew learning as against the Hellenist Jews, out of whom mainly Christianity grew, taking what they accepted as inspired.

These Hebrew schools rejected all the writings of the Apostles and Evangelists and all that seemed to lead to them. The Book of Ecclesiasticus existed in Hebrew then, as much if not all of it does to this day, and is known as Ben Sira; and we actually know why they rejected Ben Sira. It was because it seemed to favor the doctrine of a Trinity in God, the same identical reason why they rejected Peter and Matthew, and John and Paul.

And Protestantism rejects Ben Sira, and of course rejects it for favoring Trinitarian doctrines. Did the Holy Ghost guide these Hebrew schools in rejecting himself and Christ, and the Gospels and Ben Sira? Before the coming of our Lord, the high-priest and the Sanhedrim were doubtless guided by God; but who can pretend that, after our Lord founded his church and promised to be with it all days, God guided these Rabbinical schools which rejected the Divine Son?

The Bible was thus cut down, so far as the English are concerned, on the authority of two strange bodies to decide as to what God inspired—

schools of unbelieving Jews, and a legislative body in half a small island, establishing a religion that only a portion of the people even of that half-island have ever accepted.

As to the text of the Bible, there was here another divergence. The Latin patriarchate which included all these dissidents had from a very early period used a translation of the Scriptures made into the Latin language probably for the African churches, subsequently corrected with care by St. Jerome, and known as the Vulgate. This, in daily use, and carefully copied for centuries, the Catholic Church held as authentic.

The Reformers scouted this as a translation, and fell back on what they assumed to be the original Hebrew and Greek. It was not a critical age, far from it. The first manuscripts that came to hand were printed; collation of codices, comparison of age, country, or excellence, were scarcely dreamed of. As first printed, these texts took a certain rank and became received texts. These were the basis of Protestant translations; and yet three centuries of study have established two facts: first, that the so-called received texts are utterly unsafe guides, teeming with errors and unsustained by the best and earliest manuscripts;* and, second, that the Vulgate so cavalierly discarded is really more in harmony with the best and oldest codices known than the received Greek text of the New Testament; for none of the immense labor hitherto given to the Greek has been bestowed on the Hebrew, and we yet await any such succession of critical labors on the Old Testament as we now possess on the New. That such labors will sustain the Vulgate, there is little question.

Recent editions of the Greek Testament by Protestant scholars are curious indeed, with their critical remarks, and the free use of the notes designating spurious or doubtful. And it is no less instructive than curious to see how often the readings followed at the Reformation in preference to the Vulgate are now marked spurious by Protestant scholars.

Take, for instance, the spurious version of the Lord's Prayer, which is not only retained in the Protestant Bible of the day, but enforced in our public schools on all, and for refusing to say which Catholic children have been punished. Yet every critical Protestant scholar admits that the words added to the Vulgate form are spurious; they are so marked in Greek Testaments; they have been abandoned by the Baptists in their recent translation, as well as by Sawyer and others who have given independent versions. Alford says: "We find absolutely no trace of it in early times in any family of manuscripts or in any expositors." *

* "*In the fourth edition of Erasmus*," says the English Bishop Ellicott, "*we really have the mother-text of our own Authorized Version.*" "The fourth edition of Erasmus was not," says the *London Spectator*, "in any very marked degree an improvement on the first, and the first represented six months' work of a man whose *Greek* scholarship was not of the very first order, and who had to work with materials of inferior quality, consulting absolutely no first-class MS. (the one that he had at hand, the *Codex Basiliensis*, he did not use, because *it differed so much from his own*). It is a specimen, though, it must be allowed, an extreme one, of the way in which the text was formed, that, having to supply a lacuna in the Book of Revelation, Erasmus translated the Vulgate into Greek. Some of these renderings seem still to hold their place." . . . "That the 'Received Text' has no critical value whatever is a fact which it requires but a most elementary knowledge of the case to accept."

Another English periodical says: "To cite but two instances out of a thousand, Tyndale omits the words 'of the vine' in Rev. xiv. 18, following a mere typographical error of Erasmus. A like error of Erasmus's second edition only (1518–19) led both Luther and Tyndale to substitute 'envy' for 'kill' in James iv. 2; the Vulgate being correct in both passages."

* The Anglican Church, ever attempting to compromise between truth and error, gives both the genuine and the spurious form in different parts of her Book of Common Prayer, whence it has been wittily remarked that an Anglican clergyman never can say the Lord's Prayer without his book.

The so-called received text is now meeting the contempt it so richly deserves, but it has been regarded almost with idolatry. The deference paid to it was so great that some of our Catholic translators and editors from Challoner down have at times followed it in preference to the Latin in occasional texts, where, strangely enough, modern research proves that the ancient codices confirm the authenticity of the Vulgate.

Protestantism mutilated the Scriptures, and in order to translate took up a wretched text. How did they translate? Starting with a new set of religious ideas, they translated the Scriptures to favor their own views. The translations were intended to be, and were, partisan documents. The people, unable to go beyond the vernacular, took them as the very word of God, and to this day the translation in their hands is looked upon as conclusive on all points. Thus, for instance, the whole idea of the Catholic orders was to be done away. The Greek words, ἐπίσκοπος, πρεσβύτερος, and διάκονος, as representing three ranks in the clergy, had been adopted into Latin, and thence into modern European languages, and, being words in constant use, got strangely altered. The Italian *vescovo*, Spanish *obispo*, French *evêque*, English *bishop*, and German *bischoff*, all sprang from *episcopos*. So *presbytero*, *prete*, *prêtre*, *priest*, were modifications of the word *presbyteros*. But these words, worked by the usage of centuries into the very fibres of the national speech and thought, were to be discarded, and new words introduced to divorce in the minds of the people the Catholic clergy from the clergy of the New Testament. Hence *episcopos* became overseer; *presbyteros*, elder. Deacon, in Latin *minister*, in English servant, was, however, retained.

But the leaders of the Reformation soon found that people wished to exercise private judgment and private authority too freely. Then these leaders set up a teaching body in the church: some wished one rank, some two. When they came to names, up springs the discarded word *episcopos* or *presbyteros*, and our friends take as a distinctive name not Overseersmen and Eldermen or Aldermen, but Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Then came another confusion: their clergy adopted the general name of ministers, equivalent to deacons, but assumed to be presbyters, yet they had deacons or ministers and elders or presbyters below them.

The word church was another to be abolished. It became congregation. The celibacy of the clergy, so long a point of discipline in the Latin patriarchate, was to be refuted; so, wherever possible, the Greek word γύνη was rendered wife, and texts adroitly translated so as to make marriage imperative. In rendering the future, *shall* would be used to favor Calvinistic views, and so on from one end to the other.

The Bible thus translated could not be called honest. Wickliffe began this tampering in England, and the persistent efforts of his followers to revolutionize church and state by means of his doctrines thus cunningly garbed in Scripture led the orthodox to discountenance a general diffusion of the Bible in English, even after Catholic translations had appeared in the languages of the nations on the Continent. In Germany, there were seventeen Catholic editions of the Bible issued from the press between the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century and Luther's revolt in the beginning of the sixteenth. At an auction sale of *incunabula* not long ago in Germany, copies of no less than ten different early editions of this period were of-

fered. Norton, a book-dealer in New York, had one a few years since, and advertised it as Luther's, not dreaming that there had been any German translation before Luther's, and forgetting that, great an individual as he was, he could scarcely have translated the Bible and printed it before he was born or while he was at most an infant at the breast.

The English government did not set up a religion that suited all: nor were the translations got out acceptable to all. Each party had its own pet theories to advance, and its Bible, chameleon-like, must take its prevailing hue from them. So there sprang up Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Cromwell's, Cranmer's, the Geneva and the Bishops' Bible.

To meet this motley array by giving the English Catholics a faithful verson was a serious thought with the persecuted clergy in England. Driven from their churches and from the universities, their monasteries and seats of learning destroyed, the possession of any book containing the church service being prohibited, as well as any upholding Catholic doctrine,* that is to say, nearly all the writings of Christendom for fifteen centuries, their very lives in daily and hourly peril, it was not an easy matter for the Catholic clergy of the British Isles to find time or place for so important a work.

At last, by the exertions of the Rev. William Allen, the Catholic members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge scattered over the Continent were gathered, in 1568, at Douay, the university there adopting the new English college. This new college soon numbered a hundred and fifty persons, including eight or nine eminent doctors of divinity. Gregory Martin, one of the original scholars of St. John's College, Oxford, where his learning was long remembered, a man of rank, "of extraordinary modesty and moderation," "the Hebraist, the Grecian, the poet, the honor and glory of St. John's College," where for thirteen years he and Edmond Campian had been the closest and most inseparable of friends, Gregory Martin, a man singularly fitted for the task, at once set to work to translate the Bible from the Vulgate into English for the use of the Catholics in the British Isles. Conscious how much of the power acquired by the Reformation was based on Scriptural perversion, this step roused the jealous fears of the English government, and steps were at once taken to break up an institution laboring to supply the English Catholics with clergymen and to give them the Bible in their vernacular. By underhand working, the authorities of Douay were induced, in 1578, to expel the English Catholics and their college, which then removed to Rheims, in France.

Here Dr. Martin completed his translation, and his work was revised by William, afterward Cardinal Allen, Richard Bristow, and John Reynolds. The notes to the New Testament are generally attributed to Dr. Bristow, Bristow and Martin being the first two priests ordained from the new college, so that the work was indeed the first-fruits of this college and a proof of the inherent vitality of the church founded by St. Augustine.

But means were not as readily found to print the needed work. It at last appeared at Rheims, in 1582.

What times those were for Catholics history tells. Within five years, eighteen priests had perished by judi-

*Every book containing any part of the church service was required to be destroyed (Wilkins, Iv. p. 38). Manuals of Epistles and Gospels as well as Testaments thus perished.

cial murders in England,* six bishops and seventy-nine priests in Ireland,† Elizabeth's government making the celebration of Mass and the administration of the sacraments treason; as though all the brave men who knelt at Mass before the fight at Cressy or at Agincourt were traitors to the king and country whose glory they made undying! Not only Catholic priests were doomed: Catholic booksellers like Jenks are nailed to the pillory; printers of Catholic tracts like Carter, those who circulated them like Alfield and Webley, schoolmasters like Slade and White, perish by the barbarous and obscene punishment of the day; hanged till nearly dead, then cut open, mutilated indecently, and while the whole frame quivered the brutal executioner would grope amid their vitals for the heart to fling it into the flames.

Before this very volume reached the hands of many Catholics in England, Margaret Clither, a lady at York, was pressed to death by the terrible punishment, the *peine forte et dure*, for giving hospitality to a priest.

Such was the terrible period when the Rhemish Testament appeared.

It is a book to be opened with reverence. We ever feel that it should be read kneeling, for it seems environed with the halo of the martyred priests and laity of the British Isles. It impresses one with the sanctity of a relic.

The original Rhemish Testament is a small quarto volume, with this title:

"THE | NEVV TESTAMENT | OF IESVS CHRIST, TRANS- | LATED FAITHFVLLY INTO ENGLISH, | out of the authentical Latin, according to the best cor- | rected copies of the same, diligently conferred vvith | the Greeke and other editions in diuers langvages: Vvith | ARGUMENTS of bookes and chapters, ANNOTA- | TIONS, and other necessarie helpes, for the better vnder- | standing of the text, and specially for the discouerie of the | CORRVPTIONS of diuers late translations, and for | cleering the CONTROVERSIES in religion, of these daies: | IN THE ENGLISH COLLEGE OF RHEMES. | Psal. 118. | *Da mihi intellectum, & scrutabor legem tuam, & custodiam | illam in toto corde meo.* | That is, | Give me vnderstanding, and I vvill search thy lavv, and | vvill keepe it vvith my vvhole hart. | S. Aug. tract. 2. in Epist. Joan. | *Omnia quæ leguntur in Scripturis sanctis, ad instructionem & salutem nostram intentè oportet | audire: maximè tamen memoria commendanda sunt, quæ adversus Hæreticos valent plu- | rimùm: quorum insidiæ, infirmiores quosque & negligentiores circumuenire non cessant.* | That is, | All things that are readde in holy Scriptures, vve must hear vvith great attention, to our | instruction and saluation: but those things specially must be commended to me- | morie, vvhich make most against Heretikes: vvhose deceites cease not to cir- | cumuent and beguile al the vveaker sort and the more negligent persons. | PRINTED AT RHEMES, | by Iohn Fogny. | 1582. | CUM PRIVILEGIO.

On the back of the title is "The Censure and Approbation" of the official ecclesiastical authorities at Rheims, Peter Remy, archdeacon and vicar-general of Rheims, Hubert More, dean, John le Besque, canon and chancellor of the academy, and William Balbus, professor of theology, permitting the printing of the work in these words:

"Whereas the authors of this version and edition are fully known to us as men of sound faith and erudition; and whereas others well versed in sacred theology and the English language have certified that nothing has been found in the work that is not conformable to the doctrine of the Catholic Church and to piety, or that is in any wise repugnant to civil power or tranquillity, but that all rather promotes true faith, the good of the state, and probity of life and manners: relying upon them, we think that it may be usefully printed and published."

* Challoner's *Missionary Priests.*
† O'Reilly, *Irish Martyrs.*

This is followed by "The Preface to the Reader, treating of these three points: of the Translation of Holy Scriptures into the vulgar tongues, and namely into English: of the causes vvhy this Nevv Testament is translated according to the auncient vulgar Latin text: and of the maner of translating the same."

This is an important treatise, the three subjects being to this day as vital as then. The discipline of the church, varying with times and circumstances, discountenancing the general circulation of the Scriptures where evil men made them a cloak of malice and a means of misleading the ignorant and unwary, is clearly stated. It is no inconsistence that allows at one time or to some what is withheld at another. The physician is not inconsistent who prohibits to his sick friend the hearty food or wine that he advised him to take freely in health.

The argument in favor of the Vulgate over the wretched received text of the Greek is very strongly put, although the more recent publication of the Vatican, Alexandrian, and Sinaite codices has in our day absolutely settled the question. As it is, however, it should have been retained to this day in all English Catholic editions, to give all who read a concise argument justifying the use of the carefully handed down Vulgate in preference to a carelessly kept Greek text.

The third branch of the preface was also important. It explained why certain terms, not English in themselves, had been retained, rather than paraphrased, such as Amen, Alleluia, Parasceve, Pasch, Azymes, etc., and why certain obscure passages had been translated literally rather than paraphrased on a mere conjecture as to the real meaning of the sacred penman.

This preface is followed by "The Signification or Meaning of the Numbers and Marks used, etc.," occupying one page; by a list of books, and extracts from St. Augustine, Tertullian, St. Jerome, Vincent of Lerins, and St. Basil, on the authority, use, and abuse of Scripture, and on tradition. This occupies three pages, and is followed by two devoted to "The Summe of the New Testament."

The text follows, extending from page 3 to page 745 inclusive. It is clearly printed as a paragraph Testament, with the numbers of the verses on the margin, and parallel references beyond; and on the other side with occasional notes and references where Gospels and Epistles of Sundays and holidays begin. The chief annotations are printed in smaller type at the end of each chapter.

The note at the end of the Apocalypse, on page 745, closes with this touching prayer, which, when we remember the torrents of Catholic blood then poured forth in the British Isles, will speak to every heart:

> "And now, O Lord Christ, most just and merciful, we thy poor creatures, that are so afflicted for confession and defence of the holy Catholic and Apostolic truth, contained in this thy sacred Book, and in the infallible doctrine of thy dear Spouse, our Mother the Church, we cry also unto thy Majesty with tenderness of our hearts unspeakable, COME, LORD JESUS, QUICKLY, and judge betwixt us and our Adversaries, and in the meantime give patience, comfort, and constancy to all that suffer for thy name, and trust in thee. O Lord God, our only helper and protector, tarry not long. Amen."

The supplemental matter comprises a "Table of Epistles and Gospels," covering nearly four pages; "An Ample and Particular Table directing the reader to all Catholike truthes, deduced out of the Holy Scriptures, and impugned by the Ad-

versaries," occupying nearly twenty-two pages, followed by "The Explication of certaine wordes in this translation not familiar to the vulgar reader."

This ends the volume properly, though there is generally an inset on smaller paper, "A Table of Certaine Places of the New Testament corruptly translated in favour of heresies of these days in the English editions, especially of the yeares 1562, 77, 79, and 80, by order of the Books, Chapters, and Verses of the same," extending to six pages.

Such, in its outward guise, is this venerable volume, which our fathers in the faith welcomed with such joy, which they prized for all the peril that attended its use. This was that Catholic Bible hid away like the priest and the altar-furniture in those cunningly contrived retreats; this was the book brought out in those days of deadly persecution, and read in a whisper to the faithful family, while the bloodhounds of persecution were around to drag to prison for pretended civil crimes the faithful Catholic who read the Word of God in its purity.

Every copy of the book that reaches our day might tell its history—read by the faithful Catholics of the British Isles at the risk of life, liberty, and property—Bible of our fathers, wrought in the day of martyrs, read and prized by heroic confessors.

It should be a pride in every one of our Catholic institutions, and in the family libraries of Catholic gentlemen, to show a copy of this venerable and holy book; yet we fear there are few copies in the land, and it is in the conviction that the volume is unknown to the generality of our readers that we have somewhat minutely described the Rhemish Testament of 1582.

Elizabeth had in vain endeavored to prevent the appearance of this honest translation; her law prohibited its introduction into England, but it came; and it came on the Protestant zealots like a thunder-clap. It was learned—for they could not gainsay the capacity of Gregory Martin—it was, in point of language, equal to the best they could show, and, what galled them most, it was honest, rigidly, thoroughly honest. It was instantly attacked in every shape and form; but, though they dared to assail it on many a pretext, none had the hardihood to question its honesty. It stands, and will ever stand, as the first really honest English translation that issued from the press. Scrivener, a learned Protestant writer, after going over the whole ground, admits this frankly, and says: "In justice, it must be observed that no case of wilful perversion of Scripture has ever been brought home to the Rhemish translators."

No harder blow was ever dealt by Catholics against the motley array of sects with which England teemed than this honest translation. It startled them all, and they forgot their differences to make common cause. Bishops of the Establishment joined with Puritans, whom they hated, to parry this blow.

In 1583, Dr. William Fulke, of Cambridge, came out in a defence of the Bishops' Bible, two years after one Bilson tried to answer the notes of the Rhemish Testament, "to shew that the things reformed in the Church of England by the laws of this Realm are truly Catholic, notwithstanding the vain shew made to the contrary in their late Rhemish Testament." In 1588, one Wither, feeling unable to attack the body of the work, couched his lance against the marginal notes. The same year, Dr. Edward Bulkeley was rash enough to come out in defence of the received Greek

text. Poor man! what would he think of Tauchnitz's thousandth volume, The New Testament of Protestant England, with its references to the departures of the text from the best Greek manuscripts, and their conformity to the Vulgate?

The next year, Fulke came out with his work commonly called Fulke's Confutation.

Fulke's title shows how weak he felt his cause to be by his resorting to false means of prejudging the case in the minds of his readers, meeting the honesty of the Rhemish doctors by dishonesty.

Omitting the Title and Approbation of the Rhemish edition, Fulke gives this as his title:

"The text of the New Testament of Jesus Christ, translated out of the vulgar Latin by the Papists of the traiterous Seminarie at Rhemes. With arguments of bookes, chapters, and annotations, pretending to discover the corruptions of divers translations, and to clear the controversies of these dayes. Whereunto is added the translation out of the original Greeke, commonly used in the Church of England, with a confutation of all such arguments, glosses, and annotations as conteine manifest impietie, of heresy, treason, and slander against the Catholike Church of God, and the true teachers thereof, or the translations used in the Church of England; both by auctoritie of Holy Scriptures, and by the testimonie of the auncient fathers."

This work was reprinted in 1601 and 1617.*

* It was from this work that an edition of the Rhemish Testament was printed at New York in 1834, although several clergymen of note among Protestants were so bold as to sign a certificate that it was reprinted from the original Rhemish of 1582. It is one of the greatest acts of ill faith that Dr. Cotton, in his *Rhemes and Douay*, covered up instead of exposing this fraud. He calls it distinctly "a reprint of the first edition of 1582;" yet no man was better able than himself to detect at a glance that it was reprinted from Fulke's Confutation. No professed bibliographer of his experience could be deceived for an instant with the three books before him as he had. Yet so strong is party feeling that he made himself an accomplice after the fact in the fraud of his fellow-religionists on this side of the Atlantic.

But this work did not altogether please the Puritan faction, and one of their champions, who preferred "Geneva" to "Bishops," Thomas Cartwright, wrote a confutation, which did not, however, appear till 1618.

Meanwhile the persecution had not relaxed; priests fell so rapidly that their blood in one continuous torrent bedewed the British Isles, to bear rich fruit in the season set apart by the Lord of the Vineyard. Among the laymen who perished with their spiritual guides was James Duckett, a bookseller, whose crime was diffusing Catholic books—the infamous Judge Popham, after whom a fort in Maine is named, ordering the jury back when they found him "not guilty," blood alone being sufficient to satisfy his fanatical cruelty.

Verily the circulation of the Scriptures was attended with some difficulties in those days. Yet a new edition of the New Testament was issued at Antwerp in 1600, and Catholics faced death in every shape to obtain these Testaments and read them in secret.

Meanwhile the printing of the Old Testament was delayed. Dr. Cotton, with an unfairness that runs through his *Rhemes and Douay*, pretends a wonder at this delay. Yet the preface of the New Testament states that lack of means had prevented the issue of the whole Bible down to 1582. The persecution had certainly not improved the circumstances of Catholics or made it more easy to publish the work during the remaining years of that century or the earlier years of the seventeenth. The case of John Towneley, of Towneley, in Lancashire, is not a solitary one. This gentleman, for professing the faith of Alfred, of Edward the Confessor, of the Black Prince, and of Henry V., was imprisoned successively in nine different prisons, and compelled to pay fine after fine, till, in

1601, they had exacted from him above five thousand pounds.

Nor was the college left in peace at Rheims. The French government no longer offered it an asylum, and the institution, in 1597, returned to Douay. These changes, of course, embarrassed them, and prevented any important work like the printing of the Bible. But the time came at last.

In 1609, the first volume of the Old Testament appeared with this title:

"THE | HOLIE BIBLE | FAITHFVLLY TRANS- | LATED INTO ENGLISH, | OVT of THE AVTHENTICAL | LATIN. | Diligently conferred with the Hebrew, Greeke, | and other Editions in diuers languages. | *With* | ARGVMENTS of the Bookes and Chapters: | ANNOTATIONS: TABLES: *and other helpes,* | for *better vnderstanding of the text: for discouerie of* | CORRVPTIONS *in some late translations: and* | *for clearing* CONTROVERSIES *in Religion.* | BY the ENGLISH COLLEGE of DOWAY. | *Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Saluatoris.* Isaiæ 12. You shal draw waters in ioy out of the Sauiours fountaines: | Printed at Doway by LAURENCE KELLAM, | at the signe of the holie Lambe. | M.DC.IX."

On the back of this title is an approbation by three professors and doctors of theology of Douay University. Then comes a preface

"To the Right Welbeloved English Reader Grace and Glorie in Iesvs Christ, Everlasting. At last through Gods goodnes (most dearly beloued) we send you here the greater part of the Old Testament: as long since you receiued the New; faithfully translated into English. The residue is in hand to be finished: and your desire therof shal not now (God prospering our intention be long frustrate. As for the impediments, which hitherto have hindered this vvorke, they al proceded (as manie do know) of one general cause, our poore estate in banishment. Wherin expecting better meanes, greater difficulties rather ensued. Neuertheless, you wil hereby the more perceiue our feruent good wil, euer to serue you, in that we haue brought forth this Tome, in these hardest times, of aboue fourtie yeares, since this College was most happely begune (anno 1568)."

The preface then proceeds to discuss "Why and how it is allowed to have holie Scriptures in vulgar tongues." The Vulgate is again defended. Of the translation now given, it says: "Those that translated it about thirtie years since, were wel knowen to the world, to have bene excellent in the tongues, sincere men and great Diuines." As in the meantime the editions of the Vulgate issued under Sixtus V. and Clement VII. had appeared, they note, "For which cause we have again conferred this English translation and conformed it to the most perfect Latin edition."

The use of certain Hebrew and Greek terms is again defended; and they make a strong point against the new English words introduced by the Reformers, which require explanation as much as the original terms if retained. "It more importeth, that nothing be wittingly and falsely translated for aduantage of doctrine in matter of faith. Wherein as we dare boldly avouch the sinceritie of this Translation, and that nothing is here vntruly or obscurely donne of purpose in fauour of Catholique Roman Religion, so we cannot but complaine, and challenge English Protestantes, for corrupting the text contrary to the Hebrew and Greke, which they professe to translate, for the more shew and mainteyning of their peculiar opinions against Catholiques."

It then concludes with a touching address to all that understand English, encouraging the Catholics amid their persecutions, trials, and sufferings, and inviting the others to return: "Attend to your saluation dearest countriemen. You that are farre of draw nere, put on Christ. And you that are within Christs fold kepe your standing, persevere in him to the

end. His grace dwel and remain in you, that glorious crownes may be giuen you. Amen."

This preface, dated the Octave of All Saintes, 1609, covers twelve pages; The Summe and Partition of the Holie Bible, The Summe of the Old Testament, Of Moses the author of the first five bookes, make four; The Argument of the Booke of Genesis, two.

Then comes the text, paged 1 to 1114 to the end of Job, after which is a page "To the Cvrteovs Reader."

The arrangement of the Testament is followed, the numbers of the verses being in one margin, and notes in the other; but there is no rule beyond the numbers, and no parallel references.

There are occasional notes in the margin, with references to the use of portions in the Church service, but the mass of the annotations is given at the end of each chapter.

The next year, with a title differing only in date, appeared the second tome of the Old Testament.

On the back of the title the Approbation was repeated. Then followed Proemial Annotations upon the Booke of Psalms, pp. 3–14. Text, 15–1071, including the Prayer of Manasses and the second and third Books of Esdras. 1072, Table of Epistles; 1073–1096, An Historical Table; 1097–1123, "A particular Table of the most principal things;" 1124 is an Approbation of three English theologians, all formerly connected with Douay College, John Wright, Dean of Courtray, Matthew Kellison, Professor at Rheims, and William Harison; 1125, Errata.

The last note on the Machabees ends in these words:

"But we who by Gods great goodness haue passed now to the end of this English Old Testament iustly fearing, that we haue not worthily discharged so great a worke; and in no wise presuming that we haue auoided al errors, as wel of doctrine as historie: much more we acknowlege that our stile is rude and vnpolished. And therefore we necessarily and with al hvmilitie craue pardon of God, and al his glorious Sainctes. Likewise of the Church militant, and particularly of you, right wel beloued English readers; to whom as at the beginning we directed and dedicated these our endeuoures: so to you we offer the rest of our laboures, euen to the end of our liues: in our B. Sauiour Iesvs Christ, to whom be al praise and glorie. Amen."

The great work of the illustrious Gregory Martin was thus printed at last. The Old Testament as issued was revised by Dr. Thomas Worthington, who was president of Douay College from 1599 to 1613, and the Annotations and Tables are said to have been written by him.*

The translator may have lived to see the New Testament in print, but even that is doubtful, as he died in the same year that it appeared, October 28, 1582. But of this great man who thus gave them a learned and needed translation of the Bible, English-speaking Catholics have lost

* To show how general a misapprehension exists even among Catholics in regard to the English Catholic Bibles, we give the following from a speech of Daniel O'Connell, Dec. 4, 1817:

"Queen Mary of Scotland had active partisans, who thought it would forward their purpose to translate the Bible, and add to it these obnoxious notes (the Rhemish notes). But very shortly after the establishment of the College of Douay, this Rhemish edition was condemned by all the doctors of that institution, who, at the same time, called for and received the aid of the Scotch and Irish colleges. The book was thus suppressed, and an edition of the Bible with notes was published at Douay, which has been ever since adopted by the Catholic Church, so that they not only condemned and suppressed the Rhemish edition, but they published an edition with notes to which no objection has been or could be urged."

Almost every line contains an error. The Rhemish Testament and Douay Bible were translated by the same man, Gregory Martin; there was no Rhemish Bible; the Rhemish edition was not condemned at Douay, but reprinted in 1600, 1612, 1633, almost unaltered. There is no trace of any calling in the aid of Scotch and Irish colleges. The book was not suppressed; no edition of the whole Bible was printed at Douay, and what was published there, the Old Testament, has been only once reprinted in 1635, and cannot be said to be adopted.

all remembrance. His very grave is unknown. No monument expresses our sense of obligation and respect to Dr. Gregory Martin. Of his life, I find little. A volume of the writings of the martyred Campian has a letter addressed to Dr. Martin, showing the long and earnest friendship between them, and from it we infer that Martin wrote to Campian in Ireland to urge him to join them at Douay; as he had previously, when in some way connected with the English court, written to Campian, apparently before his conversion, exhorting him not to accept any ecclesiastical dignity, undoubtedly referring to the Established Church, in which Campian had actually received deaconship. And it is clear that Dr. Martin contributed in no small degree to form those illustrious missionaries who went forth from Douay and Rheims to keep the faith alive in their native land, worthy followers of St. Germanus and St. Augustine.

The Old Testament evoked no controversy in England. In spite of all the confutations, answers, and arguments issued against the Rhemish Testament, the leaders of English Protestantism had convinced neither the public nor themselves. The work of Gregory Martin was a terrible blow: it was truth holding up her mirror to error. They felt at last that something must be done. To give a really honest translation was scarcely possible, so much of their structure was reared on mistranslations or misconceptions carefully fostered by all their systems and teaching. The question was: How far dare we be honest? This led to the appointment of a body of translators, who took in hand all the editions from Tyndale down, and going over the whole carefully, steadily using the labors of Dr. Martin, the Rhemes Douay Bible, and frequently adopting its renderings, both as correct translation and as idiomatic English, in preference to those of any of the previous translations. This is clear, for they waited for the Old Testament to appear at Douay, and when that too reached their hands in 1609 and 1610, and Gregory Martin's whole labor was before them, they in 1611 brought out a new translation of the Bible, and dedicated in a strain of fulsome panegyric and disgusting adulation to a profligate king.

This edition is the one known as the King James Bible, or the "Authorized Version," and which, modified in parts and misprinted in others, is now generally used in England, and this country, after being razeed by the Bible societies.

Men talk now of this version almost as if it had been handed by an angel to James I., as if all Protestant England hailed it with joy and adopted it. Yet this is one of the many errors of the day. The book pleased few. The sturdy old adherents of the Church of England clung to the Bishops' Bible; the whole Puritan faction, daily gaining strength, clung even more resolutely to their Geneva Bibles; the King James Bible was at first taken up only by the rufflers of the court.

It is ludicrous to hear declaimers now talking of this Bible as that used by Cromwell and his Puritan followers, or by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, when in fact they loathed and scorned it as a weak device of the prelatical malignants. Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bible, which after years of search was at last found by the late George Livermore, of Cambridge, proved to be a series of texts drawn from the Geneva Bible; and, after Mr. Livermore had reprinted it, one of the tract societies here very comically got out an edition giving the texts from the King

James Version, and yet putting it forth as Cromwell's, making him father in death what he loathed in life!

The reader may ask how the change came about which made this the only current Protestant version. The King James Version gradually supplanted the Bishops' Bible, and became the Episcopal, as the Geneva was the more distinctly Calvinist, version; but the printing was so careless that all editions swarmed with errors. Writers tell of one Bible that had several thousand errors, and there is an amusing story of a bishop on his way to preach buying a pocket Bible, and, on opening it in his pulpit, finding to his horror that his text was missing. Things came indeed to such a pass that after the Restoration the printing of the Bible was made a state monopoly, and, as the Puritans and their ideas were very little regarded, only the King James Bible was printed. Then, as no other could be issued, the various sects made a virtue of necessity, took up with it, and now we find the descendants of the Puritans clinging to it, and declaiming about it as though it were really that prized by their ancestors, instead of being one they detested.

Though not made in its renderings so completely Calvinist as to please the ultra followers of that reformer, James's laws and education were sufficiently Calvinistic to give the new Bible a thoroughly Calvinistic tinge. But all English Protestants did not embrace these views. The High Church party on the one side, the Baptists and at a later day the Methodists, in their contests and controversies found that they had to fall back from the Bible as it was to the original texts, and murmurs loud and deep have constantly prevailed against the version as unfair, and made with a view to uphold one set of Protestant opinions by straining the meaning of texts, by the sly introduction of occasional words, and by giving words which were broader or narrower in their meaning than the original term.

But as the version continued to be printed by the English government, "allowed to be read in churches," no general attempt at its reformation was made. Insensibly, however, deviations and misprints crept in, alterations were made, nobody knows by whom, and the ordinary reader will find in his Webster's Dictionary a list of some of these alterations, made by nobody knows whom.

Among the famous misprints of the Protestant Bible is the phrase which has now become proverbial, "Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." Yet the original is very clear and it should be as in our Catholic Bibles, "Strain out a gnat," the allusion being to the extreme care of the Pharisees, who strained their water for fear of contracting uncleanness by swallowing any gnat or other insect; but as "strain at" made sense, though a different sense, it has been printed so time and again.

Within a few years, movements began in this country looking to a revision of this King James Bible, and the matter has actually been taken up, as we shall see further on, in the British Parliament, and in one of the Convocations of the Church of England.

But the King James Bible, in so far as it was an improvement on the previous Protestant versions, in so far as it abandoned some of the most unwarranted perversions, was due to the noble Catholic version, for which we are indebted to the English College founded originally at Douay, but sojourning for a time at Rheims.

In the lull of the persecution in England between 1618 and 1641—a

period of twenty-three years, in which only one priest was hanged and quartered—the Catholics contrived to issue a new edition of the Bible, this time in France. The English Catholic Bible was thus for the first time reprinted entire at Rouen, in 1633–5, by John Cousturier, in three quarto volumes, like the original. The edition, like those previously issued, was probably quite large, and was apparently all that it was possible to introduce into the British territory for nearly a century; there being, so far as we know,* during the seventeenth century, no other edition of any part of the Bible besides those now mentioned, except a pocket edition of the New Testament, issued at Antwerp in 1621, and the portions in the prayer-books and books of devotion.

Doctor Cotton expresses great astonishment at this apparent neglect to supply the English Catholics with Bibles, but the matter explains itself. Does any one suppose that a bookseller could have sent over a case of these Bibles to another bookseller or to a Catholic priest in England to sell or distribute? Every one is aware that the circulation of that Bible was a penal offence, that the copies that got into England were smuggled in one by one. When persecution was hot, a year might pass without its being possible to get a single copy in. Hence the copies that did get beyond the English frontiers were treasured as gold; they were carefully used and kept in families from father to son. The Catholic body did not increase during those terrible days, and to many the Latin was always more full of unction than any translation into modern speech. So rigidly was this war on Catholic literature carried on that, according to Thomas Hearne, the antiquarian, Archbishop Laud, in 1636 or 1637, had a Catholic edition of the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, by St. Francis de Sales, "about eleven or twelve hundred copies, seized, and caused them to be burnt publicly in Smithfield." Had he, or those who subsequently sent him to the block, got hold of an edition of the Douay Bible, they would have treated it in the same way, and consumed it as completely as the Bible Society did the large balance of Catholic Bibles and Testaments in French, Spanish, and Portuguese which they once disposed of as Laud did of the *Devout Life*.

The days of the Commonwealth were dark days indeed for the Catholics of England and Ireland. There could be little thought in them of printing a Bible. Run through the list of martyrs in Challoner and O'Reilly, see the long list of confiscated Catholic estates, and even Dr. Cotton might cease to wonder why the Catholics did not print an edition of the Bible then. It is strange that he did not wonder why they did not then sing High Mass every Sunday in Westminster Abbey, which was certainly built for Catholic worship by Catholics.

If we asked Archbishop Plunkett on his scaffold in Tyburn, in the reign of Charles II., we should learn that Catholics had some little difficulties in that reign; and under James the time was too brief to admit of any great work; and his fall led to

* Some other edition may have been issued; for, after all, it is not conclusive proof to the contrary that Dr. Cotton found none and bibliographers know none. I have an edition of Dr. Witham's New Testament that Cotton was not aware of, and the original edition of Blyth's Penitential Psalms, which he never met. He knew nothing of Carey's quarto Bible of 1790. Indeed, when I called the attention of bibliographers here to it, they could not believe its existence. Mr. Livermore would not admit it till I sent my copy to Cambridge for him to examine the paper, type, etc., and satisfy himself that it was really American. This of course was before Dr. O'Callaghan, in his *List of Editions*, gave the full history of Carey's Catholic Bible of 1790. I subsequently procured a copy for Dr. Cotton at his request.

new penal laws, and even greater severity.

Meanwhile, a new system of tactics was taken up, and the Douay version was steadily decried as antiquated, un-English, accompanied by notes of undue severity, as though the victims of the infamous English persecution were obliged to invent virtues for men that made no pretence of any.* Gradually, however, this told, and Catholics began to think that Gregory Martin's translation might be greatly bettered. In this they made a most unfortunate mistake, so far as practical results have shown. Martin's translation is terse, close, vigorous, grand old English of the very best era of English literature; coeval with Shakespeare, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Spenser, and with the King James Bible, that is not regarded as antiquated or obsolete.

Some even now speak as though Martin and his associates residing on the Continent became un-English; but this is a fallacy. These gentlemen lived secluded in their colleges, using their own language, and having little intercourse with the people of the country in which they resided. No man can read the works of Gregory Martin, Cardinal Allen, Bristowe, or Parsons, and deny that they are pure, idiomatic, forcible English. Macaulay was a great admirer of Parsons, and advised the reading of his tracts, especially those against Lord Coke, as specimens of pure, forcible, vigorous English and vigorous argument. It is a mere delusion to talk of the English of these men as Frenchified or Flemingized or Italianized. Despite the learning and position of those who have seemed to countenance this view, it is apparently based on the idea that the Bibles we now use are uniform, and that the version is Gregory Martin's, while it in fact is not his at all. Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his noble essays, has deplored this yielding to Protestant prejudice so far as to abandon a really grand and noble translation. Of all the attempts made to modernize it or improve it by borrowing from the King James, not one has suited the capricious taste of amendment, till at last every Catholic Bible is a version by itself, so different are they from one another. The title-pages are delusive. They profess to give the Bible as published at Rheims and Douay, and many of our people undoubtedly suppose that that is actually what they have in their hands, while in point of fact we suppose not one in a hundred, we might almost say one in a thousand, of our English-speaking Catholics ever saw or read a page of the genuine Rhemes-Douay Bible.

The late learned and truly great Archbishop Kenrick in his version thus moderately gives the objections raised to Gregory Martin's translation:

> "Although I cannot agree with Geddes, who characterizes the Rhemish version as 'barbarous,' I will not deny that the scrupulous adherence of the translators to the letter of the Vulgate in rendering the names of places and persons, and their desire to retain Hebrew and Greek words which had been preserved in the Latin, and their study to express the Latin words by corresponding terms of Latin origin, rather than to draw 'from the wells of English undefiled,' detracted much from the perspicuity and beauty of their version."

In an article like this, a general defence of the original edition cannot be attempted. On the first point here made—the names of places and persons, Dr. Martin is uniform, and the Protestant Bible is not. Martin has Noe, Eliseus, Elias, etc., through-

* The severity of the notes in the Rhemes-Douay Bible comes with a good grace from admirers of Tyndale, whose edition of the Pentateuch is so coarse, so gross, and so outrageous that an attempt to reprint it recently in England was abandoned.

out; the Protestant version has these same names in the New Testament, but in the Old calls these personages Noah, Elisha, Elijah. Archbishop Kenrick attempted a medium, and his names have not been generally adopted. The retaining of Hebrew and Greek words where the Latin translation adopted them seems well-founded. The Protestant version translated Pass ōver where we have kept the Hebrew word Pasch, but as now pronounced, Passŏver, it has actually lost its original meaning, and requires explanation just as much as Pasch, which all recognize as the root of Paschal. Protestants took from us the Greek names of the Old Testament books, without translating them, as well as circumcision and uncircumcision, baptism, crucify, neophyte, and in any work but the Bible will call the coin didrachma, as the Rhemists do, but there they render it penny, and thus keep the name of an English coin in the Bible. Martin's retaining amen, in our Saviour's style, rather than giving "verily" or "alleluia," for "praise ye the Lord," now needs no justification. As a test of the extent to which the Rhemists indulged in neologisms by introducing new words made from Greek or Latin, it is curious to run through the list which they give and explain.

Abstracted, acquisition, advent, adulterating, allegory, amen, anathema, given under the letter *A*, certainly are intelligible enough. Agnition has not been adopted, nor archisynagogue, though it is as clear as "ruler of the synagogue." Assist they use in the sense in which our careless Catholic translators from the French use it when they talk of "assisting at Grand Mass" to mean in plain English "hear a High Mass." Assumption they use with a peculiar meaning, and "azymes" for unleavened bread. Yet, as leaven has yielded to yeast and baking-powders, "leaven and unleavened" have now to be explained to the young. And still this letter is really a sample of the whole alphabet.

Parasceve is, in the Protestant Bible, preparation, with *of the Sabbath* introduced to explain it, although St. Mark defines the term as a technical one. Yet the Greek Church adopted the word for Good-Friday, and then for Friday as a day of the week; and not only this, but has made it a common baptismal name for girls in Greece to this day.

Impious, impiety, are used by Martin where the Protestant has ungodly, ungodliness, words which have really become obsolete.

Comparing a chapter at random, the Latin words will be found about the same in the King James and Martin's, and far more numerous in our modern Catholic Bibles than in either. Stopping to look where the Bibles are open, I find in the King James "prætorium" where Martin has "court of the palace," and "transgressors" where he has "wicked," "compel" where Martin has "forced," while he has "Calvary" where they give "a skull." They have "received" where he reads "took;" but then he has "divided" where they say "parted." They translate: "The superscription of his accusation was written over." He has: "The title of his cause was superscribed."

It is admitted that Dr. Challoner weakened Martin's style by avoiding inversions and inserting unnecessary qualifying particles. He really weakened it also by introducing Latinized words, and the common charge, if examined, will be found to bear on his version rather than on that of Gregory Martin; and as he wrote in about the worst period of English literature, his style lacks all the purity, force, and vigor of the Elizabethan

age. Hence, as English merely, his Bible, even as he gave it, is far inferior to Gregory Martin's, which stands to this day without a rival as the finest English version of the Vulgate text.

Hence the reverence due to the original edition, which for purposes of comparison, if not out of respect for it as a relic of the days of persecution, should, as we have said, be found in all our great institutions, as well as in private libraries of any size, until it is, as we soon hope to see it, reprinted.

The fact is that the expulsion of James II. and his setting up of a shadowy court at St. Germain's, where he conferred titles of nobility and gathered around him his exiled followers and secret adherents who stole over from England, led to a change of taste among Catholics. These nobles and gentlemen entered into the military service; their daughters and sons were educated in French colleges and convents; they soon became to a great extent French, and the clergy in the English, Irish, and Scotch colleges on the Continent, in constant intercourse with them, became less English in speech. These gentlemen were certainly superior in culture to those of the same rank in England, but they, as intercourse became less difficult, helped the downward tendency of the language even in England.

Early in the eighteenth century, when Shakespeare was looked upon as rather barbarous, Gregory Martin's English was out of fashion. The first who attempted to modernize the Catholic version was Cornelius Nary, a secular priest of Dublin, who, in 1718, issued a New Testament, giving this as his reason:

"We have no Catholick Translation of the Scripture in the English Tongue but the Doway Bible and the Rhemish Testament, which have been done now more than an Hundred Years since; the Language whereof is so old, the words in many places so obsolete, the Orthography so bad, and the translation so very literal, that in a number of places it is unintelligible, and all over so grating to the Ears of such as are accustomed to speak, in a manner, another Language, that most People will not be at the pains of reading them. Besides they are so bulky that they cannot be conveniently carried about for publick Devotion, and so scarce and dear, that the generality of the People neither have, nor can procure them for their private Use."

Except in occasional passages, Dr. Nary does not depart from Martin's translation as much as some of our recent editions, and his notes are brief; but though some copies bear the date of 1719, there seems to have been really but one edition, and it is an extremely scarce book, "scarcer and dearer" than the Rhemish Testament. It did not meet general acceptance, and was not generally adopted as a standard.

The attempt, however, must have done service so far as it went, and it roused Douay College to revive its Biblical labors. In 1730, Dr. Robert Witham, of Douay College, issued a New Testament, in two volumes, under the title "Annotations on the New Testament of Jesus Christ," adopting this title evidently to avoid English laws, and not, as Cotton would have us think, from any regulation in the church. In his preface, he admits the necessity of the work, and, speaking of the Rhemish and Douay version, says, "What chiefly makes that edition seem so obscure at present, and scarce intelligible is, the difference of the English tongue, as it was spoken at that time, and as it is now chang'd and refin'd, so that many words and expressions . . . are become obsolete and no longer in use."

He criticises some of Nary's renderings, especially where in doubtful passages he followed the King James, and his work came before the Catholic public with the approbations, among others, of Richard Challoner and Father Pacificus Baker. Though Witham's New Testament reached a second edition in 1733,* it did not so supply the want as to meet a general approval.

Accordingly in 1738, apparently to meet the wishes of those who preferred Martin's, an edition was printed in a fine folio volume, with the orthography modernized and some few alterations in the text and notes. From a remark in Dr. Barnard's *Life of Challoner*, this edition was evidently due to him and to the Rev. Francis Blyth, a Discalced Carmelite, whose paraphrase of the seven Penitential Psalms was so popular in the last century.

Dr. Challoner then, aware of the wishes of the great majority of English-speaking Catholics, set to work to give a new version of the Bible, with few notes, suited to the times, and the text in language no longer obsolete or harsh. He issued a New Testament in 1748, and the whole Bible in 1750, his New Testament being revised and amended in occasional cases.

This is properly Challoner's translation. It was accepted as a whole, but every new edition, while professing externally to be Challoner's, showed alterations, changes, and omissions, so many and so varying that no two Catholic Bibles or Testaments in the English language read precisely alike. Cardinal Wiseman remarks: "To call it any longer the Douay or Rhemish version is an abuse of terms. It has been altered and modified, till scarcely any verse remains as it was originally published, and, so far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned, the changes are in general for the worse. It had been well if Dr. Challoner's alterations had given stability to the text and formed a standard." These alterations began in Challoner's lifetime, without his consent and to his great regret. In 1752, an edition of his Testament appeared, the editor of which seemed to have tried to make it as near King James's as possible; and, strange as it may appear, this singular edition, varying, as Dr. Cotton assures us, in more than two thousand places from Challoner's edition of 1750, has been twice reprinted in this country, with, of course, additional modifications.

But these changes were not all. "The mass of typographical errors to be found in some editions," says Cardinal Wiseman, "is quite frightful." In point of fact, then, we have neither the Douay Bible nor Challoner's Bible in the current editions, and no one knows whose we have. The evil is a great one. Archbishop Kenrick endeavored to meet the want by a new translation, but with all his Biblical and theological learning his edition has not met such favor as to ensure its adoption even in this country. It was put forward as an essay in a limited edition, and is not in a shape for general use.

There seems no alternative but to go back and modernize Dr. Martin's, and print it correctly by the Vulgate, or to reprint as accurately Challoner's edition of 1750.

No greater service could be rendered than to give Gregory Martin's translation with modern spelling, with or without the Latin. It is to be hoped

* Dr. Cotton represents it as merely that of 1730 with new title-pages. It is an entirely different edition, printed clearly in England, while the former may have been printed on the Continent. The second volume in the edition of 1730 has 536 pages. Errata one page, and two pages of approbations; that of 1733 has 541 pages, no Errata, the approbations all on one page, and then the Index, 1–6.

that such a work will yet appear, the notes published separately, or replaced by a few, as required by the regulations.

We Catholics have actually no standard English Bible;* and as no particular edition is made compulsory on any, we are not likely to make the attempt to force any on our fellow-citizens against their will, although ours all follow pretty correct texts, and are not liable to the charge of putting forward passages admitted to be spurious.

Based on a wretched text, translated to suit a purpose, the King James Bible has been frequently changed by unwarranted and unauthorized parties. It has been asserted and never denied that no edition of the present century or the last was compared closely with the original translation adopted in the reign of King James, and which alone can have such theological support as an act of parliament is capable of giving. Whether in the first printing this was strictly followed is even uncertain.

The first movement on any considerable scale to secure for Protestants a fair translation of anything like a critical text was that which was inaugurated by the Baptists in this country, and led to the American Bible Union. They had long objected to the retention of "baptize" and "baptism," against which, indeed, the argument was as strong as against "priest" and "bishop;" and then the frequent need of resorting to the originals to show the bias in the King James translation induced them to project a new translation.

* It is an impression with some that the Douay Bible was approved at Rome; this is an error. Rome does not give any approbation to vernacular versions, the decision as to them in point of orthodoxy, fidelity, and purity of language being left to the bishop in whose diocese the volume appears. Hence the wide latitude for various versions, and the corresponding difficulty of making any one edition a standard.

The movement led to an effort which was eminently wise in its management. The translation was committed to men fitted for the work by study; every critical aid to ensure a correct text was obtained; and as the work progressed, a periodical publication gave the proposed version, with explanatory and defensive notes. This enabled them to have the opinions, arguments, and advice of scholars in all parts before the text of any one book was definitively settled upon. Funds were collected, but the expense was great, and, as other Protestant bodies gave little aid, the work languished, and during the war was almost if not entirely suspended. The New Testament has, however, been completed and issued in popular form, and is creditable to their learning and fairness.

Recently the necessity of a revision of the King James has come to be admitted very generally. It has been taken up in Parliament, where nothing positive was done. Then it was taken up in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, where the impetuous Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, supported by the Bishop of Winchester, too adroit a man to sustain him under any opposition, has precipitated the work in a strangely rash manner. The Convocation of York has declined to join; the Scotch and Irish Episcopacy hold aloof; the Colonial Episcopal churches take no part. It is impossible, then, for them to give more than an essay, which is likely to fall dead. The only good result that can follow will be a practical and general system of revision. It should include at least all branches of the Anglican Church; to expect it to include all forms of Protestantism is hardly possible; but even this must be attempted, or the new translation, if merely a Church of Eng-

land one, will never be generally accepted in this country as against prejudice, long usage, and stereotype-plates.

The only system open is to form a body of learned men of all denominations, either as translators or revisers, and, adopting the plan of the American Bible Union, issue a publication giving the original text, the old version, and proposed reading, with a discussion of the text and the version. This, submitted to the theological seminaries where the English language is used, will draw out opinions, on the discussion of which a final text may be adopted.

But they should begin by being consistent, and discuss the canon of Scriptures first, and reject the Gospels on the authority of the Hebrew schools, or restore Ben Sira in spite of them. The Vatican Council, in the name of the Catholic millions, is reaffirming the inspiration of all the church has so long regarded as inspired. Is Protestantism to go on stigmatizing books as uninspired, and that without examination?

Difficulties arise at once; but as to the worthlessness of the received Greek text, the *Saturday Review* says:

"The bishop cannot (as which of us can?) accept the received Greek text as resting on any authority adequate to counterbalance the researches of modern criticism, and the united testimony of the great uncial manuscripts; to the last discovered of which, the Sinaitic, about which he once seemed doubtful, he now accords his full adherence."

Who should make the new translation seems to be a question of difficulty. The *Athenæum* says:

"We differ from the opinion of Dr. Ellicott as to the best body for conducting a contemplated revision. A Royal Commission, nominated by the crown, or by Parliament acting under the Crown, would be the most competent, impartial, and acceptable council for a national work. Dr. Ellicott, true to the instincts of his order, rightly supposes that a Royal Commission would be constructed on the principle of including all representative men who had any sufficient claim to scholarship, and would therefore produce a 'representative version'—a thing he dislikes. How that version could be inferior to one representing orthodox ecclesiastics, *i.e.* a narrow representative one, it is difficult to see."

But are the Protestants in the United States disposed to take this view? Is the English Bible merely national, to be directed and managed by the English crown or an English Convocation? Even English dissenters will be loth to admit the authority of either.

The *Spectator* also discusses the matter, and makes admissions rather damaging to the common version: but it too has no thought of what an English writer has called "Greater Britain," the countries in which English is the spoken language, and to whose population that of England proper must in a few years be a comparative trifle:

"In the first place, it may be safely asserted that no possible translation would satisfy everybody. In the next place, it may be regarded as almost certain that a revised translation, executed by a Royal Commission, would be far more likely to satisfy reasonable persons and the public generally than one appearing under any other auspices. And thirdly, an experimental version by a Convocation committee may prove very embarrassing. It is quite certain to be more correct than the present version, but it may not be so good as it might be The public and the civil authority may be puzzled whether to accept it or reject it, and may not improbably end in accepting it with a sense of dissatisfaction."

There are other difficulties in the matter which it will require some skill to overcome. The Woman taken in adultery, for instance, must be re-

tained on the authority of the Vulgate, if retained at all. The fact that it is wanting in the best Greek codices will otherwise exclude it. Then, too, the text of the Three Witnesses can scarcely be retained except on the authority of the Vulgate.

When we are likely to have the revised King James, it is therefore impossible to say; but the grand fact is admitted that the Protestant Bible needs revision, in its basis, the text, and in its form.

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"We have made more than fifty miles, and the pursuers do not appear," said Paulus.

Longinus was holding for his superior the bridle of the famous horse of which Tiberius Cæsar had made a present to the breaker of him. Chærias and Thellus were standing on each side of our youth, who had dismounted; and all three, shading their eyes with their hands from a dazzling Italian moon at full, were looking along the straight backward road. Two wagons were in front, or behind them, as they now stood watching; the soldiers had unharnessed the six horses of one of them—that in the rear—upon which the heavy iron chest was borne, and were letting them drink from a roadside spring; the other wagon, drawn also by six horses, and laden with corn-bags, and hay at the bottom, and various packages and soldiers' cumber above, was moving forward at a walk, conducted by two soldiers, who rode the two horses in the middle.

High banks on each hand lined at that point the Roman road, which led to the north-east of Italy, and these banks were densely clothed with copse-wood, which in certain places thickened into an impenetrable jungle.

"Do any of you see anything?" inquired Paulus, when he found no one disposed to answer his remark.

A few moments of silent watching followed, when Longinus, the decurion, said: "I *see* nothing, centurion; but I *hear* something—the distant beat of hoofs upon this hard and echoing road."

Paulus at once cried to the men conducting the hay-wagon in front (that is, behind them, as they then were facing round) to drive forward steadily, but to take care not to blow the horses until followed by the rearward wagon, when they were to rush forward at the top of their speed, and to continue at that pace. He next ordered the two soldiers who were giving water to the horses of the other wagon in the rear, in which was the chest, to reharness them quickly, and as soon as a body of mounted men should appear on the road behind, and should have them plainly in sight—but not sooner

—to push their horses into a gallop, yet to make sure of not gaining upon the wagon in front, but, beginning as late as possible, to continue their gallop only about a thousand paces, and then to walk. Lastly, he turned to the six remaining soldiers, and bade them draw their short swords, loosen their shields, and prepare for action. Upon which he clapped his hand upon the emerald hilt of his own very differently-shaped weapon, whipped it out of the scabbard, and, springing into the ephippia upon the back of Sejanus (or, more properly, of the Sejan steed), he said:

"Thellus, stand upon my right hand, a little further, so as to give me room; my weapon is made for cutting as well as thrusting. Chærias and Longinus, stay on my left hand. Let us see whether we can keep this narrow road awhile against all who may come."

By this time the clatter from the south-west of galloping hoofs upon the hard road had become audible to all.

"Legionaries of the fourth centuria!" cried Paulus, turning round, "away from the road into the brushwood on either hand, three each side. Get before us, as we face now, a few yards."

The Roman legionaries vanished silently to execute this order, and crept through the copse on either hand of the highway. Meantime the hay-wagon trotted steadily forward, and the other remained stationary, ready for an *apparently* panic-stricken gallop.

Presently came forward, with rattle of hoofs and clang of metal, and with the play of the moonlight upon armor, a column of mounted men, every one of whom had on his face a linen mask—not the mask used in comedies. The column filled the width of the road. Fronting them like a statue, in the middle of the way, stood the colossal chestnut horse, and like a statue sat young Paulus on his back.

The riders pulled hard and stopped a few yards from him, when their leader called out:

"Young centurion, no affectation or hypocrisy is required. Eleazar has —perish my tongue! I was going to say that I know you to be a youth of precocious prudence. It is best to speak out what we mean and what we want. You are conveying a large treasure to the army in Venetia; we must have every sesterce of it."

Paulus looked, and saw that the wagon laden with the iron chest had just departed in well-acted terror at a gallop.

"Take it, then," said he. "We have been careful and sparing of the horses, and it is only now we have pushed them into a gallop; and I entertain a hope that we shall hold you at bay so long upon this road that the chest will have reached Germanicus Cæsar before you—I am wrong: I mean to leave *you* here upon the ground—before your followers, I say, can accomplish two-thirds of the distance."

"Demented youth!" replied the other, "why resist without the hope of success? We are ten to one. We can, besides, send men into the copse on each side of the road, and in a moment they will be in your rear."

"You fifty men on the right," cried Paulus, "and you fifty on the left, select three of your best javelin throwers each side, and, after I have ridden back from the midst of yonder gang, give them a sample of what you can do."

He made his horse bound as he faced the column between Thellus, on the one hand, and Chærias and Longinus, on the other.

"Now," said he, shaking his long rapier aloft, "I have a great mind to ride through the whole of you and

back again for the mere sport of it. Your horses are like cats compared to mine; you are only fourteen deep, and the beast that bears me, even if mortally wounded, would trample down fifty of you in file before he dropped."

The leader of the pursuing band was a shrewd man. After a moment's consultation with the persons on either side of him, he said:

"It is a bold idea, young centurion. If it deceived us, you could march away unattacked. But we counted you leaving Rome; we know for certain that you were only fourteen men, all told; we have a post of two men more than forty miles ahead of you, who would have returned and joined us if any reinforcement had met or was coming to meet you. We seriously mean to have yonder treasure, therefore listen to good sense. You might kill and wound a few of us, but not a man of your own party would survive, and we should get the chest afterward all the same You will lose your life, yet not save the treasure. That will not be disinterestedness, but madness."

"In answer to that," said Paulus, who had no objection to prolong the parley, "I must remind you of your own singular disinterestedness. You will lose your own life in order that those behind you may enjoy the money. You must love them more than you love yourself; for I swear to you that, if it comes to violence, not a sesterce in the chest will *you*, at least, receive. The dead divide no booty. If you have authority, then, over your followers, order them back, and begone yourself."

At these words, a cry arose from the crew of desperate men behind:

"No orders for us; we are all equals here!" And one voice added: "It will be no bad thing if some of us do get killed; those who survive will each have more of the money." And a loud laugh greeted this sally.

Paulus hesitated. A downright wish to fight, and a strong repugnance to obey even in appearance mandates such as theirs, yielded, however, to prudence, and to the conviction that the proper moment for a struggle would come only when the robbers should attempt, if they should attempt this at all, to take the wagon containing the hay (wherein the treasure was concealed) as well as that which carried the iron chest filled with stones, to which they were welcome. Having therefore played out his little comedy, he now said:

"Had I not a message of vital importance to give to Germanicus Cæsar, which forbids me to throw away my life till I have fulfilled the errand, I would rather be slain where we stand than comply. But I call upon you, Thellus, and you, Longinus and Chærias, to bear witness that we yield only to overwhelming and irresistible odds. Ten men cannot withstand seventy. Be pleased to move aside, and let these riders come forward. I will gallop on with them and overtake the chest. Bring with you the legionaries in the copse after us, and follow at a fast run. We may need you after all, should these new friends prove too unreasonable."

"We sha'n't prove unreasonable. You pay us too well for that," retorted the leader of the robbers.

Meanwhile, Thellus, Chærias, and Longinus had stepped to the side of the road, and Paulus had turned his horse round. He forthwith rode off at a furious gallop, which soon left far behind him the cloud of straining pursuers.

"Was not that neatly done?" said Thellus in a low voice to Chærias.

"I did not think our chick-chick was such a play-actor."

"He is a splendid lad," said the centurion. "But come, no time is to be lost; these villains may want to take both the wagons, and we must all die on the road, rather. I am in command, I think. Legionaries, come down from the copse, and follow us at a run."

And the three friends, with the six legionaries behind them, started at a sort of sling-trot, which every Roman soldier was obliged to practise in the various gymnasiums attached to the Roman camps.

Considerably more than a thousand paces forward, they heard an uproar of voices, and saw the freebooters in the act of turning the wagon which contained the iron chest. The other wagon was far in front, nearly out of sight indeed; and, as they afterwards learnt, would by this time have been so altogether, only for the restiveness of one of the horses, which had cost the drivers several minutes.

Paulus had a design in galloping so furiously, and obtaining so great a lead of the freebooters. The moment he overtook the drivers of the rearward van, who, according to orders, were now going at a walk, he directed them to cut the traces, to set free two of the horses, and then to ride forward on two of the remaining horses, and join the escort of the other vehicle. This measure had several effects: first, there would be a fresh delay occasioned, and each delay increased the distance which was now growing between the pursuers and the treasure; secondly, the escort, and, if requisite, the locomotive power immediately attached to the gold, would be increased; thirdly, the vehicle containing the chest needed six, or at the least four, of those small horses, to be drawn with anything like the speed indispensable to the safety of the plunderers, none of whom, until they had deliberated, would be likely to part with their own steeds, considering the chance of pursuit, or the chance that their accomplices might leave them behind, and divide the treasure without them. But a far more important effect than any of these was contemplated by Paulus in the whole operation of separating his two vehicles, and this effect soon appeared. When Chærias, Longinus, and Thellus, with the six legionaries, came up, they found the robbers in great disorder and uproar, endeavoring to turn the wagon, nearly half of them having dismounted, and working with their own hands. Paulus, on his tall steed, was conspicuous a little beyond the further verge of the crowd, and was holding an angry dispute with the chief who had first addressed him.

"You looked so formidable," said he, in a low voice and with a haughty smile, "as you came thundering after me along the road, that I do not at all wonder the two soldiers should have sought their safety in flight, and, in order that they might fly effectually, should have taken the two horses with them."

"That one, at all events," said the other, "which you are riding, must be instantly harnessed."

"We must mend these traces as best we can."

"Here's another set of traces in the cart itself!" shouted one of the robbers.

"Good!" said the leader. "Some two or three of us must harness our our own horses to the vehicle, besides yonder chestnut steed. We can ride them all the same. No man need walk, for *that*. Now, my master," added he, turning once more to Paulus, "dismount, and give me the key of this chest."

"The key is not in my possession," replied Paulus; "but I can tell you where it is."

"Where, then? and quickly!"

"Please to remember," said Paulus, "that you have obtained possession of that chest by convention, by agreement. We might have made you pay a dear price for it. Therefore, before I tell you where the key is, let my men pass. It was to spare *them* that I gave up the chest."

"By all the gods!" cried the leader furiously, "they shall never pass till we know where the key is! It would take many strong men hours of hard work to break open this box with crowbars, or cut it with steel saws."

Paulus perceived that Chærias and the two decurions, followed by the six soldiers, had quietly and swiftly sprung into the copse which still lined the road, and were working their way round to where he rode.

He said, "A good locksmith in Rome would soon make you a key."

"Are you courting a needless death?" roared the other. "I am very likely to let a Roman locksmith see this! Once and for all, where is the key?"

By this time, some of the freebooters, who had ridden after and caught the two stray horses, had harnessed these and two of their own to the wagon, and the two men who had parted with their own had now mounted the leaders. One of them here called out, "Cut him down, if he don't tell us where to find the key. We may have troops upon us before we can take this money to a safe place and divide it."

Paulus made his horse bound a few paces away. Chærias and his companions sprang into the road, and passing Paulus, who had faced round again toward the robbers, resumed at his command their vigorous slinging run along the high-road in the original direction of the march.

"Listen to me," cried Paulus to the robbers. "Time is more precious to you than you are aware. My men are now safe, and I'll tell you where the key is. But, first, let me advise those of you who drive the wagon to move on with it fast; and, if they can leave some of their comrades behind, they will evidently have more of what is in the box to divide among themselves. On the other hand, any of you who may wish to abandon his share in the box has only to come out here after me, and so lose the brief time of security. If no more than *three* of you come out at once, some of them will doubtless lose something else besides time; if any greater number come, let them catch me."

Cries of "The key! the key!" interrupted him.

"The key of that chest," he resumed, "is lying as far as I could fling it in the forest on the roadside either to the right or to the left, not fifty miles from Rome. Farewell!"

As he said this in a loud voice, he slowly turned Sejanus, and trotted him in pursuit of his running companions. Some of the robbers believed they could find the key upon his person. A shower of javelins followed him, all of which, except three, missed. One glanced against the back of his helmet; two others stuck in the small rings of a steel shirt. At the same time, the rattle of hoofs behind warned him that he was pursued. He turned half-round on his saddle-cloths, exclaiming as he increased his pace, "Right! Lose your part in yonder box, which is even now trotting off. Come with me, my masters, and let the others have the chest. Come along!"

They did not mean to take this advice, however much they would have

desired to punish him for his trick respecting the key, as well as for his defiant and jeering tone. In spite of momentary anger, the great majority of the freebooters were in excellent humor and the wildest spirits. Their work had been short; their success, as they supposed, perfect; and there was money enough now in their possession to give them more than the value of twelve hundred pounds sterling each. The great majority of them, in fact, felt literally unable to tear themselves away from the iron box, containing twelve millions of sesterces; and this division of their number, and consequent diminution of their combatant power, were the very objects which Paulus had had in view when separating by so wide an interval his two vehicles. Had it become necessary to defend the one in advance, he felt sanguine and even certain that he should have had only a part of the enemy to resist, and even this part would not long continue an attack which might give their accomplices time to divide the spoil in their absence.

Five men, however, among whom was their leader, had dashed forth from the mass of riders to wreak the anger of the moment upon the scoffer.

Paulus, going at an easy canter, his face turned back, saw that they were not coming on abreast, their chief being the best mounted, and the four others straggling after him as if in a race. He pressed Sejanus for about a hundred and fifty yards, and, finding now that there was a sufficient interval between the leading pursuer and his followers, pulled up abruptly, and wheeled round.

"I have no need and no wish," he cried, as his long rapier flashed above his charger's head in a wide lateral sweep from left to right, "to take your life, but you shall carry a marked face to your grave!"

It was not a very violent cut, but measured with great exactness, and delivered with half-force. There was blood on the three-edged sword as it came away. The man yelled. The next pursuer pulled up in haste to let the third join him; and in the meantime Paulus, who had passed the leading robber on that gentleman's right hand, now made a curve across the whole road in returning, and flew by him at full speed on the opposite side, where the poor caitiff would have had to strike or thrust across his own bridle. He made an awkward attempt to do the former, but was, of course, short of his chastiser, who continued his course until he overtook Cassius Chærias and the others, still running steadily along the road.

Here, looking back, he perceived that his pursuers had given up the chase, and were using their best speed to rejoin the main body, who (some before and some behind the precious van) could be seen travelling away in the distance at a vigorous trot.

"Stop a moment," cried Paulus. dismounting; "take breath now."

And Chærias, the two decurions, and the soldiers all stopped, and gathered round the young centurion. The four officers burst simultaneously into a hearty laugh, and their mirth rather surprised the grim legionaries, who conceived that to have just lost twelve million sesterces of military pay was no laughing matter.

While Thellus picked out of our hero's shoulders the two javelins still sticking in the steel shirt, he said in a low voice:

"Young master and friend, had you not better ride forward fast? It is not well to leave those weighty corn-bags too long in the charge of common soldiers."

"You are right, my friend. I will do so. Chærias, I must overtake the other vehicle. Bring all our

friends here quickly after me. Fellow-soldiers, you must sustain your severe pace for a few hours or so longer. At every milestone you must change the run to a quick walk until quite in breath again."

And remounting, he galloped forward. It was in a part of the road perfectly level with the land around, under bright starlight, the moon having set, that he came up with the four soldiers who were escorting the baggage-cart. They were halting. The linch-pin of one of the front wheels had given way, the wheel had wobbled off the axletree, and the legionaries were even then busy in endeavoring to manufacture a temporary fastening. In other respects all was not well. Two of the horses had fallen lame. To maintain a forced pace was no longer possible. When the wheel had been replaced in a rude fashion, Paulus directed his men to move forward gently at a walk, until they should be rejoined by the nine others belonging to their little expedition; and while riding quietly in their rear, and affecting to hum an air of music which was then popular in Greece, and used to be played by ladies upon the seven-stringed lyre, he considered, with no little anxiety and carefulness, was it possible that the freebooters should find out the contents of the strong box, and return in pursuit?

First, it was certain that they would not go all the way back to Rome; they would not dare to take their cumbrous and conspicuous prize into the city at all. They must already have halted; and it was likely that, making their way off the high-road into the forest, they would have deposited the chest in some safe dell or dingle. Secondly, however, it was not probable they could open the chest by any forcible means for many hours. This thought was a relief. But suddenly an alarming idea occurred to him. Eleazar had betrayed him; would not Eleazar be sufficiently cunning to anticipate—not perhaps the removal of the money out of the chest, but the easy and obvious artifice of concealing the key? The delay which could be caused by the want of a key might enable a well-mounted rider to fetch from the rear-guard of Germanicus's army a strong escort, and to lead it back in time to recover the booty; and *might not Eleazar possess a duplicate key?* Might he not have followed his accomplices, and, meeting them on their return, have produced the means which they desired but lacked of opening the box? Then would a discovery be made which would convince the band that Paulus retained the treasure still; they would remember there was a second wagon; they would follow him again; he had not yet made a hundred miles, and now, with these lame horses, he could no longer fly fast. His difficulties, risks, and responsibilities became so acutely painful to the young man, that he clinched his hands involuntarily and groaned aloud.

After a time, looking back along the road, he saw Chærias and the others in the distance following swiftly. He turned his horse round, and awaited them. There were some wines and other provisions in the cart, and he determined to call a halt, afford his men the refreshments which their severe exertions had rendered so needful, and consult with his three friends.

Distributing to the legionaries bread, meat, and wine, he ordered them to give the horses a feed of corn in nose-bags, and then to go back along the road, beyond hearing; to keep attentive watch for any sign of pursuit; to take a repast, and to rest until further orders.

When these things had been done, and when the soldiers were out of hearing, our youth and his three companions took their seats upon the corn-bags in the wagon; and while eating some bread and meat and grapes, and passing round a horn of wine, Paulus laid the subject of his anxiety before the others. They agreed with him as to the gravity of the disastrous possibility impending over them; and Longinus, who was very modest, seeing that neither Chærias nor Thellus proffered a word, said:

"Centurions, we left Rome, you know, by the Via Nomentana; we have made about a hundred thousand paces; we are now not far from the Lake Thrasymene, of evil fame. I know this country well. Not six hundred paces from the road, on the right hand, there is an ancient bosky dingle or hollow. It was, I think, formerly a quarry, from which many thousand paces of this very road were paved. It is now lined all round with copse and brushwood. I recommend that we take the wagon through the fields into that dell, where it will remain concealed completely, as it will be much below the level of the surrounding country. At the brink of the dell we can unharness the horses, which some of the men can mount and ride off upon. There are provisions enough for three or four days for three of us. We will let the wagon roll down to a ledge in the concave of the dingle. The centurion Chærias, Thellus, and myself will remain on guard, and lead the forester's life for a day or two or three. You, who are so well mounted, can ride as fast as possible to the camp of Germanicus, near Forum Allieni, and bring back a sufficient escort, say fifty men, and we will await your return."

"You have touched it with the point of a needle," cried Paulus.

"It is good advice," added Chærias, "in *substance*. But we had better not leave *wheel-marks through the fields*. Let us ourselves carry the corn-bags, as well as the provisions, into the dell. Let the wagon, the weight of which will be enormously lightened after the coin is removed, proceed forward. The horses can then bear it swiftly; and all the ten soldiers can have a conveyance, two on horseback, eight in the wagon; the two lame horses can be led by the mounted men; all six beasts will thus be preserved for future use. I don't like, when in war, losing an ass, or even the ear of an ass, that I can save."

"Nevertheless," returned Paulus, "we must not separate the conveyance too far from what it has to convey. Yours be the task of obliterating the wheel-marks, not all the way to the dell, but near the road. I may be able to bring back soldiers, yet not to bring another wagon. Therefore we will forthwith carry Longinus's plan into effect. It is impossible to say how soon it might be too late."

Without calling to the soldiers, who were a hundred yards off in their rear, and were enjoying their supper, Paulus tied his horse's head to a tree, and, with the vigorous help of his three companions, soon saw removed into the dingle, to which Longinus led the way, the wagon and the whole of the treasure concealed in the tightly-strapped corn-bags.

At the brink of the hollow, Paulus had unharnessed the horses, and led them back to the road. He now summoned the ten legionaries, told them to ride in turn, four at a time, for some miles, leading the lame

horses. They were then to tether the animals where there was good grass, some fifty yards from the roadside, and continue their own march on foot to Cortona, and there they were to wait until they heard from him again.

They set forth obediently at a good round pace. But Paulus, on his mighty steed, which was now fed and refreshed, was to follow and to pass them, and was to be the first messenger of the emergency. Nevertheless, he could not yet move nor tear himself away. He looked in the direction of the dell, where all was quiet and nothing visible. He looked forward, where he saw his men fast disappearing in the uncertain starlight. He looked back, where he could hear and see nothing but the dim landscape, nothing but physical nature. At last, with a deep breath, he poised himself well upon the back of Sejanus, shook the reins over the brute's powerful neck, and departed. The horse, as if he understood the long and heavy strain that was to be put upon his resources, seemed to exercise a sort of economy, and, without bounding into the full fury of his speed, settled down into a long and steady stride which soon carried him abreast of the legionaries. Paulus here drew reins, and said:

"You can tether the horses hereabouts, and leave them to graze. Then come on at a good pace, my men; there may be pursuers behind. I ride forward on purpose to bring help back. Halt at Cortona; apply at the Quæstor for your lodgings and subsistence, and on my return from Ferrara, I will pick you up."

And he went forward at an easy canter, with the dark waters of Thrasymene upon his left hand. Cortona was considerably to the left of the straight line as the crow flies; but, taking this direction, he calculated upon striking the Apennine chain, where there was an easy pass, familiar to him since early boyhood from the military lectures of his father, who used to point out to the child upon a diagram the exact spot, beyond Fiesole and near Pistoia, where Hannibal had led his army across those mountains. He therefore held on, within Etruria, passed through Florence, where but few persons were yet out of bed; left Fiesole on his right, and reached Pistoia a little after noon. He had spared his charger; and he performed the eighty miles from a point somewhat below Lake Thrasymene in about seven hours. Here he halted to give both himself and his beast refreshments and some two hours of rest. He then passed the mountains, and rode off to the north-east, by Claterva and Bologna, along the road to Ferrara.

CHAPTER IV.

No sooner was the protection of her son Paulus's presence removed than the Lady Aglais determined to avail herself of the cordial hospitality and opportune retreat which had been proffered to her and to Agatha by their aged kinsman, Marcus Lepidus Æmilius, who was now living in such systematic obscurity, although his energy had once stridden abreast of gigantic enterprises, and had shared, with two rivals only, the dominion of the world.

Aglais, with the aid of Crispus and Crispina, took her plans to escape notice, and to leave no trace of her destination when she should have departed from the inn. Yet, in spite of the astuteness of the Greek lady and the prudence of her allies, events proved that both an enemy and a friend respectively had been playing

a far deeper game against her and in defence of her.

The distinguished soldier and still extant author, who, as the reader will remember, secured the wanderers a reception in Crispus's inn the night of their arrival, had once afterward called upon them. During that visit Aglais could not fail to be struck by something unusually ardent (for so self-possessed and courtly a person as Velleius Paterculus) in the tone of his inquiries after Agatha's health and spirits.

Now, the evening before the intended departure of the ladies to Marcus's castle, Crispina entered their sitting-room, and brought a request from the military tribune in question that they would favor him with a short interview. Crispina was ordered to show him the way to their apartments; and in a few minutes he entered, holding his military casque in his left hand, and bowing low. The door being closed, Velleius having taken a seat, and a few courteous inquiries of the usual sort having been interchanged, he said:

"So you would leave us to-morrow?"

They were very much surprised. He smiled, and continued:

"You have good cause to change your residence; and if you could reach the ex-triumvir's castle at Monte Circello, without the positive certainty existing that you had taken refuge there, the place has hiding resources which would, I think, frustrate any direct search after you or after your lovely daughter. Once, during the civil wars, your brother-in-law, Marcus Lepidus, successfully eluded pursuit in the same immense edifice, It is the work of a Greek architect. and is a masterpiece of structural ingenuity. The whole building, at the time to which I allude, was methodically searched; an account was rendered of every cubic foot within it, under it, and around it, but the triumvir was not discovered, and, when times had mended, he negotiated for his own permanent immunity and security. If you were once within those walls, *while any doubt remained whether you had fled*, I should feel no further anxiety for you, lady, or for this fair damsel." And he bowed gravely to Agatha.

After musing a little, Agatha said: "You fill me with astonishment, and make me acquainted with new alarms. Why should we not reach Circello? And why should not that home shelter us? What, too, have we done?"

"You cannot," replied Paterculus slowly, "mistake the only end I have in view, if I am forced to alarm you. I am ready to do much, and, believe me, to hazard not a little, for your safety. You would not have arrived at Monte Circello at all, had I left you to execute your plans. You would have been waylaid."

"Waylaid!" she said, white with terror. "We will not stir. I will send for my son."

"Alas!" said Paterculus, "it will not be safe for you to stay in this inn two days longer. I have come to submit to you the only plan which I have been able to devise. You must not reject it."

She tried in vain to utter something, and could only gaze in speechless dismay at her visitor. The gentleness of his words and the consummate quietude of his bearing, as he immediately endeavored to reassure her, produced the desired effect, and at the same time drew the hearts of both the mother and daughter with an irresistible and natural feeling of gratitude and even tenderness toward one whom they regarded as their sole present champion amid vague dangers, and nameless enemies, and undefined horrors.

Instinctively the two poor women rose together, and, approaching Velleius, sat down near him.

"My time," said he, with a scarcely audible sigh, "runs fast away. Listen to such a letter as your kinsman at Circello might write to you." And he drew forth from a fold in his tunic the draft of a letter, and read as follows:

"M. Lep. Æmilius to his sister Aglais, greeting: I rejoice that you see the force of my reasoning, and that you will adopt the advice conveyed to you in my last communication. The vessel which I have hired to take you to Spain, where you can live in tranquillity, will hover off the coast near Caietæ in about a fortnight. I will, on the seventh day from this, send you a person who shall conduct you by Fondi to Caietæ, and take you to the ship in a small boat, when all shall be ready to receive you on board. Farewell."

Having read this, Paterculus paused. The ladies remained silent in sheer astonishment.

"But," said Aglais, at last, "there is no time left, if we are not safe here, to get my kinsman to write this letter."

"He need not write any letter," said Paterculus. "You observe in what I have just read an allusion to a supposed previous letter, which, nevertheless, he has not written. If you will merely consent to be guided by me, I will cause such a letter as the one of which you have now heard the draft to be intercepted on the way from the farmer-triumvir to you. It will straightway be laid before a certain personage. That personage will see, or imagine he sees, that the triumvir is not only reluctant to receive you, but has succeeded in persuading you to change for an early flight to Spain your plan of a retreat or refuge in his castle. The personage to whom the letter will be carried will moreover notice that your change of measures has been produced by a former letter of Lepidus's, not intercepted, and therefore that the present seizure of communications has been made too late to prevent the relinquishment of your original design. He will, therefore, neither lay any ambush for you on the way to Circello, nor suspect that you have gone thither. If at the same time you disappear hence, he will await you at Caietæ, watching the coast and the vessel, while you will be safe in the triumvir's castle."

"But the person of whom you speak will find that there is no vessel hovering on the coast," replied the lady, "and will again question whither we have gone."

"Pardon me for contradicting you," said Velleius. "He *will* find a vessel has been hovering on the coast, and, after receiving a skiff and its passengers on board (two women and one oarsman), that the vessel has vanished seaward. I have myself hired the vessel, distributed the parts, rehearsed the performers, and arranged all the scenes of the little comedy. But you must not go to-morrow, as you had intended, for on the way you would be seized. Give me to-morrow to have the letter intercepted, give me the next day to combine means for your journey. To-night, meanwhile, Crispus, and none other, must carry your luggage himself, parcel by parcel, into a thicket in the wood which skirts the western or seaward road. On the night of the day after to-morrow, you must leave the inn on foot, after people have retired to bed, and you must walk for a mile or more to the large sycamore-tree near the place where Cicero was murdered; Crispina will go with you to the spot through the garden, and

then through the fields. Under the tree you will find a *biga* with two swift horses and a trusty driver; on the roof of the *biga* your luggage shall have been already strapped."

It would be needless to describe the gratitude of the mother and daughter. The former alluded deprecatingly to the expense which must have been incurred, especially in hiring such a vessel as would appear qualified to traverse the sea; but Paterculus checked all further reference to that matter with a peremptory gesture, and, rising, added, in the same low voice in which the conversation had all along been carried on:

"I have alluded to the hiding resources of the Circello Castle. I will not describe the wonderful contrivances of the architect. He was your countryman—an Athenian even, I think. When once with Lepidus, you will see; and as you remember—

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'"

"Well, but," said Aglais, "if you know so much of these lurking-places (*latebræ*), others doubtless know them too."

"Not so," answered Velleius, with a smile. "I am preparing the history of these times. I note and remember much which every one else dismisses from his mind, if remarked at all. There is one point very important to you: supposing you could have evaded any ambush laid for you to-morrow, and have reached Circello, yet so reached it that it would remain certain you had taken refuge there, then you would not be safe, because, although physically and materially all search of the place for a fugitive would be vain, a moral pressure upon Marcus Lepidus might, I apprehend, compel the surrender of his refugees by his own act."

"I understand," said Aglais, and simultaneously Agatha exclaimed "Oh!"

"Fair damsel," said Velleius, "he is not like his nephew, your brother, your dauntless Paulus."

"But," concluded the handsome tribune, "with the measures taken you can banish anxiety, and set yourselves at rest. Think sometimes of me. Farewell."

Before they could answer a word, he had gone.

CHAPTER V.

It was a stormy night in early winter, a few weeks afterward, that Marcus Æmilius Lepidus (still in conversation styled the triumvir where not wholly forgotten) had returned with Aglais and Agatha to his favorite sitting-room in the third story, after showing the wonders of his solitary castle to the widow of his warlike brother and to her child. It would require a book to itself to describe this mysterious masterpiece of architectural ingenuity, and another book to depict the almost Eastern luxury with which it had been furnished, when its proprietor determined to exchange the dangers of political ambition in a very dangerous age for the comforts of opulent obscurity.

"Are you tired?" asked the old man.

The ladies, both flushed with exercise, declared that their excursion had been delightful, the surprises of it astounding, and, if more was to be seen, they were ready and eager to see more.

"More!" said the triumvir, smiling. "If we spent every night for a month in similar explorations, you would still be liable to lose yourselves without great caution."

The room was lighted by eight

lamps, and a brazier diffused a comfortable warmth.

"Agatha," said the old man, throwing himself upon a couch, "before I ask you to accompany yourself upon the six-stringed lyre in a Greek song, pray go to the curtains against the western wall, draw them back, open the lattice behind, and tell me how the night looks upon the Tyrrhenian Sea."

"It looks stormy over the sea, uncle, and the waves are beating upon the rocks far down; the foam shines very white under faint stars; the wind is roaring among your towers; and a world of waters thunders below at the foundations of the castle, which trem—"

The voice of the young girl ceased, and Aglais, who stood warming her hands near the brazier, looked round and saw her nowhere.

"Why, brother," she cried, in utter bewilderment, "where is—*where* is Agatha?"

The triumvir arose, and approaching his sister-in-law, so as to stand between her and the window, pointed in the opposite direction significantly.

She turned, and endeavored to discover to what he wished to draw her attention, and while still gazing heard Agatha say, as if concluding her sentence:

"And do you not feel the floors vibrate to the shock of the unseen armies of the air?"

"Where have you been, Agatha?"

"Here, gazing at the wondrous tempest," said she, closing the horn shutter of the lattice, drawing the curtain, and coming back toward the fireplace, with her beautiful countenance one glow of poetry.

After the song which Lepidus had requested, supper was brought. Some tale of the civil wars and his adventurous youth was recalled accidentally to mind by Lepidus, and when he had finished it he begged Agatha once more to go to the window, and inform them again how the night looked over the sea.

She rose, ran to the curtains, and, drawing them aside, uttered an exclamation, which drew her mother to the place.

The sea was gone, and the woods of Latium waved wanly and dimly in the gale under the uncertain stars. The triumvir joined them. "As you have so obligingly accompanied yourself, my child," said he, "upon the lyre, come now, you and your mother, and accompany *me*."

While he spoke, the lights, the brazier, and the whole apartment disappeared behind them. A monstrous shutter, running in grooves from ceiling to floor, had silently slipped along the space. The whole of that story of the house seemed to have pivoted *on a turn-table*. They were now in a little gallery, with no light save what entered by the lattice; and, looking through this, they thought the landscape appeared to glide away to the left, and the roaring sea to creep round under them from the right. When they were just over its midthunders they descended swiftly, till the spray blew into their faces. Then the triumvir shut the lattice, and at the same instant a flood of light fell from behind. Turning round, they saw in the centre of a wide-flagged passage a white-bearded servant, with a torch in each hand, bowing low, and inviting the ladies to follow him to the sitting-room. Marcus Lepidus gave an arm to the ladies on either hand, and for ten minutes, or even more, they followed the aged domestic up flights of stairs, round spacious halls, and along passages and colonnades, until the man stopped at a lofty door in the third story. Lepidus, opening the door, bowed his guests back into the room which they had

quitted in so unexpected and unexplained a manner. A handsome, effeminate-looking youth, with traces of dissipation in his face, whom they had never seen before, sprang from Lepidus's favorite couch, and was presented in a constrained and even curt manner to the ladies by the triumvir—who had slightly started on perceiving him — as his grandson Marcus.

"Why, I did not expect you for six months yet," said the triumvir dryly.

"Before explaining why you enjoy the pleasure of my company so soon," returned the youth, in a somewhat languid tone, which reminded Agatha of Velleius Paterculus's graceful slowness of accent, as a clever copy reminds one of an authentic masterpiece, or affected refinement of genuine elegance, "will you be good enough to inform me of the names of the fair ladies whom I have the unlooked-for pleasure of meeting?"

"My poor brother's widow, the Lady Aglais, and her daughter, your second cousin Agatha," said the triumvir.

"Ah! then," cried he, making a low obeisance to each of the ladies in succession, "you are the mother, you the sister, of the heroic youth of whose prowess I have heard all men speak as I came through Formiæ, and whom I have missed meeting because he had just followed Germanicus to the war in North Italy; you are the mother and sister Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.

The two last words of the last line in the Iliad, so familiar to the Greek ladies, thus suddenly applied to young Paulus, in obvious allusion to his late victory over the Sejan horse, brought a flush of pleasure to their faces.

"I have come back from Rhodes," resumed the young man, "a little sooner than had been arranged; first, because—because—if I had remained much longer, I must have been obliged to borrow money for my journey."

"Your studies, I am sure, will make you famous; but your allowance," said the triumvir, "was surely most liberal; a proconsul's son would not have wished more in my time."

"Just so, grandfather; but you say in your time. The times have changed; new wants have sprung up. I can't keep the pace. The boy Caligula, and young Herod Agrippa, my particular friends, were both at Formiæ when I arrived, and I pledge you my word I was ashamed to let them even know my presence; they would have laughed at me. No horses; no money; I could not have joined them. I skulked in an inn; and while the gayeties of a court, which is my natural sphere, were circling around me, was obliged to amuse myself by listening to some low seafaring man, in a state of partial intoxication, who was making people laugh by telling them that he had gained as much money for dressing up two boys in women's clothes, and rowing them in a skiff to his ship, off the coast at Caietæ, as if he had performed his intended voyage to Spain and back. When they asked for an explanation, he declared that, if they could keep a secret, so could he; but although his vessel was in the port at Naples, that it was good for him to be near a court, where men had the spirit to spend as much money on a freak or a whim as low people would venture on a trading voyage."

Agatha and Aglais exchanged glances. The triumvir was afraid to look toward them. He remarked that the seafaring churl was doubtless a swindler, pretending to be tipsy and to have funds in order to lure some idler into playing at the *tesseræ* with him, and thus to win his money.

"I dare say," drawled the youth. "*I* want money, too, grandfather; and I know you will supply me sufficiently."

"Well, well," replied the triumvir, "you must be tired. Let me order you some supper, and recommend you to go at once to bed. To-morrow we will speak of business."

Asking his grandson to follow him, he left the room; and shortly afterward returned alone.

He was in low spirits. He cautioned the ladies to say nothing about the contrivances for concealment which existed in the castle, and of which the youth had no real knowledge, but merely a mysterious memory from childish days, confounding the facts with notions of necromancy and enchantment. He added that it would be well for all purposes if Marcus should at once depart; and that he would accordingly somewhat strain his own plans in regard to the pecuniary demands of the youth.

Notwithstanding the liberal supply of money which this declaration intimated, young Marcus suddenly changed his mind; and for some days was not apparently in a hurry to tear himself entirely away from that bewitched abode. He went, indeed, to Formiæ, but soon returned with airs of importance, and, indeed, of inquisitiveness, which awakened in the hearts of the sojourners there inexpressible anxiety and an undefined alarm. He passed from marks of admiration for Agatha, poignantly displeasing to her, to studiously careless questions, which sounded like the continuations of some conference which he must have held with mighty personages in a dangerous sphere. And it was then that he began regularly to go in the afternoons to Formiæ (where he slept), and to return for an hour or two nearly every forenoon to the castle of enchantments.

One day, toward noon, the triumvir was just coming home after a little fishing excursion, and, having stepped from his boat upon a jetty which he had built to run out of the very court-yard of the mansion to an iron gate in the lofty sea-wall, he was about to cross the yard, separated from the garden by a paling, and so to enter the house at the usual door on the sea-side, when, over the pales, he saw the ladies sitting in an ivy-thatched arbor at the end of one of the garden-walks. Passing through a little wicket shutter in the paling, he sauntered toward them. As he approached, he perceived that Agatha was in tears and sobbing, while her mother, whose arms enfolded upon her own bosom the young girl's head, was endeavoring to soothe her.

Neither the Greek lady nor the weeping girl perceived the triumvir. How other hosts of Marcus Lepidus's age, and in circumstances resembling his, after a life like his, would have acted, I know not. But he paused, and, turning noiselessly, retraced his steps. Having entered the house, changed his fishing costume, and refreshed himself, he rested awhile in deep reflection. In less than an hour, he sent a servant to order Melena, the Greek slave of Aglais, to announce to her mistress and to Agatha that he had returned, and would be glad to have their company at his repast in their favorite sitting-room on the third story. They came; and the three sat down together to a delicious little banquet, at which the triumvir compelled both Aglais and Agatha to drink one cyathus more than they usually would drink of a wine the fame of which alone has reached us across all those centuries. The servants soon retired.

"Why are you so sad?" demanded the triumvir cheerily.

"I wish," said Agatha, "that we could hear, I do not say from, but even of, my brother Paulus."

"You will see him here before long, hardly able to bear up under the Pelion-upon-Ossa of his honors," said the old man.

"Ah!" groaned the young girl; while the Lady Aglais perceptibly suppressed a sigh. There was a pause.

"Has my grandson been here to-day?" asked Lepidus.

"He had not ridden off an hour," replied Aglais, "when Melena said you were waiting for us. I feel that our presence must be most embarrassing to you, dear brother; and it is not for us to increase willingly the troubles which we entail upon you. But I dread your grandson Marcus. He left us to-day with a threat."

"A threat!"

"Yes; you must have noticed—must have observed, that—that he has assumed a manner which—"

She hesitated.

"I have observed that he admires his cousin yonder, and that Agatha is far from encouraging his attentions," said Lepidus gravely. After a pause, he suddenly added: "Surely the young wretch has better reason than I have to know this; and has ceased to importune, to persecute with marks of his preference, a damsel who is under my protection, to say nothing of Agatha's merits, birth, and breeding."

Neither of the ladies replied. Agatha became very red, and Aglais very pale.

"What was the threat?" inquired the triumvir.

"He said," replied the mother, "that my daughter showed as much spirit as if she was in Spain, and he hoped she might display no abatement of it when Tiberius Cæsar should learn that she was yet in Italy."

"And who," roared the aged triumvir, "is Tiberius Cæsar? I have been the—the equal of his master."

His head drooped, and he added, in a mutter: "I have no legions now! Alas, we all helped to substitute caprice for justice when we lowered the Roman Senate into a court."

Aglais was in terror.

"Your bounty," said she, "together with the means I myself retain, place us beyond the fear of want. I have determined to seek concealment in a little villa or cottage near Rome; and, assuming a new name, there to await Paulus's return, and the result of Dionysius's efforts in our behalf. The sooner we depart, the safer."

"Let us neither run," said Lepidus, "into snares, nor fly, without need, from tranquillity. If Tiberius has learnt that you are here, your attempt to leave me and your seizure would be simultaneous events; if he has not learnt it, your departure is not yet necessary. But I will give all requisite orders, nevertheless, and make every preparation, within three hours. Be of good heart. The power of flying shall be yours, from this very afternoon. There—enough! What a fallen man is Lepidus! Once, a world shook at my name; and now my gallant brother Paulus's widow and daughter imagine they are not safe under my roof!"

Rising from the table, he threw himself on a couch, near which some jewels were displayed on a stand. He took up a little casket, and said:

"Niece Agatha, I may never see your pretty face again after you once leave the Castle of Circello; wear this for my sake."

And opening the casket, he drew

from it a twisted chain of gold, to which hung a jasper locket encrusted with other precious stones, and enclosing a miniature of a woman.

"Thanks," replied the girl. "If you will yourself place it round my neck, uncle, it will make the beautiful jewel more dear to me."

"There, my little lady," cried the old man, complying with her request; "what an ornament, to be sure, you are to the trinket!"

"The trinket to *me*, you mean," said Agatha. "What is inside this locket?"

"You open it thus," replied Lepidus, pressing a little ivory knob, releasing a blade of steel, and disclosing four golden signet-rings, such as Romans of distinction used to wear on the third finger of the left hand.

"The story of these rings," continued the triumvir, placing them in a row on the table, "is equally brief and curious. This on the left, representing Aphrodite armed, was Julius Cæsar's; I mean, it is precisely like his favorite signet-ring, with which he issued commands that were obeyed from the Tigris to Britain. The other three, going still from left to right, are all exact copies of the three successive signet-rings used by our actual master, Augustus; the last, which is a good likeness of himself as he was thirty years ago, being his present SEAL OF ORDERS.

"The one next to it presents a portrait of Alexander the Great. That was Augustus's previous—his second affectation. The first was the Sphynx; see the inscrutable head! This, his first fancy, was an instinct. No affectation *there*, I can tell you. At the time of our quarrel and reconciliation, just after the war with Sextus Pompey in Sicily, Augustus gave me, as a mere token of private regard, the duplicate of his own seal-ring. Of course I have never used it for public purposes. To do so would cost any man his head. The other two were sent to me by the artist, as duplicates of what he had manufactured for Augustus, because it was I who had advised his employment by the Princeps. The man was called Minas; he was a Rhodian; he was always grateful to me for my recommendation."

When Lepidus had finished this concise little history, he replaced the rings in the locket, and Agatha, round whose neck the chain hung, promised, with many affectionate thanks, to keep the gift for her uncle's sake. And so that night passed away till it was time to separate and retire to rest.

Several days went by; and young Marcus reappeared not at the castle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.*

As this is a standard Protestant work on the subject, and has been before the public for nearly thirty years, we are a little surprised to learn from the title-page that its sales have only reached the ninth thousand, though it is possible if we were to read it our surprise would be somewhat lessened. Read it we have not, though we have looked into it here and there; and certainly we do not propose to review it. We are not in the habit of reviewing books we have not read; and as we did not think it worth our while to read it when we were a Protestant, we are still less disposed to do it now we are a Catholic. We have no doubt that if one had patience to wade through its pages he might fish out some curious things; but we would rather forego them than to submit to the weary labor of seeking them, especially in hot weather. We are contented to stop with the title and the question it raises as to the Great Commission, or authority to evangelize the world.

We accept the assertion contained in the title, that our Lord constituted and commissioned his church to convey the Gospel to the world. We do not concede that this is all his church was constituted or instituted and commissioned to do; but we do admit that she was instituted, among other things, for this, and that this is included in the great commission which our Lord gave his apostles. But here comes up the question: To whom did this great commission issue; and who inherit the authority it confers? Who have received it, and have the right to act under it and appropriate the promises that accompany it?

We know well the commission, and to whom it was originally given. "And Jesus coming, spake to them [the apostles], saying: All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 18–20). This is the commission, given by one who had ample authority, for he had all power in heaven and in earth, and it is sufficiently broad in its terms. There can be no dispute that it was given originally to the apostles; but was it given to them personally, during their natural life only? If so, the commission expired, by its necessary limitation, with their death, and there is now and has been since no "great commission," no "church constituted to convey the Gospel to the world." If there has since been no such church, no such commission, certainly our Protestant friends have no commission, no authority from God to evangelize the world; and their missionaries at home or abroad, in Protestant nations, Catholic nations, or infidel nations are like those prophets of whom the Lord says by the mouth of Jeremy the prophet: "I did not send these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied" (Jer. xxiii. 21.) If the Lord hath not commissioned and sent their preachers and missionaries, they have no authority that anybody is bound or even

* *The Great Commission; or, The Christian Church Constituted and Charged to Convey the Gospel to the World.* By John Harris, D.D. With Introductory Essay by the Rev. William R. Williams, D.D. Ninth thousand. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1870. 12mo, pp. 396.

has the right to respect. In matters of religion, nobody is bound or has the right to listen to any preacher or teacher not commissioned or authorized to teach by our Lord himself.

But Dr. Harris, the author of the book before us, cannot take the ground that the commission was to the apostles personally, and expired with their natural life. The very purpose for which he writes is to show from the Scriptures and other sources that the great commission was issued to the church, which still subsists, and is in full force now, or that the church was constituted for the very purpose of evangelizing the nations in every age of the world. It could not then have lapsed with the natural life of the apostles. A careful analysis of the terms of the commission, as recorded by St. Matthew, will sustain the author, and prove that it was to remain in force through all time; for our Lord promised those he commissioned that he would be with them "all days, even to the consummation of the world," which proves that they whom he commissioned were in the sense intended to remain to teach or evangelize till the consummation of the world, an event still future; for evidently he could not remain with and aid and protect with his gracious presence teachers or evangelizers that had ceased to live in the world. Either, then, we must admit that the promise of Christ has failed, which is not possible, or else maintain that the commission was to the apostles in a sense in which they are still living in time; for the promise is, "Behold, I am with *you* all days, even to the consummation of the world."

As the apostles are personally no longer inhabitants of time, evidently it is only as a body or corporation of evangelizers, which survives the death of its individual members in their successors, that the apostles do or can continue to exist in time to the end of the world. The commission reads: "Go *ye*," and the promise is, "I am with *you*"—plainly proving that they who received the commission, in the sense in which they were commissioned, are precisely they who were or are to continue in time till the world is consummated, which is not possible except in the sense of a corporation of teachers or evangelizers, defined by the lawyers to be an artificial and immortal person. The commission must then have been given to the apostles and their successors in whom the corporation is perpetuated, and is to be perpetuated to the end of the world; for it is only in their successors in whom they survive that they do or can live to the consummation of the world. Dr. Harris must take this ground, or else say nothing about the "Great Commission," as given to any body now living.

There is no question of the fact that the commission issued and is a perpetual commission to the church as a teaching body to evangelize the world. We have read enough of the volume before us to see that Dr. Harris abundantly proves this point from the Scriptures. So long as there are any nations not yet converted, the church must either prove false to her trust or be in one sense a missionary church. But the church to whom the commission is given must be the church that continues or perpetuates the church of the apostles, or, more strictly, the identical apostolic body. Every other or any other body, whatever it may call itself, whatever its pretensions, or however successfully it may mimic it, has no authority, no commission from our Lord to evangelize at home or abroad. A man who is not commissioned by the regular authority for that purpose has no right to assume the command of the army, and no officer or soldier has any duty, or even

right, to obey his orders. It is necessary, then, to identify the body claiming to have received the commission with the apostolic body, and any body that cannot establish its identity with that body must be treated as a usurper, and without authority to evangelize. The apostle St. John assures us of this: "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. By this is the spirit of God known: every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that dissolveth Jesus, is not of God; and this is Antichrist, of whom ye have heard that he cometh, and he is now already in the world. You are of God, little children, and have overcome him; because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world. They are of the world; therefore of the world they speak, and the world heareth them. *We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God, heareth us not. By this know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.*" (1 St. John iv. 1–6.)

We have quoted the whole passage; but at this moment we use only the sixth verse, which we have italicized. The apostle gives two tests, one of doctrine, and the other of communion. The latter only is to our present purpose, though we shall refer to the other before we close. We, the apostolic body or communion, says the apostle, are of God—"He that knoweth God, heareth *us;* and he that is not of God, heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." Clearly, then, any body separated from the perpetual apostolic body, and who heareth it not, or refuses to receive its teachings, is governed by the spirit of error, is of the world, and has neither commission nor authority from our Lord to evangelize the nations. No body or corporation of evangelizers not identical with the apostolic body, and commissioned in its communion, therefore extending without any break, or the failure of a single link, from the apostles down to us, can have received a commission from our Lord, or can evangelize by his authority. This becomes rather a serious matter, and renders it necessary to ascertain what body existing to-day, claiming the apostolic commission, if any, is the continuation of the apostolic body, and identical with it.

Into the question of corporate identity we do not propose at present to enter at any length; it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that no pretended church that is not in the apostolic communion, or that cannot trace its historical union with the apostolic body from the time of the apostles down, without break or interruption, to the present, is or can be the body commissioned. This, of course, excludes all so-called Protestant churches; for they have all been born fifteen hundred years too late for that, and, besides, are in communion with no body or corporation that dates from apostolic times. The oldest Protestant churches are not yet three centuries and a-half old, and date only from the first half of the sixteenth century. They were all founded by men who inherited neither the commission nor the promises of our Lord to his apostles, and who acted upon their own personal authority alone. The Lord did not send them, yet they ran; he did not speak to them, yet they prophesied, and could prophesy only from their own hearts. So far from having commissioned or sent them, the Lord forbids us to hearken to them. "Hearken not to the prophets that prophesy to you and deceive you; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the

mouth of the Lord" (Jer. xxiii. 16). So much is certain and undeniable.

Protestants, therefore, in any case are without any commission or authority from God to evangelize the world. If the great commission was never given, or was given only to the apostles personally, they, as we have seen, never received it; and if it was given to the apostles as a teaching body to continue to the end of the world, they are equally without authority to evangelize the world; for none of their churches are that body, or participate in its authority, its commission, or the promises it inherits. Whether, then, our Lord did or did not constitute, institute, as we say, the church "to convey the Gospel to the world," Protestant churches are equally without mission or authority, and have no right to apply to themselves any of the passages of Scripture that speak of it.

Protestants cannot abide the test of apostolic communion proposed by St. John. Can they any better abide the doctrinal test? "Every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that *dissolveth* Jesus, is not of God." Whether Protestants profess to believe that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh or not we need not inquire, for all Protestant churches, so far as we know them, really dissolve him, or deny in him the hypostatic union in the unity of the Divine Person of the human and divine natures. This is evident from the fact that, like Nestorius, they all refuse to call our Blessed Lady the Mother of God, and will only call her the Mother of Christ. They stigmatize the honor we pay to her as the Mother of God as Mariolatry. This can only be because they do not really believe that He who took flesh in her womb and was born of her, flesh of her flesh, was really and truly God, or that the human nature which he took from her was substantially joined to the one person of the Word, so as to be as truly and as indissolubly the nature of God as is his divine nature itself. They admit that Christ died in his human nature, for they know the divine nature cannot die, but they feel great reluctance to say that it was really and literally God who died on the cross, and in their minds hold that it was only the man the Word assumed who so died. This is really to deny Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh, and to dissolve him, to separate his humanity from his divinity, or, in other words, to deny the unity of his person, and to assume that he is dual in person as well as in nature.

Rationalists or naturalistic Protestants, if they do not regard Jesus Christ as a myth and deny that he ever really lived, dissolve him by denying his divinity and holding him to have been only a man—a great and good man, the most of them say; a messenger from God with a divine mission, others of them say; but after all a man with a simple human personality and simple human nature like other men. The supernaturalists, or the so-called orthodox Protestants, though they recognize in him a union of the human and divine natures, fail to recognize the indissoluble union of the human nature with the divine personality, and thus dissolve him, at least so far as concerns the work of regeneration and salvation. The human nature of the Word serves no purpose in the economy of grace as they hold it, except in regard to that part of his mediatorial work which consists in satisfying by his atoning sacrifice the divine justice. That sacrifice made once for all, his human nature no longer comes into play, and henceforth he acts solely in his divine na-

ture, as pure divinity. The Incarnation was a temporary, a transitory fact, and now either does not subsist or performs no office in the actual application of the atonement, in the regeneration, the justification, and glorification of souls. The humanity of the Word has done its work; it finished it nearly two thousand years ago, and has nothing more to do. If this is not dissolving Jesus, we know not what would be.

This conclusion is evident from the Protestant denial of the church, which grows out of the Incarnation, and is, as Moehler well maintains, in some sort its visible continuation; also the denial by Protestants of sacramental grace, or the whole so-called sacramental system, and of all medium of the new birth or of the union of the soul with Christ, as we have explained in our article on *Union with the Church*. With Protestants the atoning sacrifice was a transitory act, completed both as to God and man in the past, not a continuous fact in the economy of grace; the new birth is not being born of God in his humanity, but of God in his divinity, and therefore not regeneration but creation; the justification, sanctification, all that pertains to regeneration and secures glorification, is done by God immediately in his irresistible divinity, without any intervention of his humanity. Hence Protestants reject the ever-living mediator of God and men, the MAN Christ Jesus. Hence they deny the intercession of the saints, and regard all honor or worship which Catholics pay to the saints as related by nature through his human nature to Christ and redeemed and sanctified by his grace, as idolatry, and to be punished as such by the civil magistrate. In all this we can see only the denial of the hypostatic union, or "the Word made flesh." There is a decided failure to recognize the indissoluble union of the two natures in one divine person. The divine person is always, eternally, the second person of the divine nature, and is therefore God, in the fullest and strictest sense of the word. This divine person, remaining as ever the second person of the divine nature, assumes human nature, which henceforth is as much and as truly his nature as the divine nature itself, and can no more be separated from his personality, or his personality from it. To assume a separation in any act or part of the mediatorial kingdom of grace is to dissolve Jesus, or to deny him to have come, in the apostolic sense, "in the flesh."

And the spirit that does this "is Antichrist, of whom ye have heard that he cometh, and is now already in the world." "They," the apostle further informs us, who follow this spirit, this Antichrist, "are of the world; therefore of the world they speak, and the world heareth them." If we wanted further confirmation of the fact that Protestants dissolve Jesus, this would give it. Protestants are unquestionably of the world, speak from [the sense of *of*] the world, and the world heareth them. Is it not so? What is the great Protestant charge against the Catholic Church? Is it not that she does not conform to the spirit of the age—that is, of the world—but is hostile to it, and anathematizes it? Is it not that she opposes what it pleases the world to call modern civilization? What else means the savage outcry which we have heard in all lands against the Syllabus of our holy father, Pius IX., now gloriously reigning? Protestant as well as secular journals with one voice condemn the church in the name of the world, accuse her of hostility to the age, of lagging behind it, and refusing to go on with it. They charge her with re-

sisting the world's movements, with opposing its plans of reform and projects of revolution. They oppose her in this age and in this country in the name of democracy, as in the sixteenth century in England and Germany she was opposed in the name of monarchy. They charge Catholics with a want of worldly enterprise and activity, and Catholic nations with inferiority in commerce, industry, and national wealth.

Nowhere do we find Protestants in antagonism to the world, or if they seem now and then to antagonize the world, it is in the spirit of the world, and from the world's point of view. They are everywhere in close affiliation with its revolutionism, and join it everywhere in its war against authority, against strong and stable government, and the sacredness of marriage and the family relations which religion enjoins and has always labored to protect and defend. Protestant literature breathes the spirit of the world; it lets loose the passions, wars against all social or moral restraint as tyrannical, and demands and it tends to create universal license. Even when it affects to be pious, it does not rise above the piety of the heathen, that is, above the piety which lies in the natural order.

"And the world heareth them." The world did not oppose but encouraged the reformers, and whatever opposition they encountered came, as Protestants themselves boast, not from the world, but from the church. Kings, princes, nobles, the men who belong to this world and are devoted to its interests, everywhere favored them, and if they did not all openly side with them, it was because the old church retained too strong a hold on their people to make it in all cases safe for them to do it. It is the same still; nobody has ever heard of Protestants being opposed in the name of the world. Who has ever heard of a Protestant martyr? The world knoweth and loveth its own. It hated our Lord and crucified him between two thieves, because he was not of the world; it hates the Catholic Church, and uses all the means in its power to destroy her, to annihilate her power and influence, because she, like our Lord, is not of the world, but seeks its subjection to the law of God. In point of fact, Protestants are the world, and the world is Protestant, and Protestants make their boast of it. Protestantism moves on with the world, changes with its changes, and maintains always and everywhere a good understanding with it, and condemns the church because she does not do the same.

In the outset, Protestants pretended to have some theological reasons for breaking from the church and fighting against her, and they no doubt deceived many simple-minded people by their theological pretences, but it was from the first the world, not theology, that constituted their strength and secured them the successes they obtained. But at present Protestants have pretty much dropped all theological or even religious pretences, and defend themselves and attack the church almost entirely on worldly grounds. The late prime minister of England opposes Catholicity in his *Lothair* as un-English, unpatriotic, and not a becoming religion for an Englishman; and in this country, the paradise of Protestants, the controversy between Catholics and Protestants has pretty much ceased to be theological, and so far as serious on the part of Protestants is purely political or social. The church is opposed on the ground that she is hostile, and Protestantism defended on the ground that it is favorable, to the civilization of the nineteenth century and "the American idea." The Pro-

testant leaders everywhere seek to rally their forces and inflame them with wrath against the church on the pretence that she is hostile to American liberty, and would, were she to become predominant, destroy our free institutions and reduce the American people to civil and spiritual bondage. The motive, whether founded or not, is manifestly borrowed from the world, not from religion or from Christianity, and the fact that Protestants act from it proves that they are of the world worldly, that they place politics, or the goods of this life, above religion or the goods of the life to come.

Protestants claim to be the great and leading nations of the world, to be the only progressive nations of the time, and the only nations that support civil and religious liberty. They claim the chief merit of modern scientific inventions and discoveries, as also of the marvellous application of modern science to the mechanical and productive arts. It matters not to our present purpose whether their claims are well founded or not; it suffices that they make them and bring them forward in their justification, to prove that they are of the world, as also does the fact that everybody but Catholics who are not, or profess to be not, of the world, admits all they claim, for it proves that the world heareth and believeth them. They unquestionably have the ear and the heart of the world. What they agree in asserting is reiterated by the organs of public opinion, and is generally credited. Any attempt on the part of Catholic organs to refute Protestant claims or assertions and to stem the current of public opinion passes unheeded, or, if heeded, is only sneered at or contemned as the raving of a lunatic, certainly of persons whose eyes are on the back-side of their heads, and who are hopelessly "behind the age." We may, then, repeat without fear of contradiction, that Protestants "are of the world, and the world heareth them." Indeed, this is their boast, and they are daily flinging it in the face of Catholics as a proof that the world belongs to Protestantism, not to the church.

But, if the beloved apostle St. John is to be believed, this boast is their shame as Christians, though not as Protestants, and proves that they are not animated by the spirit that confesses Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh, but follow the spirit that dissolveth Jesus, which, according to the same apostle, is Antichrist, who even in his day was already in the world. Protestants, it is clear, then, can abide neither of the two apostolic tests, and utterly fail in regard to both. They confess not the great central truth of Christianity, Jesus Christ has come in the flesh; they dissolve Jesus, separate his humanity from his divinity, deny him as the present, living, active mediator of God and men. They gather not with the apostles, are not affiliated with the apostolic body, but separate from it and scatter, and, instead of being moved and directed by Christ, they are moved and directed by Antichrist. It were absurd, then, to pretend that they are the recipients of the great commission, or that they are constituted by our Lord himself "the church to convey the Gospel to the world."

Protestants have two answers to this conclusion — the one that, though their ministers have no outward or external commission, they yet have an inward call or authorization from the Holy Ghost; the other, that no commission from God is needed, for every congregation has the natural right to call any man to be their minister they please, and any one so called has the right, if he pleases, to

accept the call and to assume the functions of a minister of Christ. It is a matter of mutual agreement and contract. The first answer would do well enough, if the minister had any means of proving his internal commission from the Holy Ghost. A commission from the Holy Ghost is necessary and is no doubt sufficient, but while the operation of the Holy Ghost is necessarily internal, it is necessary that there be an outward sign of the inward grace, or else they to whom one is to minister can never know that he is commissioned or duly authorized to minister in holy things. Nor can he himself know it, and must be always in danger of mistaking his vocation, and of running without being sent, and of preaching the dreams of his own fancy, or the crude imaginations of his own heart. The outward sign must be either miracles which prove his mission or the sacrament of orders and a commission from a regular authority competent to give it. Protestant ministers can appeal to neither. The reformers proved their mission by no miracles, and the Protestant ministers of our day are no miracle-workers. The several Protestant sects have no orders, no authority to confer jurisdiction, and can give no external proof of the internal call. Hence they can bind no one, nor render it lawful for any one to listen to their preachers or missionaries. Some of these sects indeed affect airs as if they were churches founded by our Lord himself, but everybody knows or ought to know that they are only self-created societies, or simple voluntary associations, with no more of the authority of the church than a political caucus has of the authority of the state, nor even so much; for the caucus is composed of a portion of the people through whom the state derives its authority from God, and the sect is no part or portion of a divinely constituted church. Besides, the church derives its power immediately from our Lord, not through the medium of the faithful.

The second answer only proves that those Protestants who adopt it are of the world, and understand no difference between purely worldly matters and religious and ecclesiastical matters. Yet we deny the assumption that any congregation or any persons whatever have the natural right to call any man they please to minister to them in religion; they have no right to call any one not duly ordained according to the law of God, and duly commissioned by our Lord himself. Nor has any man who knows that he is not so ordained and commissioned the right, natural or acquired, to take upon himself the work of a religious minister, or to contract with any body to be their minister; for no man has the right to contract to do what he has no power to do. In religion, which is the law of God, all authority must proceed directly from God. Religion binds alike the congregation and the minister, the people and the clergy, and therefore the people or congregation cannot invest a man with authority to minister unto them. How can a man teach with authority those from whom he derives all the authority he has? No man has a natural right to teach or to be taught error, any more than he has to believe or deny what he pleases. The authorization is necessary both for the shepherd and his flock—as a guaranty to the flock that they shall be taught the truth; and to the shepherd, that he shall be divinely aided to teach it, and no authority except that of our Lord can guaranty either, because no other can impart to the commissioned the inward ability to fulfil the obligation he incurs.

Neither of these answers can avail Protestants anything. The Anglicans and Episcopalians pretend that their so-called church did not originate in the sixteenth century, but is the identical church that was in England from the conversion of the nation to Christianity, and that they come down by regular succession from the apostles. But this is historically untrue. Their church was changed in the sixteenth century from the Catholic Church *in* England to the national church *of* England. Since the sixteenth century it has had and has now no communion with any church that existed in England or elsewhere prior to the reformers, and it communes with no body but itself. It has had and it has no authority but what it has derived from the crown or crown and parliament, that is, from the civil power. It may have retained some of the forms of the Catholic Church in England, and its ministers may have retained their temporalities, mutilated or unmutilated by the state, and at its mercy; but it is absurd to pretend that a national church holding from the civil power is identical with the Catholic or apostolic church, holding from our Lord, through his vicar, the supreme pastor and teacher of the universal church, the successor of Peter, on whom our Lord built his church. The change was fundamental, and the Church of England, and its offspring, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, with the affiliated churches in the English colonies, are as much children of the Reformation in the sixteenth century as are the Lutheran or the Calvinistic churches of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, or Scotland. The instinct of the English people is Protestant; and no more intensely Protestant church has ever existed than the Church of England. The English Church is not a church, it is only an establishment.

Anglican bishops, indeed, pretend to the apostolic succession of orders; but even if their pretence could be made good, it would avail them nothing, for they have received no mission, have no jurisdiction, except what they derive from the crown, which has no authority in the case. But the pretence has never been and never can be made good; and Anglican bishops and priests or ministers are simply laymen, and just as much so as are Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational ministers. They are generally well-bred, gentlemanly, amiable, many of them fine classical scholars and cultivated and learned men, but that does not make them bishops or priests of the church of God. They are outside of the apostolic body, and have no lot or part in the apostolic commission to evangelize all nations.

Having no part in the great commission, and consequently no authority from God, Protestants have no ability or capacity to teach the Gospel. They can inquire, reason, discuss, form and express opinions, which after all may or may not be true, but they cannot teach; they are not doctors. In religion, in man's relations and duties to God, only truth will answer. These relations and duties do not originate in our creative power, and do not subsist by any act of our will or understanding; they are imposed by our Creator as his law, which is alike law for the will and the understanding, and demands interior obedience as well as exterior submission. Only the law of God can bind the conscience, and hence it is the divine law, and not any other law, that must be taught, promulgated, declared, defined, and applied. It is the divine law itself, not men's opinions of what it is, that we must

be taught, if truly taught; for it is only that we can be bound to obey or have the right to submit the conscience to. The Lord says, "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word *with truth*. What hath the chaff to do with the wheat?" (Jer. xxiii. 28). To declare the law, to speak the word, or to teach the revelation of God *with truth*, that is, truly, demands on the part of the teacher immunity from error, or, in other words, that the teacher be infallible in his teaching; and to a fallible teacher in relation to the law or word of God no man is or can be bound to listen. The fallible teacher is always liable to be deceived and to deceive, to mistake his dreams for divine revelations, and to give us the chaff instead of the wheat.

Not only must the teacher be exempt from all liability to err in his teaching, but he must be able to establish the fact, not only before we can be bound, but before we can have any right, to listen to his teachings. Hence the need of the external commission. No doubt a simple external commission does not of itself give the interior ability to teach infallibly, but a commission to teach from Him who hath all power in heaven and in earth is a divine guaranty of infallibility in teaching. The divine commission to one to teach us is a command to us from God to hear him, and to believe what he teaches, as really so as when the voice thundered from the heavens, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him;" and if one divinely commissioned could err in the matters covered by his commission, it would follow that God could command us to believe error, which is impossible, since God is true, the truth itself. Hence the divine commission to teach carries with it the divine pledge of infallibility in teaching, the pledge of Him who can neither deceive nor be deceived. Proof of the commission is all that is needed. It is all that miracles prove. "Rabbi, we know that thou art come a teacher from God; for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, unless God was with him" (St. John iii. 2). Only God himself can work a real miracle, and the miracle therefore proves that the teacher comes from God, accredits him as sent or commissioned of God, and we know therefore that whatever he teaches in the name of God must be true, for God cannot accredit a teacher that can in that which he teaches either deceive or be deceived.

We do not say that every individual member of a teaching body must be personally infallible, but there must be infallibility in the body, at least in its head, so that every individual member when teaching only what the body authorizes him to teach can teach infallibly. So much is necessary if truth is of more value in religion than falsehood—the wheat is preferable to the chaff. Either each individual teacher must be immediately accredited by our Lord himself, or be authorized by the body that is so accredited and commissioned. Yet neither is the case with Protestants. God nowhere vouches for their veracity, and nowhere, and in no respect whatever, stands pledged to render them able to teach his word infallibly. Indeed, they disclaim infallibility, and make it one of their chief charges against the Catholic Church that she claims immunity from error in matters of faith and morals. Do we not hear them from all quarters, in all tones, crying out against the recent definition of papal infallibility, or that the supreme pastor and teacher of the universal church, through

the divine assistance, is infallible in defining faith and morals? Do they not accuse him of claiming an attribute of God, nay, of making himself God? Yet how can they teach, if not infallible? What more can they do than offer their opinions, or say "every man to his neighbor, I have dreamed, I have dreamed"? Whether the pope be or be not infallible in the sense the Council of the Vatican has defined, is not now the question; but it is clear he must be so if able to speak the word of God with truth. Protestants both as congregations and ministers being really and confessedly fallible, it is equally clear that they have, as we began by saying, no ability or capacity to teach. Protestant ministers being confessedly fallible, have not the divine assistance which secures them immunity from error, and are therefore virtually by their own confession blind guides, and our Lord says, "If the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch."

Protestants, or at least a large class of them, say, "We have the Bible; the Bible is infallible; and therefore we have in the Bible infallible authority for what we believe and teach." That Protestants have, properly speaking, the Bible may be questioned, for it was not originally addressed to them, nor was it deposited with them as its divinely appointed guardians and interpreters. Legally, or by divine authority, they have not the Bible. But pass over this. How from the conceded fact that the Bible is infallible conclude that Protestants are infallible, or have an infallible authority for what they believe and teach? Their syllogism is not good in logic, for it lacks what logicians call the middle term which unites the two extremes. The Bible being infallible has but one uniform sense, and contains but one uniform doctrine, consistent with itself throughout, and free from all self-contradiction. How can Protestants, confessedly fallible, determine infallibly this one sense or this one doctrine, so as to have infallible authority for what they believe and teach? It matters little to say you have the Bible and the Bible is infallible, unless you have some infallible means of ascertaining its true and real meaning. Those means Protestants confessedly have not, and they prove they have not by their inability to agree among themselves as to what that meaning really is. All Protestants, not avowed unbelievers in Jesus Christ as the Word made flesh, profess to derive their doctrines from the Bible, and yet, except in so far as they follow the tradition of the Catholic Church against which they protest, there is no such thing as agreement or uniformity in doctrine among them. Their whole history is a history of disagreement and variation in doctrine. For three hundred years and over they have been trying to fix in their minds the sense of the Bible, and they are still seeking, and modifying their doctrines every day. Despairing of success, they are beginning boldly to avow that uniformity of doctrine is neither practicable nor desirable. The tendency among them just now is to discard all doctrinal or dogmatic theology, to resolve faith into *fiducia* or trust, and Christianity itself into certain inward emotions, sentiments, or affections. Objective truth is counted of little value, and religion ceases to be a law for conscience, and becomes little else than a subjective emotion or affection. At the very best, what Protestants profess to believe and teach is not the real doctrine or meaning of the Bible, but their views of what that meaning really is; not the revelation God has made to man, but their

views of it, which, as they are fallible, must not be taken for the revelation or word of God itself.

Besides, the Bible, as language itself, is unintelligible without tradition. The best grammars and lexicons are those that most faithfully reproduce the traditionary sense of a language. The Bible interpreted by grammar and lexicon is still the Bible interpreted by tradition. The Jewish rite of circumcision is intelligible only by the tradition that explains it. Baptism can be understood only by the tradition of those who practise it. The word may mean aspersion, effusion, or immersion—how then, except from tradition, determine in which sense it must be taken? Take the word presbyter, *presbyteros*. It means in classical Greek an ancient or elder; it means with Catholics a *priest*—which is the Christian or Scriptural sense of the word? But as the word *priest* comes from *presbyter*, and is the same word under an English form, how except from tradition can even the lexicographer determine the Scriptural sense of the word *priest?* We might continue our instances, and ask similar questions in regard to every word in the Bible. Grammarians and lexicographers can only give the tradition as they receive it, and as nobody pretends that they are infallible, appeal to them can settle no point on which error is not permissible. How then without tradition, and an infallible guardian and interpreter of tradition, is it possible to arrive infallibly at the sense or teaching of the Bible? Even granting that the whole word of God is contained in the Bible, expressly or by implication, Protestants gain nothing, for they cannot understand the Bible without tradition, and tradition requires an infallible guardian and interpreter to enable them to claim, because they have an infallible Bible, they have an infallible authority for what they profess to believe and teach.

It is well, also, to bear in mind that the Holy Scriptures, though when read in the light of authentic tradition preserved by the church, are not difficult to understand, yet are, when read without that light, well-nigh unintelligible,—are more likely to mislead and bewilder than to enlighten and edify the reader. Experience proves it, and it is worse than idle to deny it. Something of that tradition, in a mutilated form, is, no doubt, still retained by the older Protestant sects, though they are daily losing more and more of it, and they may derive more or less profit from reading the Bible; but where that tradition is wholly lost, or where it has never existed, as with the heathen, the Bible, save in the history and laws of the Jews, is pretty much a sealed book, and is by no means fitted to give much light on the Christian religion, or to draw unbelievers to Christ. So well satisfied are even Protestant sects of this that they do not, in their efforts to convey what they call the Gospel to the heathen or benighted papists, rely on the circulation of the Scriptures alone without note or comment, even in their mutilated text and perverse or imperfect translation, but accompany them wherever they can with Bible-readers and interpreters. They send out Protestant tracts and Protestant men and women to expound and explain the written word.

The reason of this unintelligibility is that all the books of the Bible were written for believers, not for unbelievers, for those who are assumed to have been more or less instructed in the doctrines or truths of revelation, and their writers presume their readers already know and believe something of the matters on which

they are writing. Whoever reads the Bible will find on its face that its writers give very little formal doctrinal instruction; they assume much has been given and is believed, and the key to the full meaning of what they wrote is to be found only in what had been previously taught and believed. The written Word, except what pertains to the Mosaic law and ritual, bears on its face the evidence of being supplementary to the oral teaching already given. Hence the primary truths or mysteries of the Gospel are alluded to rather than explicitly taught. This is true of the mystery of the Trinity, which, though alluded to and necessarily implied, is nowhere in the Old Testament or the New expressly and unequivocally taught. We may say almost as much of the mystery of the Incarnation, though the whole Christian *schema*, if we may use the word, grows out of it, and depends on it. Yet it is not till we read the passages that imply either mystery in the light of the tradition of the oral teaching preserved by the church that we fully understand those passages, and see what it is they really imply. Hence those Protestants who professedly disregard all tradition of the sort reject both mysteries, even while recognizing the infallible authority of the Bible. These instances suffice to show the vanity of the Protestant pretence of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and that they have in them an infallible authority for their Protestantism.

We are not now either defending Catholicity or refuting Protestantism. Our purpose from the beginning has been to show that Protestants have never received the "Great Commission" of which Dr. Harris speaks in his treatise, and that they are in no sense "the church constituted to convey the Gospel to the world." That our Lord instituted his church for that purpose, and to bring all nations under the evangelical law, we of course believe fully, and without a shadow of a doubt; but we have proved as conclusively as anything can be proved that Protestants are not that church, are not included in it, and therefore that none of the commissions issued by our Lord or promises made by him to his church, and which are recorded in the Holy Scriptures, are applicable to them. They are aliens from the commonwealth of Christ, and however loudly they may call him "Lord, Lord," he knows them not as his servants. They have no authority, and therefore no capacity, to teach. They are, as we have seen, of the world, and follow the world, and the world heareth them, for in them it recognizes its own.

We have no leisure to follow Protestants in their propaganda at home or abroad, among the heathen or among Catholics; we did that sufficiently in our articles on the learned and elaborate work of the Abbé Martin, on *The Future of Protestantism and Catholicity*. Suffice it to say that they incur, we fear, the terrible censure our Lord pronounced on the Scribes and Pharisees: "Wo to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves" (St. Matthew xxiii. 15). They seem to us to be moved in their propaganda less by a love of souls or the wish to evangelize the world, than the desire to thwart the missionary efforts of the church and to prevent the spread of Catholicity; for as a rule they follow only in the track of the Catholic missionary. Their missions in all Catholic nations succeed, to a certain extent, in unmaking Catholics, or converting ignorant or

indifferent Catholics into downright infidels and enemies of the Gospel. In heathen lands, they have hindered or rendered more difficult the work of Catholic missions, and also have succeeded in detaching a considerable number from their heathenism without attaching them to the Gospel, even as Protestants hold it. They succeed in drawing them away from the old superstition of their countrymen, and in plunging them into irreligion or inspiring them with a hatred of all religion. Such are the results of Protestant missions, according to the best authorities within our reach.

This is what we should naturally expect from the labors of men who run without being sent, and assume to do what they have neither the authority nor the ability to do. The spirit of Protestantism, if we may believe the beloved apostle, whom we have so often quoted in this article, is the spirit of Antichrist. It may rouse up the world, and arm it with hostility to Christ and his church, but it can have no success in elevating the soul to God, or in purifying or preserving the morals of society, for that would be contrary to its nature. Yet the struggle to which it compels us we must accept. The church in this world is always the church militant, and her faithful children must not expect to throw off their harness while they live. But they need not fear. "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome him; for greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 St. John iv. 4).

RACHEL.

Nearly fifty years ago, in an obscure little inn in Munf, Switzerland, a poor pedlar's child first saw the light; and following her Jewish parents through Switzerland and Germany, for ten years, suffered all the evils attendant upon a wandering life of poverty. Finally, the family settled in Lyons, where Madame Felix opened an old-clothes shop, and the husband taught German. And here, in this old French city, their children first attracted attention, wandering daily through the streets, singing their quaint French ballads. Sarah, who was the oldest, possessed a pleasing voice, and her thin, wiry younger sister, with long raven braids and large eyes, recited verses, and took care of a still smaller member of the family. After some time they removed to Paris, and there, hungry, cold, and poorly clad, the children continued to toil and struggle for a few pennies. And so it happened that, one evening, when Mons. Morin was enjoying his wine in a certain *café* in the Rue de la Hachette, the little ones stopped in front to sing. The kind-hearted Frenchman called them nearer, and, after listening to a ballad from Sarah, promised her his influence at the *Conservatoire*. His offer was not forgotten, and, when they came again, he discovered that Rachel, the younger, could not sing, but only recited verses, so she was placed among the choristers of the *Conservatoire*. Choron also became interested in Rachel, and advised her to study elocution. Afterwards, St. Aulaire took her under his charge, and at this period, while reciting from *Abufar*, by Ducis, her genius first manifested itself; for the harsh guttural voice swayed her listeners so

completely that fiction seemed reality. Thus her early life passed, and the child began to develop and mature; but, whether selling an old umbrella for the coveted Racine, or evidencing a will made resolute by ambition, her genius grew with her growth, and "bent and broke each circumstance to her path."

Never discouraged, never allowing herself to think of failure even when failure came, she struggled bravely through each phase of her dark life, at last procuring an engagement for three years, where her talents were measured by a two-act piece of Duport's, *La Vendéenne*, written expressly for her *début*. In this she did very well, and here, for the first time, she was heard in *La Marseillaise*, which years after, and in a season of vast moment, thrilled thousands at the *Français*.

"She is not pretty, but she pleases," was the verdict rendered at the *Gymnase*. "She utters no screams, makes no gestures; . . . she excites tears, emotion, and interest."

Her people always rallied to her aid, and nightly the boxes were occupied by this class of Parisians. But though the house was generally full, still she could not be called a success, for the Jews were unable to give her reputation. Her voice and manner were also unsuited to comedy, in which she was afterwards tried; for, despite careful study, she failed so entirely in this line that Poirson kindly cancelled her engagement, feeling convinced of her unfitness for the stage.

Then her old friend Sanson worked for and with her, and at length succeeded in procuring for her an engagement, at four thousand francs per year, at the *Théâtre Français*. Here again circumstances were against her, for it was summer, and Paris was out of town. The Israelites again thronged the house, and a few appreciative critics were pleased, yet to the many she was still "the little fright." Then Jules Janin saw her, and he was the first to realize that the genius of the girl would yet make her the queen of tragedy.

At last, Paris awoke, and the citizen-king listened, condescending to say that he would be glad to hear her again. Indeed, a royal footman brought Mlle. Rachel a present of one thousand francs, the day after the king's visit to the theatre, and her salary was also increased.

At this time, her *répertoire* consisted of Camille in *Les Horaces*, Emilie in *Cinna*, Hermione in *Andromaque*, Aménaïde in *Tancrède*, Eriphile in *Iphigénie en Aulide*, and Monime in *Mithridate*.

She had now fairly asserted herself, and the most aristocratic courted her presence. But, notwithstanding all the attention and flattery offered, the young girl was faithful to her studies, and touching pictures of the simple household come to us; how she controlled the younger children, always retaining her position as the daughter, and even preparing the simple food with that quiet dignity which was her especial characteristic. Studying carefully, persevering indomitably, was it surprising that she could demand where others sued? "Neglect is but the fiat to an undying future," a great thinker has told us, and so those early, cruel years proved to Rachel. But though success was sweet, and the voice of applauding thousands a necessity, yet a very short time was sufficient to develop the great characteristic of her race, and the insatiable greed for gold was stronger than her strongest passion. Certain money transactions were bruited that did not redound to her honor, and many of her best friends grew cold. Then, with all the pas-

sion of a pythoness, she roused herself, and, making each endeavor stronger by her womanly antagonism, she determined to succeed despite their displeasure.

The first night of *Roxane* closed, and for the only time in her life "the woman sank dismayed at sight of unfriendly brows." This was ice to her heart, but it was the ice that quickens and intensifies the flame. So, rallying with a grand courage worthy a better motive, she prepared herself for the second night. Thunders of applause repaid her, and her "*Sortez!*" brought down the house. Hers was a new school, where the rules that had once been laws were entirely disregarded. No studied declamation, no loud ranting, marred the classic beauty of her perfect rendition, but each phase was true to nature, each gesture told its part; and the actors themselves were startled by the fearful earnestness of her tones. The fiercer and more terrible passions seemed hers pre-eminently; and hatred stole the fires of hell, while jealousy incarnated the passion of devils, when her genius made them realizations. Not so much a living impersonation of characteristics, she possessed the art of waking conceptions of what might be, and, with these premonitions of the possible, she would pass onward to some newer and more sublime translation.

Never finding expression in screams, indicative always of mere surface-feeling, hers was the utterance of controlled passion, which you saw gleaming in her burning eyes, or listened to with bated breath in each whisper of her distinct voice. Her physique was very frail, but there was wonderful power in each movement; and more than any other actress has she realized the eloquence of action.

She never appealed by her sex's gentleness, neither did this woman dazzle by the beauty others owned; but she extorted what you could not withhold—she demanded as a queen, and you dared not deny her tribute. The most exclusive saloons were now open to her, and the noblest of France offered their homage. Chateaubriand petted her; Récamier welcomed her with winning grace.

Her career has been reckoned from 1840 to 1856, closing in January, 1857; and during this long period the public gave her a loyalty that was always faithful. But those who are most exalted must expect the world to treat them as a marksman would a first-rate target. Therefore, in Rachel's case, many and in quick succession were the arrows aimed. The artist only acts, said one, and the woman is devoid of feeling!—but had they seen her after the imprecations of Camille, when, panting for breath, her large eyes would close, and her purple lips prove the fearful strength of her passion!

At this time, she appeared as Pauline in *Polyeucte*, but the public was not pleased with this, and it was only when she concentrated her strength in the magic words, "Je crois—je suis Chrétienne!"* that her eyes kindled, and her audience felt its old inspiration.

Many incidents have been recalled to disprove her want of feeling; but none are more touching than that at Lyons. She was at her zenith then, with two continents echoing her acclaim; and again she trod the well-known streets, and entered the poor *café* where the chilled and trembling child first essayed her verses. She was rich and powerful now; thousands passed through her fingers; but she only saw the faded calico dress; she only heard the hungry cry for "two sous!" "They willingly give me

* "I believe—I am a Christian!"

a louis, now I am rich and celebrated," she said then, while assisting some charity. "They refused me two sous when I was a poor child dying of hunger!" And, with this full tide of the past sweeping her passionate heart, she sat in the little *café* near the *Théâtre Célestins*. The triumphs of the artist were forgotten, and the great, burning eyes of the woman wept!

Now came the famous English tour, in all respects a triumph; then she extended her travels to the provinces, and afterward went further on the Continent. But the Parisians never liked her absence, and were always sulky on her return.

Then the February of 1848 came, and Rachel entered Paris amid the shouts of "La Marseillaise." Who could resist that hymn? for, as a young girl told Béranger, "One felt in the air a mighty breath of hope, that bore along with it all youthful hearts."

And she, the idol of the people, she of the masses, chanted the great hymn of liberty. Clad in long flowing white drapery, grasping the tricolor in her right hand, she appeared before the footlights, half-chanting, half-reciting the Marseillaise. "The whole figure," writes a contemporary, "in its terrific grace, its sinister beauty, was a magnificent representation of the implacable Nemesis of antiquity, and struck every heart with terror and admiration." Then when she sank to the ground, clasping the flag, the enthusiasm of the people broke forth in one spontaneous, electric shout of applause.

There were free performances at this time, and, with the sash of a *commissaire* bound around her waist, she created such a furor that even the gamins passed their hats, collecting sous for a monster bouquet to present. But times changed, the empire succeeded the republic, and the Marseillaise ceased even in the streets. Then *Adrienne Lecouvreur* appeared, calling forth a remarkable criticism, and contradicting the heartlessness so often urged; for it was now said that her success was more that of the woman than the *artiste*. Only on rare occasions did she allow glimpses of her better nature to appear, but these showed a kindliness none the less real. Witness her generosity to the poor peasant aunt in Germany, whom she invited to stay with her, bestowing upon the old woman a sum that made her comfortable for life. And again, when her quick passion made her forget the deference due to her mother, she would never rest till she had speedily returned for pardon.

At one time, it was reported that, in Rome, she was desirous of being baptized by the Holy Father, and this impulse is said to have originated in deep feelings, the result of powerful impressions. Indeed, after her return from the Vatican, she exclaimed, "Yes, *this* is the true faith. This is the God-inspired creed. None other could have accomplished such works. Truly I will be one of them yet." These words excited great alarm in her family, who looked with horror upon the prospect of her becoming a Christian. However, the precious grace then apparently given was never followed. We fear that by a life of worldliness and even sinfulness it was soon crushed.

Rachel was treated with distinguished courtesy both by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia; and her success in Russia was said to be due not only to her genius as an actress, but to her personal influence over the young officers and *noblesse*. At one of the farewell dinners, the invasion of France was discussed, and then the tact of the *tragédienne* was most happily displayed.

"We shall not bid you adieu, but *au revoir*, *mademoiselle*," said one of the officers. "We hope soon to applaud you in the capital of France, and to drink your health in its excellent wines."

"Nay, *messieurs*," she replied; "France will not be rich enough to afford champagne to all her prisoners."

She returned to Paris, and then the fatal American journey was first broached. Raphael, with his keen love of money, urged it, because Jenny Lind's harvest had been easy and abundant. She was now in her splendid maturity, and at this time Rachel first realized those grand conceptions of Racine and Corneille which she had heretofore only rendered from close application. But now every shadow of passion represented was intensely felt in each fibre of her being; therefore as Phedre she held Paris spell-bound. Her death-scene was thrilling, and the people of her heart rewelcomed her with unswerving fealty. But at this time her youngest and darling sister Rebecca died, and this event sadly afflicted her. Then, rousing her darker nature, came the Francesca of the beautiful Italian. Right gracefully did Ristori yield her meed of appreciation, but Rachel's was extorted by public opinion. Perhaps her quick jealousy urged her to surpass herself during that triumphant London season, and perhaps pique hurried her across the ocean to America. Strange was the omen shadowing the first day of that voyage, for it was marked by death from consumption; but they were enthusiastically received in New York, and on the 3d of September, 1855, Rachel appeared as Camille, afterwards came Phedre, and then Adrienne. In a few weeks, she visited Boston and Philadelphia, and in this last city, from neglecting to heat the theatre, her cold engendered by the varying New York climate was aggravated, and she became ill. Family dissensions also tormented her, for Raphael was grasping, and Sarah passionate beyond control; then even her maids quarrelled, and her rapidly developing disease preyed upon body and soul. She was restless and eager to return, for an early fancy had proved later an earnest passion, and for the first time Rachel felt that she loved.

For some reason she altered her plans, and with part of her family proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina, where much was expected from the warm climate and balmy air. Her physician in this city recommended six months' rest, but she would not consent to it. Act she would, act she must, and on the 17th of December a crowded house beheld the *tragédienne* for the last time as Adrienne. Expectation was at its height, and the *élite* of a very proud city crowded the small theatre. Some of the tickets sold as high as five dollars, and every seat was quickly secured.

Can we ever forget her, as she first appeared, tall, lithe, and self-contained, with those large, burning eyes of deep, passionate strength? The face was perfectly colorless, and ever and anon the fatal cough shook her frame. Then the voice, as we hear her repeating the lines of *Roxane*—no rant, not even a loud note, but you hold your breath to listen, too absorbed, too enchained, to applaud. So we pass from the exquisite music of "Les deux Pigeons," when her newly awakened love sounds in each softened modulation, and watch her in the marvellous splendor of her diamonds, when brow and bosom flash with a royal gift; see her as she passes the Duchess de Bouillon, her rival; catch that one look of withering scorn, as, in

all the haughty coldness of contempt, she pronounces,

"Je sais mes perfidies,
Œnone, et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies,
Qui, goutant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais."

For that moment she was the queen regnant and dominant, even though compassed with all the passion of the woman. Again she comes, but the diamonds no longer flash upon her bosom; the festive dress is put away; and ghastly, dying, she leans in her white robe on the dark velvet of her low chair. Gasp by gasp she had studied this in the hospitals of her own Paris, but she is nearer reality now than she dreamed then, and each word bears a cruel truth and terrible premonition. Could she feel it? Dared she realize it, and life so precious now? See her gasp, and grow whiter, as she leans on the cushioned velvet—hear her cough, not violent, but deep and hollow and sepulchral! Watch the death-shadows creep and darken—aye, the scene is before us, the tones are sounding now, though blood and battle stand between the present and that December evening.

"Maurice!" A whole lifetime of love concentrates in that eager, impulsive welcome. Then, hold your heart, as you bend forward breathless to catch each word that is barely whispered, not loudly spoken; but from parquet to tier no syllable is lost, and the hush grows intenser, the silence more profound, as she continues:

"Ah! quelles souffrances . . . ce n'est plus ma tête, c'est ma poitrine qui est brulante . . . j'ai là comme un brazier . . . comme un feu dévorant qui me consume.

"Ah! le mal se double. . . . Vous qui m'aimez tant, sauvez moi, secourez moi! . . . je ne veux pas mourir! . . . à présent je ne veux pas mourir.

"Mon Dieu! exaucez-moi! . . . Mon Dieu, laissez moi vivre! . . . quelque jours encore. . . . Je suis si jeune et la vie s'ouvrait pour moi si belle!

"La vie! . . . la vie! . . . vains efforts! . . . vaine prière! . . . mes jours sont comptés. Je sens les forces et l'existence qui m'échappent!"*

Who can forget her "Adieu!" in which all of life's passion merged into the agony of the long parting?

Thus the scene passed from us; and to the *tragédienne*, her own life furnished a drama too sadly real to allow assumed feeling; therefore, despite the murmurs of the Havaneros, among whom she afterward sojourned, she was utterly incapable of appearing again on the stage.

The company then disbanded, and on the 28th of January, 1856, she returned to France.

How strenuously she fought death, those who watched her can testify, for she yearned for life with a craving that would not be subdued.

The climate of the Nile region was recommended, but in May she came back unimproved.

A Parisian winter was thought too severe for her, so she prepared to remove; and in September, when her carriage drove past the *Gymnase* to the *Théâtre Français*, where for fifteen years she had triumphed, she stopped for one long, last gaze, and

*"Ah! what sufferings . . . it is no longer my head, it is my breast, that burns . . . it is here like a live coal . . . like a devouring fire which consumes me.

"Ah! the pain grows worse. . . . You who love me so much, save me, help me. . . . I do not want to die. . . . at present I do not want to die.

"O God! hear me! . . . O God, permit me to live! . . . a few days longer. . . . I am so young, and life was opening before me so beautiful!

"Life! . . . life! . . . vain struggles! . . . vain prayer! . . . my days are numbered. I feel my strength and my very being passing away!"

fondly watched it while even a single line remained within her vision.

She was lifted from her carriage to the railway station, whence she went to Cannes, and from that place to Cannet, a little village near, where she accepted the loan of a villa from a friend.

And here we are told of the bedroom with its snow-white walls, its friezes, and antique sculpture, and even of the white bedstead, and statue of Polymnia, all of which had been fatally foreshadowed in a dream which came to Rachel in the flush of her splendid career. Five years before, she dreamed that a giant hand crushed her chest with fiery pain, and, still dreaming, she thought that she waked in a room strangely like the one into which she was now ushered, when a voice cried aloud to her, "Thou shalt die here under my hand! Thou shalt die here under my hand!" Strange warning, and stranger coincidence; for the life was being crushed by the same burning pain, in the very room with its white walls and antique sculpture!

Carefully and persistently she followed the advice of her physician, but the winter of 1857 found her rapidly passing away. On Sunday, January 3, 1858, her suffocation was painful, and, after dictating a little to her father, her thoughts wandered to her youngest and favorite sister, whose death she had so faithfully mourned.

"My dear sister, I am going to see thee!" she exclaimed, evidently realizing the approaching change.

Sarah, who nursed her with tireless affection, and who was also the most orthodox Jewess of the family, at once telegraphed to the Consistory at Nice, which sent ten persons to assist in the last offices. Rachel was slowly sinking; but as she still clung despairingly to life, fearing to agitate her, Sarah delayed introducing the party till the last moment; then, as she grew rapidly worse, they entered, and two women and an old man approached the bed, commencing to sing in Hebrew the psalm, "Ascend to God, daughter of Israel."

Rachel then turned her face, and looked upon the singers, who continued:

"In the name of thy love, God of Israel, deliver her soul: she aspires to return to thee; break the bonds that bind her to dust, and suffer her to appear before thy glory."

The effect upon the dying woman seemed soothing, for her countenance grew calmer and milder; so they sang on:

"The Lord reigneth, the Lord has reigned, the Lord will reign everywhere, and for evermore!"

Sarah held her hand, for now Rachel was really dying.

"God of our fathers, revive, in thy mercy, the soul that goeth to thee; unite it to those of the holy patriarchs, amid the eternal joys of the heavenly Paradise! Amen!"

And when the last notes sounded, her soul echoed the "amen!" in a higher court, before the Supreme Judge. On earth the voices said, "Blessed be the Judge of Truth!"

Thus the great star passed from our horizon, leaving the darkness blacker than before. She had risen with her magnificent genius just in time to rescue French tragedy from neglect; for Talma and Duchesnois had passed away, and romanticism triumphed where classic drama once reigned. It was at this crisis that the young Israelite swept the stage, and for almost a score of years two continents echoed with her fame.

More than ten years have passed since her death; and whether the taste of the age is educated by the spirit of the age, or whether lust for gold

engenders a love of pinchbeck, future ages must resolve. Only this we realize, that for the past quarter of a century there has been a perceptible decline of all genius, save the genius of invention.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

At the feet of grand old forest trees,
Round whose gnarled arms wild grape-vines throw
Shadows that shift with the shifting breeze,
A deep stream crawls to the lake below;
Silent and sullen and slow it crawls
On its eel-grass bed to the lake below.

A path from a restless neighborhood,
Through tangle and brushwood, toils away,
To the brink of the stream by the shadowy wood
Where are laid the stones that are green and gray;
Crosses the treacherous stream of ill
On stepping-stones that are green and gray.

Beyond the stream the path goes wide
Over a green hill's gentle breast,
To the church and the convent-gate beside,
To the sacred homes of peace and rest;
Goes broad and plain to the open doors
Of the sacred homes of peace and rest.

By many a path is the brushwood crossed:
One leads to a mound over human bones;
Others in reedy fens are lost;
But one path leads to the stepping-stones;
A hundred paths that lead astray,
And only one to the stepping-stones.

There are stepping-stones in the path of life,
That cross its streams and give release
From the tangled mazes of doubt and strife,
To the dwellings of eternal peace;
That lead from the regions of unrest,
To the dwellings of eternal peace.

But a hundred paths that lead astray
Run wild through the dim, uncertain ground;
And the wildered travellers miss the way,
And the stepping-stones are never found;
The dwellings of peace are lost for aye,
For the stepping-stones are never found.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

GREAT changes have taken place within the last thirty years in the relations of China and the extreme East to the rest of the world; and these changes, so important in a commercial point of view and in their bearings upon the intercourse of nations, are no less so when viewed from a Christian and missionary standpoint.

The Roman See had already turned its attention to the conversion of the vast empire of China in the Middle Ages. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a time when China was ruled by the Mongol dynasty and was less exclusive in its policy toward foreigners, Pope Innocent IV. in conjunction with St. Louis of France, Popes Gregory X., John XXI., Nicholas III., Nicholas IV., and Clement V., sent missionaries belonging to the Dominican and Franciscan orders to plant the Christian faith in that distant land, then almost inaccessible to people of the outer world. We cannot go into the details of their mission: suffice it to say that it was not entirely fruitless. The faith found numerous adherents, and flourishing churches sprang up in various places. But the hopes awakened by the progress of the church in China, and by the erection of an archiepiscopal see in Pekin, were entirely blasted by the downfall of the Mongol dynasty and the rise of that of Ming. The emperors of this family revived and enforced the old national policy of exclusiveness; and the attempts of Catholic missionaries to effect an entrance into the kingdom were frustrated by the severity with which that policy was enforced. It was only after an interruption of two hundred years that missionary labor became again possible in China. St. Francis Xavier, toward the close of his apostolic career, was seized with an ardent desire to proclaim the faith in that land. After the great apostle had won over millions of idolaters to Christianity in India, Japan, and intermediate places, he yearned to undertake the conversion of the Chinese. In vain the Portuguese governor of Malacca throws obstacles in his way. Neither remonstrances, nor threats, nor dangers avail to restrain him from his purpose. Almost unaccompanied, he goes on board a merchant-ship, and lands on the little island of Sancian, not far from the coast of China. From this point, he surveys the land of his desire, and hopes soon to reach the end of his journey. But God, in his inscrutable designs, has decreed otherwise. The apostle of India and of Japan, the renowned wonder-worker, Francis Xavier, must end his course on this barren island, separated from his children in the faith, and almost entirely forsaken by men. He lies in a wretched shed, devoured by a burning fever. Inspired from above, he knows that his hour is nigh. He casts one last, wistful look at the hills of China, offers to God the sacrifice of his life and his desires, and surrenders his beautiful soul into the hands of his Saviour.

The ardent desire of St. Francis Xavier to replant the faith in China did not die with him. He bequeathed it to his companions of the Society of Jesus. After many dangerous

and fruitless attempts, a few members of this celebrated society succeeded, in the second half of the sixteenth century, in paving the way for missionary work in China. What hitherto no power on earth had been able to effect—that a European should be permitted to enter China—was brought about by a few Jesuits through their acquirements in the sciences.

But what was it that proved so powerful an inducement to Francis Xavier and the Catholic missionaries in China? It was the vastness of the empire, its population of four hundred millions—a people who, on account of their commercial enterprise and the high state of their civilization, deserved the highest regard.

What a triumph it would be for the church to win over such a people to the Catholic faith! Their conversion would double, perhaps treble, the number of Catholic believers in the world! Nor was it only the teeming population of China that would be affected by the change. The fact was not to be lost sight of—for it added importance to the conversion of China—that for centuries it had through its literature and civilization exerted great influence on all the neighboring nations. It seemed, moreover, that there was no good reason why the conversion of the Chinese should be so difficult a task. Had they not retained glimmerings of primeval and patriarchal truth? Had not Confucius in his works almost anticipated in some points the teachings of Christianity? Why might it not be expected that a people who held the works of their philosophers in such high esteem would open their hearts to the purer and more sublime doctrines of the Gospel? This was the view which the first missionaries of the Society of Jesus took of the situation. Hence they addressed themselves by preference to the educated and the learned, and their labors were not without success. Men of the highest rank, distinguished officers of state, learned in the writings of their philosophers and sincere seekers of truth, were converted to the faith—a circumstance well calculated to encourage the zeal of those holy men.

Yet, spite of all this, it soon became apparent that there were great difficulties in the way of China's conversion. It will be well to cast a glance at the nature of these difficulties before considering the present relations of China to the church and the grounds of our hope for the future.

The greatest obstacle to the increase of the Christian faith in China has always been its jealous and exclusive policy toward strangers. The emperors believed that the celestial kingdom stood in no need of intercourse with the outer world, on account of its vast extent and the variety of its products. They saw in their isolation policy a guarantee against foreign conquest, and threatened every stranger who dared to enter the kingdom, and every native who dared to leave it, with death. Nevertheless, the missionaries of the Society of Jesus made their way, spite of all penal enactments, into the capital of the emperor, ingratiated themselves into the favor of the highest dignitaries, and even of the emperor himself. This inconsistency in the treatment of the missionaries had its origin solely in the fact that they made themselves indispensable to the government. They calculated the yearly calendar; and the Chinese, be it remarked, held in the highest repute the prediction of the phenomena of the heavens. Father Ricci and Schall showed themselves in such matters far in advance of the philosophers of the country. So long as the

missionaries were thus favored by the emperor, no one dared to lodge complaint and enforce the laws against them. The missionaries in Pekin composed many learned works, partly of a religious and partly of a scientific character. The writings of Father Ricci still adorn the libraries of the Chinese *savants*. The missionaries in the capital, by their writings and instructions, won over many to the truth, while their companions in the Society were at work throughout the provinces. Soon, however, it was strictly forbidden to embrace the Christian faith. The Christian religion found violent opponents in the fanaticism of the idolaters; and more particularly in those whose subsistence depended on a false religion, and in those who were lost to all moral influence. There was no lack of calumny. It was reported that the Christian mysteries were celebrated with revolting cruelties; that the missionaries were preparing the country for a European conquest; and that the Christians belonged to societies secret and dangerous to the state. These reports frequently roused the authorities in the provinces, and even in the capital, against the Christians. The Tribunal of Religious Ceremonies forbade the Christian religion over and over again under pain of death, and its decrees were confirmed by the emperor. These decrees were seldom executed in the capital, where the missionaries enjoyed high dignities in the Academy of Mathematics; but in the provinces, governed by unfriendly mandarins, bloodly persecutions were not unfrequent. On this account, the missionaries in these places were constrained to labor in secret. Their number was altogether too small for so extensive a country, and this although other religious orders had sent numbers to the field before and after the advent of the Society of Jesus. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Gospel made such slow progress in the provinces.

The Catholic missions were most flourishing during the reign of the great Emperor Kang-hi, who ascended the throne of China in 1661, while yet a child, and died in 1722. This emperor was a jealous promoter of the sciences, and gave many proofs of respect and esteem for the Jesuit *savants* whom he called to Pekin. After assuming the reins of government, for several years he at least put no obstacles in the way of the propagation of Christianity; but, after the Roman See had forbidden the worship paid by the Chinese to Confucius and to their ancestors, he revived the laws against Christianity.

The gradual development of missionary labor in China in the course of the previous century may be seen from the following statistics. In the year 1630, the faith had been preached in seven provinces, and the number of Christians was about 13,000, among them many belonging to the educated class. In 1650, the number of Christians had risen to 150,000. In 1664, it was 250,000; and in 1675, 300,000. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the number of Christians must have been 500,000. At this time, there were seventy members of the Society of Jesus in China, besides numerous Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, Lazarists, French priests of the Society of Foreign Missions, and native Chinese priests. This progress induced the Roman See to create two new bishoprics in China, one at Pekin and the other at Nankin.

The rest of the eighteenth century was unfavorable, in many respects, to the Catholic missions in China. The persecutions of the Christians became more frequent and more cruel. The

prisons were everywhere filled with the faithful. They were subjected to frightful torments, and, when they would not deny their faith under the tortures of the rack, they were put to a disgraceful death or sent into a dreary banishment. Many persons of high station, even members of the imperial family, suffered for years in dark dungeons on account of their faith. The consequence of this severity was a gradual diminution in the number of the laity, many of whom fell away, while others received the martyr's palm. The number of the clergy, too, became smaller, the scourge of persecution having thinned their ranks. The accession of new priests from abroad became almost impossible, while the seminaries for the education of a native priesthood were discovered and abolished. Among the bishops, also, disease and death had done their work. The few who remained necessarily exercised a jurisdiction over an immense territory, and had few priests, native or foreign, to assist them. In this condition of affairs, it is plain that the suppression of the Jesuits was a great misfortune to China. They continued their labors after the dismemberment of the order; but at their death there were no others to succeed them; and thus, at a time when most needed, the Society was lost to the Catholic missions of China.

The number of Christians sadly decreased after this, both in Pekin and in the provinces. At the end of the eighteenth century, it had sunk to 290,000, mostly tradesmen and small farmers. But the worst was not yet. In the early part of the present century, many of the faithful fell away on account of persecution and the lack of priests. The seminary of the Lazarists at Macao, and that of the French missionaries at Paulo-Pinang for the education of native priests, were difficult of access to the youth of China, and could hardly supply the pressing needs of the country. The state of society in Europe, also, at this time, was very unfavorable. The French Society of Priests of the Foreign Missions, the Lazarists, and other orders had been suppressed. The wars on the Continent greatly prejudiced vocations to the priesthood; while the vacancy of so many bishoprics, and the imprisonment of the Holy Father, contributed to prostrate the missions. It really seemed in the first decades of this century as if all that had been purchased by the blood of martyrs during two centuries was about to be lost to the church in a short time through lack of missionaries. But when the need was greatest, God's Providence interfered in a palpable manner, and in a short time effected a wonderful change in the situation of the church in China.

After the overthrow of the first French empire began an era of peace for the church. Pius VII., released from captivity, returned in triumph to Rome; the old religious orders arose from their ruins; the Society of Jesus returned to life; the Lazarists, and the Seminary of Foreign Missions in France, were restored. Thus, about the end of the first third of the present century, there were promises of a glorious future for the faith in China.

At this time, too, the religious feelings of the people of Europe were visibly strengthened, and took a direction, particularly in France, which, under the guidance of Providence, was of great service to the cause of religion in China and in the distant East. The Xaverian Missionary Society owed its origin to this feeling. It was founded at Lyons in 1822, and increased in so wonderful a manner that it soon spread over the whole of France and of the neighboring countries. At present, its members are to

be found in every quarter of the globe. This society, and another afterward established, the "Apostleship of Prayer," have been of the greatest service to the missions in China by their prayers and by their alms.

Besides these societies, there is also the "Society of the Holy Infancy," established to aid the missions in China. Originating in 1843, it soon spread to all parts of the world. It is especially intended for Christian children, who associate together to ransom the children of heathen parents, to have them baptized, cared for, and educated in a Christian manner. Aided by this holy enthusiasm for the salvation of souls, the number of missionaries in China gradually increased. Dominicans, Franciscans, Lazarists, the priests of Foreign Missions, and members of the Society of Jesus, flocked to the work of evangelizing China. Disguised in the native costume, they exercised their sacred functions—not, however, without danger, for several paid for their boldness with their lives. But no dangers availed to deter them. They penetrated into the remotest provinces, sought out the Christian families, and collected together the scattered remnants of the flock.

The missionaries found a sad state of things in the provinces. In a few places only did the Christians dare to meet together, under the leadership of a catechumen or perhaps of an aged native priest. In some parts of the country where, a short time before, there had been flourishing Christian communities, there was now not a trace of Christianity to be found. In other places, there were scattered Christian families; but it was a difficult task to discover their whereabouts, because of the continual dread of persecution in which they lived. Such being the state of affairs, the missionaries were unable to extend their efforts to the unconverted heathen. Their ministrations to the Christians, even, had to be carried on secretly.

The appearance of fresh missionaries in China, and the consequent increase in the number of bishops, awakened both the old and the recently established Christian communities to a new life. The people, long deprived of the use of the sacraments, rejoiced at having an opportunity to receive the ministrations of a priest more frequently. The education of a native priesthood now became a matter of the first importance. At the request of the vicars-apostolic of China, the Congregation of Foreign Missions reorganized and enlarged its college and seminary on the island of Paulo-Pinang. The Lazarists had still their seminary at Macao. These two congregations, besides, had established schools for boys in the interior; and the Dominicans and Franciscans had done the same in the portion of the country subject to their jurisdiction. At the same time, the number of catechists was everywhere increased; and, as the social laws of China did not allow that women should receive instruction from men, young women and pious widows were chosen from the religious orders to instruct those of their own sex.

It was not till the old Christian communities were reorganized that the missionaries could give thought to the conversion of the heathen—a task necessarily slow, as the difficulties which had prevented the spread of the faith in former times prevented it still.

But God watched over the interests of his church. The proscription of the Christian faith in China came rather from a political than a religious cause. It originated more in a desire to shut China out from the rest of the

world, than in any wish on the part of the government to mould the consciences of its subjects. There was every reason to believe that, when China gave up its policy of exclusiveness and had thrown open its doors to the rest of the world, it would cease its interference with the propagation of Christianity, which was part and parcel of that policy. That day was not far distant. The commercial interests of Europe, which, in former times, had inflicted untold injury on the missions in China and Japan, were now destined, under the guidance of Providence, to open a way for the Gospel. By the treaty of Nankin, in 1842, it was stipulated, among other things, that five seaport towns of the empire should be opened to the commerce of all nations, and that foreign merchants might, under certain conditions, take up their residence in these cities. It was forbidden, however, to all foreigners to penetrate into the interior beyond certain limits.

The French commercial treaty, ratified on the 25th of August, 1845, was of special importance to the Catholic missions, inasmuch as, by its terms, France virtually constituted herself the protector of Christianity in China.

In conformity with this treaty, three imperial edicts appeared in the official journal of Pekin. By the first, all Chinese were permitted to embrace and practise the Christian religion. The second recognized the Christian religion as a good one. The third restored to the Christians all the churches built since the time of Kang-hi which had not been turned into pagodas or public buildings. There was, however, one unfavorable clause in the French treaty. It was provided that no European, and of course no missionary, should pass into the interior of the country. But it was at the same time provided that the mandarins should not visit with any punishment Europeans found in the interior, but should send them back, at the expense of the state, to one of the seaport towns open to foreigners. Thus the clause above-mentioned was shorn of its severity, and the missionaries resolved to continue to penetrate into the interior.

The French treaty was hailed with enthusiasm by all the friends of the faith; but it soon became apparent that their expectations had been raised too high. The results were not all that had been expected. The edicts of the empire served, in one respect, only to make the enemies of the faith more watchful. The prisons were in many of the provinces filled with Christians, and Christian blood flowed anew. In the province of Kuang-si, M. Chapdelaine was decapitated in 1855, together with several of his neophytes. New wars and new treaties were wanting to put the Christian religion on a firmer footing, and they were not long in coming. The Chinese were not overparticular in their observance of the terms of the treaty. The result was another war with China. The populous city of Canton was stormed December 30, 1857, and the viceroy and general in command taken prisoners. A new treaty was signed in June, 1858, but violated the year afterward. Another and greater war followed. The combined forces of France and England defeated the imperial army, and advanced as far as the capital. The treaty of Pekin, which was ratified by the emperor on the second day of November, concluded the war between China and the allied powers. In the treaty with England, it was stipulated that a greater number of harbors should be opened to European commerce; that foreign ships should have the right to navi-

gate the great rivers; that certain points on those streams should be left open to foreigners; that consuls should be recognized at the points thus opened; that all strangers with permits from the authorities of the country should be allowed to travel in the interior; and that foreign ambassadors should have the right to reside at Pekin.

The following provisions, proposed by the French Commissioner, Baron Gros, were also agreed to: That the missionaries of the Catholic faith should be allowed to preach the Gospel in the whole of China, and that the Chinese should be allowed to embrace it; that the right to practise their religion should be guaranteed to the Christian Chinese; that all churches, cemeteries, and religious buildings which had been taken from the Christians should be restored; that the mandarin who had caused M. Chapdelaine to be beheaded should be declared incapacitated to hold any office whatever, and that his punishment should be made known in all parts of the empire as a warning to others.

We may now inquire what the church has to hope for from these changes in the policy of China, and from the important concessions which that country has been forced to make. Shall we witness the realization of the hopes and wishes of St. Francis Xavier? Shall we soon see the great empire of China converted to the doctrine of the cross, as was the empire of Rome after three centuries of persecution? We cannot answer these questions with any degree of certainty; but a consideration of present circumstances and of individual facts may give us some insight into the real condition of religious affairs in those parts.

Before proceeding any further, we must mention one circumstance which is quite new in the history of Chinese missions. As long as persecution was the order of the day, Catholic missionaries found no competitors from the ranks of Protestantism. Previous to the treaty of Pekin, Protestant missionaries did not venture outside the range of English or American cannon. Since that time, however, their number has increased. In Pekin, in the towns open to European commerce, and wherever a consul has taken up his residence, they have established themselves with their wives and children. They seem to care more for the future of their families than for the Gospel, and, when a good opportunity offers, do not hesitate to forsake their ministry for a life of business. They have built schools and churches wherever they have established themselves. They distribute their Bibles through the country by means of pedlars; and, as they pay large sums for the services of these men, not a few of the pagan Chinese have been induced to become preachers of the Protestant faith, without, however, accepting it themselves. While these gentlemen are "spreading the Word" among the heathen, the missionaries themselves are engaged at home in writing either tracts or pompous accounts of their success to the societies from which they draw their salaries. It is easy to conceive that a system of proselytism which in nothing resembles that of the apostles is but a sorry way of operating conversions. The following statistics are taken from a Protestant report, published at Shanghai: In January, 1864, there were, in all China, one hundred and five Protestant preachers, seven of whom were natives, the rest Americans and Europeans. They had stations at Canton, Hong-kong, Suatow, Amoy, Foochow, Ning-po, Hong-kow, Cha-foo,

Tang-chow, Tien-tsin, Pekin, Shanghai, and one hundred and eight places of minor importance. One hundred and forty-eight native catechists assisted them in their labors; and twenty young Chinamen were preparing for the Protestant ministry. Nineteen boarding-schools were attended by two hundred and forty-four scholars, and forty-four other schools by seven hundred and ninety-six scholars. Fifty-seven churches had been already erected. In one year, 700 copies of scientific works, 90,000 of the Old Testament, 446,000 of the New, and 1,127,875 tracts had been distributed among the people; besides which they had published sixty-one periodicals. Yet despite this abundance of instruments of conversion, although millions had been spent on men, churches, schools, and books, and numerous missionary drug-stores been established where Protestant doctors retailed their services and their medicines gratis, Protestantism was forced to confess, in 1864, that it could count but one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four converts in the whole empire of China! The document above referred to adds that, as some of the missions had not sent in their statistics at the time of publication, the whole number of converts might be probably put down at two thousand two hundred. Thus it appears that the maximum number of Protestants in this immense empire amounts to little over two thousand! Nor must it be forgotten that, as experience has shown, Protestant Chinese, for the most part, make very unreliable Christians, influenced as they have been to embrace the faith by some natural advantage.

The Catholic missions in China present a striking contrast to those we have been just now considering. The good seed sown by the missionary priests and members of religious orders yields so plentiful a return that the number of laborers is almost inadequate to the harvest. Whence this difference? Protestantism has no mission and no martyrs. What blessing can a teacher expect unless "he be sent"? And then the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. But not only do the Protestant missionaries not succeed in converting the Chinese; they interfere with the efforts of Catholic missionaries by misrepresenting and calumniating the church in the tracts which they circulate throughout the country. In the Catholic Chinese, those libels on their faith excite no feeling but contempt for their calumniators—a feeling which even the heathen themselves in many instances share. These malicious tracts are not, however, in some instances, without a bad effect, and serve to sink their readers deeper than ever in the mire of heathenism.

It thus appears that the Catholic Church in China has, in our days, a difficulty to cope with which its former missionaries were not called upon to encounter. The difficulty must not, however, be overestimated. The era just now opening finds the Catholic Church and the Catholic hierarchy established and organized in all the provinces of China. The country is divided into twenty vicariates-apostolic, which pretty nearly correspond with the provinces of the empire. Each vicariate-apostolic is governed by a bishop, under whose guidance the missionaries and native priests exercise their functions. This powerful organization, the fruit of three hundred years' labor in the same field—a field which has been watered with the sweat and the blood of so many apostles—gives the Catholic religion an advantage over Protestantism, in China, as everywhere else, divided, discordant, and without

a solid basis to rest upon. The preaching of the Catholic faith has, on the other hand, in very recent times, made immense progress in all parts of the empire. The church is full of activity and life; and the heathen everywhere manifest the greatest inclination to embrace its tenets.

We shall now turn our attention to the capital of the empire, and to the province of Pe-tcheli, to which it belongs.

In the last century, the Catholics had four churches in Pekin, and, adjacent to them, spacious gardens and residences for the clergy. What remained of this property, the ground, a few residences, and the old cathedral known as the South church, was restored to the Christians by the treaty of Pekin. The East church, formerly the residence of the Portuguese Jesuits, was situated in a distant portion of the city, as was also the West church, the smallest of them all, which belonged to the missionaries of the Propaganda and the different religious orders. Both these churches had been razed to the ground. Where they stood, divine service is celebrated at present by native priests, in small and inconvenient apartments. The North church, near the imperial palace, was built and presented to the Jesuits by order of the Emperor Kang-hi. It had also been destroyed; but, on the spot where it stood, Bishop Mouly has built the stately church of the Redeemer. . The corner-stone of this church was laid May 1, 1865, three high mandarins and all the resident European ambassadors participating in the ceremony. It was consecrated January 1, 1867, with equal pomp.

What better or stronger proof can there be of the progress Catholicity has made in China, than this magnificent cathedral standing under the eyes of the imperial government? When the Rev. Mr. Mouly, now bishop, went to Pekin, the number of Christians had sunk as low as three hundred and fifty. At present, owing to various causes, it has reached eight thousand. Three cemeteries, belonging respectively to the Portuguese, the French, and the Propaganda, in the last century, have been restored to the Christians.

The Sisters of Mercy who came to China a few years since number among their members many natives of China. A hospital, a dispensary, an orphan asylum, and schools for the education of girls, are under their control. Their labors are appreciated by the natives, and have contributed not a little to the propagation of the faith.

In 1856, the number of Christians in the province of Pe-tcheli had increased to such an extent that the Holy See divided it into three vicariates-apostolic. There are in one of them, the northern vicariate, besides the bishop and his coadjutor, ten European missionaries, twenty native priests, and four lay-brothers of the order of Lazarists. The seminary for the education of priests contains twenty students, and the *petit séminaire* forty. In Tien-tsin, the Sisters of Mercy have two orphan asylums, a hospital, and a dispensary.

The vicariate-apostolic of Western Pe-tcheli has had many difficulties to encounter. The people of that district have always been unfriendly to Europeans and to Christianity. The country has been subject to incursions from bands of robbers who did not spare the property of the church. But since the peace of Pekin, the state of affairs has been improving, and the number of Christians has increased from 3,800 to 8,200. But it is in South-western Pe-tcheli that the most surprising results have been ob-

tained. The number of Christians had always been relatively great in this part of the province. Yet in 1856 it was only 4,392. In 1859, it had risen to 14,000. After the treaty of Pekin and the proclamation of religious liberty, it rose still higher. In compensation for the severe losses which the church had undergone in times of persecution, seventy-two churches and chapels having been destroyed, Bishop Anouilly, through the mediation of the French ambassador, received the old imperial palace in Tching-ting-su, the former capital. This building afforded room for a seminary, an orphan asylum, and a chapel. Having secured these, the bishop turned his attention to the people, and fearlessly proclaimed the Gospel to them. He preached in the open air, and immense crowds thronged to hear him. In 1863, 2,500 adults were baptized, and the number prepared for baptism amounted to 12,000. Several pagodas were turned over to the bishop to be converted into Christian churches; and in addition to this, there have been, since 1866, about forty new churches built.

Five vicariates-apostolic were confided, a few years ago, to the care of the Italian Franciscan Observantines, namely, the vicariates of Schan-tong, Schan-si, Schen-si, Hu-pe, and Hunan.

In 1840, the number of Christians in Schan-tong was about 4,000. In 1866, it was 10,751, and those preparing for baptism numbered 4,000. Although Bibles without number, and tracts abusive of the Catholic Church, had been distributed in the province, not a single Protestant is to be found within its boundaries. It has, besides 104 chapels, 19 large churches, a seminary, and 29 schools. In the vicariate of Schan-si, which embraces the provinces of Schan-si and Kan-fu, there are three European missionaries, sixteen native priests, and 13,832 Christians. It is possessed of a seminary, 14 schools, 8 churches, and 27 chapels.

The vicariate of Schen-si embraces the province of Schen-si and that part of Mongolia which borders upon it. It numbers at present 23,000 Christians, a bishop, six European missionaries, seventeen native priests, eighty chapels, a seminary, and five primary schools.

In the vicariate of Hu-pe, where, till quite recent times, persecution had not ceased, the number of Christians has already reached 16,063. It has fourteen European missionaries, including a bishop, fourteen native priests, thirty-six chapels, a seminary, a college, an orphan asylum, and several preparatory schools.

The last of these five vicariates, that of Hu-nan, numbers 2,207 Christians, two European missionaries, a bishop, eleven native priests, nine churches and chapels, a seminary, and a few schools.

The French Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris has done a good work for the church. In every country from India to Corea, its missionaries have preached the faith, and sealed it with their blood. We find them in the southern provinces of China and in the icy land of Mantchooria. The result of their labors in the provinces of Setschuen, Yunnan, and Kuetschen may be seen from the following statistics. In 1840, there were, in these three provinces, one bishop, eight European missionaries, thirty native priests, and forty ecclesiastical students. In these same three provinces, divided into five vicariates-apostolic, there were, in 1860, eight bishops, forty European missionaries, fifty native priests, and six seminaries, in which over two hundred pupils were educating. The practice of Chris-

tianity in these regions is not so safe as in other parts of China. In 1850, Rev. M. Bachal and three converts were subjected to frightful tortures, and finally condemned to be starved to death. In the eastern vicariate of Setschuen, where, between 1855 and 1860, the number of Christians had increased from 18,000 to 21,000, the disposition to embrace the faith became yet more marked when the peace of Pekin had insured it liberty of practice. The number of conversions reached 15,000 in one year. But just at this time, a violent reaction, headed by the young *savants* and students, of whom there are a great number, set in. Whole villages which had embraced the faith were reduced to ashes, and the churches plundered and destroyed. The missionaries were a special object of hatred. M. Eyrand escaped his pursuers in a manner almost miraculous; but his companion, M. Mabileau, was taken by them and cruelly murdered, August 30, 1865.

The priests of the Foreign Missions have had to suffer a great deal, also, in the province of Kuitcheu. Several Christian missionaries and others, including M. Neil, were decapitated between 1858 and 1862. The arrival of a better-disposed viceroy put an end to the persecution, and the cause of Catholicity received a powerful impetus from the restoration of peace. The number of converts was reckoned by thousands. Within the last three years, over one hundred large towns and a much greater number of smaller ones have embraced the Christian faith. Churches, schools, and orphan asylums have sprung up on every side. In several places, the pagodas have been turned over to the bishop, M. Faurie, to be converted into churches. Mandarins of distinction have renounced paganism. In compensation for its losses during the persecution, the court-building of the principal promoter of the uprising against the Christians has been deeded to the church, by command of the emperor. The number of converts probably exceeds 200,000, and would be greater were it not for the civil war, which rages with the greatest violence.

The history of the faith and the prospects of the church, in the provinces of Kuang-pi, Kuang-tong, Mantchooria, and others, is but a repetition of the foregoing, equally encouraging and fruitful, under the care of the priests of the Society of Foreign Missions. Besides the two vicariates apostolic which the Lazarists have in the province of Pe-tcheli, they have taken charge of three others in the provinces of Kiang-si, Tchekiang, and Honan. The Spanish Dominicans have had charge, amid difficulties innumerable, of the vicariate of Fokien for the last two hundred years. This vicariate has, at present, fourteen European and ten native priests, of the order of Saint Dominic, and 40,000 Christians.

The Society of Jesus, the first to carry the Gospel to China, has, after a long interruption, returned to the field. We have already noticed their efforts in the vicariate-apostolic of Pe-tcheli. Assuming direction of the Pe-tcheli missions under unfavorable circumstances, they have not been able to obtain there such results as might have been desired. Not so, however, in the province of Kiangnan, including its capital Nankin. This province, with its 74,000,000 of inhabitants, where formerly numerous Christian communities had flourished, offered a very desirable field for the propagation of the faith. In 1842, the number of Christians in the whole province, living for the most part concealed, was about 60,000. But with the accession of peace and

the arrival of new missionaries, a different state of affairs was inaugurated. The parish system was introduced in several places. A seminary and *petit séminaire*, a college, two hundred elementary schools, and two orphan asylums, one for boys and the other for girls, were established. The fathers have inspired the Christians with great enthusiasm for the redemption of abandoned heathen children. Thousands of these poor creatures are brought to them every year, baptized, and many of them received into the orphan asylums established for that purpose. In 1853 alone, 2,000 children were thus cared for. At this time the number of Christians had reached 73,000.

During the civil wars which devastated the province, the Jesuits opened a hospital, in which seven hundred and fifty wounded, without regard to religion or party, were taken care of. In 1859, there were in the vicariate-apostolic of Kiang-nan one bishop, twenty-nine Jesuits, eleven native priests, and twenty-six seminarists. The number of the faithful was 75,352. During the last year, there were 1,629 adults baptized and 3,019 persons received instructions. The number of heathen children baptized in the same year was 8,705, 4,020 of whom were cared for in Christian institutions. The number of pupils in the college was 93, in the elementary schools 3,823, of whom 1,150 were heathen children. In 1860, the rebels advanced to within a short distance of Shanghai. The Catholic orphan asylum was five miles from the city. When the rebels suddenly entered the house, Father Massa, the superior of the institution, met them in an undaunted manner and began to hold a parley, in order to give time to the domestics and orphans to escape. He offered the rebels all the money in his possession, but implored them to spare the children. He was cruelly treated, and finally murdered. In the meantime, ten thousand fugitives rushed into Shanghai, where they found themselves without food or shelter. The Jesuits offered them a home, and supported them for months together. Can it be wondered that many of those unfortunates were won over by such kindness to the faith?

The missionaries showed themselves at this time, and during the prevalence of contagious disease, really heroic in the discharge of their sacred duties. They died by tens, partly from disease contracted in the hospitals, partly from overwork. The pecuniary losses of the mission of Kiang-nan must be put down at several millions. Of the three hundred and eighty-two chapels, one hundred and fifty were destroyed. On every side, the Christians saw their dwellings in flames, their harvests trampled upon, themselves compelled to flee or cast into prison. To fill the cup of bitterness to overflowing, a flood occurred, which devastated the farms and produced a famine. The cholera commenced its ravages at the same time, so that the population of the province began to diminish at a fearful rate. The vicariate-apostolic lost, in the short space of five months, twelve thousand Christians, among them the excellent Bishop Bonnet, of the Society of Jesus, and nineteen other missionaries, belonging to the same society. But while death was dealing such heavy blows among the Christians, the work of conversion was going on with increased activity. In the worst times, over two thousand adults were baptized yearly.

As long as the capital Nankin was in the hands of the rebels, the labors of the missionaries were confined exclusively to the eastern part of the country. But after the combined

forces of China, England, and France had recovered the capital, the bishop, Mgr. Languillet, sailed up the Yang-si-kiang as far as Hanken, in the province of Hu-pe. He visited several stations, and founded Jesuit houses in Nankin and several other places. Through the influence of the French consul-general, not, however, without reluctance on the part of the viceroy of the province, the old cathedral of Hanken, and other property formerly belonging to the church, were restored to the Christians. The present prospects of the church in Kiang-nan are most favorable. Several of the churches which had been destroyed have been rebuilt. Between July, 1865, and July, 1866, two thousand four hundred and twenty-five adults were baptized. Asylums for the orphans, a college for higher instruction, and numerous elementary schools are among the institutions of the province.

Thousands of orphan children are cared for in Christian families. Young women devoted to the service of God are very numerous in this vicariate. There are also societies of men and women devoted to special objects of charity. It has an ecclesiastical seminary and a *petit séminaire* for the education of a native priesthood. And what is of more importance than all, Christianity is practised no longer secretly, but publicly, in the very face of heathenism.

It appears from all these facts that the prospects of the Catholic faith in China are very favorable—more so, in fact, than ever before. It is true there have been times in the past when it was allowed to preach the faith without let or hindrance in China. But this was due to the favor of some emperors and to the indifference of others. The present freedom of the faith rests on a different basis, guaranteed as it is by treaty, and supported by the liberty granted to the missionaries to travel through the empire and to preach the Gospel everywhere. Mandarins are often found favorably disposed beforehand toward the Catholic missionaries by reason of the eulogies of former missionaries contained in the annals of their country. The contrary of this is also sometimes found—mandarins of high and low degree who continue to hate foreigners and everything foreign, and who, when an opportunity offers, do not fail to manifest their enmity toward Christianity. There are others whose livelihood depends on the continuance of paganism who would willingly renew the persecutions. But the European ambassadors stand so high in the estimation of the government at Pekin, and their influence is such, that these attempts are generally made in vain, and the instigators of them brought to punishment.

The progress of the faith is observable everywhere in China. New churches are springing up on all sides and old ones being restored. Divine service is everywhere celebrated publicly. Everywhere have the heathen an opportunity to learn the beauties of the Catholic faith; and they come in crowds to embrace it. There is not a single province in which there have not been yearly hundreds of adults baptized into the church. The average yearly number of adult baptisms in the vicariate of Kiang-nan is two thousand. In the province of East Setchuen, it reached 15,000 in one year, while in the province of Kuitchoo more than 200,000 conversions took place in the short space of three years.

No one can reflect on the course which affairs have taken in China within the last thirty years, without being convinced that the finger of God is there. The conversion of

China would exert an immense influence on all those nations which have adopted its civilization and its customs. Not without reason did the Japanese say to Francis Xavier: "Go to China. If the great and wise nation of China embraces the Christian faith, we will embrace it also."

In the countries adjacent to China, likewise, the standard of the faith is being advanced. In Cochin China and Tonquin, where till recently it was rigidly proscribed, and where all manner of persecution was resorted to for the purpose of extirpating it from the country, a change has taken place of the greatest importance for the future of Christianity in those parts. The government shows itself very friendly to the missionaries, whom it frequently consults on the most important matters, and to whom it has confided a college in the capital.

In Corea and Thibet, persecution is still rife, but it proceeds rather from the under-officers than from the government.

It is in Japan that the circumstances of Christianity are most remarkable. Some centuries back, there were in Japan numbers of flourishing Christian communities, under the guidance of European and native priests, when the emperors issued edicts of persecution against them in consequence of suspicions cast upon the Catholic faith by the Protestant Dutch through hatred of the Spanish and Portuguese. The Christians were slaughtered by thousands. The bishops and priests died martyrs and left no successors. All communication with Japan and the Christian world was forbidden, except to a few Dutch merchants on the small island of Desima. The Catholic Church wept over the loss of the Christian communities in Japan for two centuries, though it was difficult to conceive how God could permit in Japan what he had never permitted elsewhere—that the Christian faith should be rooted out by persecution. Yet how could it be imagined that those communities of Christians could continue to exist for nearly two hundred years without priest, without sacraments, without instructions, when their religion was so strictly prohibited, on an island separated from all the rest of the world? They did, however, continue to exist. The church of Japan has braved the tempest of time; and a star of hope has risen to guide it safely to the harbor of peace. The commercial interests of mankind have here, as in China, been the means of furthering God's interests in this world. As soon as the right of Europeans to enter the country was guaranteed, the apostles of the faith did not hesitate a moment to set foot on the soil of Japan, although it was not, and is not yet, lawful to embrace the Christian faith. A bishop, a vicar-apostolic, and a number of priests, all acquainted with the Japanese language, have settled in various parts of the country and begun to travel in quest of the scattered Christians. In Nang-sa-ki, a beautiful church has been built, known in the country as the French church. Here it was that, on the 17th of March, 1865, a large number acknowledged themselves Christians to the missionaries; from which time they continued to receive visits from various quarters. It soon became evident that there were several thousand Christians in Japan. Some villages are exclusively Christian; and in one island alone they number over ten thousand. The Christians come, for the most part, in the night to commune with the priests. It is not a little remarkable that the an-

cient missionaries, in view of future contingencies, warned their flocks to recognize those only as true missionaries who should lead a life of celibacy, acknowledge the supremacy of the pope, and honor the Mother of God. These pious Christians have waited two hundred years. Their hopes are fulfilled at last.

Considering all the events which have taken place within a few years in China and in the extreme East, let us ask whether all these events —tending, as they all do, in one direction, namely, the propagation of the Catholic faith—can be ascribed to blind chance? If they cannot, it must be granted that the day is fast approaching when the nations of the East will be gathered into the fold of Christ.

The astonishing strides of the Catholic faith in all pagan lands present a glorious contrast to the bitter attacks which it has to withstand in Christian Europe, and even in the very centre of Catholicity. It is as if God wished to console his faithful ones. The enemies of the faith may storm against Rome and dream of the destruction of the church, but its faithfulness is the surest proof that it has nothing to fear; while, from all we have just recounted, it is plain that God is preparing for her a most glorious future, in the contemplation of which all faithful Christians should find abundant consolation and encouragement.

OUR WINTER EVENINGS.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE reader who would enter into the spirit of our winter evening entertainments, of which the simple annals are here recorded, must go back with me twenty years, and be introduced to an old-fashioned mansion in a quiet New England village, where, in a cosy boudoir, nestled one of New England's loveliest daughters. "Our Dove" we fondly called her, and to the home she loved so dearly we could give no name but the "Dovecote."

She was young and exceedingly fair; her countenance animated with a flow of spirits that never forsook her; her conversation piquant and sparkling; her manners childlike in their simple modesty and grace; but the beauty of holiness which gleamed in the depths of her dark-blue eyes and rested on her pale brow, far more irresistibly than personal charms or graceful manners, won all who looked upon her to love the purity and innocence of which she was the very expression.

From early childhood, an incurable disease had wasted that fair form, from which she suffered intensely at times, and under the pressure of which she might linger many years, yet was liable to sink at any moment and pass from our sight for ever. So we guarded our treasure tenderly, not knowing how soon the bright spirit might take its flight, and the precious shrine be vacated.

Her home was a fitting casket for such a priceless jewel. Situated on

an eminence commanding a view of the lovely rural village in its vicinity, with the placid waters of Lake Champlain in the distance, and bounded by the peaks of the Adirondacks on the west, and on the east by our own Green Mountains, the eye, from whatever point of view it glanced, rested upon nature's fairest scenes. Here the first sunny days of spring drew forth her earliest treasures, more captivating than any later beauties. The windows looked out upon parterres gay with the crocus, daffodils, hyacinths, jonquils, and tulips, when those of neighboring gardens were but just showing their tender buds above the ground. Here the first robin poured forth his cheering song on the trellis, the earliest wren warbled its tuneful welcome to spring. Nor was it less attractive within than without. Friends of rare culture and intelligence, sufficiently dissimilar in their similarity to season daily intercourse with a spicy flavor, were gathered within the ample mansion — men whose noble aims and high intellectual gifts crowned the acquirements of the scholar and philosopher, and the clear logic and penetrating shrewdness of the practised lawyer. Here also presided a woman, thoughtful and wise, of sound ability, and such ripe attainments, such retiring modesty and serene dignity, as are the fruits of a long life passed in converse with "books that are books," in companionship with the cultivated and refined, and fortified under the discipline of varied trials by the power of true religion and resignation.

Within the shelter of this hospitable home were collected many whom untoward fortunes had left homeless and helpless, who were cherished with tender consideration, and made to share in its comforts. Our gentle Dove seemed to have acquired, through the agency of her own sufferings, a quick and delicate sympathy with all human woes. The afflicted were sure to receive aid for their necessities from her ready hand, or comfort from her consoling counsels, while she mingled the "ready tear for others' woes" with theirs; and her youthful spirit was as prompt to rejoice with the joyful as to weep with the afflicted.

The servants were characteristic of the household, and, contrary to the usual course in our country, had grown old in its service: a man who took charge of all out-of-door matters, and his wife, skilful in managing those of her department. They were childless; but a niece who had been given to them by a dying sister had been trained by her aunt to perform perfectly the services of dining-room and parlor, while a little orphan girl assisted both, when dismissed from daily lessons and attendance in the apartment of the young invalid, whose morning and evening meals were usually served in her own room, to herself and any young friends who might be stopping with her. They had been so long in the family that all its interests were theirs, the children objects of pride and assiduous care, and our Dove a being upon whom they lavished a wealth of affectionate devotion.

To all the neighbors, this home was a charming place of resort, where they were sure of a cordial welcome. It was our delight, in the long winter evenings, to gather around the wide hearth which graced the little parlor of our favorite, where the cheerful wood-fire illuminated the old-fashioned fire-place, and set its glittering andirons and fender all aglow with the ruddy light, and while away the hours in lively chat. On Wednesday evenings, some member of the party usually read aloud from a pleasant book, or recited some story or legend

to the circle of interested listeners. I was, after my first introduction, a constant attendant upon these reunions.

Later in life, during the years of a seclusion seldom equalled even in the cloister, I have occupied many solitary hours from time to time in recalling, arranging, and recording a portion of the narratives and conversations which had most impressed me, with no other purpose than to amuse those hours, and perchance contribute to the pleasure of children and grandchildren in their perusal. The lapse of time since I was a listener to the stories forced me to clothe my recollections of them in my own language when I could not recall that of the narrator.

As I turn over the scattered leaves, with my new purpose in mind of bringing them into some systematic form, what light shimmers forth from them, clothing in new radiance the joys of the years gone by—what fragrant memories float from each page! I am transported as if by magic from the silent monotonous present, in which the dreamless sleep of old age is wrapped as in a shroud, to the bright and beautiful past. I am no longer a lingering fragment of that beloved circle, the majority of whose members have passed to a better world, and stand in its light beckoning to the loiterers, with faces all glowing with celestial smiles, to lure them heavenward. Once again I find myself an inmate of that cheerful home where the graces clustered and the urbanities of Christian charity found sweet and constant exercise. Happy faces surround me; the ringing laugh of merry-hearted youth is in my ear!

Nor is the illusion a sorrow when it passes, and leaves me again the lonely and way-worn pilgrim; but rather a constantly recurring and perpetual joy. For next to the actual enjoyment of innocent social pleasures are the fond recollections of them which come, like ministering angels with sunlit wings, to people the solitudes and light up the valley of old age, under the deepening shadows of life's evening twilight. Sombre, indeed, would they be without the gentle illumination!

"And how is our Dove, this evening?" said the bachelor lawyer, as he entered her apartment from the tea-table, on the occasion of my first introduction to it by one of the old neighbors, for I was then a new inhabitant of the place—"how is our dove this evening?" And he approached and took her hand so gently that no one who had seen the keen black eyes flashing under his overarching brow in court that day, and heard the scathing satire with which he demolished a lawyer who was endeavoring to obtain, for a dishonest client, the patrimony of a little orphan girl, would have believed he was the same person, or that those eyes could have gleamed so softly as they rested upon the calm, pale face of the household pet. "Better? Well, I am glad to hear it. See, I have brought you a new treat." And he produced *Lockhart's Life of Scott.* "But you must not read too closely. Here is your book-devouring friend," turning to his young and favorite niece who sat near her. "She will read aloud, and you will enjoy it together."

While he was talking, the judge had entered, and, after saluting the invalid and making affectionate inquiries for her health, he reminded his brother bachelor of some business which required their attention at the office of the latter, and they withdrew.

As they were passing out, the

young collegiate, Edward B——, and his sister Katie, entered, and were greeted with cordial surprise by our young hostess.

"Why, I supposed you would be at Mrs. D——'s party, this evening, of course!" she exclaimed, addressing him.

"And why 'of course,' my fair friend?" he inquired.

"Oh! you are so very fond of parties, and so much depended upon to keep the mirth alive. 'All goes merry as a marriage-bell where Ned goes,' has passed into a proverb with our young people, you know. They will miss you sorely. Mrs. D—— will be disappointed, too, not to mention a certain 'bright particular star' which will doubtless shine with diminished lustre in your absence. As we can hardly hope to offer any pleasures that will compensate for those you lose, I am sure it will prove a great privation to yourself also."

"A *very* great privation 'of course!'" he replied, with a touch of asperity quite foreign to his natural manner. "A great privation of course! Nevertheless, I refrain from exhibiting my brilliant powers for the entertainment of Mrs. D——'s guests on this occasion, in the full assurance that my presence would have surprised her more than my absence will, inasmuch as her polite cards were not extended to the rest of our family."

"Not extended to the rest of your family! What do you mean, Edward?" inquired an elderly lady who had just come in and was laying off her bonnet and shawl—"what can you mean, Edward?"

"I mean that none of our family but myself were included in Mrs. D——'s invitations for this evening; and I am told they are quite general too. Hobart Selden explained the matter by informing me that several ladies of our village, the wives of leading lawyers, bankers, and merchants, held a consultation last week—before the evening parties for the winter should begin—upon the course to be taken with the families who, like our own, have ventured to violate New England principles so far as to follow their honest convictions and 'join the Romanists,' without stopping to inquire what their neighbors would say about it. The decision, it seems, was that the 'ban of the empire' should be passed upon them, and ours is the only one whose young people are old enough to be reached by it. So Mrs. D——'s cards have been drawn, like a two-edged sword, to cleave through the very heart of a society which has hitherto been entirely harmonious and united in all social matters."

"I am surprised to hear it, and think it an ill-judged step," she remarked.

"Not being of either party in a religious sense," Edward proceeded, "I cannot pretend to decide upon the merits of the question; though I think a little grain of true Christian charity might perhaps so sweeten the wine of the good lady's virtue, and that of her associates, as to preserve it from the imminent danger it is in at present of turning into vinegar. It seems like folly to me—to call it by no harsher name—this attempt to embitter social intercourse by such proceedings, and I believe it will more effectually defeat its own purpose than any other course."

Hobart Selden, a college friend of Edward, in an older class, which would graduate the next summer, now entered, to the astonishment of his colleague, who exclaimed:

"Why, Selden, you here, too! What's up, my old boy? Why are you not at Mrs. D——'s?"

"What is a fellow to do, I should like to know," he replied, "when you

leave him in the lurch, as you did me? I knew I should be a mere dummy without you, and they would expect me to hold my own, and make up for your absence too; which is more than I am altogether up to. So, as I have received a standing invitation to her Wednesday evenings for the winter from our gentle friend" —bowing to the young lady—"I preferred to come here, where I knew I should meet you." Then, turning to Kate, he said in an undertone, and with a manner that brought the quick blushes to her cheek—"Perhaps I thought of another I might possibly meet."

Meantime one and another of the usual circle had dropped in, exchanging friendly salutations with the invalid and each other. After they had settled themselves for the evening, our Dove addressed the lady of the house: "Now, grandmamma, we are ready for that story of life in the wilderness on the St. Lawrence long ago."

"Perhaps the subject may not be as interesting to others as to my grandchildren, and I have no high opinion of my own power to make it so," she replied. Then, addressing herself to us, she said:

If any of you have ever passed through that part of the St. Lawrence which flows between Lake Ontario and Ogdensburg, you will confess it is no fault of the route if I fail to present its pleasant features so agreeably as to claim your attention. The green tinge of the transparent and swiftly flowing waters; its 'thousand islands,' of every conceivable form and size, set like gems in the liquid emerald; the rich country on both sides of the mighty stream, dotted here and there with beautiful rural villages; and the pleasing variety of vale and upland, of cultivated fields and rich woodlands, taken all together, form a picture which can hardly be excelled, and is not easily forgotten.

Beautiful as those scenes are at the present day, they have lost the wildly picturesque charms that captivated my fancy when I became a resident among them in the early part of this century; nor can I believe that the progress of modern improvement has imparted any features which will compensate for the loss of those it has banished for ever.

The whole country on the American shore of the river was then an almost unbroken wilderness. Indian wigwams and the rude shanties of lumbermen were the only human habitations for many miles. Ogdensburg was a small village; Morristown, further up the stream, a little settlement but recently established.

At the time of our removal from Vermont to a place on the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles above Morristown, a few scattered families were making the first attempts to open "clearings" at long intervals, and provide themselves with homes in those solitudes. Our arrival was most cordially welcomed by them, and by the society of Ogdensburg and Morristown, as well as that of Prescott and Brockville, on the Canadian side of the majestic stream. No roads for the use of ordinary vehicles had yet been opened, and the river formed our highway, by boats in summer and sleighs in winter, for the frequent interchange of social visits. These were often prolonged from day to day, and extended far beyond the limits at first contemplated; insomuch that a party consisting of one family only when it set out would gather strength as it passed on from one neighborhood to another, until a crowd was accumulated which put the hosts at their wits' end to find places in which to

stow them away, and the merry devices resorted to on these occasions furnished no small part of the fun and frolic. Our enjoyment of these "free and easy" junketings from house to house far exceeded the pleasures of society in its later stages, where etiquette and display have supplanted frank and cordial hospitality.

On a fine morning in the early autumn of our first year in that vicinity, we set out to visit some friends in Morristown. It so happened that on the same morning a merry party of young people had collected on the banks of the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg for a similar purpose, an arrangement having been made the previous day with those of Prescott and Brockville to meet them at Morristown.

When all were assembled, it was discovered that one of the boats they had expected to engage had been sent in another direction, and it was doubtful whether so large a party could embark safely in the only two which remained. One of these was old and unsafe for a heavy load, the other a new and capacious barge. As the day was so fine and still that not a ripple disturbed the surface of the water, the boatman assured them there would be no danger. Accordingly, the larger and stronger vessel was filled to its utmost capacity, and the other but lightly laden. They pushed off in great glee, and the lighter boat soon passed swiftly in advance of the other, beyond the point where the ruins of the old fort were then to be seen, amid the shouts and cheers of the gay voyagers. The other one was pursuing its course more slowly, when it met an unexpected peril. Recent heavy rains in the remote regions where its tributary streams take their rise had so swollen the Oswegatchie that the flood it poured into the St. Lawrence caused an almost irresistible pressure sidewise upon the barge as it passed that point, which, together with the swift downward current of the St. Lawrence, made it extremely difficult to keep the overloaded vessel directed up the stream. The oarsmen pulled away with a will, and laid out all their strength in well-directed effort. They had passed nearly through the surging flood, when one of the oars broke; the boat whirled suddenly, and was carried athwart the stream downwards with frightful velocity! The occupants were warned to keep perfectly quiet, as the least motion to either side would cause it to capsize.

At this juncture, a Canadian bateau was seen approaching rapidly from the opposite shore. It soon reached the imperilled boat, was brought alongside to receive a part of the terrified company, and, a new oar being furnished to replace the broken one, their deliverance from danger was secured. They were now in doubt whether to resume their excursion or return. If they did not go on, those who had preceded them would, of course, suffer great anxiety on their account. The stranger who controlled the bateau informed them that his purpose was to go to a place near Morristown to survey wild lands in that vicinity, and that he would be most happy to receive a portion of their party into his boat if they wished to proceed, which they decided to do. In the course of the journey, they found their new acquaintance so entertaining and agreeable that they urged him to stop with them at Morristown. He accepted the invitation for that day, but could not remain longer.

He was a European who had evidently travelled much about the world, and been a close observer of

its ways. In person and manners he was most engaging, in conversation intelligent and refined, betraying large acquaintance with literature as well as with men.

After dinner, the conversation turned upon comparisons between the natural scenery and the condition and customs of society in Europe and America. The young people thought there could not be any romance or poetry about a country that had no traditions, no ancient ruins, and no titled aristocracy. "Do tell us," one of them exclaimed, addressing the stranger—"do tell us some romantic story about the nobility—the lords, counts, and countesses of Europe."

The face of the gentleman assumed an expression of deepest melancholy, as he said sadly and mysteriously: "I need not go to Europe in quest of a romantic story. I can relate a singularly melancholy tale of events, connected with the affairs of a titled gentleman and lady, in which I was strangly involved, and which took place at no great distance from us."

"Oh! do let us hear it," they all entreated with one voice.

So, as we sipped our wine and lingered over the fruits of the dessert, he related to us the history of

THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Any one who has ever braved the difficulties and penetrated the wilderness regions which—amidst a perplexing jumble of detached hills, thrown together as if at random—surround the obscure little village of R—— in this county, will be ready to acknowledge, after a few days' sojourn in that unique place, that the trouble has been well repaid, though it may be truly said of the route,

"Rough and forbidding are the choicest roads
By which those rugged forests can be crossed."

Nor can the journey be effected without encountering perils wholly apart from personal discomfort and fatigue. Not unfrequently will the ear of the traveller be greeted by the howling of hungry wolves, the harsh shriek of the catamount or scream of the young bear, startled at human approach and calling to its dam for protection; while the soft foot of the panther is quite likely to steal along his advancing path in search of a convenient covert from which to make the fatal spring upon its unsuspecting victim.

Escaping these dangers and arriving at R——, he will find himself in a settlement established for the sole purpose of developing the marvellous mineral resources and wealth of that strange vicinity, the business of the place being wholly confined to this object. It is located on both shores of the Indian River, which divides and subdivides itself, most capriciously and curiously, into numerous streamlets as it passes through that quiet valley, transforming it into a group of beautiful islets, upon which are scattered furnaces and mills for smelting the various ores, the necessary store-houses, and the houses of the inhabitants engaged in those operations. The dark, still waters of this singular stream impart a remarkably sombre expression, that rather heightens than impairs the picturesque character of that sequestered hamlet, surrounded and inclosed by its chaos of irregular hills.

A large Indian encampment is always found at no great distance, for these hills are the favorite hunting-grounds of the St. Regis or Caughnawaugah Indians, furnishing game in inexhaustible supplies and in great variety, while the river abounds with the best of fish. They can pass down the sluggish stream, in their canoes, to Black Lake, and thence down the

Oswegatchie to the St. Lawrence, with little difficulty; thus enjoying a convenient highway for transmitting the furs gained in their hunting expeditions, and other articles of Indian traffic, to market.

One of the loftiest hills, on the western side of the valley through which the river flows, overlooking it and the village reposing in its embrace, as well as a large extent of the rugged district adjacent, has been cleared and graded carefully, in preparation for laying out spacious lawns and landscape-gardens upon and around it. On the summit, a large four-storied house has been erected; its elevated site, and extensive projecting wings with octagon fronts, in the European mode for a gentleman's elegant country-seat, presenting an imposing appearance and style wholly new in this part of the world.

The frame has been covered and painted white, window and door casings inserted in their places. From the middle of the spacious hall which divides the house from front to rear through the centre springs the framework of a spiral staircase reaching to an observatory on the roof, that is also but a frame. Partitions are outlined so far as to show their design and scope; floors of the lower rooms laid; the boards for those of upper rooms lying in piles, and laid out on numerous work-benches in various stages of advancement toward planing and preparation for laying. Shavings lie scattered around, and blown into heaps by every breath of wind, as if the workmen had been there but yesterday. Yet, strange to say, when the work had been brought thus far, so rapidly that it seemed like magic to a people accustomed to the slow progress of such operations where only one or two builders are employed, it was as suddenly abandoned, no one could tell why! The mechanics were called together, paid and dismissed, without any reason being given; and the kegs of nails of different sizes which were left there attest by their accumulated rust that years have passed since the last one was driven into the deserted shell.

What could have induced the proprietor to begin a house of such vast proportions, and apparently so out of keeping with all around it in that secluded nook, was, in the first instance, a matter of wonder to all. This sudden and mysterious abandonment was more than a marvel! Since his well-known and superabundant means for completing any whimsical project he might adopt forbade the supposition that it was relinquished for pecuniary considerations, the imagination of the people was not slow in furnishing conjectured reasons.

Wild rumors were circulated of some dire catastrophe that had taken place within those precincts, but had been hushed up on account of the wealth and respectability of the owner. The house, the hill, and all around them became objects of undefinable awe to the simple inhabitants of the valley. Hunters would take a long round-about ramble, however fatigued with their day's tramp, rather than pass over or near the dreaded premises. Even the stolid Indian thought it prudent to avoid them, and would steal with cautious and stately yet rapid step past the place, at as wide a distance as he could gain. The most adventurous urchins of the village school would sometimes, of a Saturday afternoon, creep timidly up the hill, and crowding together, fascinated by dread, peep into the staring windows, listen to the wind moaning through the wide corridors or sighing up the winding staircase, start, tremble with fear at the rustle of shavings put in motion by its draught; then, moved suddenly by

an impulse of terror, they would rush in a wild scamper down the hill and into the highway, as if all the goblins of this or lower regions were in close pursuit. Indeed, Sandy McGregor, the Scotch shoemaker of the village, and his wife Tibby, averred that they had seen long processions of bogles issue from the neighboring wood, and dance around the deserted pile in great glee, of a moonlight evening: and who should know better than they? —seeing that auld "Elspeth," Sandy's mother, had the gift of the "second sight," and it was currently believed among the Scotch settlers that the son inherited much of his mother's mystic lore.

With the scheme for the erection of that mansion I was made acquainted from its first conception: and, alas! I was also a reluctant witness of the tragical circumstance that caused its sudden relinquishment. As many years have elapsed since it occurred, and all the persons most nearly interested in the event have long since been gathered to their fathers, I shall betray no confidence by telling the story.

At the age of twenty-six, I had completed my university course at Cambridge, and my study of the law so far as to be admitted to practise as an attorney. I had youtn, health, energy, and my diploma, but was minus any other means of subsistence. So I determined to seek my fortune in the New World, where I should encounter fewer competitors in the strife for bread.

On the vessel in which I embarked for New York, there was a party of European gentlemen of great wealth, some of whom were connected with the newly established banking-houses of the Rothschilds in France, and the Baring Brothers in England.

One of these was a man of such rare qualities, natural and acquired, such true nobility of character and gentleness of manner, combined with extraordinary personal advantages, that I was irresistibly attracted toward him. He was not displeased with my evident admiration, and on his part manifested a kindly interest in me. He asked me many questions as to my past life and my plans and prospects for the future. I frankly confessed I had formed none, beyond the hope of a safe arrival in New York.

He then informed me that he owned extensive tracts of land in different parts of the United States, and would be glad to secure my services as a confidential agent and attorney in the transaction of business connected with them. I might name my own salary, or rely upon the customary fees and perquisites, as I should elect after becoming acquainted with the business. Of course, I gladly accepted the offer; and, from time to time during the voyage, he instructed me in the duties I should be required to perform in my new position; so that my line of life for the future was pretty clearly laid out for me before I touched American shores.

Not long after our arrival, I accompanied my employer to St. Lawrence County, for the purpose of surveying large districts of wild land in that and adjoining counties.

While we were thus engaged, the Count de S——, one of the French nobility who had been compelled to leave Europe upon the downfall of Napoleon, came, in the course of a tour through that part of the country, to negotiate some loans with my employer in the European banks of whose American operations he was the manager.

The count was accompanied on his tour by his ward and distant relative, the lovely young Countess de V——,

and Madame C——, a matronly lady who seemed to act in the capacities of governess, guardian, and companion to the young lady.

From her I learned that her beautiful and accomplished charge was an orphan, and only child, who had been committed by her dying mother to the care of the count, with directions that she should remain in the convent chosen for her education, until a suitable marriage was provided for her, according to the custom of the country—if she should prove to have no vocation to the religious life, which her mother would have chosen for her.

The political disturbances that compelled the count to leave France made it necessary to provide for his ward by the sale of a portion of her estates connected with his own, and on that account in danger of being confiscated. It was then decided that she should accompany him in his exile.

She had never before been out of the convent, since the loss of her mother in very early childhood, and, though fondly attached to her beloved nuns therein, she was like a bird set loose from a cage, in this wilderness country, and among scenes so entirely new to her.

From the moment my patron saw her, he was so completely fascinated with her brilliant beauty and winning loveliness that he could hardly breathe except in her presence.

This new phase of his character was a perfect surprise to me. That the cool and polished man of routine and of the world should be instantly transformed, as it were, into the ardent, unreasoning lover—should so suddenly lose his balance, and become spell-bound by the charms of a mere child—was a state of affairs not by any possibility to have been foreseen.

He soon became wildly, almost madly, in love, and urged upon her guardian the acceptance of his hand for her, to the great grief of the tender-hearted Madame C——, who had nursed the infancy and watched the growth of her precious charge with all a mother's fondness, repeating again and again to her the last words of her dying mother: "If, in the course of events, my poor child should be tempted to form an alliance in which her faith will be endangered, I pray God to take her out of the world before the marriage can be consummated."

I inquired of madame if there was any special reason why the lady was so singularly emphatic in this wish. She replied that her anxiety had undoubtedly been increased and sharpened by the unfortunate result of a connection between her only and idolized sister—a lovely, brilliant girl, educated in a convent, and rich in youthful piety—and a stern Huguenot of high rank. He had given the strongest assurances that he would never interfere with her religion; yet his artifices were numberless, his efforts untiring, to draw her away and alienate her from it. By degrees, through his influence and her fear of him, she relinquished one by one her religious duties and her practices of piety, lost her faith, became quite reckless, and, after a most disreputable life, died in the agonies of utter despair! Her broken-hearted sister never recovered from the shock, and to her dying breath prayed that her daughter might be shielded from a similar fate.

Now, madame knew that this passionate admirer of the young countess was not only a Protestant, but one imbued with such bitter prejudices as none but those who have strong tendencies to entire scepticism indulge toward the Catholic religion.

She was deeply distressed to discover that her charge, in a measure, reciprocated the regard of her impassioned lover, and, when reminded of her mother's wish, would only reiterate his frequent and solemn assurances that her religion should be sacred to him—that he would respect it for her sake.

"A shallow pretence, my child! Respect for your religion, which springs from love for your person, will soon change, after marriage, into contempt; as you will find when it is too late to remedy the evil!"

The count did not participate in the misgivings of the good madame. He regarded the whole matter from a temporal point of view, and, though a Catholic in name, wore his religion too loosely to be affected by it in deciding an affair of this kind. The assurance that neither Europe nor America would be likely to offer a more advantageous alliance for his ward than this was sufficient for him.

Upon one pretence and another, my patron persuaded them to prolong their stay. In the course of their various excursions through the wilderness (in all which he insisted upon my accompanying them), he took them to pass some days at the village of R——. Here the countess was wild with admiration of the weird place, its rugged locality and artless inhabitants, who looked upon her with feelings akin to awe, as one who belonged altogether to another and better world. Especially did the Indians, whose wigwams she frequented, regard her with deep veneration.

And, indeed, the simple denizens of those lonely regions were not alone in these impressions. Her ethereal form and face of unearthly beauty, irradiated with joyous childlike innocence, affected all who saw her in the same way. Even I, who had seen so much of the world and its fair ones, could never watch her slight figure, always arrayed with perfect simplicity, and usually in purest white—gliding with the grace of a sylph through each scene, which her presence seemed to light up with new joy—but I thought of the holy angels, and that she would be more at home among them than in the deserts of this cold and wicked world.

In this feeling I was confirmed, when I heard from "Captain Tom," the Indian Brave, and "Leader of Prayer" at the encampment, of her coming regularly to kneel humbly with those children of the forest, and join in the recitation of the rosary and other pious exercises.

"This bird of heaven," added he, shaking his head ominously, having noticed, what indeed my patron was at no pains to conceal, his unbounded admiration of the fair stranger—"this bird of heaven should never be linked with one of earth! The eagle is noble and powerful, but could the dove be safe and happy sheltered within his nest?"

How often had the same thought occurred to me! It seemed presumption for any man to think of appropriating to himself a prize which belonged to heaven. So I evaded a reply by turning to old "Margaret," his wife, and admired the moccasins she was embroidering in most elaborate patterns, with porcupine quills dyed in brilliant colors, wrought in with gay-colored moose hair, and lining with softest snow-white fur of the weasel, to wrap the tiny feet, whose light steps, and the very ground they pressed, these children of nature so worshipped. No wonder they loved her, for she seemed to throw a spell of enchantment over all whom she approached.

It was during this visit that she

selected the site on the hill she most delighted to seek in her rambles for the house her devoted lover insisted should be erected for her home, when she might come with him to visit these scenes in the happy future to which he looked with such fond anticipations.

When the count and his party left, it was with the promise of returning the next spring, that the countess might inspect the progress of the structure, designed solely for her future use and pleasure; at the close of which visit, my patron was to return with them to claim his bride.

As soon as they departed, he set himself, with an impetuosity that would have been less surprising in a more youthful lover, to hasten arrangements for the planning and building of the white house on the hill. The most skilful architects and mechanics to be found in the cities were engaged for prosecuting the work, and as money to any amount could be commanded for the operation, the success and rapidity of its progress were secured.

When the appointed time had elapsed, the count fulfilled his promise, and brought his young ward, with her companion, that she might examine the work, and pass her opinion upon its merits.

Those months in their flight had not stolen a charm from my patron's beautiful and radiant affianced. They seemed, rather, to have added a thousand delicate touches of womanly dignity and gentle grace to perfect the rapidly maturing picture. He was more enraptured than ever, and her fascinations over all whom she approached were increased tenfold in potency.

As for the good madame, her devotion to her lovely *protégée* was even more entire and respectful than formerly; yet there was a shade of deepest sadness mingled with it. Upon the first occasion that presented, she did not hesitate to express freely to me, with that charming frankness characteristic of Europeans which contrasts so pleasantly with the wily secretiveness and reserve of the shrewd and cautious Yankee, the increasing strength of her forebodings in relation to the future happiness of her angelic child; and to renew her lamentations that she was to wed one entirely alien to the faith unutterably dear to her pious young heart.

I tried to console her, even when troubled sorely with serious misgivings myself—I could hardly explain why—certainly not because I entertained any respect or sympathy for what seemed to me the mere scruples of a bigoted devotee. I was constantly struggling against a painful conviction that, good and noble as I knew my friend and benefactor to be—and had I not seen it proved upon innumerable occasions?—he was not fitted to take this heavenly being to his heart, and make her happy. He was wholly of the earth, earthy. His character, generous as were its impulses, and his conduct, in perfect accord though it was with them, were yet entirely governed by worldly maxims, wholly opposed to those which ruled her in every thought, word, and action.

That she would be disappointed when traits were revealed in the husband, which her unsuspecting innocence and inexperience had failed to detect in the lover, was not to be questioned. Would it be a mere disappointment? With her true and thoroughly earnest, her religiously sound and healthy, nature, which had never even conceived of the hollowness of worldly pretensions, would it not be misery — hopeless, protracted misery? These questions

would recur constantly, despite my best efforts to stifle them.

The countess was wholly pleased with the house, and surprised at the rapidity with which its construction had been carried forward. As the framework of the spiral staircase approached completion, she manifested an almost childish eagerness to ascend it, and enjoy the view from the observatory. This she was assured she might do as soon as the workmen had completed the scaffolding, and made it sufficiently strong to be safe.

The morning before the fatal catastrophe was the most glorious one of the season. The little village of R—— put on its very prettiest mantle of verdure to greet the budding glories of the year; and the quiet valley, with its dark and silent waters, seemed to bask in tranquil delight beneath the glowing sunbeams. A warm shower during the night had refreshed the air and hastened the spring-time process.

Birds were singing merrily from every bough; and far above their chorus, touching the ear with thrilling effect, could be clearly distinguished the wild trill of one, from the depths of the sunless forests that skirt the downward flow of the stream, which I never heard in any other locality. That strain has since been associated in my mind with all that is glorious and beautiful in nature, all that is sad and bitter in the destinies of poor humanity. At once a jubilant song of triumph and a funereal dirge!—I never desire to hear that mournfully tuneful note again!

My employer left immediately after breakfast, accompanied by the countess, for a long horseback excursion, and I was summoned to the count's apartment to prepare some papers connected with his private affairs.

I had hardly taken my pen when the count's valet announced that Madame C—— desired an audience with him. He directed that she be shown into his room, as he was too busy for ceremony.

As she entered and I arose to salute her, I noticed that her usually calm and stately manner seemed greatly discomposed, as if from some violent agitation. I resumed my writing, and the count walked with her to a remote part of the room. There were some excited words, and a murmur of surprise; a moment later, I heard the broken sentence, uttered almost convulsively: "Yes! she is again the victim to that malady of her childhood, which I had hoped was cured for ever. Oh! what can be done?" "Prepare for immediate departure!" replied the count with prompt decision. "My friend must be informed, the nuptials postponed, and she must pass a year in perfect quiet and seclusion. At the close of that period, we shall know better how to shape her future." Madame C—— retired.

In due time, my patron and his affianced returned, exhilarated with exercise and in high spirits. She was so radiant! yet even more spiritual in her artless loveliness than I had ever seen her before.

I was very busy with my papers all the afternoon, while the count was holding a long interview with my employer. My mind was oppressed with the wildest apprehensions. What could this "malady of her childhood" be? Was it any form of epilepsy? The thought was too distressing to be entertained for a moment; besides, her perfect physique and blooming health were a sufficient denial to the terrible supposition.

As evening approached, I went to the house on the hill to give some directions to the mechanics. The

shades of night were closing darkly before I was ready to leave, and as I was passing out I heard a workman, who was descending the scaffolding around the staircase, say to his comrade on that part of the structure, "I only tacked those last steps to the staging in their places. It was too dark to drive nails, and we can make them all fast in the morning. Only remember, if you should go up first, that the last steps are not nailed at all."

The interview of the count with his friend was continued far into the night. As I was not summoned to their presence, I retired early to my room. Fatigued with the labors of an unusually busy day, and weighed down with a sense of undefinable dread, connected with the expressions I had overheard from madame, though I endeavored to attribute it to my overwrought condition of mind and body, I fell into an uneasy slumber.

How long I had been asleep I do not know, when a hurried tap at my door, and the voice of Madame C——, tremulous with agitation, suddenly aroused me.

"For the love of God, hurry with me, my dear sir, in search of the countess! She left the room after I fell asleep, only a few minutes since, and I fear she has gone to the new house. I had secured the door, but, our room being on the second floor, I had neglected to fasten the windows. I was awakened by her raising the sash, only in time to see her spring from the window to the ground."

I threw my clothes hastily around me, and flew, rather than ran, in the direction indicated by madame, whom I passed half-way up the hill. As I approached the house I was frozen with horror to see a white form gliding upward on the uncertain scaffolding surrounding the staircase! My first impulse was to shout a warning, but madame seized my arm: "Do not, for heaven's sake! To waken her would be inevitable death!"

Knowing what I did of those last steps, I was frantic with agony! I rushed recklessly up the scaffold, without being able to discern where to step in the darkness, yet hoping to reach her before she gained the fatal point. Alas! alas! my efforts were all in vain. I had not ascended half-way when there was a slight crash—a whizzing rustle of the falling form through the air—so near the place where I stood, dizzy with horror, that I felt the wind of its swift descent fan my cheek, yet too far from my outstretched arms to reach and grasp it. Down, down, it passed! We rushed to the spot where it fell. A quivering, lifeless figure was all that remained of the charming young Countess de V——!

Madame was more composed than I should have thought possible under such excruciating grief. She knelt by her darling, lifted the precious form tenderly to her bosom, whispering fondest prayers for the pure spirit that had been so suddenly called to its home, and insisted on remaining thus until I could summon the count and his friend.

While they were preparing, I returned, and madame told me that on the previous night symptoms of a somnambulism to which the countess had been subject when a child—and especially during the agitating scenes of her mother's last illness and death—had returned; that she had communicated the fact to the count, who attributed it to the excitement which had recently surrounded her, and determined to remove her immediately to entire seclusion and quiet.

"I dreaded this house and the staircase"—she added—"though I

did not know all the danger. My precious child told me in the morning of her 'beautiful dream,' as she called it, of the night before. She said she fancied herself at the house on the hill, and saw her 'dear mamma' standing in the observatory, beckoning for her to come up: that she hastily ascended, when her mother folded her to her bosom in a warm embrace, and floated off with her so lovingly through the air, she knew not whither! 'But it was such a sweet dream,' she added in her own artless way. O my child! my child! how could I have imagined that it was to be so soon and so fearfully realized!"

Two hours later, while the darkness of night still brooded over the scene, the stately travelling carriage of the Count de S—— descended that fatal hill, and took the direction of his distant home, bearing a burden of whch no others knew but Madame C——, my broken-hearted friend, and myself.

The next morning, I was ordered to call together all the mechanics, pay and dismiss them. We then left R—— for Ogdensburg.

My patron addressed a letter to his brother in Europe, requesting him to come immediately, and assume the charge of their American affairs. He then prepared to depart himself without delay, leaving the most urgent business in the hands of well-tried and trusty agents. He would not consent to my remaining in America, but insisted on my accompanying him.

The ships in which the brothers sailed passed each other on the sea, and they never met again.

From the period of the events I have related, my patron was wholly changed. A deep melancholy took entire possession of him, and no earthly matter ever interested him again. Yet in all our intercourse, the most remote allusion was never made to that fatal night which sealed his earthly hopes. He was never willing to part with me, even for a brief interval; he seemed to feel a mysterious dread of my being absent from him. This was explained to me, some years later, when—after an absence of a few days on some imperative business that called me from Paris to Hamburg—I was met upon my return by the shocking intelligence that the lifeless remains of my best friend and benefactor were taken from the Seine on the second day after my departure!

I came directly to his brother in America, and remained with him in the same capacity which I had filled for my lamented patron; but I have never yet had the courage to revisit R——, or look again upon the White House on the Hill.

"A sad story indeed!" remarked one of our number, when our respected friend closed the narrative. "I would really like to know if any part of it is true."

"That there was such a house," the narrator replied with a smile, "and that the construction of it was mysteriously abandoned, as described, I know to be true, for I have walked about the premises many times myself with the same inscrutable dread which affected others. It is an emotion incident to the contemplation of a vacant house, under any circumstances. The imagination busies itself in picturing the scenes and events that may have transpired under its shelter—if it has been formerly occupied—and contrasting its character as a home with the present loneliness of the empty rooms, which seem, by their ghostly echo of every footfall and spoken word, to give voice to their yearnings

for a renewal of human converse and sympathy within their walls.

"The feelings awakened while musing upon the unfinished one in question were still more deep and mysterious. One was led to conjecture the hopes which were knit into the stout fabric of that thoroughly fitted frame; the fond anticipations of home felicities and social joys that were blended with the plan of each room, as its outlines were dimly taking shape.

"Here was to be the library, filled with choice books in every tongue, for the enjoyment of which the varied learning and literary taste of the proprietor prepared the finest relish. There the picture-gallery, in which his correct and practised eye could revel upon the inimitable works of the old masters and all the best productions of modern art, among which his own were by no means inferior. Yet further on, the spacious drawing-rooms, superbly furnished, where youth and beauty would assemble for music and holiday mirth. Then the grand dining-hall, which was to witness the festivities of the glorious Christmas times; the jovial banquets of sportsmen, drawn hither by the abounding game on those wild hills; and the more quiet enjoyments of the select friendly and domestic festivals, made perfect by the voice of happy children.

"These and many more imaginings, one could fancy, were wrought in with the progress of the work from day to day.

"What a sudden revulsion, then, to turn from all that might have been thus contemplated as belonging to the probabilities of a happy future, and behold here the vanity of human hopes and expectations! A favorite scheme instantly and unaccountably abandoned. He who projected it—though rolling in wealth, yet seeking and failing to find in Europe, among the familiar scenes of his early life, the happiness not to be realized here—at length closing his life by his own rash act. Was it not a lesson that should lead one to lean with new reliance upon religion, which alone can satisfy the yearnings of poor humanity—whose promises alone remain steadfast and never deceive?

"This gentleman was endowed with every desirable attribute, except that 'pearl of great price!' He was the very soul of honor, the benefactor of all who needed assistance, and universally beloved for his kindness, affability, and general excellence of character."

"Madame need not have been so distressed about his obtaining the hand of the countess, then," said another. "For my part, I think the count took the common-sense view of the matter, and I do not see the great harm in Catholics and Protestants marrying. They need not quarrel about religion, if they do not think alike."

"I cannot agree with you there, my dear young friend," replied the matron. "I have seen too much domestic infelicity occasioned by members of different Protestant sects being united in the closest of all relations, to doubt that where the differences, instead of being merely a variance in name, measure, or degree, are, as is the case between Catholic and Protestant, wide as infinity, and involve interests as vast and awful as the eternity which is in question, the bitterness must be greatly increased. The Protestant obstinately refuses to admit the reasoning and claims of the Catholic, and continually insists upon a yielding of principles which either tortures the conscience or sears it; while the Catholic, knowing that the first birthright of Christianity is inherited by the chil-

dren of the old church in the regular line of descent—since it was unquestioned for more than fifteen hundred years—cannot see the justice of being required to subscribe to novelties which to them are utterly false, or to comply with the inventions of men in the place of observances which God has imposed through his church.

"A Catholic lady, married to one of my Protestant friends—with the absurd arrangement that, if they should have children, the boys should be reared in their father's religion, and the girls in their mother's—once said to me: 'Although you, my dear friend, are a Protestant, I am sure you can imagine what a daily crucifixion of heart and soul the wife and mother must undergo who as sincerely believes that salvation is assured under the Christian dispensation to those within the "Ark of Peter" only, as that our divine Saviour solemnly declared of the ancient one to the woman of Samaria, "Salvation is of the Jews!" when she sees her husband and sons not only resisting its claims and denying its authority, but using every means open and covert to undermine and destroy her faith and that of her daughters; while she is compelled to listen to their merciless ridicule and infidel reasonings—for so they seem to the inheritor of the faith. And all this when she knows that their feeling for their religion bears not the most remote relation to that tender affection which animates the Catholic soul toward the gentle and assiduous mother who feeds, sustains, and guides it—an affection of which it is impossible for them to form the faintest conception!' Of course it was easy, even for a Protestant, to see in such a picture abundant causes for unhappiness, if not dissension.

"But I have been drawn far from my subject, of which, indeed, I have little more to say than that we parted reluctantly with our new acquaintance at the close of the evening. From time to time, during the years that intervened previous to his final departure for Europe, we received visits from him which were occasions of happy reunions among our scattered associates, and of unalloyed pleasure to us all. When the health of his second employer—that had been impaired in early life by a long residence in India, managing the affairs of the 'East India Company,' of which he was a member—failed, our friend accompanied the invalid to Europe, and at his death entered the service of another brother, a German baron, and never returned to America."

The gentlemen of the family having entered, refreshments were now served, during the course of which I heard our Dove encouraging Katie B——, and assuring her that the disagreeable prejudices and discussions to which the converts were at present subjected would prove harmless and soon pass away; though, of course, they must be more annoying to those who enjoyed general society than they would be to one who, like herself, could not mingle with it.

After partaking of refreshments, as the evening was well advanced, we took leave of our pleasant friends, and departed.

TRANSLATED FROM DER KATHOLIK.

PRINCE CLEMENT VON METTERNICH.*

CLEMENT VON METTERNICH was born at Coblentz on the 15th of May, 1773, and brought up in his family as a strict aristocrat. He was early taught to regard the nobility as a superior class, and to entertain high ideas of their prerogatives over the people. Yet his natural generosity of character led him to associate with his inferiors, and thus tempered the caste tendency of his education. He studied law at Strasbourg and Mayence, afterward travelled to England, and finally settled at Vienna, where he married a granddaughter of the celebrated statesman Kaunitz. We know little that is certain regarding his youth and school-days; but enough to assert that he did not spend his time, like the worthy cavaliers of the eighteenth century, in following the bent of what they were pleased to call "the noble passions," but in serious study, and earnest preparation for the career of the distinguished politician which he afterward became. He often spoke of the ardor which he had shown in the prosecution of his early studies, when called upon in after-life to complete severe and protracted negotiations. "As long as he remained in Vienna," relates his friend Marmont, in the sixth volume of his Memoirs, "expecting a position, he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which he always entertained a preference. He visited the hospitals of the capital, and never failed to be present at the most important operations. Hence he was well instructed in medical science, and his acquaintances believed that a patient could be more safely trusted in his hands than in those of a professional physician." His external bearing was from youth distinguished by gravity and dignity; yet there was something so winning in his appearance that even his opponents have painted in the warmest colors the attractiveness of his presence, which failed neither in look nor movement even in old age. Eyes and mouth were the means which he used to fathom and captivate all who approached him. His eagle eye seemed to penetrate in a moment the whole being with whom he conversed, while his sweet smile and affability disarmed the most cautious, and won the confidence of the most distrustful.* "His look fathoms mysteries," a French statesman wrote of him, "and his amiability compels confidence. In society, the first place is always given to him, as it were, by universal suffrage." Metternich had to mingle frequently with the so-called high society of the period, which the Jewess Rachel has called "the endless depth of emptiness;" and he understood this society so well that Rachel considered him "a genial inspiration." Though he never lost amid the dissipations and frivolities of this society the higher and nobler impulses of his heart and mind, yet, as a consequence of such

* We consulted, in the preparation of this article, besides many manuscripts, Binder's work on Metternich; Marmont's *Remarkable Events;* Count Hartig's *Origin of the Austrian Revolution;* Schmidt's *Contemporaneous History;* the works of Thiers, Häusser, Gervinus, Varnhagen's Memoirs, etc.

* *Comparison between Emperor Francis and Metternich*, pp. 12, 84. *Austria and her Statesmen*, vol. i. p. 35. Schmidt, *Contemporaneous History*, p. 334.

association, he was guilty of many things in his private life which could not fail to give offence to the noble and virtuous imperial family of Austria.

Metternich began his diplomatic career as Westphalian ambassador in the Radstadt peace congress. Afterward, he was imperial ambassador in Dresden, and went, in 1803, to Berlin in the same capacity, where, in 1805, he had the glory of uniting Austria, Prussia, and Russia in a triple coalition against Napoleon's plan of a universal monarchy. After the unfortunate result of the war, he went as plenipotentiary to Paris. In this, the most important post of the time, by the side of the man to whom half of the west of Europe was subject, the prince formed the most skilful diplomatic school in Europe, learned how to appreciate circumstances and persons, and to act with skill; learned also how a diplomatist "*should bide his time in patience, until he becomes master of the situation.*" It is remarkable that Napoleon himself was the one to ask this appointment from the Emperor Francis for Metternich; and thus he, who afterward aided so powerfully in the dethronement of Napoleon, owed his position in Austria to the generosity of the great soldier. The prince continued in 1808, with singular perseverance, what he had happily begun in 1805 at Berlin. In 1808, Spain rose against Napoleon, and the French eagle lost the prestige of invincibility. Napoleon made the most violent declarations against Austria in an audience of an hour's duration * with Metternich, on August 23, and thereupon followed the heroic year in Austrian annals of 1809, which rendered 1813, and its unexpected result, possible.

When Count Stadion resigned his place in the ministry, Metternich changed the *rôle* of ambassador for that of statesman, and was appointed minister of foreign affairs. An expression of his, in 1809, illustrates the character of a "minister of the old *régime*," as he loved to call himself: "The people must will only what the princes will, and I therefore hate these free constitutional systems which are springing up over the heads of princes, and will one day give them enough to do." How prophetic were these words for the future which gave the princes too much to do, and how well they express the hatred which Metternich always unfortunately manifested toward free governments! But as none arose under the strong power of the conquering Napoleon in 1809, and as Metternich had not yet to fight with the people, he conducted the peace negotiations with France, as minister of foreign affairs, in all honor and earnestness. He furthered Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa. It was a sacrifice by which oppressed Austria gained time and rest; and after it Metternich directed all his policy toward the preservation of peace, and especially the prevention of a new war in the North. At this time, Baron von Stein tried to persuade him to regenerate Austria by the development of religious life, political reforms, elevation of the peasantry, and the promotion of the arts and sciences; but Metternich answered all arguments with the words, "Let us wait for

* "Napoleon cast up to Metternich, in the roughest manner, his intrigues with Talleyrand and Fouché, and through them with the heads of the Spanish and Portuguese opposition, his false reports to Vienna, etc. All trembled; Metternich alone remained tranquil and dignified, so that the courtiers looked at him in astonishment. Among other things, Napoleon said: 'If the Vienna Cabinet, incited by the nobility and aristocracy of the empire, forgets my magnanimity, if it forgets how I was generous to the Emperor Francis by the Moravian watch-fires, when the boasting Russians were allowed to go home in peace, then the house of Lorraine shall cease to rule as the proud marshals of the crown of France!'"

happier times." Yet no occasion was better for the use of spiritual remedies than when Austria was materially powerless, bankrupt, and groaning under a thousand miseries. But spiritual means were despised, and Vienna society sought to bury the feeling of national dishonor in the tumult of wild licentiousness. This was the "Vienna period," which Gentz describes as one of Sybaritic levity and intoxication, which destroyed the manliness of the capital.

Metternich confined his efforts to diplomatic means, and showed in their use such wonderful talent that Napoleon, whose ambition destroyed the minister's peace plans, afterward at St. Helena, considering the sharp insight and mental grasp of his diplomatic antagonist, expressed the greatest admiration for his genius. The most recent French historian of that period considers the neglect of Napoleon to follow Metternich's counsels as one of the emperor's most disastrous mistakes. When the war with Russia began, Marmont tells us that "Napoleon demanded an alliance with Austria, which would put an army corps under his command; but Metternich was so skilful in diminishing the number of the levies that the war power of Austria was left almost uninjured." Napoleon himself chose Prince Schwartzenberg as commander, and had him appointed field-marshal. Yet in the end, in the turn of events, Schwartzenberg became the head of the crusade against Napoleon. "Was it not singular," says Marmont, "that Napoleon himself should choose the instruments which were afterward to work out his ruin?" After the Russian campaign, when the war with the allies began, Metternich, as the representative of armed Austria, was charged by Russia and Prussia to mediate with Napoleon. A six hours' conference took place between them at Dresden, in 1813, and it may be considered as the turning-point in the history of that period. We must dwell a moment on this conference, which in itself and its consequences was one of the most brilliant events in Metternich's life.

Napoleon received Metternich on June 18. The minister as he passed through the vestibule of the Maccolini palace found it full of foreign ministers and officers of all ranks, and met Berthier, who desired peace, but had not the courage to speak to the emperor on the subject. When the ministers recognized Metternich, their faces wore an anxious look, and Prince Berthier, accompanying him to the door of the audience chamber, said: "Now bring us peace. But be reasonable. Let us end this war; it is as necessary for you as it is for us that it should cease." Metternich understood from this that the French wished for peace, the soldiers no less than the citizens.

When Metternich entered the cabinet, he found the emperor standing with his sword hanging by his side, his hat under his arm, acting like one who has not much time to spend in conversation. "Tell me, Metternich," said Napoleon, "how much money did the English give you to play this *rôle* against me?" He then began to particularize his causes of complaint against Austria, and showed how little dependence he could place on that power. "I have," said he, "three times made a present of his crown to the Emperor Francis; I have made the mistake of marrying his daughter with the hope of cementing an alliance between him and me; but nothing can change his dispositions toward me. Last year, counting on his alliance, I made war, but after one campaign, which the elements alone rendered unsuccessful,

he vacillates, grows cold in doing what he seemed to undertake with zeal, puts himself between me and my enemies, in order to make peace, as he says, but in reality to stop me in my victorious career, and save from my hand the enemies whom I can destroy. Speak out. Do you want war with me? If so, we shall meet again in October, at Vienna." Napoleon's anger did not disconcert the minister. "Sire," he quietly replied, "we do not want to declare war, but to bring to an end this unbearable condition of things—a condition which at every moment threatens us all with ruin." "What, then, do you want of me," said Napoleon—"what do you demand?" "Peace," answered Metternich—"a universal and necessary peace, which you need as much as we—a peace which will secure your position as well as ours;" and then he began to lay before him the very moderate conditions of this peace. But Napoleon, springing up like a lion, would hardly allow him to finish, interrupted him at the mention of every condition, as if he had heard an insult or a blasphemy, and, almost beside himself with passion, exclaimed: "Nothing could anger me more than that Austria, as a reward of her treachery and violation of her promises, should receive the chief part of the benefits and the glory of peace. . . . Your sovereigns, who are born on the throne, cannot understand the feelings that move me. They may return defeated to their capitals, yet this is nothing for them. I am a soldier, I need honor and glory; I cannot return lessened in the eyes of my people; I must remain great, glorious, and admired." "But," rejoined Metternich, "when will this condition of things end, if defeats as well as victories are made reasons for continuing these sad wars? When you are victorious, you wish to gather the fruits of victory; when defeated, you wish to achieve new victories. . . . Your own brave nation needs peace. I have seen your regiments: your soldiers are mere children. You have called out a generation that has not yet reached the years of manhood. And, if these are destroyed in the present war, will you call out others who are younger still?" These words made Napoleon white with rage, his face became distorted, and he threw his hat on the ground (Metternich did not pick it up), and, walking toward Metternich, said: "Sir, you are not a military man; you have not, as I have, the soul of a soldier; you have not lived in camps; you have not learned to look on the lives of others and of yourself as of no account, if it is necessary. What are 200,000 soldiers to me?" Metternich, deeply moved by these expressions, said: "Let us open the doors and windows, so that all Europe may hear you, and the cause which I am pleading with you will not lose." But Napoleon, undisturbed, smiling ironically, continued: "It is true, I lost in Russia 200,000 men, of whom 100,000 were of the best French soldiers; I mourn for these, yes, I regret them deeply; as for the others, they were Italians, Poles, and chiefly Germans." And at this word the Corsican made a gesture which showed that the loss of the last troubled him very little. "You understand, sire," was Metternich's answer, "that this is no encouragement for giving you more German soldiers." Hour after hour passed in this interview, Napoleon always insisting that Austria should remain neutral, and he would give her all she asked; but Metternich would hear nothing of neutrality, so Napoleon said: "Well, then, let there be war, but we shall meet in Vienna!" It was almost night when they separated. The anxiety on the counte-

nances of the officers was greater at the departure of Metternich than at his coming, and Berthier went to him immediately to find out something regarding the result of the conference. "Are you satisfied with the emperor?" asked Berthier. "I am satisfied with him," replied the minister, "for he has relieved my conscience. I swear to you that your commander has lost his reason."

Again, in Prague, Metternich tried to mediate; but, as his efforts in the cause of peace were unsuccessful up to the end of the 10th of August, 1813, he spent the night of that day and the following morning in preparing Austria's declaration of war against France. On the morning of the 11th, the Russo-Prussian army crossed the Bohemian and Silesian frontier. On the 9th of September, Metternich signed the quadruple alliance, and so arranged matters that Austria should strike the first blow in the opening contest. Let us not overlook the fact that the decision was in the hands of Austria; for the Russo-Prussian armies, notwithstanding the gallantry of the Prussians, were so weak that they could not take the offensive against Napoleon; and who knows what would have been the result of the campaign of 1813 had Austria remained neutral? Napoleon repeatedly made favorable offers to gain the neutrality of Austria, but Austria would not compromise. "She threw her sword into the balance in favor of the weaker party, in order to win a lasting peace for Europe, and the coalition was victorious." For the sake of historical truth, we must emphasize these facts, for they are frequently overlooked or undervalued in modern histories. We dwell on them, also; for they redound to the honor of Metternich, who on this occasion showed himself far superior to the politicians of the Talleyrand school by influencing Austria in the cause of German honor rather than consulting mere self-interest.

On the evening of the battle of Leipsic, the Emperor Francis conferred on Metternich for himself and posterity, in recognition of his great services, the title of prince. "I am astonished," said Metternich, in his old age, to a confident in the castle of Johannisberg, "that Austrian writers of that time should deny that diplomacy guided the conduct of the war. It has been asked why Schwartzenberg, after the battle of Brienne, did not march on Paris? He *could* not; the decided agreement of the allied sovereigns was against it; and, as he was a great strategist, he wished to leave nothing to chance. The plan was to be carried out safely, as it had been gradually and safely agreed upon. To effect this security I can say that I did my share. At the very beginning, when we were in armed neutrality and then in armed mediation, others urged us to go forward in spite of all obstacles. But we were not then even allies, and this fact is frequently forgotten. In the council of war, I proposed that we should not compute the campaigns by years, but by geographical boundaries. One campaign was to be to the Rhine; the conquest of the Vosges and Ardennes another; and Paris the third. The decision in this sense was made first at Chaumont. In the council of war, we had three temperaments: the determined and prudent, represented by the Austrians; the enthusiastic and reckless, representing the condition of Prussia at this time, in the person of Blücher; and the middle, represented by the Russian emperor, who, having first saved himself and his empire from great danger, joined us in all sincerity. Yet I must say that, if I could in honor

have saved Napoleon from this combination, I would have done it. He destroyed himself by his own fault."

Thus far Metternich's diplomacy, taken on the whole, was splendid and glorious; but from the time of the Vienna congress, in which he had the first place in the negotiations, and in which the internal and external reconstruction of Germany as well as of almost the whole of Europe was discussed, the remark of the Count of Stein was fully verified: "Metternich has eminent talent and indefatigable perseverance, but no creative genius; he applies only palliatives to diseases, and, what is worse, he does not know how to guide the free spirit of the nations evoked by the sovereigns themselves in the Napoleonic wars. His retrogressive system will result in injury to Germany, but especially to Austria, and to those countries over which she exercises control." The German nation then expected the re-establishment of the empire. Twenty-nine governments presented a petition for unity to the Emperor Francis, on the 16th of November, 1814, and it is said that the emperor himself entertained the notion for some time of establishing a new German empire on a new basis; but Metternich would not second him, for the minister wished a Germanic confederation, and spoke to this effect in the Vienna congress, proposing that the Main should be the boundary of Austrian and Prussian influence in Germany. The "Main limit" is not originally a Prussian idea, but a creation of Metternich's, who would not be influenced by those who even then said to him, "that Prussia, once allowed to extend her influence to the Main, would be able as a military power to pass the river, control Southern Germany, and this with the consent of the greater part of the nation which desires unity." Prussia saw her advantage in Metternich's plan, and consented to it; for by it Austria became weaker in 1815 than she had been in 1792, and her influence in Germany far less than it had been before. By the independence of the Netherlands and the scattered position of her German possessions, Austria ceased to be a general power in Germany, while Prussia, by her fortresses on the Rhine, the Saar, and in Thuringia, not only controlled North and Middle Germany, but became immediately connected by territory with South Germany. All this with the consent of Metternich.

Metternich's infamous policy in regard to Poland is sharply criticised by his friend Marmont. "There are," says he, "certain unchangeable principles of justice which should ever be the rule of the statesman's conduct, and there are legitimate wishes of the people which must ever be considered in political dealings. Instead of taking these principles as the basis of discussion in the Vienna congress, this body counted the princes as everything and the people for nothing. . . . The misfortune and injustice of the destruction of the kingdom of Poland are known to the whole world, and admitted even by those who are responsible for it. What a grand opportunity was offered for the restoration of that kingdom, at a time when the principles of justice and the restitution of rights were proclaimed! What an able stroke of policy it would have been for Austria to have raised up the prostrate nation as a barrier between herself and the gigantic power of Russia, looming up in the future! What gratitude would Austria have merited from this noble people whom Napoleon had used so selfishly and cruelly! Instead of all this, the diplomacy of the congress was trivial and wretched, and never

ventured to rise to such high views. Poland continued to offer the spectacle of a people inconsolable for the loss of their nationality, a nation which will never cease, no matter what may be done, to be an occasion of disquiet to her rulers. But not only was the kingdom of Poland, so necessary for the independence of Europe, not re-established; it was given entirely up to Russia, which was thus enabled to fortify her position on the Vistula. From this moment, Russia, with a complete base of operations on the borders of Germany, obtained a preponderating influence in the politics of Europe.

The chief aim of Metternich's foreign policy, after the restoration in 1815, consisted, according to A. Schmidt, in his *Contemporaneous History*, in efforts to preserve peace, the complete integrity of Austria, and her continued influence as a great power. The character of his diplomacy was essentially conservative and defensive, yet regulated by his great desire not to diminish the strength of the government by yielding to political parties at home. "As it is our duty," said he, "to resist the territorial encroachments of foreign powers abroad, so must we oppose the efforts of parties at home to abridge the prerogatives of the throne." He sought to preserve the absolute form of monarchy in his own state, and endeavored to prevent the spread of the constitutional system in the rest of Europe.

The weak side of this policy soon became manifest. In order to attain the object which Metternich proposed, he was obliged to oppose not only the revolutionary spirit, but to resist secretly even the legitimate reforms effected or desired by the neighboring nations. To please Austria, they should stand still and gaze silently on the future. It is well to recall these things, now that Austria has reaped the fruit of such erring statesmanship, whose cardinal principle was that no hand be raised for reform, and no reform awake a desire of amelioration.* Wherever Metternich's influence reached in Europe, a policy of reaction full of fearful responsibility was put in practice, and the state assumed, especially in Germany, a tutelage of rights which was unknown even in the most despotic days of the old Roman empire. The German confederation seemed to have no other end than to preserve the dynasties; and Metternich forgot that, while the empire had disappeared with the sanction of the electors, the nation had not yet attained its full growth, and that he should consider each as living agents which act and develop by necessity. In vain did his countryman, the prophet of the Rhine, the great Coblentzer, Joseph von Görres, warn Metternich, in an eloquent pamphlet entitled *Germany and the Revolution*, not to mislead the rulers so as to bring in revolution in spite of them. In vain did this great writer show the statesman the *mene tekel* on the wall. For his boldness, he was obliged to fly from Germany and live in exile. In vain did Baron von Stein persistently urge that the people should receive the promised constitution. "The whole world," thought Metternich, and the emperor, too, "is crazy in its foolish striving after constitutions." The mere mention of new constitutions roused his ire, and he scented out and rejected everything which threatened to aid the spirit of political innovation.

Yet Metternich was not an absolutist of the common stamp. He wished all constitutional guarantees which had been once firmly establish-

* Schmidt, p. 339.

ed to be scrupulously observed. He was opposed to all violations of law by the crown, or usurpations by the state, or exorbitant taxation. He was not at all like Jules Polignac, who brought about the French Revolution of July by his silly "ordinances." Nor could he imitate the blindness with which Polignac drove the ship of state on to the rocks; nor the levity which used the most inadequate means to realize a purpose. Consequently, the Austrian statesman judged Polignac's absolutism as severely as the tendencies of the revolutionists. He condemned the violation of the constitution in Hanover in 1837, and in the year 1847 he was almost the only one to prevent, by opportune and categorical interference, the attempted *coup d'état* in Kur-Hesse. Metternich was not an ordinary absolutist, for he hated the rage of modern absolutism for centralization; and hence he often seemed to be in favor of free governments. "If persons," says Adolph Schmidt, "came to Metternich prepared to meet an absolutist, the statesman's urbanity and gentleness, even towards those who were far inferior to him in station, removed all prejudices from their minds." "Petty despots," said Metternich to Count Platen, "can only give a forced smile at the fall of Napoleon." As a strong champion of legitimacy, he expressed his determination in countless writings to preserve the "existing order of things established by law;" he loved to be called "the minister of the *ancien régime*." "My system," said he, "is a system of peace;" but the attempt to realize this system prevented the very thing he desired. When, for instance, the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, interrupted the silence of European peace by his attempts on the Turkish empire; when the July Revolution broke into fragments, in a few days, the French monarchy, which had been with so much difficulty restored; when Swiss radicalism followed in a civil war—he sacrificed his principle of legitimacy. His peace system did not hold good; for "he acknowledged the accomplished fact of a successful revolution, and his reason for doing so was his peace system, which bore, written in clear characters on its brow, the names of fear and weakness."

The internal condition of Austria suffered most from this system. Affairs in the empire became worse and worse from year to year. The nobility, brought up in the court, slept in the lap of licentiousness; while corruption in office continued. Instead of trying to open the natural resources of the country, "an exorbitant toll system separated Austria from the rest of Germany, and even one province of the empire from the other; the commerce of the Danube was neglected, and the Russians permitted, without opposition, to fortify the lowlands of the great river; while the harbor of Venice was allowed to fill up with sand." In the midst of peace, Austria, so inexhaustible in natural resources, sank hopelessly into debt, and the mania for stock speculation increased in proportion to the national indebtedness. "This land," complained Fr. Böhmer, one of the staunchest and most disinterested friends of Austria, in a letter to Hurter, "is completely in the hands of the Jews, who swarm and devour like worms in a carcass, so that the country has not even the power to put an end to the corruption of the administration. . . . A state with such a surplus of paper money is like a man with continual fever. He is always sick, and the only difference in his condition is whether he has a paroxysm or not." "Place no confidence," he wrote in 1845, "in pusil-

lanimous Austria. A nation which during peace put an Eichhof at the head of her finances will again place a Mack at the head of her army in case of war." "In Vienna," he wrote, "nothing is respected, save the scribbling of office-holders and journalists," and he told Görres to send his song on *The Writer* to Vienna:

> "Your wit's a goose's feather;
> Your writings light our tapers;
> Your heart is rotten leather;
> Your heaven's in newspapers."

"The only thing that the people of Vienna desire," said Böhmer, "is the chattering of pretentious newspaper scribblers."

The church was asleep in Austria, and kept in this condition. Only "courtiers should wear the mitre;" "there was no emulation among the lower clergy; the church was despised, and contempt for the church is inseparable from contempt for the laws of God, and, consequently, for the laws of the state." "The state," says Jarcke of the condition of Austria, "hated the church and feared revolution, which, however, the government provoked by preventing a healthy development and seriousness either in the schools or in the press, so that the people became the slaves of the corrupt journals." When on one occasion, as a participant in the project informs us, an effort was being made in 1840 to establish at Vienna a large Catholic newspaper, the government would give permission for its publication only on condition that all the church news which regarded the state should be taken from the official journal of fashions and theatres. Every attack against Josephism was dreaded; and, as in the time of Joseph II., the *littérateurs* were permitted to undermine the foundations of religion and morality. All the worst productions of the French and German press found a ready market in Vienna, and the more godless and immoral were the books, the more gladly were they received, so that, as Menzel justly remarks, "it was a sad spectacle to behold at that time the Jew Saphir alone, who mocked at everything, attracting attention by his writings." Literature grew every day weaker and more corrupt in the empire, and the government seemed anxious for nothing else than to keep the people of Vienna in good humor by comedies and luxuries. Caricatures destroyed the zeal of artists; the arts sank into insignificance, and Metternich agreed with the Emperor Francis, who, on a visit to the college at Olmütz, remarked "that he did not need learned men, but obedient subjects." Francis must have already felt that disobedience, "the revolutionary fever," was spreading in Austria, and he once used the sad expression, "I and my Metternich will outlive it." The spirit of revolution made wonderful progress, and "nothing could bring the misled rulers to see and adopt the true means to arrest its progress. They strove to impede its march by mere external remedies."

Metternich used to liken revolutionary movements to conflagrations, and the means for suppressing them to fire-extinguishers. "On all sides," says a close observer of the political condition of Europe, "were heard, by Metternich's orders, cries of 'Help!' 'Fire!' 'The monarchy—legitimacy is in danger;' and then in every land rattled the fire-engines to extinguish the burning; but the firemen directed all the water to places where there was nothing to quench, and left unchecked the flames which spread on every side, as in France and Luxemburg, in the year 1831. When the Revolution broke out in Luxemburg in 1831, it was the duty of Austria and of the whole German confederation

to interfere, prevent the separation of the duchy from Germany, and put out the conflagration. But, instead of doing this, Austria drew back, for fear of becoming entangled in her diplomacy, and the consequence was the glaring contradiction of Metternich's recognition and sanction not only of a local revolution, but of a revolution against Germany. This, too, at a time, in November, 1831, when the people were told "that addresses from them on public affairs could not be tolerated by the government;" at a time when Metternich advised all governments to utterly crush, or at least to render subservient, the already excessively trammelled political journals. A few months later, in May, 1832, on occasion of the well-known "*Hambacher Fest*," when a republican bonfire was made, Metternich told the president of the society, "This festival can be made the festival of the good, if it is properly managed; the evil-disposed have only distorted its meaning." Yet it was this very "festival of the good" which afterward caused all Germany to rise in arms in order to prevent a mere bonfire.* This, in the diplomatic language of the day, was looking after the solidarity of the conservative interests.

Year after year, Metternich prophesied the approaching destruction of monarchical institutions, the triumph of the revolution, and the complete disruption of social order; and we might pertinently ask whether he was really a monarchist, since he did not sincerely believe in the stability of the monarchical principle; for without such belief the monarchical sentiment is a mere chimera or self-delusion. His often-expressed dread of constitutions and of every manifestation of public life, his desire to pass coercive laws, his fear of newspapers and parliaments, are the clearest proof of the inefficiency of his system; and on this account a man like Metternich must have frequently dreaded the judgment of his contemporaries and of posterity. We can say with truth, that no one has done more to injure the cause of monarchy in Europe than Metternich; for he again and again threatened kings with the prophecy of their destruction; he deprived them of self-confidence, in trying to sustain them; he lessened their power and brought them into danger, while he pretended to be saving them. His anxious endeavors, by means of police regulations, censures, and mental estrangement, to hold Austria aloof from all liberal and revolutionary movements, to keep her at a standstill, distrustful of all innovations, while her different nationalities were to hold each other in check by mutual jealousies—such a policy could not preserve the empire from the invasion of revolutionary ideas and influences. "The whole government lay torpid under this system, so that, when new crises arose, neither the German confederation, which was under Metternich's control, nor the power of Austria, had sufficient energy or unanimity to be able to ward off danger." When the revolution of 1848 was on the point of breaking out, Metternich ordered Colloredo, the Austrian ambassador and president of the confederation, to close the session at Frankfort, and to open it again after a few days in Potsdam. But the storm came too quickly; the revolution in Vienna was followed by one at Berlin. Metternich's system was useless, and the gigantic internal power of Austria seemed to be annihilated in a few days. The personal courage of the chancellor, however, was remarkable. He who had expressed

* Schmidt, p. 433.

so much fear feared nothing for himself, and showed in his dismission from office a magnanimity of character seldom seen in the statesmen of modern times. "To be compelled to leave a position," says Count Hartig, in his excellent work on the origin of the revolution in Austria, "in which during thirty-nine years he had governed with splendor, enjoying the full confidence of the imperial family, as well as of all the sovereigns of Europe, the recognized leader in the state affairs of almost half a century, honored and flattered by princes and nations; to be dethroned in a day by a popular insurrection, his glory cast to the winds, and himself looked upon as a betrayer of the people; all this was capable of awaking such painful feelings in the bosom of an old man of seventy-five that no one would have been surprised to see him sink under the weight of his troubles. Yet he bore all quietly and with such indifference that on the day of his dismissal he conversed with his friends on the events of the day and their consequences in his usual unruffled manner, as if they were of no personal importance to him. The conduct of the old statesman on this occasion reminded even his enemies of the text of Horace:

'Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'" *

Speaking of these events afterward at Johannisberg, he said: "Both as statesman and diplomat, I acted according to my convictions. I acknowledge the inefficacy of my system, for it has been proved; but I have never been a self-seeker. I have always worked for the safety of the monarchy, and this thought satisfies me." Frequently during his retirement he expressed regret that he had not outstripped Prussia in the march of political reforms; that he had not properly appreciated the political importance of the commercial zollverein, or common customs tariff; and especially that he had not appreciated the military position obtained by Prussia in Germany in the year 1815.

"I was born a conservative," said he once, "and I have always remained a conservative. I am therefore grateful to Providence, which in my old age gives me such repose as nature requires. I have twelve hours more than I used to have for reading and writing, and I shall not be fatigued. I study history, literature, and the memoirs of the past half-century, in which I have lived and acted." "Men should consider," he exclaimed on another occasion, "the circumstances and persons in which and with whom I had to act." This is very necessary in order to form an unprejudiced judgment of Metternich's conduct. He had to deal with men like Gentz, for instance, on whom for want of nobler natures he had to rely; with men, indeed, like Gentz, who openly said: "Nothing can inspire me with enthusiasm; for I am *blasé*, a scoffer, and interiorly filled with a fiendish joy when I see *great causes* and *ideas* come to a ridiculous end." And again: "I busy myself, so soon as I can lay aside my pen, with nothing else than the arrangement of my rooms, and incessantly meditate on the means of making more money to procure furniture, perfumes, and every delicacy of so-called luxury. My appetite for eating is also a great object with me, so that I enjoy my breakfast with peculiar delight."

We are sorry not to be able to terminate this sketch with pleasant recollections. But Metternich himself had none in the latter years of his life. The progress of events in and out of Austria filled him with grief;

* "Though the whole world should fall to pieces, the ruins may strike but cannot terrify me."

and with peculiar pain he looked at Italy, where it was his sad lot to behold the destruction of his plans, which seemed to promise eternity to the work which he had so long and arduously striven to establish in that country. Baron von Stein had already said: "Because Metternich wishes to control all Italy, and keep it in absolute subjection, the whole nation will rise against Austria, and she will lose her possessions there. Austria's policy in Italy is suicidal." And in fact, if we consider this policy in detail, no matter what we may think of Napoleon's interference in the Italian war, we must consider the actual condition of Italian affairs as "the ripened fruit of the original sins" of Austria. Immediately before the Italian war of 1859, Metternich's name, after many years of silence, again appeared in the papers. It was said that he had been consulted, and that he had advised a change of policy; that Austria should give up her system of repression on the Italian courts, and should grant concessions to the Italian people. This would have been the contrary of what he had counselled as statesman. But it was too late. His voice was drowned in the sound of battle. He lived to hear of the bloody day of Magenta, and died shortly before the decisive defeat of Solferino.

THE INVITATION HEEDED.*

We commended this book not long ago to the notice of our Catholic readers and the candid attention of our Protestant friends.† It has, we see, already reached a fifth edition, a proof that it has at least excited the curiosity of the reading public to an extent unusual in a work of pure controversy. We, who are obliged to keep ourselves in a manner *en rapport* with current criticism, have been not a little interested in watching the reception which has been given to the volume in various quarters; and it has occurred to us that those of our readers who are spared the necessity of looking through the "religious" papers might be pleased to know the result of our observation, and to learn how Dr. Stone's former friends have taken the dose which he administered to them with such a steady hand. At the same time, we shall doubtless improve the opportunity of making such comments and rejoinders as may seem to us worth the while or likely to do good.

We are glad, to begin with, that the Catholic press has treated Dr. Stone and his work in the quiet manner in which it has. There has been none of that parade which generally announces a conversion from one of the sects to another, and invariably heralds an apostasy from the Catholic Church to any form of heresy. We are glad because we are not sure that there have not been cases in which the welcome extended by Catholics to new-comers into the church has been so demonstrative as

* *The Invitation Heeded:* Reasons for a return to Catholic Unity. By James Kent Stone, late President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1870. Fourth Edition.

† The Catholic World, July, 1870.

to be entirely misunderstood, and to beget in the mind of the returned prodigal a disastrous notion of his own importance. Pride is the first of the deadly sins in the catechism, as it was in heaven. There has been more than one Jeshurun among Catholic converts who has waxed fat and kicked. Dr. Stone has, we believe, too much good sense, and, we hope, too much humility, to misinterpret the kind words which have been spoken to him, or to be surprised that he has not received more. The Catholic Church does not need any man. The church is not a party, to be strengthened or weakened by accessions or defections. The church is God's means for saving a fallen world; and the means are just as efficacious whether men make use of them or not. If Catholics are ready to kill the fatted calf for a new convert, it is to rejoice with him, not to congratulate themselves. They think he has done a good thing, so far as his own eternal welfare is concerned; at the same time, they are quite prepared to tell him that, if he imagines that by accepting a proffered grace he has done Almighty God or his Holy Catholic Church any service whatsoever, he is afflicted with a most miserable and soul-destroying delusion. So, if we were to sum up and freely interpret what Catholics have said this summer to the author of *The Invitation Heeded*, it would be something like this: "Well, young man, we are sincerely rejoiced that you have had the courage to take the step you have taken. We are sure you are happy; and we wish you great joy hereafter. You have written a clever book, and we are not sorry for it. Not that we needed your services, but because we trust that, by the mercy of God, what you have to say may reach the hearts of some of those whom you have left behind you in the 'wilderness.' And now remember that you are not saved yet, by a good deal. We hope that you will go to work at once, and do all you can 'to make your vocation and election sure, for *so* an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'"

We do not mean that the effectiveness of the book has been underestimated. We think it has received, to say the least, a full recognition. A well-known writer in the New York *Tablet* indicates what he regards as the special value of the book, in the following paragraph:

> "We regard it as a very important contribution to our polemical literature, which can hardly fail to be a standard work on the Anglican controversy. Never have the pretensions of Anglicanism and Episcopalianism been, in so brief a compass, so lucidly or conclusively refuted, or the Catholic doctrines that Anglicans war against been more ably or triumphantly vindicated. The author is perfectly master of the controversy, and his argument is in many respects original, and conducted throughout in a manner specially his own. His book throughout is pervaded by a devout and manly spirit; it is never apologetic, never harsh or overbearing; and is everywhere fair and candid. The Anglican argument is met fairly, and in its strength, not its weakness. The author looks it full in the face, and meets it openly and squarely, without seeking to evade its force, or escape by attenuating it. As far as argument can avail anything against such an enemy, his book is the death-warrant of Anglicanism."

That Dr. Stone's arguments will have the slightest appreciable effect on Anglicanism we, of course, do not expect. Error which has once grown up into a system is not eradicated by argument. As Moehler says, "No ordinary force of external proofs, no conclusions of ratiocination, no eloquence, are able to destroy it; its roots lie mostly too deep to be pervious to

mortal eye; it can only perish of itself, become gradually exhausted, spend its rage, and disappear." Nevertheless, it is important that Catholic literature should be constantly supplied with good books which meet every form of untruth. The church on its human side must keep up with the times, and adapt its defence to the ever-changing mode of attack. Besides, individuals may be reached, though the system continues, and must continue, awhile to flourish.

The English critics—we are speaking still of the Catholic press—have written as favorably of the book as our own have done. Knowing nothing of the author, their estimate of his work may be considered a fair one. The London *Catholic Opinion* calls it "a very remarkable book, so candid and humble, so clear and convincing." And the *Month*, which is always just in its praises, says:

> "We cannot help thinking, though we are not aware of the fact, that Mr. Kent Stone must have stood very high indeed among the members of the religious body to which he formerly belonged. . . There is a maturity, a soundness of judgment, a clearness of argument, and a quiet use of ample theological and historical reading about the present volume which make us hope for great services to the Catholic Church from its earnest and accomplished writer."

Our reason for quoting these opinions will be evident when we come to speak of the manner in which the book has been treated by those to whom it was most directly addressed. Before doing so, we wish to show still further, by evidence which ought to be considered satisfactory, that the volume before us is one marked by a good deal of force, or apparent force, and that its arguments are such as cannot be quietly ignored or turned aside with a sneer. And we do this by pointing out that the conclusiveness of the reasoning has been fully admitted by those who fancy that it is not directed against themselves, that is, by those who do not admit, in controversy at least, certain of the principles with which the author starts.

Now, in one aspect, Dr. Stone's attack is directed against Protestantism in general, against every phase of that proud, wilful spirit which prompts men to rebel against divine authority, and to limit and interpret divine revelation according to their own predilections. And in the opinion of some Catholics the attack is a successful one. "The book," says the *Tablet*, "not only demolishes Anglicanism, but its positive argument for the church is so complete and so conclusive that it demolishes equally every form of Protestantism, and proves every form of Protestantism ridiculous and absurd." It is pleasing, therefore, to observe how entirely our enterprising neighbor, the organ of the "New Church" of Emmanuel Swedenborg in this city, agrees with us on this point. The author, says the *New Jerusalem Messenger*,

> "has the happy faculty of making the old seem new, and giving freshness and interest to what is familiar; and thus he has succeeded in making the most clear and able statement of the Catholic claims that has ever been presented to American readers. If any one wants to know the best that can be said for the Catholic Church—said, too, in the most vivid and entertaining style—let him read this book. . . . One cannot fail to see, in reading such a book as this, how unanswerable the Catholic claims and arguments are from a purely Protestant point of view."

As might be expected, however, a convert to the truth aims his most energetic thrusts at that particular guise of error which once captivated himself. Dr. Stone, though a Protestant, was not one who could be satisfied by that modern folly of an invisible church with an imperceptible

ble unity. The phantasm which deceived him was that of a visible church catholic, which yet was something different from what all the world knows as the Catholic Church. Accordingly, though he does not really assume, he does not directly set himself to prove, that the church which Christ founded was a visible organization. Granting as much as this, does Dr. Stone succeed in showing the defectiveness of his former belief, and in carrying us on with him to the truth in its completeness? We will leave it to those whom, in the slang of the day, we may call the invisibilists, to decide the question. The *New Englander*, at the close of a long article about which we shall have a word to say by-and-by, makes the following admission:

"The work is beautifully written; and if there does seem to be a dreadful gap between what the author intended when he started and what he found where he stopped, it must be acknowledged that he passed from one point to the other with consecutive steps along an intelligible path. His argument, although encumbered with mistakes, is, nevertheless, good against any opponent who accepts his premise—that the Church Universal is a visible corporation."

The writer of a carefully-prepared article in the Albany *Atlas and Argus* comes down more handsomely:

"We admit," he says, "the closeness of Dr. Stone's logic, and the clearness with which he sets forth his views. We confess the certitude by which he takes us, step by step, to the Chair of St. Peter, the moment we yield the correctness of his primal principle. We have endeavored to find some half-way house, under good Ritual or other auspices, in which to stay quietly, or from which to successfully resist the effort to drag us to Rome. But we can find no such place. Dr. Stone is too good a logician to have ever staid there himself, too acute a reasoner to permit any one else to remain there, who will sit down quietly and talk the matter over calmly with him, as he does in his book. Had he but turned his steps the other way, he might have found other refuge. He might have concluded that there is no need of an intermediary between Christ and his followers, no necessity for any one to act as interpreter, to hold the keys, or direct the affairs of the church in a certain course. But he started with other predilections—he thought there must necessarily be a visible channel of divine grace, a visible custodian of divine power, and it was with little difficulty he found it."

We cannot stop to convince these gentlemen (although we should be pleased to "talk the matter over calmly" with one of them) that the denial of a visible church, in order to escape from what is logically involved in acknowledging one, is a very flimsy device, quite unworthy of a robust intelligence. We will leave them to digest, or otherwise dispose of, what Bishop Butler says, in his *Analogy*, when he innocently proceeds to suggest a reason for what he, too, poor man, has *assumed*: "Had Moses and the prophets, Christ and his apostles, only taught, and by miracles proved, religion to their contemporaries, the benefit of their instructions would have reached but a small part of mankind. Christianity must have been in a great degree sunk and forgot in a very few ages. To prevent this appears to have been one reason why a visible church was instituted; to be like a city upon a hill, a standing memorial to the world of the duty which we owe our Maker; to call men continually, both by precept and instruction, to attend to it, and by the form of religion ever before their eyes remind them of the reality; to be the repository of the oracles of God; to hold up the light of revelation in aid of that of nature, and propagate it throughout all generations to the end of the world."*

Let us narrow the field once more.

* Part ii. ch. i.

Dr. Stone was a High-Churchman—not a Ritualist, but what is called nowadays an *old-fashioned* High-Churchman, a "high and dry"—and it is "Anglicanism," or "Anglo-Catholicism," which he is most earnestly bent on hunting down and holding up by the tail. We are by no means sure that all of our readers have a clear apprehension of what is meant by Anglicanism. Dr. Newman has somewhere defined its principles very neatly, in substance, as follows: that Antiquity—or, more properly, a supposed antiquity—and not the existing church, is the real oracle of truth; and that the apostolical succession is a sufficient guarantee of sacramental grace, without union with the Christian church throughout the world. It is the error contained in these two propositions which is, so to speak, done to death in *The Invitation Heeded.* Now, in what Dr. Stone calls that very "piebald" sect, the Protestant Episcopal Church, there is a large and influential party who do not believe in Anglican principles, inasmuch as they deny that the church, either past or present, is an oracle of truth, and that there is any such thing at all as sacramental grace. What idea, then, have the Low-Churchmen as to the cogency with which Dr. Stone presses the "dearly beloved brethren" with whom they live on terms of such unique amity? *The Protestant Churchman*, the real organ of Low-Churchism, and to our thinking the most able as well as least discourteous of Episcopalian journals, will help us to a decision here. Let us say, first, that the tone of its articles (for there are several) is by no means an exulting one—the editor is not rejoicing that a rival party has suffered at the expense of the whole sect, but speaks in a tone of unfeigned sorrow. "The principal feeling," he says, "with which we have read the book has been one of profound sadness; we are sad, we freely admit, that one of so many and varied talents, and of such brilliant promise, should have gone out from us." There is much significance, therefore, in such sentences as the following:

> "Notwithstanding the ability of the work, there is no reason why we should wish to arrest its circulation. It will only serve to promote an investigation which will strengthen the truth. There are some reasons why we should desire its circulation in our own church. Trained as the author already is in the school of Manning and Newman, as well as of Kenelm Digby and Count De Maistre, he has learned how to wield the great arguments of the Church of Rome with peculiar force against the spurious forms of Anglo-Catholicism. The more the book is read, the more it will be seen that there is no answer to the 'Invitation' of the Supreme Pontiff, except in the fundamental principles of the Protestant Reformation."

Which "fundamental principles" doubtless are, and doubtless would be acknowledged by the *Protestant Churchman* to be, unlimited private judgment. But if Dr. Stone has clearly shown that Anglican principles are logically untenable, and that one who really wishes to be a Catholic must abandon the "spurious" for the genuine, he has shown with at least equal clearness that private judgment is logically destructive of any authority whatsoever, and terminates in the complete denial of a supernatural revelation.

We might multiply quotations similar to those which have already served us; but we think we owe it to the reader's patience to let him see plainly what we are driving at. Even if he has not read the book for himself, he is now competent to judge whether the reasoning which it contains is weak or weighty, and whether the arguments which we have seen thus promptly "passed

along" from no-churchman to low-churchman, and from low-churchmen to high, and which all thus far have admitted to tell hard against *somebody*, whether or not they deserve at the hands of these somebodies notice, reply, refutation. And he will be able to draw his own inferences when we tell him that the High-Church Episcopal press has with cordial unanimity abstained from noticing the arguments of the book at all, and in many instances has ignored the book itself altogether. There is but one inference to be drawn.

Our Hartford neighbor, the *Churchman*, has had the native shrewdness to foresee the consequences of total silence, and has made an effort to avert them by saying something damaging. It tells us this in so many words:

> "We do not propose to overlook this work, though of course we can feel no particular pleasure in noticing it. But since we are very sure that it will be thrust *nolens volens* upon all churchmen, especially the young, who can be induced to look at it, perhaps it is right to say a word or two upon its true character."

And after this wry face follows —what? Argument? Refutation? Not a bit of it. The good Christian and genuine Catholic goes off at once, and begins to call names and sling innuendoes in the old, old, familiar style. He tells Dr. Stone that he is a "stalking-horse;" that he is not like John Henry Newman, or any other man, who has brains; that he had simply "*caught* Romanism, as people catch ship-fever by encountering a car-load of emigrants just up from Castle Garden, quite accidentally;" that it is "just utter nonsense" to say that his examination was a fair one; that there is "not much of argument to reply to" (and none, depend upon it, which *is* replied to); and that, while Dr. Stone would doubtless "never tell a lie for twelve and a half cents," it is not inconceivable that he "*would* tell *eight* lies for a *dollar*." This last bit of Connecticut wit is clinched with the most delicate and urbane effectiveness. "We do not mean," he says, "to intimate that Dr. Stone is dishonest, *μὴ γένοιτο*!" —a Greek phrase, good reader, which in this connection can only signify, "Oh! no, never, not by no means!" And then the whole fanfaronade closes with the despairing avowal:

> "We have looked in vain for any tangible and real point of argument in this volume upon which to concentrate an attack."

And what is this, O gentle *Churchman!* but the ancient story of the file and the biter of the file? What is it but saying in your own especial manner what we said a few months ago,* that, for those who believe in any historical Christianity at all, the argument of this book is direct and unanswerable?

We suppose that a "stalking-horse" must be something bad; for we notice that several irritated critics, besides our Hartford acquaintance, have told Dr. Stone that he is one. We do not know what exasperating force there may be in this singular term, nor whether it is likely to have upon Dr. Stone anything of the effect which a not dissimilar epithet had upon the elder Weller. For the sake of the critics, we hope the doctor will not indulge in any such outbursts as were wont to cover that dear old hero with glory. We warn him that we shall not hold him justified for any ebullition, however successful, by any such plea as, "He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath!" Seriously, these Episcopal

*See article in CATHOLIC WORLD.

doctors have made a mistake in thinking to weaken the force of Dr. Stone's book by charging that it is not fully and fairly his own production. Apart from its petty malice, such an assertion is an unconscious tribute to the learning of a volume which the President of two Episcopal colleges was considered incapable of writing. As a matter of fact, *The Invitation Heeded* is by no means a profoundly learned work. Its force lies not in the depth of its research, but in the closeness and clearness of its reasoning.*

All this personal abuse of an author goes for nothing, or rather tells in his favor. Men take to epithets when they are out of arguments. Besides, we know, and the public knows by this time, that a man never yet became a Catholic but all the dirt which could be hurriedly scraped together was at once flung at his memory. It is a mode of treatment as old as the religion of Christ. Therefore, we think ourselves justified in passing by without further comment the disparaging things which have been said about our author's character and conduct. We prefer the pleasure of calling attention to a passage which is a sufficient refutation of them all, and at the same time is, alas! a rare instance of manliness and candor. The editor of the *Protestant Churchman*, in one of the articles before quoted, says:

"With much that has been said about the book, and the event which it is designed to justify, we do not sympathize. We have no disposition to sit in judgment upon the motives by which Dr. Stone was actuated. We fail to detect any impelling influence, of which he could have been conscious, except a desire to learn and embrace the truth. We have no exception to take to the period of time embraced in the process of perversion. To some it has appeared too long to be consistent with the positions of trust and responsibility held by Dr. Stone in our church; with others, it was too short to be either thorough or sincere. We can conceive that a man may be long troubled with such doubts, and yet, regarding them as spiritual trials and temptations, properly continue in the discharge of duties to which he is committed; or that there may be sudden unfoldings of unanticipated results, to which many processes of thought have unexpectedly led, and which, nevertheless, are so clear and cogent as to take the form at once of conscientious convictions. Neither do we see any evidence of any abnormal condition of mind. The book is characterized by unusual coherence and vigor."

Is not this last particular trick, by the way—of pronouncing a man *ipso facto* insane who is able to apprehend the truth of the Catholic religion—about "played out"?

There is one journal which, we feel, ought in justice to be excepted from these remarks about personal abuse. The *Church Weekly*, the organ in this city of the advanced Ritualists, is, indeed, abusive—in fact, it is fairly delirious; but we are inclined to think that it has had ample provocation. The *spretæ injuria formæ* once roused great wrath in even a celestial bosom. It is hard to take a good castigation, but it is harder to take a good snubbing. So, when our contemporary goes foaming on through column after column, and raves about "miserable dishonesty," and "braggart insolence," and "shall we call it wilful ignorance?" we quietly fill out the hiatus marked by those three stars on the top of page 101, and recall the old line in the Andria: *Hinc illæ lacrimæ, hæc illa est misericordia.* We will give the passage which the *Church Weekly*

* We had the curiosity to inquire of Dr. Stone personally what assistance he had received in the compilation of his book. He informed us that, with the exception of a single reference to St. Augustine, he had received no assistance whatsoever. We take the liberty of making this answer public.

omits—rather strangely, we think, since it is all that Dr. Stone has to say about the Ritualists from the beginning to the end of his book:

"I do not mean that I ever had any sympathy with the Ritualistic movement. I never could regard the leaders of that movement with any other feeling than one, I fear, of impatience. I considered them, I regret to say, the most illogical of all thinkers. If the Ritualists were right, the Reformers were wrong. The great sin of schism could never have been justified by any such paltry differences as separate our 'advanced' friends from the great Roman Communion. The only consistent course for men to take who believed in the sacrifice of the altar and in the invocation of saints was to go back, promptly and penitently, to the ancient church which had proved its infallibility by being in the right after all."

No wonder our neighbor lost his temper—and felt ashamed of himself afterward. At least we suppose he felt ashamed; certainly he repented of the rash promise with which he took leave of our author:

"As we must stop somewhere, and as this article is already too long, we had better stop where we are. We have not attempted any review of Dr. Stone's book. *That* will be attended to in the proper place."

That proper place has not yet been found. Poor Ritualists! Everybody laughs at you; and we, too, must have our mirth at your expense. While you fancy yourselves Catholics, you are, if you could only see it, isolated by the ridicule of all mankind.

The expedient which our "brevet-Catholic" friend, the *Weekly*, has hit upon, perhaps as an afterthought, namely, of promising without performing, seems to have been quite generally adopted by those Episcopal journals, High and Low, which have thought it best, for the sake of appearances, to say at least something. For example, the *Christian Witness*, of Boston, after a few tears over "the bright hopes and fond anticipations which have been buried in these depths of satanic jugglery," says:

"Of the contents of the volume we have said nothing. The Roman argument is produced with all the modern improvements, but to notice it in detail would open up the whole controversy, and would demand a volume as large or larger than the one before us. We hope, however, to make it the text of some remarks in future articles, and for the present dismiss it with the prayer that it may do as little mischief as possible."

Those articles are still future. The prayer for "as little mischief as possible" was, no doubt, followed by a meditation on the text, "least said, soonest mended."

So also the *Standard of the Cross*:

"We do not intend reviewing. That will be done by other pens, and our readers shall have the benefit thereof."

It may have been through the fault of our own oversight—the *Standard* is what is known as "an obscure sheet"—but we have missed the promised benefit.

The *Gospel Messenger* improves on this; indeed, we commend its strategy as something quite new and ingenious in the reviewing line. "We have been reading Dr. Stone's book," says the editor (we quote this time from memory, having mislaid our copy)—"if we find his 'reasons' before we get through with it, we will give our readers the benefit of our ideas about them." Now, this is quite like one of those old Greek dilemmas devised for the "sacking" of some luckless victim. In any case, Dr. Stone gets the worst of it, and the editor is safe. If the editor finds some vulnerable spot in his opponent's armor, he puts in his sharp-pointed pen. If he does

not, he merely says nothing, as in the present instance; and of course nothing can be more obvious to "our readers" than that Dr. Stone has no armor at all, is in fact a poor defenceless champion, against whom it would be unchivalrous to lift a lance.

Gentlemen, this sort of thing does you little credit. It is you who have been attacked; and you have made but a poor defence. You have been on trial, and the case has gone against you by default.

We promised to say a word before we finished about the article in the *New Englander*. It appeared in the number for July, under the signature of the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, and with the title, "How the Rev. Dr. Stone Bettered his Situation." Though, as we observed, the article is a lengthy one, it will not require a very long answer.

The reverend writer does not profess to review Dr. Stone's work, nor to answer any of his arguments. He begins with the following statement of his intentions:

> "This is one of the most interesting specimens of a very interesting class of books—those written by converts to or from Romanism in vindication of their change of views; and when that good day comes when we all have time for everything, we shall count it well worth while to criticise it in detail. At present, we undertake no more than rapidly to state the upshot of the Rev. Dr. Stone's religious change, as it appears to us, and to foot up the balance of spiritual advantage which he seems to have gained by it."

His object, briefly stated, is to show that Dr. Stone, having obeyed the invitation of Pius IX. to "rescue himself from a state in which he could not be assured of his own salvation," probably finds himself now possessed of no greater interior "assurance of his own salvation" than he is supposed to have had when a Protestant. The article is composed in a very sportive vein, and is spiced with a good deal of what is meant for piquancy.

The writer's peculiar humor requires no special comment on our part.

> "Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto."

We know the difference between wit and what passes for it. And if the reverend gentleman thinks that the readers of the *New Englander* can be best diverted from the arguments of *The Invitation Heeded* by being entertained with funny pictures of its author, we shall be the last to dispute the correctness of his judgment.

So far as any attack is made upon the doctrines of the Catholic Church, it is of a sort with which Protestant polemics have made us, indeed, unhappily familiar, but which always excites in us quite as much sorrow as disgust, inasmuch as it seems to indicate a very incorrigible state of mind. It is full of that spirit which would delight to pounce upon the sentence we have just written, twist it a little awry, and then have a laugh over it; which seeks not to refute (much less convince) an adversary, but to worry him; which aims at brilliant fence rather than solid reasoning, and cares for the semblance of victory more than for truth. We will give a specimen of what we mean, lest we should be thought unjustly severe. It is the very first thrust which our reverend critic makes:

> "1. His [that is, Dr. Stone's] first step is to make sure of his regeneration and entrance into the true church by the door of the church, which is, according to his new teachers, not Christ, but baptism."

Now, we suppose, at any rate we hope, that this writer has his serious moments; and we appeal from Philip facetious to Philip sober, and ask him whether he means this for logic or for

a joke. If for the latter, we ask him whether it is either wise or safe to jest on such a subject and for such an end. If, however, he really supposes that, when the Council of Florence called baptism "vitæ spiritualis janua," it meant to affirm that Christ is *not* the door of the church, or that baptism is the door in the same sense that Christ is the door, then we will prefer honesty to politeness, and tell him candidly that in our opinion he is not yet fitted to write even for "our popular magazines." What, we wonder, would good Richard Hooker have thought, or said, if Mr. Travers had accused him of denying that Christ is the "door of the sheep," because he had written his well-known sentences on the new birth by water and the Holy Ghost: "As we are not naturally men without birth, so neither are we Christian men in the eye of the church of God but by new birth, nor according to the manifest ordinary course of divine dispensation new-born, but by that baptism which both declareth and maketh us Christians. In which respect we justly hold it to be the door of our actual entrance into God's house, the first apparent beginning of life, a seal perhaps to the grace of election before received, but to our sanctification here a step that hath not any before it."*

We have not the time—even if we thought it would be of any profit—to discuss the Catholic doctrine of "intention" in the administration of the sacraments. If Mr. Bacon has an honest difficulty in accepting that doctrine, we have no doubt it will be removed by consulting the Catholic theologians, not with an eye to his next article in the *New Englander*, but with a desire of learning the truth. Meanwhile, we ask him whether at first sight he finds the teaching of the church on this matter inconsistent either with itself or with sound reason. If I only pretend to do a thing, I certainly do not do it. Supposing, therefore—and the case must be practically so rare as to remain a supposition—that a priest should only pretend to administer a sacrament, by what canon, we do not say of theology, but of common sense, could he be held to have administered that sacrament? The Catholic Church teaches that a sufficient intention on the part of the administrator is requisite to the validity of a sacrament. The inference which Mr. Bacon draws from this, that a person who in good faith makes application to a priest of the church, and who, though he has on his part fulfilled all the necessary conditions, receives from the priest only the pretended form of a sacrament, is in consequence cut off absolutely from grace and from salvation—is an inference entirely of his own drawing, and one which reminds us of the extempore sermons about which South used to complain that they might well be said to be drawn from their texts, for they certainly did not flow from them. It is quite of a piece with the reasoning which concludes that, because it is said that baptism is the door, therefore it is denied that Christ is the door.

Let us come to the main point—*ut sic dixerim*—of the writer's article. We have stated it already; we will state it again in Mr. Bacon's own words, choosing one of the many forms in which he expresses the same sentiment at each new stage of his *quasi* argument:

"It begins to look extremely doubtful whether we shall be able to get the Rev. James Kent Stone to heaven at all on this course, notwithstanding he has come so far out of his way to make absolutely sure of it."

* *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book v. chap. lx. sec. 3.

Now, supposing that Dr. Stone was indeed so very foolish as to enter the Catholic Church with the notion that he would thereby "make absolutely sure of heaven;" supposing, moreover, that that is a fact which this Mr. Bacon "undertakes" to show is a probability, namely, that Dr. Stone does not feel in his heart any more sure of his final salvation now than he did before—what would this prove against the truth of the Catholic religion? Mr. Bacon begins, on his very first page, by admitting that the church condemns all vain confidence and rash presumptuousness, teaching that "no one, so long as he is in this mortal life, ought so far to presume as regards the secret mystery of divine predestination as to determine for certain that he is assuredly in the number of the predestinate;" * and then proceeds to prove, with the utmost elaborateness, that in all her dealings with a penitent the church is thoroughly consistent with herself. That is to say, because a system of doctrine is perfectly coherent, it is therefore *in toto* false. If this is not what Mr. Bacon means, what does he mean? It looks to us very much as if the gentleman's education had led him to assume as an axiom requiring no proof, that a Christian ought to have an inward assurance that he is of the number of the elect. But if he expects Catholics to argue with him, he must learn to distinguish between what is a subjective "assurance" and what is an objective certainty. Because the reverend gentle-

* We quote, not Mr. Bacon, but the Council of Trent. According to the former, the Roman Catholic Church "teaches that, as soon as a man becomes 'assured of his own salvation,' it is a dead certainty that he will be damned" — another choice example of the new Baconian method, neither inductive nor deductive, but *pro*ductive. As Mr. Bacon refers to three of the chapters of the sixth session of Trent, we will give them entire; they will do more to clear up misconception in the mind, it may be, of some candid Protestant reader, than pages of our own:

CHAPTER IX.

But, although it is necessary to believe that sins neither are remitted nor ever were remitted, save gratuitously by the mercy of God for Christ's sake, yet is it not to be said that sins are forgiven, or have been forgiven, to any one who boasts of his confidence and certainty of the remission of his sins, and rests on that alone; seeing that it may exist, yea, does in our day exist, among heretics and schismatics; and with great vehemence is this vain confidence, and one alien from all godliness, preached up in opposition to the Catholic Church. But neither is this to be asserted—that they who are truly justified must needs, without any doubting whatever, settle within themselves that they are justified, and that no one is absolved from sins and justified but he that believes for certain that he is absolved and justified, and that absolution and justification are effected by this faith alone; as though whoso has not this belief doubts of the promises of God, and of the efficacy of the death and resurrection of Christ. For even as no pious person ought to doubt of the mercy of God, of the merit of Christ, and of the virtue and efficacy of the sacraments, even so each one, when he regards himself and his own weakness and indisposition, may have fear and apprehension touching his own grace; seeing that no one can know with a certainty of faith, which cannot be subject to error, that he has obtained the grace of God.

CHAPTER XII.

No one, moreover, so long as he is in this mortal life, ought so far to presume as regards the secret mystery of divine predestination as to determine for certain that he is assuredly in the number of the predestinate; as if it were true that he that is justified either cannot sin any more, or, if he do sin, that he ought to promise himself an assured repentance; for, except by special revelation, it cannot be known whom God hath chosen unto himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

So also as regards the gift of perseverance, of which it is written, *He that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved;* which gift cannot be derived from any other but him who is able to establish him who standeth, that he stand perseveringly, and to restore him who falleth; let no one herein promise himself anything as certain with an absolute certainty; though all ought to place and repose a most firm hope in God's help. For God, unless men be themselves wanting to his grace, *as he has begun the good work, so will he perfect it, working* (in them) *to will and to accomplish.* Nevertheless, let those who *think themselves to stand, take heed lest they fall*, and *with fear and trembling work out their salvation*, in labors, in watchings, in alms-deeds, in prayers and oblations, in fastings and chastity; for, knowing that *they are born again unto a hope of glory*, but not as yet unto glory, they ought to fear for the combat which yet remains with the flesh, with the world, with the devil, wherein they cannot be victorious unless they be, with God's grace, obedient to the apostle, who says: *We are debtors, not to the flesh, to live according to the flesh; for, if you live according to the flesh, you shall die; but, if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live.*

man has a placid idea that he is predestined to eternal glory, it does not follow that he is so predestined. We have no doubt his confidence is a very comfortable one; the only question is whether it is well grounded. A man may think that he is on the right road, and have the most unruffled conviction that he will get to the end of it as well, and yet be on a wrong road all the while; again, a man may know that he is on the right road, and yet be without a metaphysical certainty that he will ever reach its termination. Mr. Bacon must really try to rise to the conception of a spirit which is in quest, not of "assurance," but of truth. The disciple of Gamaliel, when he set out with his letters for Damascus, was able, we doubt not, to read without a qualm his title clear to mansions in the skies; on the other hand, the Apostle of Christ to the Gentiles wrote with anxious solicitude to his Philippian converts to work out their salvation with fear and trembling—nay, more, he chastised his own body, and brought it into subjection, lest, perhaps, when he had preached to others, he himself should become reprobate. What shall we say, then? That Judaism is true, and Christianity false? Or that Saul of Tarsus was actually in a fairer way of winning heaven than Paul the aged? Or that advancing years had brought less of wisdom and of the peace which passes understanding?

When Pius IX. called upon Protestants to "rescue themselves from a state in which they cannot be assured of their salvation," he was not speaking of that kind of assurance which has become familiar to the Rev. Mr. Bacon. Moreover, from the truth that there is no assurance of salvation to heretics, it does not follow that there is an infallible assurance of salvation to all Catholics. This is the same marvellous fallacy over again which led Mr. Bacon to the conclusion that, if Christ can be called the door of anything in any sense, baptism can be called a door in no sense and of nothing.

As for Dr. Stone, we have a notion that he came into the Catholic Church, not to "get assurance," but because he had made up his mind to submit to the authority which God has established upon earth, and because he longed for a hope which is grounded upon a certain faith, and for the peace of those whose feet rest in the blessed home of all saints, the City of God.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

BY HENRI LASSERRE.

VIII.

ALTHOUGH powerless against the statements of Bernadette, simple and precise as they were and free from all contradiction, nevertheless M. Jacomet had gained in this long struggle one important advantage. He had thoroughly frightened Soubirous, and become aware that in that direction he was master.

François Soubirous was an upright man, but not a hero. Before official authority he quailed, as is

usual with persons of his class, who feel their helplessness against arbitrary persecution.

True, he believed in the reality of the apparitions; but not knowing exactly what they were, nor considering their importance, he felt even a sort of terror at these extraordinary things, and saw nothing wrong in forbidding Bernadette to return to the grotto.

He had, perhaps, a vague dislike of offending the invisible "Lady" who had manifested herself to his daughter; but the fear of irritating a man of flesh and of blood, and of engaging in a personal conflict with such an important personage as the commissary of police, was a much more unpleasant reality.

"You see, Bernadette, that all the gentlemen of the town are against us, and, if you return to the grotto, M. Jacomet will put us all in prison. So you must not go there henceforth."

"Father," said Bernadette, "when I go there, it is no longer of my own accord. At a certain time, there is something within me that calls and forces me to go."

"Whatever that may be," answered her father, "I formally prohibit your going there in future. You certainly will not disobey me now for the first time in your life?"

The poor child, embarrassed by her promise to the apparition, on the one hand, and her father's prohibition on the other, answered:

"I will do my best not to go, and to resist the feeling that attracts me."

Thus passed the gloomy evening of that Sunday which had dawned in the splendor of blessed ecstasy.

IX.

The next morning (Monday, February 22) at the usual hour for the apparition, the crowd which waited for the little seer on the banks of the Gave saw no one approach.

Her parents had sent her early to school, and Bernadette, who knew not how to disobey, had gone with a sorrowful heart.

The Sisters, whom duties of charity and teaching confined to their hospital and school, had never seen the ecstasies of Bernadette, and gave no credit to the accounts of the apparitions. If it be true that the people are sometimes too credulous, the surprising but incontestable fact remains that ecclesiastics and religious are sometimes very sceptical and very hard to convince, and that, while they admit the possibility of such divine manifestations, they demand, with a degree of caution which is certainly excessive, that they shall be proved ten times over. The Sisters added their formal prohibition to that of her parents, telling Bernadette that these visions were not real; that either her brain was out of order or else she had been lying. One of them, suspecting that she was practising imposture in a matter which was very sacred and important, addressed her with great severity of manner, and, treating the whole affair as a cheat, said: "You wicked child, you have done in the holy season of Lent something that would be unworthy of the Carnival."

Others who saw her in recreation accused her of trying to pass for a saint, and of playing a sacrilegious joke.

The mockery of some of her schoolmates added to the humiliations which were heaped upon her.

God wished to try Bernadette. Having filled her with consolations, he intended in his wisdom to abandon her for a time to the raillery, insults, and hostility of those who surrounded her.

The poor little child suffered cruelly not only from these exterior contradictions, but also, perhaps, from interior anguish and abandonment of soul. She, who had hitherto experienced only physical sufferings, entered now upon higher ways, and began to feel more terrible trials and lacerations. She did not wish to disobey the authority of her father nor that of the religious; still she could not endure the thought of failing in her promise to the divine apparition at the grotto. In this young soul, hitherto so peaceful, a cruel strife arose. To go to the grotto was to sin against her father; not to go was to sin against the sweet and heavenly vision. In either case, it was to sin against God. And yet she was bound to choose one or the other. There was no middle term to this fatal dilemma. It is true, however, as the Gospel says, that what is impossible to man is possible to God.

The morning passed in this state of agonizing doubt, all the more keen to a soul that was still pure and calm and alive to every impression. The many sufferings of life had not yet rendered callous the delicate fibres of her heart.

At noon, the children returned for a short time to their homes in order to eat their dinners.

Bernadette, crushed between the two irreconcilable terms of her undecided situation, walked sadly toward her home. The bell-towers of the church of Lourdes were about to sound the midday Angelus.

At this moment a strange force suddenly overpowered her. It acted no longer on her soul, but on her limbs, and carried her irresistibly from the road which would have brought her home into a path which led to one side. It seemed to drive her as the imperious wind sweeps the withered leaf. She could no more help advancing than if she had been started down an abrupt precipice. All her physical being was powerfully dragged toward the grotto. She was forced to walk; she was forced to run.

Nevertheless, this movement was not violent and irregular. It was irresistible, but not painful; on the contrary, it was the supreme power in its sovereign sweetness. The hand of the Almighty became like that of a mother, and as gentle as if it had feared to hurt this tender child.

Providence, who governs all things, had solved the insolvable problem. The child, obedient to her father, would not go where her heart impelled her; but, carried by God's holy angels, she arrived according to her promise to the Blessed Virgin, without violating her duty to parental authority.

Such phenomena are often met with in the history of certain souls whose extraordinary purity has been especially pleasing to God. St. Philip Neri, St. Ida of Louvain, St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Rose of Lima, experienced similar things.

This humble heart, wounded and desolate, was already filled with gladness as it approached the grotto.

"There," said the child to herself, "I shall see the blessed apparition; there I shall be consoled for all I have suffered; there I shall see that lovely face which fills me with happiness; these cruel pangs will give place to boundless joy, for the Lady will not abandon me."

She did not know, in her inexperience, that the Spirit of God breatheth where it listeth.

X.

Shortly before reaching the grotto, the mysterious force which had carried

the child thus far seemed, if not to cease altogether, at any rate to grow less. Bernadette walked at a slower pace and with a fatigue which she did not usually experience; for it was at this place that she generally felt an invisible force drawing her to the grotto and sustaining her as she advanced. To-day she felt neither this secret attraction nor this mysterious support. She had been indeed *pushed along*, as it were, toward the grotto, but she had not been *attracted*. The force which had seized her had marked out the path of duty, and taught her that, above all things, she must obey the apparition; but the child had not heard, as usual, the voice within her soul, nor experienced the powerful interior impulse. One who is in the habit of analyzing these shades of feeling will know how much easier they are to understand than to express.

Although the great multitude was now dispersed which had vainly waited all the morning for the appearance of Bernadette, nevertheless quite a number of people still remained around the cliffs of Massabielle. Some had come to pray, others out of mere curiosity. Many who had seen Bernadette on her way had hastened after her, and arrived at the same time that she did.

The child knelt humbly, and, as usual, began to recite her beads, looking up at the opening, hung with moss and wild branches, where the celestial vision had six times deigned to appear.

The attentive crowd waited in breathless curiosity or recollection to see the face of the child glow and shine, and by its radiance show that the superhuman being was before her. A long time passed in this manner.

Bernadette prayed with fervor, but nothing in her features indicated the reflection of heaven.

The vision did not manifest itself, although the poor child prayed and implored the fulfilment of her hopes. Heaven and earth seemed to remain as unmoved by her prayers and her tears as the marble rocks before which she knelt.

Of all the trials to which she had been submitted since the day before, this seemed the most cruel: it was the very gall of bitterness.

"Why have you disappeared—why have you abandoned me?" thought Bernadette.

The wonderful being herself seemed to repel her, and, by ceasing to manifest herself, to give room for doubt, and leave the field open to her enemies.

The disappointed throng interrogated Bernadette. A thousand questions were pressed upon her by those who surrounded her.

"To-day," replied the child, her eyes red with tears—"to-day, the Lady has not appeared. I have seen nothing."

"You ought to understand now, my poor little girl, that it was only an illusion, and that you never really saw anything. It was only a fancy after all." So said some of the bystanders.

"Why," asked others—"why, if the Lady appeared yesterday, does she not appear to-day?"

"On the other days, I saw her as plainly as I see you; and we spoke together, she and I. But to-day she is not here, and I do not know why."

"Bah!" said one of the sceptics, "the commissary of police has done his work thoroughly. You will soon see the end of the whole thing:

> 'De par le roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle en ce lieu.'"*

* "In the name of the king, God is hereby forbidden to work a miracle in this place."

The believers who were present were troubled and knew not what to say.

Bernadette, certain of what had previously happened, was not disturbed by doubt, but felt deeply grieved; and as she re-entered her father's house she burst into tears and prayed.

She attributed the absence of the apparition to displeasure. "Have I done anything wrong?" she asked herself. But her conscience did not reproach her. Her love for the divine vision, which she longed to see once more, nevertheless increased in fervor. She tried to think how she might bring it back again, but she knew of no way in which this could be done. She felt herself powerless to recall the spotless beauty which had appeared to her, and wept with her heart turned on high, not knowing that to weep is to pray.

Beneath all her anguish, there was still a secret hope, and some rays of joy piercing the clouds confirmed her faith in the heavenly apparition, which she loved, and in which she would have believed although she were never to see it again. And yet the poor and ignorant little girl did not understand the meaning of the words which were even then being chanted in the Epistle of the Mass: "You shall greatly rejoice in the power of God, if now you must be for a little while made sorrowful in divers temptations: that the trial of your faith (made more precious than gold which is tried by the fire) may be found unto praise, and glory, and honor, at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom, not having seen, you love: in whom also now, though you see him not, you believe, and, believing, shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorified."*

* See the Roman Missal, Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, Epistle of the Mass, from 1 Pet. v. 6, 7, 8.

She had no presentiment of the events which were to ensue, and she could neither have known nor applied to the rocks of Massabielle the words which the priests were pronouncing throughout the world in the Gospel of the Mass: *Supra hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam*—"Upon this rock I will build my church." She did not know that in a short time, that is to say, on the very day which succeeded those tearful hours, she herself would prophetically announce and demand, in the name of the apparition, the erection of a temple on these desert cliffs.

All this was hid in the impenetrable future.

"Where have you been?" asked her father, as soon as she entered.

She related all that had taken place.

"And you say," her parents again asked, "that a force carried you there in spite of yourself?"

"Yes," replied Bernadette.

"It must be true," they thought. "The child has never told a lie."

Soubirous reflected for some moments. He appeared to be engaged in a struggle with himself. Finally, he raised his head, and seemed to come to a decision.

"Very well," said he, "since a superior force has drawn you, I no longer forbid you to go to the grotto. I leave you free to do so."

Joy, pure, unmixed joy, lighted up the features of Bernadette.

Neither the miller nor his wife had brought forward as an objection the non-appearance of the vision. Perhaps in their hearts they recognized as the reason—the resistance which they themselves had made under fear of official authority to supernatural orders.

XI.

What we have just narrated took place in the afternoon, and the rumor

of it was soon spread throughout the town. The sudden cessation of the visions gave room for most contrary explanations. Some pretended to make it an unanswerable argument against all the preceding apparitions; others, again, adduced it as a proof of the sincerity of the child.

Philosophic shoulders were shrugged at mention of the irresistible force which had carried Bernadette in spite of herself to the grotto. It furnished the subject of various learned theses, explaining the whole affair by perturbation of the nervous system.

The commissary, seeing that his orders had been violated, and learning, moreover, that François Soubirous had withdrawn the prohibition which he had laid upon his child, had all three, father, mother, and daughter, brought before him, and renewed his menaces. He tried again to frighten them; but, in spite of the terror which he caused—much to his surprise—he did not find the same docility and weakness in François Soubirous which he had remarked the day before.

"Monsieur Jacomet," said the poor man, "Bernadette has never told a lie; and if the good God, the Blessed Virgin, or some saint calls her, we cannot oppose him. Put yourself in our place. The good God would punish us."

"Moreover, you say yourself the vision no longer appears," argued Jacomet, addressing the child. "You have nothing more to do with it."

"I promised to go to the grotto every day of a fortnight," replied Bernadette.

"What you say is all a fable," cried the exasperated commissary; "and I will have you put in prison, if this child continues to excite the people by her grimaces."

"But, sir," said Bernadette, "I go to pray all by myself. I have never called anybody to the place; and, if everybody comes before and after me, it is not my fault. They say she is the Blessed Virgin; but I do not know who she is."

Accustomed to the deceitful pleas of the world of villains, the commissary of police was entirely disconcerted by this perfect simplicity. All his tricks, his shrewdness, his leading questions, his threats, and the subtle thrusts which he had made against this supposed fraud, which seemed feebleness itself—all had come to naught. Never for an instant admitting that he might be in the wrong, he could not understand his utterly powerless condition. Far from renouncing his design, he determined to call in the assistance of other powers. "Truly," said he, as he stamped upon the floor, "this has been a stupid piece of business."

Then, dismissing the Soubirous to their own homes, he rushed off to consult the *procureur impérial.*

M. Dutour, despite his horror of superstition, could find no text of law which would justify treating Bernadette as a criminal. She did not call anybody to witness her ecstasies; she did not derive any pecuniary profit from them. She went to pray on the common land where everybody might come to see her, if everybody wished to do so, and where no law could prevent her from kneeling down. She did not hold any conversation with the apparition that was subversive of the government; the people were guilty of no disorder. There were evidently no grounds of proceeding against her under these heads.

As to prosecuting Bernadette for circulating "false news," it was already certain that no contradiction could be detected in her statements. It would be difficult to prove that she had been lying without attacking the very principle of supernatural appearances—a principle universally

admitted by the Catholic Church. And without an agreement with the higher magistracy of the state, a mere *procureur impérial* could not commence such a conflict.

In order to start proceedings, Bernadette must contradict herself at some future day, or her parents must derive some profit from her ecstasies, or the crowd must make some disturbance.

Any one of these things might happen.

From this hypothesis and the desire of realizing it, from this clear view of the matter on the part of the enemies of popular fanaticism, to the desire of laying snares for the child and the multitude, would have been only a step for the vulgar natures that are found in the lower regions of the official world. But M. Jacomet was a public officer, and the high moral standing of the police must put to flight all such suspicions. They are ill-disposed folk who believe in the existence of tempting agents.

XII.

The following morning, a large crowd gathered at the grotto before the sun had risen. Bernadette arrived, with that calm simplicity which did not change under threats or enthusiastic veneration. The sadness and anguish of the day before had left their traces on her countenance. She was afraid she should never more see the apparition, and yet she could not but hope.

She knelt humbly, holding in one hand her rosary and in the other a blessed taper, which some one had given her, or which she had herself brought.

The air was very still, and yet the small flame of the taper went no straighter to heaven than did the prayer of this little heart to the invisible realms whence the blessed apparition was wont to descend. For scarcely had the child prostrated herself in prayer when the ineffable beauty, whose return she so ardently invoked, appeared before her and rapt her out of herself. The august Queen of Paradise cast on the child a look of inexpressible tenderness, as if she loved her still more for the suffering that she had endured. The greatest, the most sublime, the most powerful of creatures, she, the Daughter, the Spouse, the Mother of God, seemed to wish to bind more closely and familiarly to herself this ignorant and unknown little shepherdess. She called her by name with that melodious voice which charms the listening choirs of angels.

"Bernadette!" said the divine Mother.

"Here I am," replied the child.

"I have something to tell you alone—a secret concerning yourself. Will you promise me not to repeat it to anybody else in the world?"

"I promise," said Bernadette.

The dialogue then continued, and entered on some profound mystery which it is not lawful or possible for us to solve.

Whatever it may have been, after this intimacy had been established, it pleased the Queen of Heaven to select this little one, who had suffered so much for her the day before, as an ambassadress on a special mission to men.

"And now, my child," said she to Bernadette, "go and tell the priests that I wish a chapel built on this spot." And, as she pronounced these words, her face and her gesture seemed to promise that she would bestow graces without number.

After this she disappeared, and the countenance of Bernadette resumed its former appearance, as evening

steals over the landscape when the sun has sunk below the horizon.

The crowd pressed around the lately transfigured child. All hearts were stirred. Everybody questioned her. But no one asked if she had seen the vision; for, at the moment of ecstasy, everybody was sure that the apparition was before her. They wished to learn what had been said. Each one endeavored to draw near enough to catch the child's own words.

"What did she say to you? What did the vision tell you?" This was the question on every lip.

"She told me two things—one for myself, and the other for the priests, and I am going straight to them," replied Bernadette, who had meanwhile begun to hasten toward Lourdes in order to deliver her message.

She was astonished that no one had heard the conversation or seen the "Lady." "The vision spoke loud enough to be heard, and I myself used an ordinary tone of voice," she said.

During the ecstasy, it had been noticed that the lips of the child moved, but this was all; not a word could be distinguished. In this mystic state, the senses are in some way spiritualized, and the realities which strike them are absolutely imperceptible to the gross organs of our nature, fallen from its supernatural state. Bernadette saw and heard; she herself spoke; and yet nobody around could distinguish the sound of her voice or the form of the apparition. Was Bernadette in error? No; she alone was right. She alone, spiritually aided by the grace of ecstasy, perceived for a time that which escaped all others; even as the astronomer by the aid of his telescope is able to contemplate some great and beautiful star which is invisible to ordinary eyes. When not in ecstasy, she saw nothing; just as the astronomer without his powerful instrument is as unable to discover the hidden star as anybody else.

XIII.

What was the strange secret of which Bernadette spoke, but the nature of which she was unwilling to reveal? What secret could exist between the Mother of the Creator of heaven and earth and the humble daughter of the miller Soubirous; between that radiant Majesty which is next to God, between the Queen of the eternal kingdom and the little shepherdess of the hills of Bartrès?

Assuredly we should not attempt to pry into it. Still, it is permitted us to admire the profound and delicate knowledge of the human heart which was shown by her who spoke with Bernadette, in prefacing the announcement of the public mission with which she was going to invest the child with words to be kept strictly secret. Favored in the eyes of all by marvellous visions, sent to God's own priests with a message from the other world, this young soul, lately so calm, so solitary and peaceful, was to be thrown suddenly into the midst of crowds and countless scenes of agitation. She was to be a mark for the contradiction of some, for the threats of others, for the raillery of many, and for the veneration of a still greater number. The day was to come when multitudes would dispute for shreds of her clothing as holy relics; when eminent and illustrious persons would kneel before her for her blessing; when a splendid church would be built, and countless throngs come in ceaseless pilgrimages and processions because of their belief in her word. Thus this poor girl was to be exposed to a terrible trial of her humility, in which she might lose all her simplicity and

candor, and the sweet and modest virtues which had flourished in her solitude. The very graces which she had received were to become a formidable danger, before which more than once souls highly honored by heaven have succumbed. St. Paul himself, after his visions, was tempted to pride, and needed an angel of Satan to buffet him to keep his heart in humility.

The Blessed Virgin wished to secure the little girl, whom she so especially loved, without permitting the angel of Satan to approach this lily of purity encircled by her favor. She did what a mother does when danger threatens her child. She draws it tenderly to her heart, and says, in a mysterious sentence softly murmured in its ear, "Do not be afraid: I am here." And, if she is obliged to leave it for an instant alone, she adds, "I am not going far: I am very near you, and you need only reach out your hand to catch mine." So our sweet Mother did to Bernadette. At the moment when the many temptations of the world and the snares of the devil sought to tear her away, she caught her up tenderly, wrapped her arms about her, and pressed her more lovingly than ever to her heart. Think of it, she, the Queen of Heaven, communicated a secret to this child of earth! This was to raise her up, to bring her near to her lips, to speak to her in a hushed voice; to give her a secure place of refuge, where none could ever come to annoy or harass.

A secret, given and received, creates between two souls the closest bond. To communicate a secret is to give an assured pledge of affection and confidence. It is to establish an enclosed sanctuary, a sacred trysting place. When some important personage has imparted to us a secret, we can no longer doubt his esteem. His friendship, by this act of confidence, takes up its abode within us, and becomes a constant guest, I might say, a permanent dweller. To think of this secret is almost to grasp his hand and feel his presence.

A secret confided by the Blessed Virgin to the miller's daughter would, therefore, become the strongest safeguard for the latter. This is not theology; the evidence of what we say is the testimony of every human heart.

PART III.

I

A GREAT many people accompanied Bernadette to the town to see what she would do.

The little girl followed the road which goes through Lourdes, and to its principal street; then, stopping, at the further end of the town, before the wall of a rustic garden, she opened its green-blind door, and approached the house within. The crowd, from a feeling of respect and propriety, remained outside in the street.

Humble and simple, with her patched clothes, and a little white *capulet* of coarse stuff on her head and shoulders, with no exterior sign of a mission from above, except perhaps the garb of poverty which our Lord has ennobled, the messenger of the heavenly Virgin who had appeared at the grotto was about to come before the venerable man who represented in this little place the indefectible authority of the Catholic Church.

Though it was still quite early, the curé of Lourdes had already said his office. As he listened for the first time to the poor shepherdess, so insignificant in the eyes of the world, so great probably in the sight of God, the words which he had read in the Introit and Gradual of the Mass that

day, *In medio ecclesiæ aperuit os ejus —Lingua ejus loquitur judicium—Lex Dei in corde ipsius*, may perhaps have occurred to him.

The Abbé Peyramale, though fully believing in the possibility of apparitions, since he was a faithful child of the church, nevertheless had some doubts as to the reality of the extraordinary vision which, according to the story of this little girl, was appearing on the banks of the Gave, in the grotto, until recently almost unknown, of the Massabielle rocks. The sight of one of her ecstasies would no doubt have convinced him; but he had only seen them through the eyes of others, and felt quite uncertain, first, as to the fact of the apparitions, and, this being granted, as to their divine character. The angel of darkness sometimes takes the form of an angel of light, and some hesitation is proper in regard to such matters. He also thought it best to test for himself the sincerity of the little seer; so that he received Bernadette with a very marked air of distrust, even amounting to severity.

Although he had, as we have said, kept aloof from the course of events, and had never in his life spoken to Bernadette, who was, besides, a recent accession to his flock, still he knew her by sight, some persons having shown her to him in the street a day or two before.

"Are not you Bernadette, the daughter of Soubirous the miller?" said he when she appeared before him. His tone was somewhat severe.

"Yes, your reverence," answered the humble messenger of the Holy Virgin.

"Well, Bernadette, what do you want of me? What have you come for?" answered he somewhat rudely, and fixing upon her a look the cold reserve and penetration of which were well calculated to disconcert a person who had not good grounds for confidence.

"Your reverence, I have been sent by the Lady who appears to me at the Massabielle grotto."

"Oh! yes," said the priest, interrupting her; "you pretend to have visions, and excite the whole country with your stories. What has been the matter with you, these last few days? What are all these extraordinary things which you tell about, but do not prove?"

Bernadette was pained by the severe and almost harsh manner in which the Abbé Peyramale, usually so good, fatherly, and kind to his parishioners, and especially to the children, had received her; and somewhat grieved at heart, but unconfused and with the quiet confidence of truth, she related simply what the reader already knows.

The curé was not blinded by his previous opinions. Accustomed by long experience to read the secrets of the heart, he admired the astonishing sincerity of this little peasant-girl, telling in her simple language of such wonderful events. In those clear eyes and that open face he saw the perfect innocence of a privileged soul. It was impossible for his noble and honest mind to hear such a truthful voice and see such pure features, where all spoke of goodness, without being inwardly inclined to believe the word of the child to whom they belonged.

Even the sceptics, as we have said, no longer accused her of insincerity. In her ecstasies, the truth of God seemed to illuminate and fill her entirely; and in her accounts of them, it seemed to radiate from her, warming the hearts of her hearers, and scattering like mist the confused objections of their minds. In short, this extraordinary child had, as it were, about her head a halo of sincerity,

visible to pure eyes, and even to others, and her word had the power of dispelling doubt at once.

In spite of the firm and decided character of M. Peyramale, and the strength of his previous distrust, his heart was strangely moved by the words of this Bernadette of whom he had heard so much, but to whose voice he now listened for the first time. Nevertheless, he had too much prudence and self-control to let himself be carried away by an impression which after all might be illusory. Besides, he was not merely a private person; as such he might have said, "I believe you;" but he was the pastor of a numerous flock, and the guardian of truth for them; and as such he had resolved to yield only to unquestionable proof. Accordingly, he carefully concealed his feelings, and maintained his cold and severe demeanor toward the child.

"You do not know, then, the name of this Lady?"

"No," said Bernadette; "she has not told it to me."

"Those who believe your stories," said the priest, "imagine that it is the Blessed Virgin Mary. But are you aware," added he in a threatening tone, "that, if you falsely pretend to see our Lady at this grotto, you are taking the sure means not to see her in the next world? You now say that she appears to you alone; but, if you are lying, others will hereafter really enjoy her presence, while you will be sent for your trickery, far away from her, to hell for all eternity."

"I do not know, your reverence," answered the child, "if it is the Blessed Virgin; but I see the vision as plainly as I see you now, and she speaks to me as distinctly as you have spoken. And the message which I was to bring you is that she wishes a chapel built to her at the Massabielle rocks, on the spot where she appears."

The curé looked at this little girl, communicating to him with such perfect confidence this formal request, and, notwithstanding his previous feelings, he could not help smiling a little at the humble and insignificant appearance of the supposed messenger of heaven. The idea that she might be deluded succeeded his former impression, and doubt again got the upper hand.

He asked Bernadette to repeat exactly the words which the Lady at the grotto had used.

"After having confided to me a secret which concerns me only, and which I cannot tell, she added, 'Now, go and tell the priests that I want them to build me a chapel here.'"

The curé was silent for a moment. "After all," he thought, "it is possible!" And the idea that the Mother of God might have sent a divine message to him, a poor unknown priest, filled him with deep emotion. Then, looking again at the child, he asked himself: "What guarantee can this little girl give me to prove that she is not deceived?"

Accordingly, he answered: "If the Lady of whom you speak is really the Queen of Heaven, I shall be most happy to do what I can toward building her a chapel; but your word gives me no assurance of this. I am not bound to believe you. I do not know who this Lady is, and, before taking any trouble about her request, I must know what right she has to make it. You must, therefore, ask her to give me some proof of her power."

Happening to look out of the window at the moment, he saw the shrubs in his garden stripped of their leaves in the temporary death of winter.

"The apparition, you tell me,"

said he, "stands upon a wild rose-bush. It is now February. Tell her from me that, if she wants the chapel, the rose-bush must bloom."

With this, he dismissed the child.

People very soon knew all the details of the dialogue which had occurred between Bernadette and the curé of Lourdes.

"He has given her the cold shoulder," said the philosophers and *savants* triumphantly. "He has too much sense to believe in the reveries of a visionary, and he has got out of his difficult position very skilfully. On the one hand, to sanction such absurdities was out of the question for a man of his intelligence; on the other, to have simply denied them would have brought all this fanatical crowd down upon him. Instead, however, of falling into either of these snares, he quietly slips out of the difficulty, and, without directly contradicting the popular belief, he adroitly asks for a visible, palpable, and certain proof of the apparition; in short, for a miracle—that is, for an impossibility. He forces the delusion to refute itself, and pricks this enormous balloon with the thorn of a rose-bush. A capital idea!"

Jacomet, M. Dutour, and their friends chuckled over the injunction thus served upon the invisible being at the grotto. "The apparition has been required to show its passport," was the favorite joke in official circles.

"The rose-bush will bloom," said the firm believers who were still under the impression produced by the sight of Bernadette's ecstasies. But a great many, though believing in the apparition, feared such a test. Such is the human heart; and the centurion in the Gospel represented most of us when he said, "I believe; O Lord! help thou my unbelief."

Both parties awaited eagerly the events of the next day.

II.

Some of those who had hitherto refrained, through a supreme disdain for superstition, from joining the multitude to examine the affair for themselves, now determined to go for the future to the grotto to witness the popular delusion. Among these was M. Estrade, the receiver of taxes whom we have mentioned, and who was present at the examination of Bernadette by Jacomet. It will be remembered that he had then been much impressed with her remarkable appearance of sincerity, and, not being able to doubt her good faith, had attributed her story to hallucination. Sometimes, however, this first impression was less vivid, so that he rather inclined to Jacomet's solution of the question, namely, that it was only a very well-acted farce or a sort of miracle of trickery. His philosophy, which rested on what he thought well-established principles, alternated between these two explanations, the only possible ones in his opinion; and his contempt for these extravagances and impostures was such that so far, in spite of his secret curiosity, he had made it a point of honor not to go to the Massabielle rocks. Nevertheless, he decided to go on this day, partly to be present at an unusual spectacle, partly to make his observations upon it, partly also out of politeness and to accompany his sister, who had become much interested in the matter, and some ladies in the vicinity. We received from his own mouth an account of his impressions, which certainly is not open to suspicion.

"I arrived at the grotto," said he, "very well disposed to examine the matter, and, to tell the truth, intending to enjoy a hearty laugh over the expected comedy. An immense crowd was gradually assembling

around these wild rocks. I wondered at the simplicity of all these ninnies, and laughed in my sleeve at the credulity of a number of pious women who were devoutly on their knees before the grotto. We got there quite early, and by good elbowing I was able, without very much difficulty, to secure a place in the front row. At the usual hour, about sunrise, Bernadette appeared. I was quite near her, and remarked in her childish features the character of sweetness, calmness, and innocence which had struck me some days before at the commissary's office. She kneeled down, naturally and quite unembarrassed, and not appearing to notice the surrounding crowd, exactly as if she had been in a church or in a lonely grove, far from all human gaze. She took out her rosary and began to pray. Soon her face seemed to receive and reflect a mysterious light; her eyes became fixed in wonder, rapture, and radiant joy upon the niche in the rock. I also immediately looked there, and saw nothing except the bare branches of the rose-bush. Notwithstanding, at the sight of the transfiguration of this child all my philosophical objections disappeared immediately, and gave place to an extraordinary feeling which took possession of me in spite of myself. I was certain that some mysterious being was there. My eyes did not see it, but my soul, as well as the souls of the many other spectators at this solemn moment, was fully convinced of its existence. Yes, I bear witness to the fact that a celestial being was there! Suddenly and entirely transfigured, Bernadette was no longer herself, but seemed like an angel from heaven. She had no longer the same countenance: a new intelligence, a new life, I was about to say a new soul, appeared in it. She seemed to have lost her identity. Her attitude, her least gestures, the way, for example, in which she made the sign of the cross, had a superhuman nobleness, dignity, and grandeur. Her eyes were wide open, as if they could not see enough; it seemed as if she was afraid even to wink, and so lose, even for an instant, the view of the wonderful vision before her. She smiled at the invisible being; and this heightened the idea of ecstasy which was given by her other actions. I was as much moved as the rest of the people present, and like them held my breath, to try and hear the conversation which was passing between the vision and the child. The latter was listening with an expression of the most profound respect, or, rather, with the most devout reverence combined with boundless love. Sometimes, however, a shade of sadness passed over her face, the usual expression of which was one of great joy. I noticed that occasionally for moments together she ceased to breathe. All the while she held her rosary in her hand, now motionless (for sometimes she seemed to forget it in contemplating the exalted being before her), now moving in her fingers. Every movement she made corresponded perfectly to the expression of her face, which was successively of prayer, wonder, and joy. Occasionally she made those pious, noble, and majestic signs of the cross of which I just now spoke. If signs of the cross are made in heaven, they must be like those of Bernadette in ecstasy. That gesture of the child, notwithstanding its real limitation, seemed in a certain sense to include the infinite.

"At one time, Bernadette advanced on her knees from the spot where she was praying, that is, from the bank of the Gave to the interior of

the grotto. While she was climbing this rather steep slope, those who were near heard her pronounce very distinctly the words, 'Penance! Penance! Penance!'

"A few moments afterward she rose, and returned to the town, accompanied by the crowd. She was now only a poor girl in rags, who did not seem to have had any more part than the rest in this wonderful scene."

Meanwhile the rose-bush had not bloomed. Its branches trailed along the rock as bare as before, and the multitude expected in vain the beautiful miracle for which their spiritual head had asked.

The belief of the faithful was, however, little disturbed; and, in spite of such an apparent protest of inanimate nature against supernatural interference, several distinguished men, among them the one whose account we have just given, were convinced by seeing the wonderful transfiguration of the little seer.

The crowd, as usual, examined the grotto thoroughly after the end of the vision and the departure of the child. Every one tried to find something extraordinary, but without success. It seemed to be nothing but a cave in the hard rock, and with a floor dry in all parts except at the entrance and also on the west side, where in stormy weather there was a temporary moisture.

III.

"Well, you saw her again to-day, did you, and what did she say?" asked the curé, when Bernadette came to his house on the way home from the grotto.

"Yes," said the child; "I saw the vision, and said, 'The curé wants you to give some proof, such as to make the rose-bush bloom which is under your feet, because my word is not enough for the priests, and they are unwilling to trust me alone.' At this she smiled, but did not say anything; and then cried to me, 'Penance! penance! penance!' which I repeated, going on my knees to the upper end of the grotto. There she told me another secret, which concerns me only, and disappeared."

"And what did you find at the end of the grotto?"

"I looked round after she had disappeared (for while she is present I can look at nothing else), but did not see anything, except the rock and a few little weeds which were growing in the earth."

The curé was puzzled. "We must wait," said he to himself.

That evening, he gave an account of this interview to his vicars and some priests of the neighborhood. They twitted him somewhat on the failure of his plans.

"If it is the Blessed Virgin, my dear sir," said they, "this smile on the presentation of your request seems a little awkward for you: irony from such a high quarter is rather uncomfortable."

The curé, however, got out of the difficulty with his usual presence of mind.

"The smile is in my favor," he replied. "The Blessed Virgin does not make fun of people. If my suggestion was a bad one, she would not have smiled. Her smile indicates approval."

IV.

The Abbé Peyramale's fine repartee certainly had some truth in it, but perhaps not quite as much as he thought. If he had thoroughly weighed the words which had immediately followed this smile, his profound sagacity would have suggested to him

the meaning which the poor little girl, though favored with such visions, was unable to give.

"Pray for sinners; do penance; ascend on your knees the steep and difficult slope which rises from the rapid and tumultuous waves of the torrent to the immovable rock, on which one of the sanctuaries of the church must be built"—these had been the orders of the apparition in answer to the request of the child; such had been her reply to the demand that the wild rose-bush should bloom, and was, in fact, a very plain explanation of the smile. Who does not see, upon reflection, the admirable meaning of this symbolic answer?

"What then? Have you nothing to ask of me, the Mother of God your Saviour, who went about doing good and comforting the afflicted, for a proof of my power, than such a trifling and temporary miracle as this, which the rays of my servant the sun will themselves accomplish in a few days? When the world is covered with innumerable sinners, indifferent or hostile to the law of God, when the wicked or deluded nations are drinking of the poisoned streams of this world which flow to the abyss; when, above all things, they need to climb on their knees the rough road which leads from the transitory and troubled life of the flesh to the eternal and peaceful life of the soul; when the salvation of so many that are straying, and the cure of so many that are sick, constantly occupy my maternal heart, can I give no better proof of my power and goodness than that of making roses bloom in mid-winter? Is it for such a vain sport as this I have been appearing to this child of earth, and opening to her my hands so full of graces and favors?"

Such, it seems to us, as far as weak man may presume to fathom and interpret such mysterious things, was the hidden meaning of the smile and of the commands by which the Mother of the human race answered the request of the pastor of Lourdes. God does not think it worth while, especially in such needy and disastrous times, to use his omnipotence for frivolous prodigies which only strike the eye; for ephemeral miracles, which would pass away before night and be destroyed by the first rude breath of wind. He wishes to do things which are useful and good; his miracles are always benefits. When he wishes to establish something for ever, he rests it upon a perpetual foundation which ages cannot wear away.

But what was the meaning of the order given to Bernadette to go on her knees up the grotto till the rock met the ground? No one could imagine; and before this dry rock no one remembered that, since the synagogue slew itself in trying to slay Jesus, the Rod of Moses had passed into the hands of the Christian people.

The curé of Lourdes, in spite of his great intelligence, did not immediately see the explanation of these things which the future was to make so clear. The decided doubt which he still entertained of the reality of the apparition prevented him from revolving with sufficient attention the various circumstances of this last scene at the grotto, and from having for them that clear insight which he usually had for the things of God.

Meanwhile, the freethinkers of the place, though somewhat disconcerted by the conversions which had occurred that very day at the cliffs of Massabielle on account of the remarkable brilliancy of the transfiguration of Bernadette, nevertheless exulted extremely over the disappointment of the faithful regarding the pretty proof which the Abbé Peyramale had asked. They praised him more than ever for having required a miracle. "Jaco-

met," said they, "awkwardly undertook to kill the apparition; the curé has much more skilfully forced it to kill itself." Unable to understand the loyal simplicity of an impartial wisdom which asked for evidence before either believing or denying, they called his prudence cunning, and imagined a snare in the simple and natural request of an honest mind in search of truth. They evidently came very near conferring upon the venerable pastor of Lourdes the honor, very distinguished, perhaps, but certainly quite undeserved, of being reckoned as one of their number.

v.

The honorable M. Jacomet seemed, meanwhile, to be disgusted with himself that he had not yet exposed the imposture, and destroyed, single-handed, this rising superstition. He racked his brains to discover the key to the enigma, for he began to see clearly, from the very demand of the curé, that the clergy had nothing to do with the affair. He had to deal, then, only with the little girl and her parents. He had no doubt that, somehow or other, he would yet be able to arrive at the truth in the matter.

Whenever Bernadette went out into the street, a crowd gathered around her; they stopped her at every step, every one wanting to hear from her own mouth all the particulars relating to the apparition. Some, among whom was the eminent lawyer M. Dufo, sent for and questioned her. They could not resist the secret power which living truth gave to her words.

Many people called every day on the Soubirous to hear Bernadette's own account of the visions. She surrendered herself obediently and pleasantly to this incessant questioning, and evidently understood that to testify what she had seen and heard was for the present her special office and duty.

In a corner of the room where the visitors were received, there was a little chapel, adorned with flowers, medals, and religious pictures, and crowned by a statue of the Blessed Virgin; the whole presenting quite an elegant appearance, and showing the piety of the family. The rest of the apartment presented a spectacle of most grievous destitution; a bed, a few broken chairs, a rickety table, were all the furniture of this room where people came for information about the magnificent hidden things of heaven. Most of the visitors were struck and moved to pity by the sight of such extreme poverty, and could not resist the temptation to offer an alms or at least some souvenirs to these poor people. But both the child and her parents uniformly refused, and in such a way that it was impossible to urge the matter.

Among these visitors were some strangers stopping in the town. One of these came, one evening, after the crowd of the day had left, and there was only a neighbor or a relative seated at the hearth. He questioned Bernadette carefully, going into all the details, and seeming to take an extraordinary interest in her story. His enthusiasm and faith showed themselves continually by exclamations of sympathy. He congratulated the little girl on having received so great a favor from heaven, but pitied the want which was so evident.

"I am rich," said he; "let me help you."

As he said this, he laid on the table a purse which was seen to be full of gold.

A blush of indignation rose to Bernadette's cheek.

"I want no money," said she sharply." "Take it back." And so saying, she pushed the purse toward the stranger.

"It is not for you, my child," said he, "but for your parents, who are in want, and whom you cannot wish to forbid me to aid."

"Neither we nor Bernadette want anything," said the father and mother.

"You are poor," insisted the visitor. "I have incommoded you, and am specially interested in you. It must be through pride that you refuse me."

"No, sir, it is not; but we really wish to receive nothing — nothing whatever. Take back your money."

The stranger had to do so, and left, not being able to conceal an expression of extreme disappointment.

Where did this man come from, and who was he? Was he really a sympathizing benefactor, or a cunning tempter? We cannot say. The police was, however, so well organized at Lourdes that M. Jacomet may, perhaps, have known more about the matter.

If so, and if, by one of those strange coincidences which are sometimes met with in the police department, the shrewd commissary learned that same evening the particulars of this interview between Bernadette and the mysterious stranger, he must have concluded that snares and temptations were as useless against this extraordinary child as captious words and violent threats. The difficulty of the situation continually increased for this man, though he was so able and expert in purely human matters. If the impossibility of involving Bernadette in the least contradiction in her story had surprised him, her absolute disinterestedness and the firmness of her refusal of the gold purse must have surprised him beyond measure.

Such conduct might, indeed, have been explained on police principles, if the demand for a visible, miraculous proof, the impossible blooming of a rose-bush, made by the curé, had not shown unquestionably that the clergy had no concealed influence in the affair. But on the part of Bernadette and her parents, standing alone, in want even of the necessaries of life, and deriving no advantage from the popular enthusiasm and credulity, it was quite unaccountable.

Had the little girl invented the imposture to secure an idle reputation? It could hardly be so; for, besides such ambition seeming very improbable in a mere shepherdess, how could the absolute consistency of her story be explained, and also the fact that her disinterestedness was shared by the members of her family, all so poor, and therefore so naturally inclined to profit by the blind faith of the multitude?

M. Jacomet, however, was not a man to recoil before a few insurmountable objections; and he therefore confidently waited the course of events, not doubting that a triumph, all the more glorious for the previous difficulties, was in store for him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INVASION OF ROME.

SINCE our last number was issued, Rome has been captured by the troops of Victor Emmanuel; and the Pope, although treated with a certain external respect, has become virtually as much a prisoner in his palace as is Louis Napoleon in the castle of Wilhelmshöhe, or as Pius VII. was at Savona. We cannot, in consistency with our duty as Catholic publicists, refrain from making our solemn protest against this most unjust and wicked violation of all public law and right, this intolerable outrage upon the Catholic people of the whole world. It is the duty of every good and true Catholic, and of the Catholic people collectively in every country, to make this protest in the most distinct and efficacious manner possible, and to make use of all lawful means to restore the Sovereign Pontiff to the possession and peaceful exercise of that royalty which belongs to him by the most legitimate titles, and which is necessary to the free and unimpeded jurisdiction of his spiritual supremacy over the Catholic Church, as well as to the political tranquillity of Christendom.

Victor Emmanuel has taken this final step in his career of crime, we believe, unwillingly, against his own personal wishes and those of several members of his family. The most eager and determined promoter of the movement among those nearest to his throne has all along been Prince Humbert; and, had it not been for this circumstance, it is probable that the old king would have resigned the crown to his son before this time. The unfortunate monarch appears to have made a sincere effort to repent at the time of his late dangerous illness, and no doubt has been ever since that time shuddering at the thought of incurring again the terrible censures which weighed so heavily on his soul during all the time of his greatest apparent conquests and successes; but the power which he himself had evoked has been still behind him pressing him forward to an act that is only the legitimate completion of the nefarious enterprise in which his entire reign has been occupied. He was obliged to move on at the head of the revolution, or be crushed by its advance; and, like all those who are cowards both toward God and the devil, he does the bidding of the one reluctantly and apologizes timidly to the other. The occasion of seizing upon Rome has been the absence of any power ready and able to prevent it, the pretext the necessity of keeping order in the Pontifical States, the determining motive of the king and his ministers fear of a revolution in Italy; and the cause of the whole movement from beginning to end, the wild enthusiasm of the party of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and all the adepts or dupes of "Madre Natura" for a revival of the old Roman republic. Victor Emmanuel and the Italian kingdom are merely tools used for the purpose of preparing the way for the Roman republic. On the principle of the revolution which Victor Emmanuel has headed, he has no right to the throne, excepting that which he receives from the will of the Italian people. They have never really had the chance of expressing their will. The *plebiscitum* is a farcical scene in a great tragi-comic drama. We would like to

know what show of consistency Victor Emmanuel or any of the kings who countenance his farcical *plebiscitum* can present to the world? Let Victor Emmanuel grant a free vote to all Italians on the form of government and the persons who are to administer it, Victoria grant another to Ireland, Spain to the Cubans, Prussia to Schleswig-Holstein, Alsatia, and Lorraine, Russia and Prussia to Poland, Baden to the two-thirds of her population oppressed in the freedom of their religion by the Protestant and infidel one-third, and the people everywhere be authorized to regulate their own interests by direct suffrage, and there will be some show of consistency in the pretension that the question of the Papal Sovereignty should be decided by a vote of the people of the Pontifical States. Meanwhile, we know what value there is in the high-sounding words which are used to cover up usurpation, military conquest, the law of the bayonet, and the right which is made by might, the only one which at present is respected in Europe.

We do not believe that Victor Emmanuel has saved himself from a Mazzinian outbreak by his seizure of Rome, and we look to see his throne very shortly swept away by a tide of revolution which is likely to rise throughout Europe. It will be impossible to suppress this revolution without a combination of all the monarchs for mutual support and protection. And this coalition will have no force or cohesion unless they replace, which they are sure to do, the keystone of the political arch, the sovereignty of the Pope, in its place, with much stronger guarantees of being respected than it has hitherto had. We do not wish to be understood, however, as placing the cause of the Pope in juxtaposition with that of the European monarchs and in opposition to the revolution in such a sense as to identify the sovereign rights of the Holy Father in his legitimate kingdom with the oppression and tyranny exercised by kings and their ministers, or to represent them as hostile to any just demands of the people in any state for a redress of wrongs and grievances. We sustain the rights of authority and legitimate government against the revolution, but not the wrongs inflicted by an abuse of authority and misgovernment upon the people, who are oppressed in their daily life, and dragged to slaughter on the battle-field for the sake of the selfish, ambitious projects of their rulers. We hope to see, as the result of the settlement of the political order of Europe which will follow the epoch of war and revolution lately commenced and now in progress, the rectification of the wrongs of Ireland, Poland, and every other portion of Christendom which has wrongs to be redressed. We trust, moreover, that all legitimate national aspirations may have free scope to realize themselves in the order of national prosperity and glory. In particular, we desire to see these aspirations in the bosom of the noble Italian people reconciled with their Catholic principles and sentiments, and complete harmony established between the temporal and political order in Italy and the Holy See, so that improvement and development in arts, commerce, and every branch of social and civil well-being may go hand in hand with the renovation of that religion which alone can give Italy in any respect that primacy among the nations which is claimed by her proud and ambitious champions. We rejoice in the fact that the period of Austrian domination in Italy has ceased. We trust that in future the Holy Father will not be exposed to those unjust

and violent aggressions made upon his states by marauding hordes or regular troops, tacitly or avowedly sent by an Italian government, which will make it necessary for him to call on other nations for military defence. In so far as the solution of the general European problem, how to provide a safeguard for the rights of the people without overthrowing established governments, is concerned, we are inclined to approve of the policy which favors a more extensive grant of direct suffrage to the people themselves. This is the policy of the Catholic leaders in Belgium and Baden, and has been recently advocated by the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, and the *Westminster Gazette* of London. It is known to have the approbation of Mgr. Von Ketteler, of Mainz, and other prelates of distinction. The abuse of power by cabinets, bureaucracies, and legislatures representing only certain classes often the most corrupt in the community, and the tyranny exercised over the church and the religious liberty of the people by these absolute, irresponsible authorities, appear to make this measure necessary. So far as the church is concerned, it is a movement toward casting her cause and the protection of her rights in Catholic countries upon the Catholic sentiments of the people, relying upon the influence of the clergy and the laity who are in leading positions to instruct, animate, and guide these sentiments in the right direction. In non-Catholic countries, Catholics cannot determine questions of this sort; and where this general right of suffrage gives the people a decisive voice on all great interests of the nation, the church can only appeal, as she does in our own country, to the common sense of justice and equity, a safer reliance, oftentimes, than the justice of a Russian emperor or an Austrian premier.

But, to return to the immediate question of Rome, we deny altogether that the subjects of the sovereign pontiff have had any grievances to be redressed, or any need of the interference of any power or of any guarantee for their civil and social rights. The paternal sovereignty of the Pope is a far better guarantee for them than suffrage or elective legislatures can be for any other people. It is, moreover, just as incompatible with the necessary independence of the Vicar of Christ that he should be controlled by a legislative assembly as that he should be subject to a king. We do not admit the validity of any *plebiscitum* against his sovereign rights, even if freely and fairly taken, much less as taken under the existing circumstances. The miserable rhodomontade of the papers about the oppression of the Roman people is not worthy of a moment's serious attention; and the vituperative language which has been used concerning the gallant little band of Pontifical Zouaves is simply disgraceful. It was a necessity in itself to be regretted that the Pope was obliged to recruit his army outside of his own dominions. But the whole blame of the necessity lies at the door of Victor Emmanuel and the revolutionary leaders. These foreign soldiers of the pontifical army were to a great extent noblemen and gentlemen of the best families in Europe. The remainder were young men of respectable character and position; and there has never yet been seen a military corps which could compare with them for high morality and exemplary piety, or surpass them in soldierly qualities. They have served the Holy Father at great personal inconvenience and sacrifice, many of them at the cost of their blood and their lives. The expenses of this noble little army have been contributed by the faithful and loyal Catholics of all

countries from a pure religious zeal. Whether the writers for the press, whose delicate sense of honor, veracity, and disinterestedness the world can appreciate, are justified in calling these men *mercenaries*, we leave all candid persons to judge. They were ready and anxious to lay down their lives in defence of the city and the Successor of St. Peter. The Holy Father, very rightly, would not permit them to do more than make a merely formal resistance to the overwhelming force of the Italian army. But, although God has not permitted them to be successful, and has apparently allowed the generous offerings of treasure and personal service devoted to his cause by the loyal children of the Holy Roman Church to be wasted, they are not really thrown away. In some other way, and by other instruments, God will rescue and restore the centre and capital of Christendom. And the generous services of Lamoricière, Pimodan, Alcantara, Watts Russell, Nantueil, Kantzler, La Charrette, and their companions in arms who have died nobly or fought bravely for the Holy See, will ever be held in grateful honor and remembrance by Catholics for all time.

The anti-Catholic press, both religious and secular, follows its natural instinct by seizing on a moment like the present to pour forth its revilings and utter its cries of triumph over Rome and the Catholic religion. That waning sect, calling itself by the gross misnomer of "the Evangelical Church," tries to console itself for the *fiasco* of its great "Alliance," which has just failed to assemble in New York, by a delusive vision of great things they are to do in Rome and Italy. Have they forgotten what their greatest man of the century has written? "We now lament over the downfall of the Evangelical Church, as Daniel over the Chaldaic desolations. But who of us would continue this complaint, if the Lord had made all new, and abolished all outward churches? Who would, indeed, bewail the loss of the corpse from which the spirit had departed?"* These words were, perhaps, spoken of the Evangelical Church of Germany, but they are applicable everywhere. The Pseudo-Evangel of Luther and Calvin is a dead letter, held in no account either by the one or the other of the two great parties contending for the mastery of the world—Catholicity and infidelity. The Italians do not care a rush for this counterfeit gospel. Their choice lies between Pius IX. and Mazzini—the open following of Christ, or the open following of Satan. Utter your feeble threats and outcries, then, in lieu of argument, reason, manly and honorable discussion of great principles, of which you are afraid, but you will remain unheeded either by the church or the world. These outcries have been heard before, and you will again have to submit to that "sickness of hope deferred" to which you are so well accustomed. Again you will have to wait for that which will never come, the fulfilment of your long prayer that the Lord will destroy that church which he himself established to last through time and eternity.

As for the purely secular press, it is in vain to attempt to discuss principles, doctrines, or maxims which are derived from supernatural faith with its conductors. They recognize nothing except temporal and material facts and interests. They have nothing to say to us when we announce the unchangeable principles of the Catholic Church, except to repeat certain *banalités* like this, that we live in a world of ideas which has passed away with the Middle Ages. Whether the secular ideas or the Catholic ideas

* Hengstenberg, *Christol.* vol. ii. p. 295. Eng. Transl. by R. Keith, D.D. Washington, 1839.

are true and real, we will not dispute at present. We simply affirm that they are irreconcilable. Mazzini has well said that a Catholic who attempts to reconcile what is called the liberalism of the age—by which is meant that series of maxims condemned by Pius IX. in the Encyclical of 1864—with Catholic principles, attempts to reconcile two irreconcilables. He is perfectly right. It is well that both those who believe and those who do not believe in the Catholic Church, should understand clearly on what ground Catholics do and must take their stand. It is a ground far above that of changing human opinions, parties, and interests. It is faith in the word of Christ, the Son of God. He has established his church on the Rock of Peter, and promised it perpetuity. Rome is the See of Peter, which it is certain no power but that of the Pope can transfer to another place, and almost certain that even his supreme power cannot transfer. There is not the slightest probability that he ever will transfer it willingly, and surely Catholic Christendom has not become so utterly degenerate as to permit him to be driven from it by force. The Pope and the Catholic Episcopate have declared the civil sovereignty of the Holy Father necessary to the due exercise of his rightful spiritual supremacy. It is, therefore, because of the promise of Jesus Christ, the King over all kings and nations, that we rely on his supernatural providence to restore the Sovereign Pontiff to his throne. We are willing to risk everything upon our faith, and to leave Almighty God to justify this confidence by taking care of his own cause in his own time and manner. If our faith and confidence are baseless, then Catholics are, as St. Paul says, of all men most miserable, and, we venture to add, most foolish. But, if they are well founded, we leave all those who choose to make the attempt of prevailing against the Rock of Peter to consider what they are, out of what gates they have come, and into what gates they will in the end be driven back.

To our Holy Father, Pius IX., the Vicar of Jesus Christ, we offer most humbly and affectionately our filial sympathy in his grievous trials, and pledge to him anew our unreserved devotion, fidelity, and spiritual allegiance. We trust that we may count on the universal concurrence of the Catholics of the United States in this protestation, and that our glorious Pontiff will find all the consolation which his august soul can desire from the filial piety and obedience of his American children.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, FOR THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1871. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street.

What's in a name? Generally speaking, nothing; exceptionally, something; but with special reference to the little work now before us for examination and review, very much indeed. Considered as an almanac, pure and simple, we have, of course, calendars, meteorological tables, etc.—in short, all the astronomical features of the year 1871. As

a Family Almanac, it is all that could be desired. Its table of contents shows that the compiler had an eye to the needs of the reading public, for while every one may not be equally satisfied with the Almanac as a whole, yet we venture to assert that there is no one who can say with truth, after its perusal, that something has not been met with peculiarly adapted to his taste. Finally, it is eminently Catholic; its articles, original and selected, range from the earliest ages of the church to the present day, and embrace anecdote, historical incident, and personal reminiscence of many lands.

To the illustrations, over thirty in number, we would especially call attention. The very fine and appropriate headings to each month in the calendar—a new feature—deserve special commendation. Of St. Peter's at Rome, now perhaps more than ever an object of tender solicitude to every Catholic heart, we have three views, two exterior and one interior; the great cathedral at Milan furnishes two illustrations, and both churches are fully described in the letterpress.

A correct picture of what it is intended the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, shall be when completed, furnishes the text for a fine specimen of descriptive condensation, exhaustive and concise. From the new *Life of St. Patrick*, now being published by "The Catholic Publication Society," we have two pictures, "The Synod of Clerics" and "St. Patrick before King Laeghaire." We have also lifelike portraits of Bishop England; of Dr. Challoner; of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., the first priest known to have visited New York Island; and of Father Gabriel Richard, who, in addition to the "Rev." he was entitled to write before his name as a priest, could also prefix "Honorable," he being a delegate to Congress from the then Territory of Michigan. Besides these, the more prominent illustrations, there are several others, all faithfully illustrative of the text.

The reading matter is a judicious admixture of the useful and the agreeable, the pleasant and the edifying. Of useful information, we have rates of "Postage," "Stamp Duties," "The Value of Foreign Money," "A Table of Distances from New York to principal Cities in the United States," as well as many other important statistics. We have biographical sketches of Mesdames de la Peltrie and Champlain, of Bishop England, Fathers Jogues and Richard, which deserve special mention, as filling, in some measure, a want long felt, the familiarizing the youth of our country with the lives of the pioneers of Catholicity on this continent. Many of our people are yet comparatively unacquainted with the fact that the Catholic Church in America, though young in years, has a glorious record—a history and a tradition of its own.

The articles entitled "The Catholic Church throughout the World," "Nationality of the Members of the Council of the Vatican," "Statistics of Emigration" and "Religious Population of Ireland," are tables no less valuable than interesting. One peculiar feature of this Almanac is the article on "Higher Educational Institutions." From the 160 institutions of which returns are published, the following statistics are given:

"COLLEGES, ETC.

"Of the 49 colleges, the statistics of which we have before us, there are 555 professors; 248 priests; 7,167 pupils; and 205,000 volumes of books in their libraries. The oldest college in the United States is that at Georgetown, D. C., founded in 1792, and there have been two new colleges established in 1870. The largest number of books in any library is in that of Georgetown College, being 33,000 volumes, and the smallest number is 200 volumes. The largest number of pupils in any college is 500, and the smallest number 21.

"ACADEMIES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

"We have received returns from 111 of these institutions, from which we deduce the following statistics: Number of teachers, 1,211; number of sisters, 2,497; number of pupils 12,027, and number of volumes in their libraries, 64,587. The largest number of pupils in any institution is 435,

and the smallest, 17. The largest library in any one institution contains 15,000 volumes—that of the Sacred Heart Academy, St. Charles, Mo., and the smallest contains only 100 volumes. Many of the institutions, being lately established, have not had time to get libraries. The oldest institution is St. Joseph's Academy, Emmittsburg, Md., established in 1809, and we find two or three new ones established in 1870.

"From these returns, imperfect as they are, it will be seen there are engaged in teaching the higher branches of education in 160 establishments, 1,746 professors and instructors; 2,760 priests and sisters; with about 20,000 pupils. In all these institutions we find over 270,000 volumes of books. Had we received complete returns, we should have been able to show that we are educating over 30,000 young men and women in the higher branches every year, with a proportionate increase of professors and teachers."

The article on "Catholic Tracts" gives us an insight into the working of that quiet, unobtrusive, yet most efficient aid to the spread of Catholicity known as "The Catholic Publication Society." That our readers may get some idea of the immense amount of good that must result from the dissemination of these tracts, we make the following extract:

"The first Catholic tract of 'The Catholic Publication Society' was issued in May, 1866, and was contributed by Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore. Since that time the Society has issued, at intervals more or less apart, forty-five tracts.

"Of these tracts, there have been *two and one-quarter millions* (2,250,000) printed by the Society, and tens of thousands have been distributed gratis in the city prisons, in the penitentiary, workhouse, hospitals, and other places in this city; and in the State prisons at Sing Sing and Clinton, in this State. Besides these, the Society supplies tracts to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for the school-ships, and all the Government vessels departing for the various squadrons. A large number of tracts have been sent to stations of the army in South Carolina, Texas, New Mexico, and to some of the 'soldiers' homes,' where wounded and disabled or infirm soldiers are taken care of, many of whom, in fact the majority, are Catholics."

"The Society sells these tracts at 50 cents per hundred; and has packages of the assorted tracts containing 100 always done up ready for delivery. For every hundred tracts sold by the Society for 50 cents, there is a loss of about 4 cents, as these tracts cost, on an average, over 54 cents for every hundred published. Therefore, when the Society receives an order to send 100 tracts by mail—and it gets several such orders every day—it actually loses *fourteen cents*, as the postage (ten cents) must be paid by the Society, and in no case so far has the person ordering tracts added the cost of postage to the price of them. Taking this loss into account, with the actual loss in manufacturing them, and thousands that are distributed gratis to the institutions mentioned above, it amounts to several thousand dollars per year. The Society is, therefore, in the full sense of the word, doing a missionary work, and it appeals to all Catholics, clergy and laity, to aid this great work by liberal contributions."

The last article, "Catholic Chronology of the United States, from Sept., 1869, to Sept., 1870," occupies six pages. It is a record of important events in the history of the church in this country, and, if kept up from year to year, will prove invaluable for future reference. From it we learn that

"One archbishop and fifty-four priests died; four bishops were consecrated, and ninety-six priests were ordained; twenty-five churches were begun, and forty-one were dedicated to the service of Almighty God."

An almanac nowadays is a necessity. Every family must have one. Of almanacs available for English-speaking Catholics, there were heretofore but two kinds — one, distributed broadcast over the land free of charge, yet highly objectionable, being merely an advertising medium for quack medicines; the other—the political almanac, by which astute politicians sought to disseminate their peculiar views. Hence the want of an almanac such as the one before us has been long and sensibly felt, and hence, also, its almost unexampled success.

That *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac* requires but to be known to be appreciated, and that it will be eventually found in the household of every Catholic in the United States, is evident from the following facts furnished us by the publisher: Of the Almanac for 1869, the first issued, but 5,000 were sold; that for 1870, 25,000 were sold; while for 1871, an edition of 50,000 copies is being printed—orders having already been received from our more prominent Catholic booksellers for 25,000 copies, while the balance will not more than supply the hundreds of small dealers throughout the country and the thousands who will individually order single copies.

We have written thus of the Almanac for 1871 because almanacs are an unequalled vehicle for circulating information; and the majority of

the almanacs heretofore and at present in use were and are, if not objectionable in point of faith, highly so on the score of morality. We regard this great medium for the dissemination of reading matter, which will at once instruct and elevate, as too important not to be used in the service of our holy religion. To accomplish this praiseworthy end, we know of no means so efficient as a widespread circulation of *The Catholic Family Almanac* for 1871.

LIVES OF THE IRISH SAINTS, from St. Patrick down to St. Lawrence O'Toole. By D. P. Conyngham. With an introduction by Rev. Thos. S. Preston. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This new contribution to the Catholic literature of the day has many good qualities, which will doubtless ensure it an extensive and hearty reception from the public. It contains biographical sketches of sixty-four of the best known and most revered saints of Irish birth, in addition to that of the great Apostle, written, as a general rule, with much judgment and clearness of style. These sketches are chronologically arranged in regular order, from the fifth to the thirteenth centuries, by which method the unity of the whole series is preserved, and an epitome of the history of the Irish Church during that period is presented to the reader. Most of the information contained in the book can be found elsewhere, in some instances in more elaborate and detailed form, but so scattered as to be beyond the reach of the general class of readers. The author states that he has endeavored to eliminate from the former biographies of the holy men whose piety and zeal in the service of the church have given to their native land her proudest of titles, *Insula Sanctorum*, all mere matters of fable and traditional exaggeration, and he has accomplished his purpose with reasonable success; still we occasionally notice in his pages some statements gravely made, as if founded on historical facts, which, when examined closely, are found to be based on very unreliable authority. The discovery of America by the celebrated voyager, St. Brendan, may or may not be a fact; but, as it does not seem at all probable, we must require more than the authority of Northern ballads and local traditions before believing it. The sketch of St. Patrick is well written, but of course contains nothing new; and that of the greatest missionary of native birth, St. Columba, is remarkably well conceived, and delineated with a heartiness and spirit that show the author to have been fully in earnest at his work. Mr. Conyngham, apparently, does not aim at great originality, and seldom allows his imagination to lead him away from the dry facts of the matter in hand; but each biography is written in a plain, straightforward style, with just enough variety of diction to render the whole work pleasing without lessening its historical value.

THE PRINCES OF ART: PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ENGRAVERS. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

These really charming sketches of the princes of art, so-called, have that graceful excellence in which the French, through an instinct of courtesy, certainly excel. Without the slightest air of condescension, it is taken for granted by the author that not only children and young people, but many well-read people, and certainly many intelligent and appreciative people, who have a wish to know something more of pictures, and statues, and artists than is generally within their reach, may be a little uncertain as to the exact difference between cartoons and sketches, frescoes and easel pictures, oil and distemper. The introduction gives satisfactory explanations of such important differences; important not only in themselves, but for an intelligent enjoyment of this and of every other work upon art. This amiable

and courteous spirit of the introduction goes through the book. The biographical records are enlivened by incidents happily chosen, and related with so much vivacity that no one can help being pleased, especially as all exaggerations have been avoided. One instance, however, must be named as an exception to this prevailing intuition. We do remember reading, when very young, that Correggio was paid for his masterpieces at Parma in copper money, and that the carrying of this coarse coin overtasking his strength, enfeebled by want and anxiety, he died of a fever brought on by fatigue. But for many years we have regarded this as one of the distorted anecdotes of the painters. Kugler does not hesitate to call it "a fable;" and he also refutes the assertion that Correggio was self-taught. The story of his death might pass without any special comment; but to call such a master as Correggio "self-taught," when he lived in the very paradise of artists, and after Italy had produced her marvels in fresco and oil, is to give an impression unfavorable to the real object of the book; which, if we do not mistake, is to show forth the excellence of genius, assisted by good instruction, and under influences favorable to its development, together with those dispositions which adorn it, and without which even genius itself will be unsuccessful. It is admitted that Correggio never went to Rome; but the artist who received his first instructions in the school of Mantegna (Francesco), and had for his teacher Francisco Bianchi Ferrari, of the old Lombard school, and who "was influenced by the works of Leonardo da Vinci," cannot be called a self-taught artist. An artist, at the present day, would be considered anything but self-taught after enjoying such instructions and coming under such sublime influences. This instance of adopting a popular exaggeration is noticeable in *The Princes of Art* from its singular isolation. In all the other sketches, we remarked with pleasure the extreme care taken to state nothing which would throw unnecessary odium on the imperfections of genius. This delicacy of treatment can hardly be too much prized, especially in a book adapted to popular taste.

We missed from the table of contents many names which we have been accustomed to think essential to any enumeration of great masters, or to any work treating of the history and progress of art. But we remembered that these artists, whom we had learned to reverence as well as admire, were not *princes*, but *priests* of art, and perhaps they had no place among the brilliant favorites of emperors, kings, and courts. Giotto, Andrea Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Hubert and John von Eyck, Mascaccio, Perugino, Bellini, Holbein, in painting, and Nicola Pisano in sculpture, Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro in architecture—what triumphs in the history of art do not their very names bring to mind; and how incomplete, how superficial, is that view of art which leaves utterly out of sight these noble and consecrated spirits who stood at the pure fountain-head of celestial inspiration! True to its title of *The Princes of Art*, it has left the priests of art to oblivion, as if they were not all members of the one grand hierarchy. But for so singular and uncalled for an omission, we should have no hesitation in recommending this pleasant work as a text-book to Catholic schools. One can scarcely forgive such an oversight, inasmuch as it completely reverses the philosophy of art, by leaving the reader to draw an inference, from the silence of the author, against those artists who have preserved, in their highest purity, the Christian traditions. The neglect cannot be excused by pleading "French ideas," so long as the burning protests of Montalembert against modern abuses, and the fruits of Rio's studious researches into the

most sacred retreats of devotional art, stand forth to contradict the superficial, mannered judgment of too many French writers. Very seldom, unfortunately, do the eloquent sentences, lighted up by the noblest religious enthusiasm, of Montalembert and Rio come unadulterated before the American public. Mrs. Jameson acknowledges her indebtedness to them for some of the very best of her good things; but, instead of a good translation of their choice works, we see, in the hands of every youth and girl who wishes to know something about this glorious subject, those diabolical treatises issued from the French press, under specious titles and brilliant artistic prestige, which make one feel that art is—not from God, but from the devil; not the handmaid of the church, of religion, of patriotism, and of all the sweet emotions of an innocent society, but of Satan. The book before us is intended to strike the "golden mean" between æsthetic and materialistic art. It has succeeded according to its own standard; but by this standard art is deprived of its crown-jewels and its royal seal. There is no longer any certitude of noble judgment, any tribunal of condemnation, any guiding-star of a supreme excellence. It is not enough to know there were great masters in this age or that, or to know what pictures they painted, or which of these pictures were most richly rewarded by their princely patrons; but every child should know, and every one who reads a book upon art should know, what was the inspiration of those artists, whence came the motives of their pictures, and in what their essential, indestructible glory consists; not only to enable them to have some judgment as to the relative excellence or greatness of the "old masters," but to have a rule by which to judge of the genuine excellence or greatness of the works of to-day. It is the misfortune of the present time that it has no mental standard by which the excellences or charms of a work of art, produced under our own eyes, can be judged. Therefore a great and noble work of modern art—great and noble in motive—is very likely to be utterly misunderstood, whereas works of an inferior range are easily understood and eagerly applauded. The only "ounce of prevention" to this growing evil is to be administered through just such entertaining books as *The Princes of Art*, which, not as an addition or appendage to other excellences, but as a permeating and inseparable quality, shall possess the key of all true criticism—which is the *religion* of art.

The Princes of Art, very properly, brings forward Michael Angelo as a sculptor rather than as a painter. Sculpture was his predilection, painting was forced upon him; and this explains all the charges brought against his pictures. Raphael was, by predilection, a painter; and Michael Angelo and Raphael can no more be compared than the granite peak or snow-clad summit of a mountain range can be compared with the shifting, flushing clouds of sunrise or sunset floating above it in celestial beauty. There is no surer proof of an utter misunderstanding of both artists than a comparison of their merits.

If it is hard to forgive an author for suppressing certain grand names on the list of masters, it is equally hard to excuse a publisher of the present day for imposing inferior engravings upon a work treating directly of artists and of art. If there is one class of books which, above all others, should be well and even beautifully illustrated, it is that class bearing, in any way, upon the art of representation. There is something pointedly ungrateful in putting into such a book as *The Princes of Art* crude or indifferent pictures—blotted caricatures of heads worthy of the choicest skill of the graver. In these days, however, any edition of *Mother Goose* is supposed to pay for new and daintily executed illustra-

tions, better than the lives of the greatest saints, the incidents of which have inspired some of the noblest pictures in the world, or the lives of those artists who have brought pictorial culture to the door of the humblest dwelling in the land.

Elements of Astronomy. By J. Norman Lockyer, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. American edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

Mr. Lockyer's reputation and services to science would of themselves be a sufficient guarantee for the substantial value of a work by him on this subject. It contains a great amount of information in a small compass, and the arrangement, though somewhat new, is good. The principal results of the recent wonderful physical discoveries regarding the sun, fixed stars, and nebulæ are, of course, given; but it is perhaps to be regretted that a little more space was not given to those discoveries in which the author has had so considerable a share, even at the expense of the more technical and exact portions of the science, which, though explained as clearly as possible in the necessary limits, may be too difficult and uninteresting for most students. The style is, however, popular, and the numerous illustrations are the best we remember ever to have seen in a book of this kind.

Elm Island Stories. The Hard Scrabble of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Lion Ben of Elm Island," "Charlie Bell of Elm Island," "The Ark of Elm Island," "The Boy Farmers of Elm Island," "The Young Shipbuilders of Elm Island," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

The Young Shipbuilders of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

These books have a peculiar charm for boys, in consisting for the most part of undertakings accomplished in the face of great difficulties. The life they depict is quite plain and homely, and the interests of Elm Island are simple, such as building boats, clearing and improving land, etc.; but, as boys are generally of a practical turn of mind, they will not suit them less on these accounts. They are nicely illustrated.

Misunderstood. By Florence Montgomery, author of "A Very Simple Story," and "Peggy, and other Tales." New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1870.

This is a charming little story, and yet a sad one. The authoress has attempted to make children better known and appreciated, or rather "to make the lives of children, as known to themselves and from their own little point of view, better realized." She has succeeded admirably, and no one can read this little story without resolving to try to be more patient, more loving, and more just to the little ones around him.

Letters Addressed to a Protestant Friend by a Catholic Priest. With a Preface, by the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington, Del. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham. 1870.

These letters, on some of the chief topics of the Catholic controversy, have the merit of being short, plain, and very full in Scriptural proofs. Although they make but a small volume, and are not at all pretentious in regard to a display of learning or rhetoric, yet they are evidently the work of a thorough theologian, and could not have been written by any other. Their author has aimed to give instruction, and to make the Catholic doctrines clear to those who have a candid disposition and the average amount of intelligence and education, and he has succeeded admirably. His work is likely to prove acceptable and useful, therefore, to a very large class of readers, and we give it our hearty recommendation.

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STEPS OF BELIEF.*

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, a grandson, through his mother, of the first avowed Unitarian minister in the United States, is, if not the most learned and gifted, at least among the most earnest, industrious, energetic, and influential of contemporary Unitarian ministers. He has a mind of singular comprehensiveness, and as open to the reception of error as to the reception of truth. He is an eclectic, or, rather, a syncretist, and holds it his duty to accept all opinions, whether true or false, as equally respectable. As a Unitarian, he comprehends both wings of the denomination, accepts both extremes, without troubling himself about the middle term that unites them. He is rarely impressed with the importance of logical consistency, and feels no difficulty in maintaining that, of two contradictory propositions, both are true, or both are false.

The work before us is a fair expression of the author's mind, alike of its qualities and its defects. It is an excellent summary of his intellectual life and experience. We see in it what the author has thought and endeavored to work out. It also, besides his own active life, expresses the views and sentiments of the better class of Unitarians, without rejecting the principles and utterances of those he denounces as radicals, and from whom he differs only at the expense of his logic. He has a more conservative air, but no more conservative thought than he had when he founded the Church of the Disciples in Boston on the principle of the union of incompatibles, or, like Anglicanism, on the principle of comprehensiveness. We cannot discover that, though professing a progressive religion—a religion which is not only progressive itself, but the promoter of progress in its adherents—he has made any progress himself, either forward or backward, since as a young man he edited the *Western Messenger*, at Louisville, Ken-

* *Steps of Belief; or, Rational Christianity, maintained against Atheism, Free Religion, and Romanism.* By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: The American Unitarian Association. 1870. 16mo, pp. 311.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by REV. I. T. HECKER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

tucky. He has in his views remained stationary. Yet his insensibility to his own defects, to his own ignorance of philosophy, and of theology as a science, his lack of depth, his blissful confidence in himself, and indifference to logical consistency, coupled with an easy-flowing and not ungraceful style, have rendered him popular with his denomination, and secured him a high reputation among even the Protestants of more orthodox pretensions. In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed is king.

As the world goes, in this age of shallowness, of *frivolezza*, as the Italians say, Dr. Clarke is no doubt, both as a preacher and writer, above the average; and, if he had started with a larger stock of truth than his rational or Unitarian Christianity could supply, he would have been one of the most eminent men of New England. Nature has not been niggard to him in her gifts, nor has he failed in giving them a high degree of culture; but he has had the misfortune to be bred in a bad school—a school that opens only a low and narrow vista to the mind, represses free thought, and dwarfs the intellect. He has never been able to cast off its shackles, or to think and act as a free man. It is easy to see, while reading his *Steps of Belief*, that he has lacked room to expand; that he feels, with all his comprehensiveness, that his system of thought is too strait for him; that his better nature is restrained, and the nobler aspirations of his soul repressed, by the hide-bound rationalism in which he is compelled to gyrate. One sees that he feels that he is "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," that he has no room to move or to breathe, and that he now and then struggles to break his prison-bars.

It is not easy to conceive the sense of freedom and relief one experiences in passing from rationalism or any other form of Protestantism to Catholicity. The convert to the church is the prisoner liberated from the Bastile, a weight is thrown from his shoulders, the manacles fall from his hands, and the fetters from his feet; he feels as light and as free as the air, and he would chirp and sing as the bird. This world changes its hue to his eyes; and he runs and leaps under the blue sky of a boundless universe. His thought, his mind, his very soul, is lighted up, and revels in the freedom of universal truth. He feels that he has something whereon to stand, that he has no longer to bear up the church, but that the church can bear up him. He is conscious of an unfailing support, and no longer fears that he is in danger every step he takes of having his footing give way and of falling through. His heart bounds with a sense of unlimited freedom, and with a joy unspeakable. He experiences in his soul and through all his frame the truth of our Lord's words to the Jews: "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Of the joy of this freedom, our friend, whom we knew and loved in his young years, knows nothing. He craves it, but finds it not. At every move he beats his head against the walls of his dark and damp dungeon, and is forced to call it freedom. His system holds him in its bonds, and compels him in spite of his aspirations to grind fo rever in his prison-house.

The only portions of Dr. Clarke's book that show freedom and strength are those in which he attacks materialism and atheism, and of course those in which he has tradition and the church to back him, and can use Catholic arguments, and follow out the logic of common sense. But the moment he attempts to bring in his

rationalism, or Christianity rationalistically explained, he becomes confused and weak, illogical, self-contradictory, and absurd. His thought is no longer free, his mind no longer unclouded, or his reasoning conclusive. He dares not carry out his logic to its legitimate conclusion, but is forced to stop midway, and say two and two, or two and two make three, or make five, for his whole system would be ruined if he should have the audacity to say two and two make four. He is deprived by the tyranny of his system of his natural good sense and intellectual activity, and becomes untruthful and unjust, as in his step from "Romanism to Protestantism."

Dr. Clarke discusses four steps of belief: 1. The step from atheism to theism; 2. The step from theism to Christianity; 3. The step from Romanism to Protestantism; and 4. The step from the letter to the spirit. His aim is to maintain the spirit, or an indefinite something or nothing which he calls Rational Christianity, against atheism, free religion, and "Romanism," or Catholicity. If any one is curious to know what the author means by the spirit, or rational Christianity, this book will hardly give him the desired information. Perhaps the book tells us what it is not, but it by no means tells us what it is. It is not any objective truth or doctrine that can be intelligibly stated in words, for "the letter killeth," and the moment you embody a truth or a doctrine in a form of words you kill it. "Religion," he says, page 287, "wherever you find it, as far as it goes, is always one and the same thing. It is always reverence, faith, obedience, gratitude, hope, love." Brave words, but mean they anything but certain subjective or inward acts, states, or affections of the soul? Reverence, of what or of whom? Faith, in whom or in what? Obedience, to whom or to what? Gratitude, to whom or for what? Love, of whom or of what? The learned author has no answer to these questions, and he would not be free to answer them, even if he could; for the answers to them pertain to theology, and he expressly separates theology, or the science of divine things, from religion, and discards it as unnecessary and the cause of all religious dissensions. His rational Christianity is purely subjective, and consequently is resolved into a vague sentiment, as true and as worthy when felt by a Buddhist, or when manifested toward a graven image, a stock, or a stone, a serpent, a calf, a crocodile, or a tortoise, as when manifested toward the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, or his only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, King of kings, and Lord of lords. He himself says as much on the very page we have cited. What, then, is the distinction between religion and superstition, or between the worship of God and idolatry? and wherein is Dr. Clarke's "rational Christianity" any better than the free religion of Frothingham, Higginson, Abbot, Johnson, and others, which he wars against and demolishes with weapons borrowed from the armory of the church? To our thinking, it is not so good, because less honest and outspoken, and equally foreign from the Christianity of Christ.

But passing over this for the present, we must remark that the author begins at the wrong end, and writes as if he held that unbelief preceded belief, and that the human race began in the lowest form of atheism, and has gradually proceeded step by step to what he considers the highest and most advanced form of Christian belief. This is neither historically

nor philosophically correct. Truth is older than error, and belief always precedes unbelief, or the denial of belief. Men believed in God before they denied him, and in the principles of Christianity before they doubted or questioned them. Hence the burden of proof is on the unbeliever, not on the believer. Men were theists before they were atheists, and therefore it is for the atheist to defend his atheism, not for the theist to prove his theism. Theism, or belief in God, being normal and prior to atheism, is in possession; all the presumptions are in its favor, and the atheist must overcome these presumptions, turn them in his favor, and show valid reasons why the belief in God should be ousted from its possession, before the theist can be called upon to plead. So of revelation. It is older than rationalism, as the supernatural is logically and historically prior to naturalism. Catholicity, again, is both logically and chronologically prior to Protestantism, and Protestantism would be unintelligible without it; in the controversy, therefore, the Protestant is the plaintiff, and must make out his case. We are ready to defend the church when the Protestant shows some good and valid reasons against her for his Protestantism, but until then the laboring oar is in his hands, and we are under no obligation to produce her titles.

Not taking note of this fact, but arguing as if unbelief were normal and prior to belief, and mistaking both the facts and the law of the case, the author's arguments for immaterialism and the existence of God, though conclusive as refutations of the objections of the materialist and the atheist, are yet insufficient to originate and establish the belief either in the existence of God or the immateriality of the soul, when the presumption is against such belief. The author gives the materialist and the atheist an advantage to which neither is entitled, and assumes a burden which no believer is bound to shoulder. The law and the facts of the case are not met by a work on "The Steps of Belief," and could be met only by a work on "The Steps of Unbelief." Man began on the plane of belief, and the steps are always downward, or away from it. The author is misled by his theory of progress, which all philosophy and the whole history of the race disprove. The perfect always precedes, in reality as in thought or conception, the imperfect. The history of the race abandoned to its own guidance is the history of a constant though a more or less rapid deterioration. Adam was the most perfect of his race; the oldest of the sacred books of the Hindus are the most perfect, the purest in doctrine, and the freest from superstition. The earliest monuments of art which time has spared are the most perfect, and the higher one ascends the stream of antiquity, the wiser, truer, and juster are its maxims. The progress of the race in all the nations that apostatized from the primitive or patriarchal religion, and in all the nations that have followed their example and apostatized from the church founded by our Lord on Peter, has been a progress in losing or in rejecting things previously believed. Progress is effected only under and by the aid of the supernatural order.

If, as Dr. Clarke, at least in his argument, assumes, the human race began in materialism and atheism, and had no supernatural instruction, they never would and never could have risen to belief either in God or in an immaterial soul. The existence of God and the immateriality of the soul can assuredly be

proved with certainty by natural reason, and hence no man is excusable for denying either; but proof does not originate the proposition proved, and no reasoning could ever originate the idea of God, because, without the idea as the first principle of reason, no reasoning would be possible. Yet from the beginning the race has believed in God and the immateriality and immortality of the soul. How came this belief? It came not from instinct, from intuition, or logical deduction or induction, but must have come from the Creator himself, who taught it to the first man, or infused it into his mind along with language. The belief is normal, though supernatural in its origin, as is man himself, and, when once the idea is presented to the mind, reason suffices to prove it against whoever denies it, and with certainty.

The arguments the author uses against materialism and atheism are such as are usually urged by theologians and philosophers, although sometimes evidently without his understanding their full reason or force. His learning is frequently at fault. Thus, he makes the universal, or nearly universal, belief in ghosts, or in the possibility of ghosts, a proof that the race has always and everywhere believed in the soul or spirit as distinct from the body. But the ghost with the ancient classic nations was not the disembodied spirit, which it was held was reabsorbed in God from whom it emanated, but the *umbra*, or shade, a pale reflex of the body, composed of thin air, and therefore material. He says Leibnitz and Spinoza, as well as Descartes and others, approved of St. Anselm's argument in his *Proslogium* for the existence of God from the idea of the most perfect being in our minds. Spinoza was a decided and unmitigated pantheist, and Leibnitz approved the argument only on condition that it be first proved that God is possible. Leibnitz held that the *posse* precedes the *esse*, and seems never to have reflected that there is no possible without the real; for the possible is only the creative ability of the real. God is real, actual, most pure act, as say the schoolmen, and without him, or save in his creative power, nothing is possible, there is and can be no possibility of anything. It is absurd to suppose that a possible God is provable without God as actual, since it is God *in actu* that makes anything possible. Hegel only followed and developed Leibnitz when he placed his *das reine Seyn*, or purely possible being, before his *das Ideen* and *das Wesen*, the possible before the actual, thus making God and the universe spring out of nothing, or the infinite *void* of the Gnostics and Buddhists; for the possible as abstracted from the actual is simply a nullity—simply nothing.

Dr. Clarke, furthermore, though he uses the ordinary arguments of the theologians to prove that God is, does not seem to understand what it is that the theist is required to prove against the atheist. We have not, indeed, intuition of God, but we have intuition of that which really is God. What is called necessary or absolute ideas, the necessary, the universal, the unchangeable, the eternal, etc., are affirmed to us intuitively, and we could not be intelligent or rational existences if they were not. But these ideas are not abstractions; for abstractions are nullities, and no objects of intuition or of intelligence. These ideas, since they are intelligible, are intuitive, real, and are and must be necessary being—*ens necessarium et reale*. Real and necessary, universal, eternal, and immutable being is intuitively affirmed in every act of our intelligence, as its basis and necessary con-

dition. But what is not intuitively affirmed, and what needs to be proved or demonstrated against the atheist, is that being, *ens necessarium et reale*, is God, the creator of heaven and earth, and all things therein, visible and invisible. What needs to be proved is only a single point, and a point so easily proved that he may well be called a fool who says in his heart, God is not, *non est Deus*.

Then, again, Dr. Clarke does not in reality, as he supposes, take his first step of belief, and rise from atheism to theism. The arguments he adduces from the theologians are conclusive as used by the theologians themselves, but he vitiates them by his misapprehension of the divine creative act. He admits only one substance in which spirit and matter are identical, and makes the God he recognizes the substance, therefore the reality, of the universe. This is pantheism, not theism, and pantheism is not, as he contends, imperfect theism, but the more refined and dangerous form of atheism. The essence of pantheism is the assertion of one only substance, or the denial that God creates substances capable of acting from their own centre as second causes. He is misled by the philosophy of Cousin, and unwittingly sinks the universe in God, which is to deny him, as really as to sink him in the universe, since either alike identifies God and the universe, and admits no distinction between them. He says, "God is the immanent, not the transient, cause of the universe." This is not true in his or Spinoza's sense. God as creator is, no doubt, immanent in all his works, but as the cause creating and sustaining them, not as the subject acting in their acts. He is immanent by his creative act as the *causa causarum*. He is not the transient or, rather, transitory cause, in the sense of producing and then passing on, or leaving the production or effect to itself; for that would leave the effect to expire as soon as produced. The creative act and the conservative act are, on the part of God, one and the same identical act; that is, the act of creation is a continuous or an ever-present act, and the preservation of the universe is its continuous creation; for the suspension of the creative act producing it from nothing would be its instant annihilation. So explained, it may be said that God is the immanent, not the transient or transitory, cause of the universe. But in Dr. Clarke's sense, which is that of Spinoza, or that God remains in it as its substance and the subject of its acts, he is not immanent, for this would assert the identity of God and the universe, and exclude second causes, as they do who say God is the author of sin.

No doubt Dr. Clarke talks of creation, and proves conclusively against the developmentists that the germ which is developed must be created; but he holds not that God creates from nothing, but from himself, from his own substance or fulness, as was maintained by Cousin and the better Boston school some thirty or forty years ago. The Boston school, whose chiefs were Dr. Walker, George Ripley, George Bancroft, and O. A. Brownson, intended to escape pantheism, and thought they did, but unhappily they could not see that creation must be creation by the power of God from nothing, or be no real creation at all, and hence they maintained that God made the world out of his own fulness, or, so to speak, out of his own stuff, as the *causa materialis*. This assumed that the substance of the universe is identically the substance of God, which was really to assert, not to escape, pantheism. That Dr. Clarke says much in his book that is incompatible with

pantheism, we willingly admit; but he is not always consistent with himself, and has the happy faculty of accepting, when necessary or convenient, both sides of a question, or doctrines that mutually contradict one another.

The author, assuming that he has really taken the step from atheism to theism, proceeds to take the step from theism to Christianity. He tells us Christianity is an advance on theism or deism, as theism itself is an advance on atheism; but wherein Christianity, as he sets it forth, is an advance on deism, or simple natural belief in God and the immateriality of the soul, he does not anywhere show or enable us to discover. His Christianity is, of course, what he calls "rational Christianity," and contains nothing and requires nothing, as far as we can discover, that exceeds the normal powers of human nature. He calls himself, we admit, a supernaturalist, but, at the same time, he would seem to contend that he holds no views which rise above simple naturalism. He defends what he calls the "historic Christ" against the mythists and free-religionists, and professes to accept the principal events recorded in the Gospels as historical facts; but he sees in our Lord only a man conceived and born like other men, and in his character only the normal perfections of our human nature. He says:

"In regard to Jesus Christ himself, we find two distinct and seemingly opposite views prevailing at the present time. The first is the traditional and general opinion that he was not like other men in his person, his endowments, his work, or his character; that his person was superhuman, his endowments supernatural, his work miraculous, and his character intellectually infallible and morally impeccable; that he was a miraculous creation, that he was divinely inspired and sent, that he did not sin, did not err, will never be superseded, and is the Master, Lord, King, of the human race for ever. Hence it is assumed that he was not a man only and purely, but something more.

"The other view is that which has been becoming more and more popular since the days of Theodore Parker, not only in this country, but also in England, France, and Germany. It is, that Jesus was a man like all other men, born like other men, formed by circumstances as other men are formed, partaking of the errors of his age, not supernatural, but wholly natural; working no miracles, not infallible, but falling into errors; not perfect morally; capable of being superseded and outgrown; and, in short, purely a man, like other men.

"It will be observed that these two theories, so utterly opposite, nevertheless agree in one assumption. Both assume that perfection is unnatural to man; that man is necessarily imperfect, mentally and morally; that to be sinless is unnatural; that to see truth so clearly as to be certain of it and not liable to be mistaken, is unnatural: in other words, that it is not natural for man to be good, and that a perfectly good man is necessarily a supernatural, or (what is thought the same thing) an unnatural being.

"The one class of thinkers say, 'Jesus was sinless and infallible, and worked miracles, therefore he was superhuman.' The others say, 'He was human, and therefore he could not work miracles or be perfect.' The first class, wishing to believe in the superiority of Jesus, think it necessary to believe him superhuman; the other class, not wishing to believe him superhuman, think it necessary to deny his superiority. Both classes agree that any such inward superiority as is ascribed to Jesus in the New Testament implies a superhuman element. That is, again, both classes assume the essential poverty of human nature." (Pp. 118–120.)

The Catholic reader will not fail to perceive that Dr. Clarke by no means gives a fair or adequate statement of what he is pleased to term the traditional and general opinion of our Lord, but only what was the general opinion of Arians and the earlier Unitarians. Our reading is not very extensive, and our knowledge of the views and reasonings of others is very limited, but we doubt

if any Christian or professed Christian has ever been found who says, "Jesus was sinless and infallible, and worked miracles, therefore he was superhuman." No one, as far as we know, ever appealed to the miracles of our Lord as proofs of his superhuman nature or superhuman character. The miracles of our Lord do not of themselves prove him superhuman, any more than the miracles of St. Vincent Ferrer prove him to have been superhuman; but they prove that God was with him, for only God can work a miracle. "Rabbi, we know that thou art come a teacher from God; for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, unless God was with him" (St. John iii. 2). The miracles are the divine credentials or divine endorsement of the teacher. They attest the presence and assistance of God, and are God's own vouchers for the truthfulness and trustworthiness of the teacher, and therefore of whatever he teaches in the name of God. If our Lord taught that he was himself perfect God as well as perfect man, then he was so; for God can no more vouch for a lie than he can himself lie. Dr. Clarke, also, does injustice to Christians when he represents them as holding that perfection is *unnatural*. There is no class of men who call themselves Christians, not even Calvinists, that so hold. Christianity teaches us that God is our origin and end; and since God is necessarily supernatural, therefore that our beginning and our end are supernatural. The natural cannot rise above itself, and hence the fulfilment or perfection of our nature is and must be impossible without supernatural aid or assistance. But this supernatural aid or assistance is not against nature, does not repress or supersede it, but carries it on and completes, fulfils, or perfects it. But here follows a passage which proves that the author's supernatural does not rise above the natural. He has presented the views of the two parties which we have just quoted, and adds:

> "But why may we not suppose that man's nature is higher than either party believes? What if man was made to be all Jesus was; what if human nature is not necessarily sinful, but otherwise; what if sin and error are unnatural, not natural?—then it may follow that Jesus did all that he is claimed to have done in the Gospels; that he is all that he is described to have been, and yet, instead of being at all unnatural, is a truer and more perfectly natural man than any other has been. Perhaps the greatness of Jesus may have been just here—that he was the man of men, the truest man, fulfilling the type of humanity. Perhaps the great lesson of his life is, that human nature is not essentially evil, but good. Perhaps his mission was to show us one perfect specimen of the human race; one ideal pattern; one such as all are hereafter to become." (P. 120.)

He may well conclude:

> "If this view be correct, then it may reconcile the war between the naturalists and supernaturalists.
>
> "The naturalists can then accept the leading facts in the life of Jesus, and yet believe in him as a purely human being. The supernaturalists can believe in his perfect holiness, wisdom, and power, and yet not deny his simple humanity. I propose, therefore, to adduce some facts which show that there is nothing claimed in the Gospels for Christ which is inconsistent with the assumption of his being made in all respects like his brethren." (P. 120.)

It is evident from this that Dr. Clarke sees nothing really supernatural in Christianity. He resolves the supernatural into a higher form of the natural, and sees no necessity of the supernatural to perfect the natural, or to place man on the plane of his destiny, and to enable him to attain it. He rejects the miraculous

conception of our Lord as legendary and unproved; and regards him as simply the son of Joseph and Mary, conceived and born as other men, with a simple human nature and a human personality like Peter or John. He cannot pretend that there is more in Christianity than there is in Christ, and since he sees in Christ only a man, he can see in Christianity nothing superhuman. He says Christianity is not a doctrine, not something to be believed, but the life of Christ to be lived. As Jesus Christ was simply a man like other men, only a truer and a more perfect man than his brethren, it is evident that in living his life we live only a simple, natural, human life. Such being the case, we would thank him to tell us wherein Christianity, as he understands it, is a step in advance of theism or deism. His Christianity at best is only the law of nature, and affords us nothing beyond our natural strength to help us, that is, no aid beyond that which deism itself affords.

The author's third step in the progress of belief is "from Romanism to Protestantism." There is evidently here a break in the continuity of the progress the author assumes. To be consistent with himself, he should either identify Romanism with Christianity, and then give, as his third step, the step from Christianity to Protestantism; or distinguish "Romanism" from Christianity, and then his third step would be from Christianity to "Romanism," which on his theory of progress would imply that "Romanism" is a step in advance of Christianity. As it is, "Romanism" comes in abruptly, without any preparation of the reader for it. Its relation to Christianity, or to anything that has gone before it, as well as its origin, is left wholly unexplained. Evidently, "Romanism" is a puzzle to the author, an anomaly in the theory of progress he would maintain, and he is unable to account for it. However, he stumbles at no difficulties. He says, in his opening chapter on "Romanism:"

> "We now begin a new series of questions. We have compared atheism with theism, and find ourselves theists. This was our first step upward. We have next compared theism outside of Christianity with Christian theism, and find the last an advance on the other; so that, in the interest of human progress, we have accepted Christian theism as an advance on deism. But now we see before us two forms of Christianity. One is called Romanism, the other Protestantism. The first places supreme authority in the church, in the outward organization; the other, in the human soul. Which of these is an advance on the other?" (P. 197.)

The learned and philosophical author evidently holds that, as a form of Christianity, Protestantism, though not the final step, is in advance of what it pleases him to call "Romanism," meaning thereby the Catholic religion held by the immense majority of all those who, since the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, have borne the Christian name. Of course, we do not accept his statement that Catholicity places supreme authority in the *outward* organization alone, and he himself, before he gets through, corrects the statement, and owns that Catholics assert the internal as well as the external—the spirit as well as the letter. Catholics hold that the authority of the church is derived from God, and is that of the Holy Ghost who dwells in her, and without his dwelling and operating in the outward organization she would have no more authority than a Protestant sect.

But waive this for the moment and let us see wherein Protestantism is an advance on Catholici-

ty. Say the Catholic idea or rule of faith is the authority of the church as an external visible body, and the Protestant idea or rule of faith is the authority of "the human soul." Protestantism, then, has at best only a human authority, rests solely on the human soul, and its Christianity is purely human. This, instead of being a step in advance of "Romanism," is a step even below theism or deism; for there is no form of theism that does not assert an authority superior to that of the "human soul," namely, the authority of God. At the very lowest, the authority of the church is as high as the authority of the human soul, and Protestantism is no advance on the church at most; and Catholics have human souls as well as Protestants, and the human soul is no more in a Protestant than in a Catholic. We are men as well as Protestants, and man to man are their equals. Have they reason? So have we. Have they the Bible? So have we. Can they read? So can we, and as well as they. Suppose, then, that the church has no authority from God, that she has only a human authority, she has as much and as high authority as the author even claims for Protestantism. How, then, can Protestantism be a step in advance of "Romanism"?

It would be difficult to conceive a more untenable position than this, that Protestantism is a step in advance of the Catholic Church. Progress is in gaining, not in losing, truth; and what single truth can it be pretended even that Protestantism teaches that the church does not also teach, and with at least equal distinctness and emphasis? What means of justification, virtue, holiness, perfection, has the Protestant that the Catholic has not in his soul or in his church? What the Protestant holds of religion in common with the Catholic belongs, of course, to the church, for she held and taught it fifteen hundred years before Protestantism was conceived in the morbid brain of the apostate monk of Wittenberg; and the advance from Catholicity can be only in what Protestantism has that the church or the Catholic has not, therefore in what is peculiar to Protestantism and distinguishes it from the church and her teachings. What truth has Protestantism in any or all of its multitudinous forms that the church has not always taught? Analyze Protestantism, and you will find that it has nothing peculiar, nothing that distinguishes it, nothing that it can call its own, but its negations or its denials of what the church affirms. It differs from the church only in what of the church it denies, and therefore is and can be no progress on Catholicity.

Take Dr. Clarke's own definition of Protestantism, "the supreme authority of the human soul:" it is only the denial of the supreme authority of God asserted by the church, for the soul has no more real authority under Protestantism than under Catholicity. It denies a truth the church teaches, and affirms only a falsehood in its place. To place the supreme authority in the human soul is to assert the very error the author so earnestly combats in his arguments against atheism and free religion. It is the denial of God, and therefore is really atheism; for, if God the creator is, he is supreme, the sovereign Lord and proprietor of all things, and no creature has or can have any authority in his own right. In trying to prove Protestantism an advance on Catholicity, the author only succeeds in proving, if he rightly defines it, that it is not an advance even on atheism. It is absurd to place the supreme authority in the human soul, for that would suppose

either that the human soul is God, or that God is the human soul.

But take Protestantism according to another statement of the author (p. 198), namely, Protestantism places the supreme authority "in the Bible." This, again, makes Protestantism consist in the denial of Catholic doctrine, that is, the supreme authority of the church and unwritten tradition; for the church actually holds the Bible to be even more authoritative than does the Protestant. The Reformers asserted justification by faith alone. Here, again, the distinctive Protestantism is the denial of the necessity of good works, or the concurrence of the will in regeneration and justification, for the church always taught that a man is justified by faith, though a faith perfected by charity, or in which man is active and lovingly co-operates. The church teaches that Christ has instituted sacraments, and that the Holy Ghost uses the outward visible sacraments as media of his operation in regeneration and sanctification. Protestants deny the sacraments, and all visible media of the union of the soul with Christ, the whole mediatorial system, and leave the soul as naked, as destitute, as helpless as it is under pure deism, as has already been frequently shown in this magazine. We might go on through all the doctrines of Protestantism and arrive at the same result. What is affirmative in them is Catholic, and only what is negative in them is Protestant. So true is this that Protestantism would have no meaning, be absolutely unintelligible, were it not for the Catholic doctrines it arraigns, distorts, or denies.

Our learned friend has been able to make out a seeming case against the church in a few instances, but only by mistaking and misrepresenting her teachings, placing the human soul above God, the interests of time above those of eternity, and civilization above religion. His blunders and self-contradictions in stating the teachings of the church would be exceedingly amusing, did they not concern so grave a matter. He insists that the church places all her confidence in the outward visible sacrament, and grows merry over her carefulness in baptism, for instance, as to the matter and form, and yet confesses that she regards the outward visible sacrament only as the medium of an inward grace. He asserts that she places the supreme authority in an outward visible organization, and forgets to inform his readers that she teaches that her authority is from God, and is limited in teaching and governing all men and nations to things which her Lord has commanded her. He forgets also that she professes to be able to do it only because he has promised to be with her all days to the consummation of the world, and that she has the simplicity to believe that the promises of God cannot fail.

Dr. Clarke seems to be animated by a bitter hostility to the church, and when speaking of her loses his usual placidity of temper. He loses command of himself, and becomes almost as enraged against her as the Jews were against our Lord when they gnashed their teeth at him. We do not comprehend his hostility and rage, which make him forego all respect for truth and decency, and to sully his pages by repeating the foulest slanders ever uttered against the church, unless we suppose that he holds the body superior to the soul, while she requires him to subordinate the body to the soul, the flesh to the spirit. He cannot pretend that she is dangerous to men's souls,

for he expressly denies the endless punishment of the wicked, and holds that all men will finally be saved. It is only in this life and only in relation to this life that he can believe that the church or anything else can injure either soul or body. The sufferings, the sorrows, and the injuries of this life, which can be but momentary, and to be succeeded by an eternity of bliss, whether we have done good or have done evil, are hardly worth getting angry at or troubling one's self about.

We have no intention of following the author, and correcting his misrepresentations of Catholic teaching, and refuting his charges against the church, especially as he says expressly that he objects to Catholicity not as religion, but as a political organization or conspiracy against freedom and for the establishment of universal despotism. Religion is the *lex suprema*, the supreme law for all men and nations, alike for individuals and governments; and he who can see in the unwearied efforts of the church to bring all men and nations into subjection to religion or the law of God, which it is, only the vulgar ambition for political ascendency or efforts to establish a universal despotism, is past being reasoned with, especially if he calls himself a Christian. Such a man has not taken as yet even the first step of belief—that from atheism to theism. But he repeats a statement often repeated against one of our collaborators, which it may not be amiss to correct. He says, after having quoted the Syllabus and the Paris *Univers* in support of some of his charges against the church:

"If it be thought that such doctrines cannot be held by Catholics in America, we refer to the following passage, extracted from Mr. Orestes A. Brownson's *Review*, to show the contrary. Mr. Brownson is an American, educated a Protestant, for many years the advocate of the broadest religious liberty. If such a man as this, on becoming a Catholic, defends persecution, it is evident that nothing in modern civilization or modern education can neutralize the logic which carries every consistent Catholic to that conclusion. Thus spoke Mr. Brownson, some years ago indeed; but he has never retracted his declaration:

"'The church is a kingdom and a power, and as such must have a supreme chief; and his authority is to be exercised over states as well as individuals. If the Pope directed the Roman Catholics of this country to overthrow the constitution, sell its territory, and annex it as a dependent province to the dominions of Napoleon, they would be bound to obey. It is the intention of the Pope to possess this country.'" (Pp. 265, 266.)

The passage was never extracted from *Brownson's Review*, and was never written by Dr. Brownson, but is an unblushing forgery. Mr. Hepworth, Dr. Clarke's brother Unitarian minister in this city, quoted the same passage from an infamous book entitled *Pope or President*, and asserted it was from *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, but when called upon by a Catholic through the New York *Times* to prove his assertion, he confessed, after some shuffling and quibbling, that he could not do it, and that it was probably a mistake. We do not accuse either Dr. Clarke or Mr. Hepworth of forging the passage, or of being capable of such baseness; but neither is excusable for not having ascertained the facts in the case before making the charge.

Even on the low ground of civilization, Protestantism is no step in advance of Catholicity, as it were easy to show, and, indeed, as it has been shown over and over again even in this magazine, especially in the articles reviewing the great work of the Abbé Martin. Protestant civilization has only a material basis, or at best rests only on the human soul, and runs off into philanthropy and a vague hu-

manitarianism which tramples down more good by the way than it effects even in gaining its end, as we may see in both England and the United States. The author's "step from Romanism to Protestantism" is, under every point of view, a step backward and not forward; and if, as he says, Protestantism places the supreme authority "in the human soul," it is a step downward from theism to atheism. A more severe condemnation of Protestantism cannot be pronounced than to say that the highest authority it recognizes is the human soul, that is, man himself.

The fourth step the author takes is that "from the letter to the spirit." We have already shown that this is a step in the descending, not in the ascending, scale; for it is the rejection of all objective Christianity, all dogmatic or doctrinal belief, all that can be drawn out in distinct propositions and formally stated, and the reduction of religion to purely subjective states, affections, sentiments, or emotions of the human soul. This is what the author must mean when he rejects theology, all creeds and dogmas, and tells us Christianity is not a doctrine, but a life, and a life lived not by communion with God, but by communion of men with one another —the communion of humanity or the socialism of Pierre Leroux, or, at the highest, simple humanitarianism, which is only a clumsy form of atheism, and amply refuted by the author himself.

Perhaps, in justice to the intentions of the author, we ought to say that, when he rejects all external authority and places the supreme authority in the soul, he does not mean absolutely to deny the authority of God to command us, but that God teaches and commands in the human soul, not through any external media or organs. The authority is God in the human soul, something like the "inner light" of the Quakers. But in this sense God must be in all souls alike, and teach all alike, whether Jews, pagans, Mohammedans, Catholics, or Protestants. The teachings of God are always and everywhere absolutely true, and free from all error and all liability to error, for it is impossible for God to lie. Then all religions, however they contradict one another, are true and good. Why, then, declaim against the Catholic religion, and seek its destruction? God is in the souls of Catholics as well as in the souls of Protestants, if in the souls of all men, and is equal to himself in all, and must be infallible in all. How, then, is it possible for any human soul to err? Yet, if the author is to be believed, the materialist, the atheist errs, the theist outside of Christianity errs, the "Romanist" errs, and the greater part of Protestants err; indeed, all the world are in error or fall short of the truth, except Dr. Clarke and his church of the disciples, who have got rid of the letter that killeth, and passed over to the spirit that quickeneth. Very extraordinary, since every man has in his soul God, the infallible teacher!

But all do not listen to the voice of God in the soul. Most men close their ears to it, shut their eyes to the light, follow their own lawless desires or vain imaginings, lose the truth and fall into error. Very good. But who shall determine who those are who close their ears and shut their eyes, and who are they who keep them open? What is the criterion of truth and error? Dr. Clarke, however infallible the inner light, has none, and therefore, in order to lose no truth, his rule is to accept all errors. The inward teacher may be infallible, but it guarantees no soul from erring as to what he teaches, as the author

must himself confess. Then of what avail to him or to any other one is the inward teacher?

The Catholic doctrine on this point, we think, has some advantages over Dr. Clarke's, and none of its disadvantages. He supposes that the Catholic has only an outward authority, the authority of an external organization, which may indeed command the will, but cannot convince the understanding. Even this is more than he has, for the authority on which he relies can do neither; and, moreover, he contends that by doing what the truth commands, though against our belief, we may come to understand and believe the truth. But this is not all the Catholic has. The Catholic has reason as well as other men, and he asserts the inner light or the inspirations of the Spirit as earnestly, as fully, as confidently, as did George Fox, William Penn, or Robert Barclay, as the author would have known if he had ever read any of the writings of Catholic mystics, or any of the spiritual or ascetic works in which Catholic literature abounds. The Catholic directors and masters of spiritual life assert all of the spirit that he can, and infinitely more than he does. The Catholic does in no case stop with the outward or external. He relies on the internal, the spirit, not less, but more than others do; no one is or can be more persuaded than he that the letter alone cannot suffice, and that it is the spirit that giveth life; but he tries the spirit, for there are many false prophets gone out into the world, and he has in the infallible authority of the church the standard or criterion by which to try them. If they gather not and agree not with the church, he knows they are lying spirits, and he refuses to follow or even to hear them; if the spirit gathers with the church and teaches in accordance with the external, he knows it is the Spirit of God, and he follows it, knowing that it leadeth not to error, but to all truth. It is not that we have less than our rationalistic friend, but more. He has nothing that we have not in larger measure than he, but we have much that he has not, and without which what he has is of no avail.

The great difficulty with our author, we may say in conclusion, is that he has no proper conception of the supernatural. Even at the very best, his Christianity does not rise above the deism of Lord Cherbury or of Tom Paine. He never once hints that man's destiny, his end, or supreme good, is and cannot but be in the supernatural. He does not reflect, even if he knows, that man is created for God as well as by God, and that God, whether as first cause or as final cause, is supernatural, above nature, since he creates it, is its author, sovereign, and proprietor. The evil of any creature is in not attaining the end for which it is made. This is the hell of the damned. They, through their own fault, miss their end, and remain for ever below their destiny, with their existence unfulfilled, craving for ever a good which they have not and can never reach. As the evil, the misery of a creature is in not attaining, so its good, its heaven or beatitude, is in attaining its end. As we are created and exist for God, as he is our end, he is our supreme good, and we can find our heaven, our beatitude, only in attaining to him and becoming one with him without being absorbed in him, as Brahminism and Buddhism falsely teach. This is what the soul craves, what it hungers and thirsts for, and must have, or be for ever miserable.

Now, as God is supernatural, it is evident that our end or our su-

preme good, our beatitude, is and must be supernatural, and consequently above and beyond the reach of our natural powers. We cannot by ourselves, without the help of the supernatural, any more attain to our end or fulfil our existence than we could have created ourselves. The natural is not and cannot be on the plane of the supernatural, and, therefore, man, with his natural powers alone, is not adequate to his end, or destiny. Even a revelation which should teach us what is our end, and what it is necessary to do in order to attain it, would not suffice to enable us to attain it, for our natural understanding and the natural force of our will are not even with the revelation equal to it. We must for that be supernaturalized, born again, regenerated, elevated to the plane of our destiny, and supernaturally sustained and assisted afterwards. Dr. Clarke and all rationalists overlook this fact, and either assume that man has no end, no destiny, and must remain for ever an inchoate or unfulfilled existence, or else that his beatitude is in the natural order, that is, in the creature, which is impossible, for the creature is finite, and the soul craves the infinite, thirsts, as Dr. Channing says, "for an unbounded good." Nothing finite can satisfy it.

But how is it possible for finite man to be placed on the plane of the infinite God? This would not be possible, nor would it be possible for man to attain to beatitude, to union with God as his final cause or supreme good, if God did not himself descend to man, and take his nature up to himself in hypostatic union with the Word. The possibility is in the Incarnation, the mystery of the Word made flesh. Born anew of Christ, the Incarnate Word, in whom the human and the divine natures, though for ever distinct, are united in the unity of one divine person, we are born of God, are united to him by nature, and have him for our father in the teleological order, as we have him for our Creator in the initial order, or the order of generation. This supernaturalization, through the Incarnation, of all who are born anew, by the election of grace, of Jesus Christ our Lord, is not conceived of by our author, and is denied by what he calls "rational Christianity." The author has never penetrated in the slightest degree into this profound mystery of the Incarnation, or reflected that, by rejecting or explaining it away, he reduces Christianity to the natural order, and leaves man as helpless as he would be under naked deism. By rejecting it or failing to recognize it, he proves that he has in his conception never got beyond the initial order, and is wholly unaware of the teleological order, which is created or constituted by the Incarnation. He appears not to have learned that Christianity is purely teleological, and, therefore, necessarily supernatural, founded by our Creator to enable us to attain the fulfilment of our existence, our end, our beatitude, and, therefore, must have been included in his eternal decree to create, and without which the creative act could never be more than inchoate. It is only when Christianity is so understood that it is rational, that it does or can satisfy the demands of human reason or meet the wants and satisfy the cravings of the human soul.

Catholicity seems to our author irrational, shallow, absurd even, but it is only because it lies deeper than he has sounded. The shallowness and absurdities are with him, in his own thought, not in the Catholic faith. It is supremely rational, because it is supremely divine. Man

even if he had not sinned, would by nature have stood below the plane of his destiny, and never could have fulfilled it without the supernatural elevation of his nature. The very state from which he fell by original sin, the original righteousness in which he was constituted, was a supernatural righteousness, a supernatural state, to which he was elevated by supernatural grace. With the supernatural grace itself he lost by sin the integrity of his nature, but even with the integrity of his nature unimpaired he could not attain to his beatitude, his true beatitude, and fulfil the purpose of his existence, without the supernatural elevation by grace which we call the new birth, regeneration, or palingenesia. Dr. Clarke laughs at all this, nay, blasphemes it; yet how is a man to live a teleological life unless born into it? How is he to be either born into it or persevere in it without the act of God or supernatural grace? The doctor is learned in many things, but the Catholic child that has been taught his catechism knows more than he does, and stands on a plane that is infinitely above his reach, unless he be converted himself and become as a little child. Here is his error. He forgets that his end is in the supernatural, and that he cannot attain it without the light of revelation, nor without the assistance of supernatural grace.

THE THREE RULES OF RUSTIC GRAMMAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

CHARACTERS.

Don José, a rich landed proprietor.

Doña Alfonsa, his wife.

Doña Concha, a rich widow, sister to Doña Alfonsa.

Calixto, the son of Don José and Doña Alfonsa.

Uncle Matias, the capataz * of the estate.

Maria, an old servant.

SCENE I.

Uncle Matias (*entering*).

The Lord be praised! (*Looks all around, and, seeing that the room is empty, adds*)—for ever! But what are we coming to? The mason that built this house wouldn't know it. The master is not in his office; the mistress is not in the store-room; in this room there is nobody. Yesterday, I told the master, "Señor, the vineyard must be dug over, for the year comes in an ill-humor; and, if the stocks don't get what they're asking for, the vintage will be so bad that the holy father's blessing itself couldn't do it any good." For answer I got a growl. The mistress, when she meets me, doesn't say even so much as "Good-by, jackass!" The house has been upside down and inside out ever since young Master Calixto came home from the capital with his aunt—one of your furbelowed great ladies, with more airs than a pair of bellows, more trimmings and orna-

* General overseer, in-doors and out.

mental work than the top of a house, and more vaporings than those new ships that paddle themselves.* *Vamos!* Here comes the young master! What a fine fellow he has grown! and bearded and broad, too, and the sole heir to a property that is none of your dog-and-gun entails, but one of the right sort. The lad lacks nothing but the itch, that he might have the pleasure of scratching.†

SCENE II.

Enter Calixto, frantically.

Calixto. I've a mind to hang myself!

Uncle Matias. God keep you, young master! how exasperated your worship is! What vexes you so? Your worship seems to have got up, this morning, with your hackle ruffled.

Calixto. I could not get my eyelids together the whole night.

Uncle Matias. How should you, when your nose was between them?

Calixto (*to himself*). What course to follow—what to do!

Uncle Matias. Young master, your worship frightens me. What is it that has you so beside yourself?

Calixto. It is because I am the most unfortunate of men!

Uncle Matias. Oh! that. By the life of the wandering Jew!‡

Calixto. My perverse destiny assigns to me an avaricious father, an unenlightened, selfish mother, and a vain and tyrannic aunt. What an unhappy lot! What a fatal star is mine!

Uncle Matias. Oh leave off this high-flown talk, your worship, and tell me what is the matter. Uncle Matias has pulled you through more than one *scrape*.

Calixto. That is true; but the present one is not like those of "past and gone," as you would say. It isn't a matter of hiding some piece of child's mischief, nor of gaining for a boy the indulgence of his caprice. It is an affair of moment and affects my destiny—the felicity of my life.

Uncle Matias. All the better reason why your worship should take counsel. Because you see me here with my old spatterdashes and my furrowed face, and because I haven't book learning, it appears to you that I don't understand things. But let me tell you, young master, that it isn't from books one learns how to manage one's self in this unworthy world. It is by experience. Therefore, let him that wants to know much get an old fellow like me.

Calixto. I know that you people who don't read have for your guidance a rustic grammar, of which you, Uncle Matias, are a professor of the highest grade.

Uncle Matias. Call it what you please, your worship, but remember that length of days gives knowledge along with experience; and that the devil, even, don't know by hocus-pocus, but by reason of his years; and I, who am older than Dupon,* should know something. So, unbutton your waistcoat, and let us see the trouble.

Calixto. Well, you must know that my father wants to send me to Habana to recover an inheritance to which they are contesting his right. As if he had not enough property already!

* Steamboats.

† No le falta sino sarna que rascar.

‡ By all that is most unfortunate.

* Gen. Dupont, who commanded one of the armies sent by Napoleon I. into the peninsula. The Spaniards considered him the most cunning of their enemies. Hence, "*Mas viejo que Dupon*"—older than Dupont—said of persons who are very astute.

Uncle Matias (*aside*). Father, I accuse myself of being a carpenter, and of having many boards!* (*Aloud.*) Young master, because we have much is no reason why we shouldn't take what our lot portions to us. I've always heard say that it's good to have a loaf and a piece besides.

Calixto. Let somebody that wants the piece go after it; I will not. My aunt is determined that I shall return (with her) to Sevilla to marry her niece Diana—an empty bottle, all ruffles and flounces, with the face of one dug from the grave—and establish myself there in the capital. She will make me her heir on these conditions, but, if I do not comply with them, will disinherit me. Let her!

Uncle Matias. This ought to be taken into consideration, señorito!† It is true that the empty bottle, with more rufflings than the sea, and more wrigglings and squirmings than a rabbit under raffle, displeases and shocks one; but the inheritance is another thing, and deserves to be well weighed before it is let go. We sometimes make up our mind in haste to repent at leisure.

Calixto. I shall not repent of this. She may keep her niece and her money; let the loss go for the gain. Then my mother will not consent on any terms to the West India project, or to let me live in Sevilla, or that I shall leave home at all after my studies are concluded.

Uncle Matias. And where could you go, señorito, and find yourself better off than in your own native place, in your own house, at the head of your estate? Your worship surely doesn't want to go as agent to Madrid, like a notary's son?‡

Calixto. My worship proposes nothing of the kind. I want to travel in distant parts; go to Madrid, or wherever I please. My superiors are three, and each one is set in his own way, and determined to have it. I'll be hanged if this does not beat the family of the god Baco.*

Uncle Matias. Don't talk so, señorito. The family of the god Baco are the father, the son, and the devil. But your worship appears to be like the cricket, bound to jump somewhere.

Calixto. Is it just that my parents and aunt, who have no heir but me, should be my tyrants? They are very unfeeling!

Uncle Matias. Young master, all the more because yours is the only tongue to speak, it should never speak ill of your parents. To do that is like giving a blow to God on Good-Friday. How can you expect that they will be willing to let you go like a discontented bird, and live away from home, and country, and father, and mother, in their old age? If my son were of such mind, I should have to teach him his duty out of a wild-olive primer.†

Calixto. I have no such intention; I mean to establish myself here—in this place; for, though it is not pleasant, it is my own, and that of my family, in which the property that will one day be mine is located. But, since my circumstances permit it, what I want, before I settle down here for life, is to travel, become acquainted with the world, form opinions, acquire knowledge, in order to make myself an intelligent and cultivated gentleman.

* A sarcastic saying frequently used by Spaniards when a person absurdly complains of having too many good things.

† Young or little master.

‡ The Spanish landed proprietors, or *hidalgo* (*hijo d'algo*, son of somebody) class, look with great contempt on notaries and clerks.

* Bacchus.

† Wild olive serves the Spanish parent instead of birch.

Uncle Matias. Well, if your worship has determined to see the world, like the young blades in stories of enchantment, there's nothing to do but get the master to agree to it, give you a lance, the best horse in the stable, and his blessing. I've nothing to say against it, so long as your worship don't mean, when you get home from strange parts, to go to experimenting with the plough and harrow they use off there.

Calixto. Set your mind at rest. I'm not going for the purpose of studying ploughs and harrows. But, instead of consenting to my reasonable desire, they all dispose of me without taking my ideas upon the subject into account. Ought one to submit to such oppression? And presently they'll begin to tell me how much they love me! What they all love is to rule me!

Uncle Matias. It is plain, señorito, that you are the poor rabbit at which they are all shooting. But a dutiful son takes the bad with the good. Have their honors told you their intentions?

Calixto. No, my *mae** Maria has enlightened me. They talk freely before her. But I am going right away, now, to tell them that I am resolved not to go to Habana; not to marry my ill-brought up *elegantona*† of a cousin; and not to bury myself, in my twenty-third year, in a dull country-town! (*Goes toward the door.*)

Uncle Matias (*detaining him*). Stop, señorito! What are you going to do but ring the bell at the wrong time? Wait, señor. All the watching in the world won't hurry the dawn. Let's talk the matter over. You don't want to go to Habana; neither do you want to offend your father and lose your allowance; isn't that it?

Calixto. That's exactly it.

Uncle Matias. And the aunt's inheritance and goods wouldn't come amiss, if you came by them fairly, and without the empty bottle in starched frills, with name wrong end first?*

Calixto. You comprehend the case.

Uncle Matias. And, if it could be brought about so, you would like to have your mother consent to let you see foreign parts, and furnish your saddle-bags well besides?

Calixto. This is the very summit of my desires.

Uncle Matias. Well, to see if they can be accomplished, will your worship follow my advice?

Calixto. That depends upon what it is; tell me.

Uncle Matias. If it is not going to be followed, your worship must excuse me. I join this to this (*pressing his lips together with his fingers*). Promise to do as I tell you, and, if it don't turn out well, you can still do what you were going to.

Calixto. I promise. Let me hear how I am to act.

Uncle Matias. Keep easy and dark inside your jacket, without taking their honors beforehand. In such cases, the way is to *wait and see.*

Calixto (*reflecting*). Not attack, but be on the defensive to ward off with advantage. Very good tactics, Uncle Matias.

Uncle Matias. The best, señorito—the very best. In this world, if you wouldn't go wrong, there's nothing like them. Don't get into a fret, but wait and see.

Calixto. I hear my father and mother and my aunt approaching, disputing as they come.

Uncle Matias. All the better; but,

* Mammy, said of nurse or foster-mother.
† Elegant with extreme affectation.

* Said of unusual or unpronounceable names.

make free with the way, your worship, and get out of sight.

Calixto runs out of the room.

Uncle Matias (*alone*). The master is a good man, but a bad tailor. The mistress hasn't quite as many lights as the age, and don't understand piquet. The aunt is as crazy as a bean-field. People of this kind take more turns than a key. There's nothing to do now but leave them alone, and let one ball push the other. As for the lad, he only wants his wits sharpened.

SCENE III.

Enter, in hot dispute, Doña Alfonsa, Doña Concha, and Don José.

Doña Concha. Send an only son to Habana, to incur the peril of the black-vomit, for the sake of a problematic inheritance! It's an unheard-of atrocity! It's unnatural! and nothing less!

Doña Alfonsa. Embark the son of my life on the deep seas, to be two long months at the mercy of the winds and waves; and all to get property that—God be thanked—he does not need! I will not consent! No!

Don José. He will go without your consent.

Doña Concha. He will refuse to go; and he will do right.

Don José. How! will refuse if his father commands him to go?

Doña Alfonsa. You are not going to command him! To take such responsibility would be to act as a bad father.

Don José. I shall have no occasion to do it. Calixto is not a child that does not understand what is for its own good. You ought to know that to recover an inheritance one goes further than Habana—to China itself—and leaves on the trot, even if he is a grandee of Spain.

Doña Alfonsa. Only those do it who have nothing.

Doña Concha. Those who have no money to pay an agent.

Don José. Pay an agent! To take charge of both the saint and the alms?* The ideas of women! They do not have to act either as agents or principals in the management of business matters, and so never understand anything about them.

Doña Concha. Nevertheless, I wish you to understand that, if he goes in search of an inheritance that may dissolve into salt water, as those American properties are very apt to, he will lose mine, which is certain if he marries my niece, and takes up his residence in Sevilla.

Doña Alfonsa. Take up his residence in Sevilla! Leave his old father and mother! Abandon the house and lands of his forefathers! The Habana project is bad enough, but this is too much! And marry for interest besides! He will never do it, sister, never! and he will be right!

Doña Concha. He will not prefer the capital of a province to a miserable country village? will not accept the fortune I offer him, with a most elegant wife, who is my niece and his relative? We shall see if he will not!

Doña Alfonsa. He will not, because he does not love your niece, and because it is his duty to live with his parents in his own house, and on his own estate, as all his ancestors have before him. And is this, sister, a reason why you should disinherit him?

Don José. For this reason I wish him to secure the property in Ha-

* To appropriate both the estate and the pay.

bana, which I, whom you are pleased to call a bad father, will yield up to him at once, in order that he may live independently, and not be obliged to enslave himself by accepting an inheritance with conditions attached.

Doña Concha. He will enslave himself more if he exposes himself to become food for the fishes of the sea, the caimans and the crocodiles—may God defend us!—to obtain the one in Habana.

Don José. Foolish terrors of women! We will leave it to him to decide.

Doña Alfonsa. Blessed word!

Doña Concha. Immediately! This suits me.

Doña Alfonsa. For it is clear that no young man in his five senses will decide to go to sea, decide to marry a woman that another has chosen for him, and to establish himself away from his own native place.

Doña Concha. Sister, you live in Babia,* and are more than a century behind the age.

Don José. There is nobody in any age that refuses to go after an inheritance.

Doña Concha. What is said is said; let him decide.

Don José. Agreed. (*Goes out muttering.*) I'll talk to him.

Doña Alfonsa (*apart, as she goes out*). How you are going to be undeceived! To think that they know a son better than the mother who bore him! (*To Maria, who has been in the background during this scene.*) Maria, call Calixto, I wish to speak with him.

Doña Concha (*apart, as she leaves the room*). To suppose that a stylish young fellow like Calixto is going to bury himself in this forlorn hamlet! What blindness! And to imagine that a man, already rich, is going out to America to defend a lawsuit! Paltry idea of a country-bred proprietor! It will, however, be well to give Calixto a hint of what is going on.

SCENE IV.

Calixto.

You hear what Maria says; all three are looking for me to propose their plans, each one in the belief that I shall be found compliant. This is the time, Uncle Matias, for me to speak out; now they will listen to me, and each one will carry away a well-inculcated no!

Uncle Matias. Nothing of the kind! You'll spoil all, señorito.

Calixto. Why, would you have me concede to each one what is asked?

Uncle Matias. Neither this nor the other.

Calixto. What then, old boy?

Uncle Matias. Neither flat nor high nosed.* *Don't commit yourself.* Say neither yes nor no. But here comes the master, and I'm off. Keep your jacket buttoned tight, señorito, and don't commit yourself; don't drop a word that he can hold you by.

Calixto. Perhaps the old fox is right. At any rate, we will try the rule of his grammar by being non-committal—neither exasperating them nor consenting to them.

SCENE V.

Enter Don José.

Son, I have already spoken to you on one occasion of the fat inheritance I have to contest in Habana.

Calixto. I recollect it, sir.

* The land of simple dreamers.

* Ni chato ni narigon.

Don José. They write me that, in order to have my claim properly represented, it will be necessary to send a confidential person out there with the documents which are yet wanting. He must understand law, and be prepared to make the matter his business.

Calixto. It will be very proper to send such a person, father.

Don José. But it would not be easy to find a person as trustworthy as this affair requires, and, as you have just finished a course of law, does it not strike you that you are better qualified and more suitable than any one else can possibly be? One old Spanish saying is, "*For your own, you.*"

Calixto. Thank you, señor, for the proof you give me of your confidence.

Don José. I intend that the whole of this property shall be yours for your allowance and to reward your zeal.

Calixto. For this generosity on your part, I am—as I ought to be—truly grateful.

Don José. You are convinced, then, of the propriety of my decision?

Calixto. Your having made it, señor, is proof to me of its propriety.

SCENE VI.

The same and Doña Concha.

Doña Concha. Here, brother! For more than an hour, the overseer, the workman, the wheelwright, the guard, the foreman, and the chief shepherd have been waiting for you.

Don José (*hastening*). I'm going, I'll be there. I'll see you again presently, señora sister; in the meantime, convince yourself, to your disgust, that men understand affairs and one another better than women can understand them, however much Lycurgus-like they may fancy themselves to be.

SCENE VII.

Doña Concha and Calixto.

Doña Concha. What is this that your father has just told me? Is it possible, you foolish boy, that you have pledged yourself to go to the focus of the yellow-fever to dispute an estate that you do not want?

Calixto. An increase of fortune is never to be despised, aunt.

Doña Concha. No; but you can have the increase without making a painful, fruitless, and dangerous voyage. Know that I have always loved you and continue to love you as a son, and that I propose immediately to declare you my sole heir if you promise to give up this mad undertaking.

Calixto. Aunt, so much goodness overpowers me.

Doña Concha. You will establish yourself in Sevilla, and marry Diana, who will bring you (for her wedding portion) my grange of *Los Almeses*, which yields sixty thousand reals annually. With as much more that your father ought to give, you could afford to wait with patience for our estates. What do you think of the plan?

Calixto. It exceeds my desires, aunt.

SCENE VIII.

Doña Alfonsa enters hastily.

Doña Alfonsa. Calixto, my son, where do you keep yourself? I have been looking for you for the last hour.

Doña Concha. He is attending to matters of sufficient importance, sister; discussing means by which to avoid exposing his life to gratify ava-

rice, and to escape also the death in life to which selfish affection would condemn him. (*Goes out.*)

Doña Alfonsa. That is it! That is it! So, then, my sister has been putting into your head the unnatural idea of abandoning your native place and your old parents?

Calixto. But, dear lady, at twenty-three a man cannot always remain shut up in one place, although it may be a very good place. You can be quite sure that the famous rat that turned hermit and lived in a cheese was an old rat.

Doña Alfonsa. I wish that those fire-ships and steam-carriages had never been thought of! They are what has turned the world upside down! they are what has brought in this wicked propensity to keep moving and to move all things, as if everything was not best in the place that God designed it for. My child, where can you be happier than with your father and mother; in your own house, where all love you; in your native town, where all know and respect you?

Calixto. If I went, it would be only to take a journey, see what is going on in the world, and return.

Doña Alfonsa. Changed and discontented, and a renegade to your country! Well—and your father, too, wants to send you off upon the raging ocean in one of those ships that it swallows at a gulp.

Calixto. But, mother, many people go to America and come back without any mischance.

Doña Alfonsa (*not attending*). Your aunt wants you to live in Sevilla, away from your old father and mother, who must remain alone with no one to care for them.

Calixto. She makes me her heir on that condition.

Doña Alfonsa. Yes, if you marry her niece, who knows how to talk French, and don't know how to say the Rosary. Of course you said no?

Calixto. I said neither yes nor no

SCENE IX.

Enter Don José, Doña Concha, and Uncle Matias, who stations himself at one end of the stage, behind Calixto.

Don José (*rubbing his hands*). Come, now, we are ready to hear how Calixto has decided.

Doña Concha. And his decision is not that it will suit him better to become an adventurer, searching the world for inheritances, or to remain in your supper-without-lights * style here, in this paltry village, rather than live, as a gentleman ought, in the capital of his province. What do you say, Calixto?

Calixto (*with decision*). Well, señores, I say—

Uncle Matias (*pulling at Calixto's sleeve*). *Stop where you are.* For word escaped from the mouth or stone from the hand there's no return.†

Calixto (*somewhat confused, lowering his voice*). I have not made up my mind. (*Apart.*) He is right. Entrench yourself, and don't open a postern.

Uncle Matias. Just so; bless your little bill, señorito!

Don José. How is this, son? Did we not settle it that—

Calixto. We left it unsettled, señor.

Uncle Matias. Well answered!

Doña Concha. Calixto was talking with me afterward, and concluded, very judiciously, to gratify an aunt who proposes nothing but what is for his happiness, and most suitable in itself. Is it not so?

Calixto. I will do all that you desire, except—

* *Un ceno á oscuras*—plenty without pleasure.
† *Palabra y piedra suelta no tienen vuelta.*

Uncle Matias (*pulling his sleeve*). Stop where you are!

Doña Concha. What do you say?

Calixto. That perhaps I may comply with your wishes when I return from Habana, if I go, though I have not decided to make the voyage.

Uncle Matias. Good! you understand it.

Doña Concha. And will not decide to go running after a fortune like some Don Nobody of a beggar's son. O señor brother-in-law, not all men have that "mutual understanding."

Don José (*apart*). The sly thing has circumvented me; but I would rather my son lost her estate than that she should have the disposal of his future. (*To Calixto in an undertone.*) I will excuse you from the voyage to Habana, and double your allowance, if you will promise not to have that spoiled niece of your aunt. (*Aloud.*) Calixto does not think of changing his state at present. The gentlemen of our house have never married for interest.

Doña Concha (*aside*). He'll send the boy off to America yet. I have never seen a more obstinate man than this brother-in-law of mine. (*In a whisper to Calixto.*) My dear, I promise to secure my estate to you without conditions, if you will not go to Habana.

Doña Alfonsa. Both of them disposing of my son, and despatching him whither it suits them, as if the mother that bore him had nothing to say about it! It would not be surprising if the one with her tongue, and the other with his saws and sentences, should succeed; she in making him marry her shallow-pated niece, she in persuading him to go to America. May God forbid it! (*Approaches Calixto hastily, and says in his ear.*) Calixto, my son, if you will not sail for Habana nor go to live in Sevilla, I will not only permit you to travel on *terra firma*, but will also provide you with all the money you need for your expenses.

Calixto (*apart to his mother*). I shall conform to your wishes, mother.

Doña Alfonsa (*triumphantly*). Calixto will neither go to sea nor establish himself in Sevilla! As if I did not know the son of my heart!

Don José (*to his wife*). Rib of my side, my son is not going to stay pinned to your petticoats like a pocket. He shall visit Madrid to see that the Cortes indemnify me for the privileges of which they have despoiled my house.

Doña Concha. I rejoice, brother-in-law, that you have desisted from your mad project, and that my sister has given up her childish, old-times notion of condemning Calixto to the existence of an oyster.

Uncle Matias (*apart to Calixto*). Does your worship see, my señorito? You have obtained all you wanted, and have your three superiors under your thumb, and grateful, into the bargain.

Calixto. So it appears; for I am not going to Habana; not going to marry; not going to establish myself anywhere at present; and I am going to travel. I owe this good result to you, Uncle Matias.

Don José. To Uncle Matias, did you say?

Doña Concha. The capataz? in what way?

Calixto. The way of his *Three Rules of Rustic Grammar.*

Doña Concha. And what are his three rules?

Calixto. Wait and see, Don't commit yourself, and *Stop where you are.*

THE IRISH BRIGADES IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.*

That a people like the Irish, who have long since lost their position as a distinctive member of the family of nations, and who are fast losing, with their language and peculiar customs, the national identity of their most gifted public men, should cling with special tenacity to the fading glories of the past, is only in consonance with all we read in history of other weaker nationalities, which, from inherent defects or by the operation of superior hostile force, have gradually become merged into that of more compact or more powerful neighbors. The successive wars that devastated Ireland from the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169 till the close of the seventeenth century, left the original inhabitants of that country and the descendants of the earlier invaders literally nothing but their faith, and that remarkable physical and mental courage which, being inherent in the race, could only have been destroyed by the extermination of the whole people. The faith planted by St. Patrick no human power could eradicate, or even suppress its manifestations for any great length of time, as may be seen by tracing its gradual but steady revival during the penal years, and in the splendid and substantial victories gained over all the enemies that Protestantism arrayed against it in more modern days. Its triumphs, however, are not in the strictest sense national, but belong more properly to the general history of the church, exhibiting, as they do, another of the many instances to be found in the annals of Christendom of a people, crushed and persecuted for religion's sake, successfully opposing patience and fortitude to the most ingenious machinations of a dominant civil power.

But the loyalty, keen sense of honor, and undaunted heroism which distinguished the Irish exiles on the continent of Europe during the greater portion of the last century, shed a halo round the departing days of Irish nationality, and constituted an inheritance at once the boast and exclusive property of their kindred. Conquest as often implies degeneracy and corruption on the part of the vanquished as the possession of overwhelming power on that of the conquerors; but certainly in perusing the pages of the author before us, filled as they are with authentic records of a thousand deeds of noble daring in the field, and the display of high mental qualities in the study and the cabinet, we cannot help arriving at the conviction that the success of the English arms in Ireland was due to other causes than to the absence of manly vigor or the want of that comprehensive skill considered necessary to plan campaigns and fight successful battles. Strangers in a strange land, placed in constant contrast with the soldiers of the most warlike nation of the period, and necessarily brought in contact with many of the ablest statesmen of the day, we find that the Irish contingent in the service of France not only occupied no secondary place among the bravest of her troops, but that they were everywhere received with marked

* *History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France.* From the Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland under James II. to the Revolution in France under Louis XVI. By John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Glasgow: Cameron & Ferguson. Boston: P. Donahoe.

distinction, and that their leaders invariably won their way to important commands, and wore gracefully the attendant honors. Their devotion to the apparently hopeless cause of their dethroned sovereign, a feeling scarcely subordinate to their fidelity to his great ally, constantly exhibited on so many hard-fought battle-fields where his enemies were to be defeated or his friends succored, was a perpetual protest against the pretensions of William of Orange and the House of Hanover, and a complete refutation of the anti-Irish slanders which were sought to be circulated against the intelligence and bravery of a people who had imperilled and lost everything in defence of religion and freedom, and who only, after a series of struggles extending from generation to generation, finally relinquished the contest at home to renew it under more favorable auspices abroad. One of the first duties of a citizen is to defend his country, native or adopted, against external and internal foes, and he who has the capacity to do this bravely and skilfully, with proper regard for the restrictions of religion and the dictates of humanity, ought to occupy an exalted place in the esteem of his compatriots. Hence, in all wisely governed countries, military science and martial prowess have been fostered and extolled; and hence also we find in the orations and songs of modern Ireland constant and fond reference made to the gallantry of the exiles in the various Continental countries under whose flags they found freedom of conscience, employment, and distinction.

Long anterior to the disaster at the Boyne and the capitulation of Limerick, Irish soldiers were engaged in the service of Catholic nations; for, as each recurring insurrection was suppressed at home, numerous Irish chiefs and their followers, too proud to remain in a land where their religion was outlawed and their estates given to strangers, crossed to the Continent, and were everywhere gladly welcomed into the ranks of their co-religionists. They swelled in particular the armies of Spain, France, Austria, Italy, Poland, and the countries of Southern Germany, but, not having had distinctive organizations, their exploits are known to us merely through passing allusions to their names in contemporaneous history or by the meagre biographies of some ill-informed chroniclers of literary aspirations. France, from her long and intimate intercourse with Ireland, and from the fact of the friendship of her monarch Louis XIV. for the house of Stuart, was destined to be the theatre of Irish military genius on a more ample scale, and thus to profit by the misfortunes of her weaker and less fortunate ally. During the reign of the second Charles, there were two regiments of foreign troops in the French service: one composed of Irish, English, and Scotch, called the *Gendarmes Anglois et Irlandois*, and the other composed exclusively of Irish raised by royal permission in 1671. This latter, commanded by Count George Hamilton, distinguished itself in the wars of the great Turenne and under the Duke of Luxembourg, having, as the French historians relate, "done wonders;" and, though recruited in 1673 by the addition of six hundred emigrants, it became so reduced in numbers by reason of losses in action that it ceased to exist as a battalion, and was incorporated into the regiment of Greder soon after the death of its colonel, which occurred in 1676, not many months after the count had been commissioned major-general in the French army.

Affairs on the Continent were at

this time singularly favorable for the advent of a large organized and impetuous body of men such as the Irish troops afterward proved themselves to be. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the position of France was such as to appall a mind less firm and less fruitful in resources than that of the politic, able, and unscrupulous monarch who then swayed her destiny. He was literally surrounded by enemies, open or secret, England alone excepted, and even her friendship, laboring as she was in the incipient throes of revolution, was almost valueless. The League of Augsburg, formed, in 1688, ostensibly against the Turks, was actually directed against the growing power of France, whose territorial aggrandizements and extravagant pretensions had arrayed against her the Emperor of Germany, the Electors of Saxony, Bavaria, Brandenburg, and the Palatinate, as well as Suabia, Franconia, Spain, Sweden, the Dutch Republic, and Savoy. Even the Pope, Innocent XI., if he did not take an active part with the league, had good reasons to disapprove of the general conduct of the French king. The Protestant members of the league were opposed to Louis because he was, nominally at least, a Catholic, while their Catholic allies, being near neighbors of France, feared her lust of conquest or distrusted her almost equally dangerous friendship. The leading spirit of this formidable coalition was pre-eminently William of Orange, who from personal motives as well as from reasons of wise and far-seeing statesmanship was the avowed enemy of France. One of his chief designs was to detach England from that country, and array her with her army and fleet on the side of the leaguers. To effect this purpose and at the same time to gratify his ill-concealed ambition, he plotted with a number of English refugees at the Hague the dethronement of his father-in-law James II., and successfully accomplished his scheme by the aid of his Continental allies. This was the much vaunted Revolution of 1688, by which the English people, blinded by their sectarian prejudices, confidently believed that they had confirmed their liberties and placed their country on a prouder eminence among surrounding nations, but which in reality drew her helplessly into the vortex of Continental politics, entailed upon her a succession of destructive and expensive wars, and laid deep the foundation of her national debt—an incubus which ever since has weighed so heavily on the energies of her industrial population.

At the near approach of danger, James, deserted and betrayed, abandoned crown and kingdom, and sought refuge at the court of Louis XIV. That sovereign was undismayed by the new accession to the ranks of his enemies. His subjects entertained for him the most profound loyalty, his treasury was in reasonably good condition, his armies in a high state of efficiency, and he counted among his general officers some of the ablest captains in Europe. He forthwith despatched James to Ireland, where the people, the descendants of the "Undertakers" and the Cromwellian soldiery excepted, were unanimously in his favor, promising to send after him ships, arms, and men to aid him, if not in recovering the crown of England, at least in holding possession of the government of Ireland, of which he still was the lawful sovereign. James landed in Ireland from Brest in March, 1689, and was followed in April of the next year by a fleet of forty ships, and transports bearing arms, supplies, and about six thousand French

troops, under the command of Comte de Lauzun and several subordinate engineer and artillery officers of distinction.

The history of the Williamite campaigns of 1689–90–91 is but the counterpart of that of so many previous struggles in that country—a succession of hard-contested battles resulting in disaster to the patriots, and a series of brilliant skirmishes which but delayed, not averted, the final consummation, and that consummation was confiscation, death, or perpetual expatriation. The wisdom and policy of the Irish people in adhering so tenaciously to the fortunes of the fallen Stuarts have been questioned, but, we think, without sufficient consideration of the true situation of public affairs at that time. The Stuarts when in power were but indifferent friends of Ireland, it is true, still they were of the Irish race; and James II., with all his faults, was not only a Catholic, but an earnest and practical advocate of religious toleration for all sects. While yet on the throne, he had relieved the Catholic and dissenting classes of the three kingdoms from many of the disabilities under which they had so long labored, he had replaced in his armies and navy many distinguished officers who heretofore had been excluded from their proper position for conscience' sake, and had called to his councils men whom the Irish people recognized as of their blood and faith; and, finally, for these very acts, at least such was the allegation of his enemies, he was driven from the throne of his immediate ancestors, and stripped of all kingly power. What ulterior views, looking to complete national independence, might have been entertained by the chiefs of the old Irish race, we know not with certainty, though we have reason to suppose that such existed; but we cannot see how the Catholics of Ireland, with a full knowledge of the antecedents of William of Orange, and the character of those who conspired to place him in power, could have done otherwise than rally round the standard of James; and, having concluded to take sides in the royal family quarrel, true policy dictated that their help should be rendered promptly and with the most imposing display of numbers. Accordingly, the king's arrival was the signal for the rising of the entire adult national population of the island, to the number of at least one hundred thousand, every one of whom was ready to lay down his life in the cause of his religion and country; but unfortunately James's treasury was in such wretched condition that he was unable to supply a tithe of the equipments required, and, even with the supplies furnished by France, he was obliged to send more than half of his followers to their homes, there to remain inactive spectators of a contest in which the question of their liberties and national existence was to be decided.

While James was arraying his Irish subjects and French allies against the head of the League of Augsburg, Louis was combating with his usual persistency and ubiquity the designs of its members on his frontiers. To do this effectively, he had everything but a sufficiency of men. He had, as we have seen, sent to Ireland six thousand of his regular troops, with arms for many thousand more, but he could ill spare so many men amid the trying circumstances in which he was placed. He accordingly stipulated with James that, in return for Lauzun's men, he should have an equivalent number of Irish troops, which he agreed to fully arm, equip, and reward with extra pay. By virtue of this cartel, there sailed from Cork, on the 18th day of April, 1690,

on the returning French fleet, five regiments of Irish troops, under the command of General Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, the first Irish brigade, for the service of France, and the initial wave of that vast tide of military emigration which was destined to set toward the shores of France from that time till long after the causes which put it in motion had ceased to exist. These five regiments, on their landing, numbered in officers and men five thousand three hundred and seventy-one; but, being obliged to conform to the system then prevalent in France, they were consolidated into three, each of fifteen companies, the supernumerary colonels, Richard Butler and Robert Fielding, with their field-staff and line officers, accepting lesser grades of rank rather than abandon the cause in which they took so vital an interest. The brigade thus organized was placed under the command of MacCarthy, who was commissioned in the French service as *maréchal de camp*, and was known during his lifetime and long afterward as Mountcashel's Brigade. MacCarthy, save in point of the slight physical defect of having been near-sighted, seems to have possessed all the requisites for a good commanding officer. The direct descendant of one of the most ancient families in Ireland, which, if not always remarkable for consistent patriotism, was certainly never found deficient in soldierly qualities, he united to a temperament naturally brave and enthusiastic all the social and mental culture which the times afforded to persons of his rank and nativity, heightened by his intimate relationship by consanguinity or marriage with many of the noblest families in Ireland and England. In the desultory warfare that preceded the collision of the two royal armies at the Boyne, he commanded King James's forces in the north, and, though desperately wounded and taken prisoner by the Williamite troops, he proved himself a vigilant and skilful officer; and, though not always successful, he invariably came out of each engagement with honor and increased reputation. The colonel of the second regiment of the brigade was the Hon. Daniel O'Brien, afterward Lord Clare, who, as his name indicates, was of the royal house of Munster. He also was an accomplished soldier, thoroughly acquainted with the art of warfare as understood in that day, and remarkable alike for the grace of his person and the soundness of his judgment. The third regiment was in charge of the Hon. Arthur Dillon, afterward Count Dillon, who, though a stripling not yet twenty years of age, exhibited such an aptitude for military matters that he was not only allowed to retain his command in preference to officers of much greater practical experience, but subsequently rose to a very high rank in the French service, and died in 1733 at the age of sixty-three years, being then lieutenant-general.

The first brigade had scarcely set foot in France when it was ordered into active service. Mountcashel, having been confirmed in his rank as lieutenant-general and put in command of all the Irish troops in the service of Louis XIV., took the field in the summer of 1690, under St. Ruth, then operating in Savoy; in the following year, we find him at the head of his command, forming part of the army of Rousillon, under the Duc de Noailles, and taking part in the capture of several fortified places in Catalonia; in 1693, he was with the army of Germany, and in the following year his death is announced as having occurred from wounds received in various actions,

in which, says the French chronicler, he was "always extremely distinguished." He was succeeded by Colonel Andrew Lee and other gallant officers, and his regiment, constantly engaged in the French wars, and as persistently supplying its losses in battle with recruits from Ireland, at length ceased to exist as an organization in 1775, about eighty-five years after its landing in France. The regiment of O'Brien, or Clare, as it was subsequently called, was likewise engaged in Savoy in 1690, and with the army of Piedmont in the following years under Catinat. O'Brien, who took an active part in the battle of Marsaglia, October 4, 1693, and is said to have contributed materially to the success of the French arms on that occasion, was there mortally wounded, and died soon after at Pignerol. This regiment, like that of Mountcashel, continued to take an active part in all the military operations of the French, led by and recruited from the ranks of its own countrymen, and finally ceased to exist at the same time. The regiment of Dillon for the first few years was principally engaged under Noailles in his operations against Spain, it afterward shared the dangers and suffered the same losses incident to the other regiments of the brigade, and was the last to be disbanded, having existed for over one hundred years on French soil, always recruited from home, and to the last retaining as its commandant a scion of the house of its original colonel.

Meanwhile the war in Ireland had closed with the surrender of Limerick in 1691. By the terms of capitulation, the Irish garrison was allowed to march out of the city with all the honors of war. Those who chose to remain in the country were guaranteed the possession of their lands and the free exercise of their faith, and were even promised positions in the service of William equivalent to those held under James. Those who preferred to leave the country were to be provided with a free passage to any country they might select, and were at liberty to enter the service of any sovereign at peace with England, but were prohibited from returning to their native land, unless by special royal authority, under penalty of death. Those who thus voluntarily preferred exile to William's service forfeited their lands and honors, and by this latter clause over one million of acres were confiscated. The great bulk of James's army, distrusting the specious promises of the English, in which subsequent events but too fully justified them, emigrated, some to Spain and other European countries, but the majority, numbering over nineteen thousand men of all arms, followed the fortunes of their king and went to France. This force, together with the first Irish brigade and the recruits which from time to time had come over to France during the civil war in Ireland, constituted, according to King James's memoirs and the account of the Chevalier Wogan, a total of at least thirty thousand Irishmen in the service of France at the beginning of the year 1692—a contingent which, when we recall the paucity of the armies of that province, must have constituted a very important element in the entire military force of the French nation, as it most assuredly contributed to the success of that country in all of her subsequent wars, and to her eventual supremacy on the Continent. In fact, look at it how we may, it is almost impossible to overestimate the importance to France and her rulers of this new addition of strength. Those thirty thousand men were all in the prime of life, of pow-

erful physique, inured from infancy to hardship, soldiers who had measured swords with the choicest of William's veterans, officers who had outmanœuvred his most skilful generals, all fully organized, armed, and equipped, united together and to their leaders by the strongest of all bonds, those of family, country, and religion. Their voluntary presence on French soil was not only a guarantee of their loyalty to King James and their determination to uphold all who sustained their religion, but it was an earnest that, as death, disease, or the natural decay of men might thin their ranks, plenty more of their countrymen would be found willing and ready to take their places. As long as the "Protestant ascendency" party in England continued to persecute the Catholics, there was no fear that France would lack Irish troops to fight her battles. America had not then become a refuge for the oppressed of Europe, and we must not be astonished to find, incredible as it may appear, that Irish immigration which has directed its march westward since our Revolution, previously found its chief outlet in the armies of continental Europe in the preceding century, as we have the best authority for stating that nearly three-quarters of a million of able-bodied men, natives of Ireland, sought service in the French armies alone, during the hundred years that followed the surrender of Limerick. * In another aspect, the introduction of this foreign element into the land forces of France had a marked effect on the *esprit de corps* of the entire army. It is a well-recognized fact in military science that every nation has its peculiar excellence in warfare, and it is by the combination of these different national qualities under one supreme head, and the judicious adaptation of them to meet special exigencies, that the most efficient armies are created and the most decisive results accomplished. The British forces under that great master of the art of war, Wellington, would afford a forcible illustration of the truthfulness of this proposition, did we not see its efficacy in our own late internecine war, where the children of diverse origin vied with each other in their antagonism to the common enemy. Ambition is said to be the virtue of a soldier, and generous rivalry is but its outward manifestation. The Irish soldier in the presence of his Gallic comrade felt called upon to exceed even his natural daring, and the Frenchman, with the military pride of his country, could hardly allow himself to be eclipsed by the superior merits of a foreigner. Thus it was that during the wars of Louis XIV. and his successor, though often outnumbered and sometimes defeated, the French armies invariably displayed the greatest heroism.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the Irish troops in the service of France were mere mercenaries. The contrary is the fact. They were simply expatriated soldiers, a portion of whom were sent by their lawful sovereign to assist his ally, and the balance allowed voluntarily to leave their country by the most solemn of all contracts, a treaty, duly ratified and expressed in terms broad enough to satisfy the scruples of the greatest advocate of the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. The moral ligament that is supposed to for ever bind the sub-

* From researches made in *Les Archives du Ministre de la Guerre à Paris*, by M. de la Ponce, it appears that between the years 1650 and 1800, more than 750,000 Irishmen "*avaient été moissonnés par le fer ou le boulet sur les divers champs de bataille pour l'éclat du nom Français.*" The number of Irish soldiers killed in the French service from 1691 to 1745 is set down by the historian McGeoghegan, who was at one time chaplain to the Irish brigade, at 450,000.

ject to the government was severed by the only authority that might have laid claim to their obedience, and henceforth they were at liberty to choose their own country and pass under the protection of whatever government they pleased to select. That this was well understood at the time by both parties to the contract cannot be doubted; for, while as prisoners of war they were treated by their late countrymen with all the honors due French-born prisoners, they themselves refused the extra pay allowed to other foreign troops, preferring to be considered as naturalized Frenchmen. "Louis XIV.," says Count Dillon, "wrote with his own hand to the civil lieutenant, Le Camus, 'that he had always treated the Irish Catholics who had passed into his kingdom as his own subjects; and that it was his wish that they should enjoy the same rights as natural-born Frenchmen, without being on that account obliged to take out letters of naturalization.'"

When the troops which had volunteered for France after the treaty of Limerick had arrived in that country early in 1692, they were received by James and the French king with marked cordiality, and were reorganized into two troops of horse guards, two regiments of horse, two regiments of dragoons, dismounted, and eight regiments and three independent companies of infantry. They were to be under the orders of James II., all the commissions were to be signed by him, and for the purpose of their proper government he was to be allowed a secretary of war, a judge-advocate-general, a provost-marshal-general, a chaplain-general, chaplains, physicians, surgeons, etc. As an evidence of the *personnel* of these new allies of France, it may be mentioned that the two troops of guards were composed exclusively of gentlemen of birth and education, and that one was commanded by the Duke of Berwick, James's son, and the other by Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. The two regiments of mounted cavalry were made up of the remnants of those of Tyrconnell, Galmoy, Lucan, Sutherland, Luttrell, Abercorn, Westmeath, Purcell, and O'Brien, the first commanded by Colonel Domnic Sheldon and the second by Lord Galmoy. The first regiment of dismounted dragoons was commanded by William Dongan, Earl of Limerick, and the second by Colonel Francis O'Carroll, the infantry regiments and independent companies retaining the old officers as far as possible. By this new arrangement, many deserving officers, it is said, were presented the alternative of abandoning the service or accepting grades much inferior to their former rank; but so intense was their desire to serve against their ancient enemy and his allies that they, almost without exception, accepted any position offered them, and even some gentlemen were found willing to take places among the common soldiers—a circumstance which, though painful to the parties interested, must have had a salutary effect on the *morale* of the rank and file.

Thus reorganized, the year of their arrival in France was allowed to pass in a chimerical attempt to make a descent on some part of the British coast in order to reinstate James on his lost throne. For this purpose, an army of thirty thousand men, of which the Irish troops formed about one-half, was assembled between Cherbourg and La Hogue in Normandy, under the command of the Marshal de Bellefonds and Lord Lucan; but the naval engagement off La Hogue, in which the French fleet destined to convoy this expedition was nearly destroyed, put an end to the aspira-

tions of James and the designs of Louis XIV. The battle of Landen, in Flanders, fought July 29 by the French and Irish forces, under Marshal the Duke of Luxembourg and the allies under William III., was the principal event of the following year, and resulted in a decisive victory for the former. The first royal Irish regiment of infantry, under Colonel Barrett, had the honor of opening the engagement, and greatly distinguished itself during the entire day, its gallant commandant, in the quaint language of a contemporary historian, "by his bould leading of the said Irish regiment, signalized himself, and slept in the bed of honor." Fieffé, in his *Histoire des Troupes Etrangères*, also says of Barrett's regiment in this action that it "gloriously revenged the insult of the Boyne and Limerick." Other portions of the Irish contingent, under Berwick and Sarsfield, formed the left of the French line, and were conspicuous during the battle for their constant and determined efforts to break the ranks of their opponents. Sarsfield in particular was remarkable for the impetuosity of his attacks, in one of which, in the village of Neer-Winden toward the close of the battle, he fell severely wounded, and died soon after of fever at Huy. It was while lying on the field his valor had so materially contributed to win, and while the cry of victory was filling the air around him, that he is said to have put his hand over his wound, and, immediately withdrawing it covered with his life-blood, mournfully exclaimed, "Oh! that this was shed for Ireland." The loss of Sarsfield was keenly felt by the Irish soldiers abroad. He was their most trusted and, after the Duke of Berwick, their ablest chief. As a popular favorite, he had no rival, and his name even in our time continues to be more intimately associated with the fame of the Irish brigades than that of any other officer connected with them. In stature, he was remarkably tall and proportionately muscular; in disposition, mild and humane; he was passionately fond of the profession of arms, and his disregard of danger sometimes assumed the character of recklessness. His military career is thus epitomized by the author:

"Patrick first served in France as ensign in the regiment of Monmouth; then as lieutenant in the guards in England; whence, on the success of the revolutionists supported by the Dutch invasion, he followed King James II. into France. In March, 1689, he accompanied the king to Ireland; was created a member of the private council; made a colonel of horse, and brigadier; and appointed to command the royal force for the protection of Connaught against the northern revolutionists, whose headquarters were at Iniskilling, or Enniskillen. With that force, he remained in North Connaught until the effects of the unlucky affair at Newtown-Butler, and the raising of the blockade of Derry, in August, by the landing of Major-General Kirke's relief from England and Scotland, compelled him to retire to Athlone. That autumn, however, he retook Sligo, and entirely expelled the revolutionists from Connaught. In July, 1690, he was present at the affair of the Boyne; and, after the king's departure to France, he, by his vigorous exhortations to his countrymen to continue the war, and by his surprise of the Williamite battering-artillery, ammunition, etc., in August, only seven or eight miles from the enemy's camp, mainly contributed to the successful defence of Limerick against William III. In December and January, 1690–91, he foiled the military efforts of the Williamites, though aided by treachery, to cross the Shannon into Connaught; and was, at the next promotion, made a major-general, and ennobled by King James as 'Earl of Lucan, Viscount of Tully, and Baron of Rosberry.' In June and July, he was at the defence of Athlone, and the battle of Aughrim, or Kilconnell. Soon after, he detected, denounced, and arrested, for corresponding with the enemy, his intimate friend and neighbor Briga-

dier Henry Luttrell, of Luttrellstown, in the county of Dublin, though that officer was either too wary or too powerful to be condemned. After the Treaty of Limerick, in October, 1691, to which his lordship was a chief contracting party, he used all his influence to make as many as possible of his countrymen adhere to the cause of King James and accompany the national army to France, thus sacrificing to his loyalty his fine estate and good prospects of advancement from William III. In 1692, he was appointed by James to the command of his second troop of Irish horse guards, after the grant of the first troop to the Duke of Berwick. On the defeat at Steenkirk, in July, 1692, of the allies, under William III., by the French, under the Marshal de Luxembourg, the marshal complimented Lord Lucan as having acted at the engagement in a manner worthy of his previous military reputation in Ireland. In March, 1693, in addition to his rank of major-general in the service of James II., his lordship was created *maréchal de camp*, or major-general, in that of France, by Louis XIV.; and, at the great overthrow, in July, of the allies, under William III., by Luxembourg at the battle of Landen (otherwise Neer-Winden, or Neer-Hespen), he received his death-wound."

In Italy, this year, the Irish troops under the immediate command of some French generals who had served in Ireland, like De la Hougette and D'Usson, and of their own countrymen Maxwell, Wauchop, and O'Carroll, fully sustained the national reputation. They performed important parts in all the battles and attacks, particularly in that of Marsaglia, and Marshal de Catinat, the commander-in-chief, in writing to the king, reports that, being placed in the centre of the line, "they had done surprising things in the way of valor and good order during the combat." "They have," he adds, "overthrown squadrons, sword in hand, charging them face to face and overthrowing them." Evidence such as this of the invincible daring of the Franco-Irish troops in all the armies of France might be presented *ad infinitum* up to the Peace of Ryswick in 1797, when Europe was allowed to enjoy a short respite from the horrors of warfare. The losses in the various Irish brigades had been so great during the previous four or five years that it became necessary to again reorganize them and lessen the number of regiments. They were accordingly reduced to seven regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, the former being increased one regiment toward the close of the year 1698. This numerical distinction was maintained till 1714, when they were again consolidated into five regiments of infantry, again increased to six in 1744, reduced again to five in 1762, and ending with only three in 1791, the date of the final extinction of the Irish auxiliaries as a separate part of the French army.

The repose of Europe was of short duration. The war of the Spanish succession, as it is called, ushered in the eighteenth century, and found the armies of France again in the field combating their enemies on all sides. Spain and Italy were the chief battle-fields. In the former, Berwick, with the choice of the French troops, including a large proportion of the Irish contingent, carried everything before him. This Duke of Berwick, the illegitimate son of King James and the nephew of Marlborough, was not only one of the greatest officers of his time, but, with the exception of Lally, the most remarkable man connected with the Irish brigades in foreign service. In his early youth, he had served with Austria against the Turks; after the surrender of Limerick, he crossed to the Continent, and was assigned command of a troop of royal Irish horse guards, and was taken prisoner by his uncle at the battle of Landen. His troop having been consolidated in 1698, he was assign-

ed to the colonelcy of an Irish infantry regiment, which thereupon took his name. In Spain, he commanded the French force sent to the support of Philip V., when he covered his name with glory. He afterwards was killed by a cannon-shot at the siege of Philipsburg in 1734, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, having arrived at the dignity of marshal of France and been decorated with the highest orders. Notwithstanding his doubtful origin, he is represented as being a strictly moral and conscientious man in all his domestic and public relations, and "he left behind him," says Lord Mahon, "a most brilliant military reputation." His victory at Almanza was the crowning glory of his life as well as one of the most decisive of modern times. In Italy, where the illustrious Eugene commanded the troops opposed to France, the bravery of the Irish soldiers was equally conspicuous, and the surprise of Cremona, and its gallant defence and recapture by a handful of Irishmen then forming part of the garrison, is too well known and too frequently celebrated in story and song to need a special description. They were a portion of the regiments of Bourke and Dillon, and, out of six hundred men, lost in killed and wounded more than one-half. "The Irish," writes Brigadier Count de Vaudry, "who attacked in the night on the side of the river Po, performed incredible acts." Major O'Mahony, who commanded his countrymen on this occasion, was, according to the Abbé de Fairac, "appointed to carry to his most Christian majesty an account of that memorable transaction, and performed that commission so much to his majesty's satisfaction that he granted him a brevet for colonel, and gave him a pension of one thousand livres, besides one thousand louis-d'ors to defray the expenses of his journey to the court." The limits of a review will not allow us to recount the many well-authenticated instances of the unswerving fidelity and desperate bravery which characterized the Irish troops in the wars which grew out of the Spanish succession, and which almost without intermission devastated the face of Europe for nearly fifty years. Such heroic deeds become the subjects not only of honest pride to their countrymen everywhere, but are extolled and enlarged upon by native French historians with an impartiality and absence of jealousy highly honorable to the writers of that nation. The culminating point of Irish valor on the Continent occurred at the battle of Fontenoy in 1645, and, though often described, deserves special mention.

The force opposed to the French on this occasion is set down by all impartial historians at from fifty to fifty-six thousand men, including twenty-one thousand British and thirty-two thousand Dutch, Hanoverians, and Austrians. The whole was under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, whose object was to save Tourney and drive the French out of Flanders. The French army, exclusive of those besieging Tourney and detached to protect the bridges over the Scheldt, numbered about forty thousand, including the Swiss guard and all the Irish troops then in the French service, namely, the infantry regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley (Mountcashel's), Roth, Berwick, and Lally, and the cavalry regiment of Fitz-James. Lieutenant-General Charles O'Brien, sixth Viscount Clare and ninth Earl of Thomond, commanded the Irish brigade, and Marshal Count Saxe the whole army —Louis XI. and the Dauphin being present on the field. On the morning of the 11th of May, 1745, after a

heavy cannonade, the allies attacked the French position at Fontenoy in three columns. Their right, led by Brigadier Richard Ingoldsby, who was ordered to assault the redoubt at the edge of the wood of Du Barry, failed to perform this duty successfully, and remained comparatively inactive during the remainder of the engagement. The left, under Prince de Waldeck, though more fortunate, did not altogether succeed in breaking through from Fontenoy to St. Antoine; but the centre, a column of some fifteen or sixteen thousand men and twenty field-pieces, led by Cumberland in person, penetrated the French lines, and for a while seemed to bear down all opposition. Marching in a solid column, firing with the steadiness and precision of trained veterans, and flanked by well-served artillery, they successfully routed all the French cavalry and infantry that essayed in vain to oppose their progress. Even the enfilading fire of the enemy's guns seemed to make little impression on their compact masses as they moved solemnly on to assured victory. At this juncture, when the fate of nations hung suspended in the balance, the Irish brigade, who had formed the reserve, was ordered as a *dernier ressort* to attack Cumberland's column, which had momentarily halted on the crest of a hill, preparatory to the grand *coup de grâce*. Promptly as the word was given, Lord Clare formed his men in line, having ordered them not to fire before charging, and, at the word of command, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, the Irish troops swept up the hill, and in a very few moments the victorious legion that but lately was so certain of victory went down before the avenging steel of the exiles, or were fleeing over the adjacent hills a scattered and disorganized rabble. Fifteen guns and two colors remained in the hands of the brigade. Its loss was, however, heavy in proportion to the fury of its onslaught. It amounted in officers killed or wounded to ninety-eight, with a proportionate number of common soldiers and non-commissioned officers. This victory of the Irish, so dearly purchased but so nobly won, was the subject of warm congratulation by their countrymen and co-religionists throughout Europe, and created the greatest chagrin among their enemies, particularly in England. Louis XV. and the Dauphin, who had been spectators of the scene, went in person to thank each of the successful regiments, and the historians and chroniclers of the day were unceasing in their praise of the brave *Irelandois*. Lally and other field-officers were promoted, pensions were liberally distributed to the wounded, and decorations to the deserving, while all that the second George of England could exclaim on hearing the news of the defeat of his son was, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects," a sentiment which afterwards found an echo in the hearts of British statesmen, and doubtless materially modified their views of the wisdom of penal law and Catholic persecution.

Among the men of Irish lineage who distinguished themselves on this eventful day, Count Thomas Arthur Lally, sometimes called Lally Tollendal, was decidedly the most remarkable, whether we consider him as a soldier and a statesman, follow up his most eventful career, or sigh over his ill-deserved and most tragic death. Lally was the son of Sir Gerald Lally, one of the original colonels of King James's army, and was born in Dauphine, France, in 1702. At a very early age, he acquired a strong taste for military life, and developed a wonderful aptitude for mastering the most difficult studies of his future

profession. While yet a child, he was frequently brought into the trenches by his father, a circumstance so far from discouraging the youth that it increased his admiration for the life of a soldier. At the age of twenty-six he was commissioned captain in Dillon's regiment, and promoted aid-major four years afterward. In the year 1732, he travelled through England, Ireland, and Scotland with a view to ascertain the real strength of the Jacobin party in those countries, and returned full of zeal for the Stuarts' cause, and plans for a descent on the Irish or Scotch coast. In 1738, he was entrusted with an important and delicate mission to Russia by Cardinal de Fleury, and, though not fully successful on account of influences beyond his control, he received great praise at the French court, and deposited in the national archives two very valuable reports, one on the statistics of Russia, and the other on her gigantic designs and probable development. On the resumption of hostilities, we find him full major of Dillon's and aid-major to the Duc de Noailles, a position which gave him control of the organization of the troops under that distinguished nobleman. He was present at Fontenoy with his regiment, and by his suggestions previous to the battle, and his bravery during the hottest part of it, contributed so materially to the defeat of the allies that he was promoted brigadier-general on the field by Louis XV. in person.

A most enthusiastic adherent of the Stuarts, he devoted all his remarkable powers of organization and diplomacy to originate and perfect the expedition to Scotland in 1745 in which so many of his brother-officers of the brigade were engaged, and which failed mainly because his instructions were not properly carried out. For his services in the royal cause he was created, by Prince Charles, Earl of Moenmoye, Viscount of Ballymote and Baron of Tollendal. As quartermaster-general to Comte de Lowendhall, in 1747, he signalized himself at the defence of Antwerp, and in the battle of Laffeldt, at which latter place he was severely wounded. In 1756, at the special request and urgent entreaty of the French East India Company, he was appointed by the king commander-in-chief of the French forces in the East, and sailed the following May from Brest with a force of about two thousand men, including his own Irish regiment, two men-of-war, and two millions in money, having previously been created lieutenant-general, commission for the king, syndic of the company, commander of the Order of St. Louis, and grand cross of that order. He landed with his force at Pondicherry, the company's principal stronghold on the Coromandel coast, in 1758, only to find its affairs in a hopeless state of bankruptcy, its officials lazy, ignorant, and utterly corrupt, its little army mutinous and demoralized, its scanty navy insubordinate, and, to crown all, the native princes, instigated and assisted by the English, everywhere hostile to French interests. With his usual energy and fertility of resources, he at once set to work to reform the abuses of the colony, and bring to terms by force or diplomacy the neighboring chiefs, but the evils had become so chronic that even his great genius could not eradicate them. In vain he punished peculation and reproved neglect, in vain he performed prodigies of valor with his little army against Indians and English; he could not save a selfish and corrupt corporation foredoomed to destruction, and, in less than five years after his arrival, Pondicherry and its surroundings

were in the hands of the British. Lally himself surrendered as a prisoner of war at the capture of Pondicherry, after having defended the place for several months with the tenacity and skill of a thorough soldier. He was sent to England, and thence to France, where new troubles awaited him. His severe and thoroughly honest administration in India had raised up against him a host of enemies among the company's officials and their friends at home, the most powerful of whom was the Duc de Choiseul, minister of war and of foreign affairs. Through the intrigues of that unscrupulous minister, he was arrested, imprisoned, and tried on a series of absurd charges, including that of treason, and, having been found guilty after a mock trial, was beheaded on the 9th of May, 1766—twenty-one years after the battle of Fontenoy—in the sixty-fifth year of his age. This glaring act of injustice horrified both French and English, in fact, people of all nations, who had long admired him as a gallant soldier, a subtle and comprehensive statesman, and a gentleman of varied accomplishments and the highest honor.

With the death of Lally, the Irish brigade gradually declined in numbers and importance, until eventually swallowed up in the chaos of the French Revolution. America was becoming each year more and more the haven of the persecuted Irish, the severity of the penal laws at home was being gradually relaxed, and the enthusiasm which carried so many Irishmen into the armies of France grew cold in the service of a country which could supinely tolerate the legal murder of one of her best defenders. *

We therefore close Mr. O'Callaghan's book with a feeling of high appreciation of the distinguished bravery and devotion of those tens of thousands of expatriated soldiers who so long and so nobly battled for their adopted country and for their faith, and with much thankfulness to the author who has devoted a quarter of a century to search out and put in enduring form the exploits of his countrymen. But, while we admire his industry and commend his patriotism, we must be allowed to say that, if he had exhibited more artistic taste and a greater degree of continuity in his history, he would have been entitled to a much greater meed of praise, and would have removed that painful impression which every reader feels after perusing a work that from its want of arrangement only confuses his memory. As it is, time, place, and circumstance are as nothing to the author. He rushes with equal facility from the seventeenth to the first century, and from Ireland to the "furthest Ind," without any regard for the comfort of his readers, who are supposed to accompany him in all his peregrinations. Even the style of the book partakes to some extent of the author's erratic disposition, and sometimes, when we imagine ourselves in the sublime moment of battle and victory, we are abrupt-

* "Mr. St. John, in his *Letters from France to a Gentleman in the South of Ireland*, published in Dublin in 1788, relates the following anecdote, to that effect, of an Irish officer of the corps, whose family name and title, according to the letters and asterisks employed to indicate them, would correspond in the Peerage of Ireland with *Butler* and *Cahir*: 'Colonel B*****, who, on the demise of his brother, has since succeeded to the estate and title of Baron C****r, was so much affected at the injustice to his gallant countryman that, appearing at the head of his regiment, he took the cockade from his hat, and spurned it upon the earth; and solemnly swore he nevermore would serve a king and people who, with such ingratitude, so ungenerously sacrificed his friend and countryman, the brave Count Lally. Although, at that time, the family estate was enjoyed by his elder brother, yet, with a noble and disinterested generosity of soul, he maintained his word, and withdrew from the service of France.'"

ly brought down to earth by the strains of a street ballad, or the scarcely more elevating rhymes of some forgotten village poet. With these defects excepted, the book is a valuable contribution to historical literature, and, from the mass of facts and original references it contains, will be found exceedingly valuable to the student and the genealogist.

ON A PICTURE OF ST. AGNES.

It is but a simple picture, just above my table resting,
Childlike face upturned in longing to the promise of the skies,
With a something near to sadness the sweet lips and forehead cresting,
And a look of heaven dwelling in the beautiful dark eyes:
It is but a simple picture, yet it tells a hallowed story,
Brighter ever for the record sin's revolving cycles show,
Speaking to my thoughts—all human—with its own unshadowed glory
Of a heart that loved and suffered fifteen hundred years ago.

Not as we love, weakly stretching forth our hands in blind endeavor
To hold fast what God has branded with the brittle stamp of clay;
Not as we, unwilling, suffer, moaning childishly for ever
The defeat of an ambition born and buried in a day.
But as they love whom his brightness has encompassed with its shining,
Who have waited through the noontide in the shadow of the cross,
Sharing in his crucifixion, with prophetic gift divining
In earth's short-lived compensations heav'n's irreparable loss.

Daughter of a race of heroes, stranger to the touch of sorrow,
Free as snow-flakes in their falling from the tainted breath of sin,
Her young life had reached its fulness, each day promise of to-morrow,
If the golden gates of heaven had not yearned to take her in.
If the dove had not descended where the haughty eagle flaunted
His black wings above the threshold of her proud patrician home,
Her pale lips had never spoken, clear, defiant, and undaunted,
Their own doom of death and torture in the halls of pagan Rome.

"Tear the robe from off her shoulders!" Tyrant mandates know no pity;
She droops clothed in her own blushes—could the garment be more fair?
Lo! down falling from its fastenings, before all that mighty city,
She stands mantled and enshrouded in the glory of her hair;
Then, as swift beneath the sword-flash streams the life-blood hotly gushing,
The red current overflowing bathes her whiteness in its sea—
Maidens, cease your tender weeping, all your anguished sobs be hushing,
Pain is but a dream for ever, and the martyr's soul is free!

Fifteen hundred years have followed one by one in sad procession
Since the sun set over Tiber on that barb'rous holiday;
Fifteen hundred waves of passage in the tide of retrogression
Flowing to the shore eternal from the world it wears away.
Creatures of our own poor moulding, seeking ever an ideal,
Weaving all a soul's endeavor into dull and senseless rhymes,
Could our thoughts but seek the treasure, could our hands but clasp the real,
What were death, and pain, and torture, fifteen hundred thousand times!

O my beautiful St. Agnes! when my heart grows sick and weary,
Tiring of the toil and struggle, throbbing at the touch of pain,
There is never hour so hopeless, there is never day so dreary,
But the face upturned to heaven can enliven it again;
For mine eyes are not so blinded that they cannot see the shining
Of illimitable brightness in the pathway of the cross,
And my soul is not so narrow that its faith is past divining
In earth's short-lived compensations heav'n's irreparable loss.

ANSWER TO DIFFICULTIES.

THE following letter, suggesting certain difficulties which many well-disposed and earnest-minded persons find in the way of accepting the Catholic faith speaks for itself, and deserves a respectful consideration:

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR: Pardon me for intruding upon you, whom I have never seen. I do so in obedience to an impulse which urges me to communicate with you, by letter or otherwise. Without further preface, allow me to state a case.

"My parents and nearly all my friends are Protestants, and I never had a suspicion that I was not one until recently. Of course, I have always taken it for granted that the Roman Catholic Church was an imposition. I have often felt uneasy about my religious state, but have failed to be converted according to the Protestant formula. About two years ago, more or less, I began to feel unusual interest in these things, and, after due deliberation, I concluded to join a church, which I thought would be a certain remedy for my mental inquietude. I acted upon this resolution, and, though I felt disappointed at the result, still I hoped that all would come right in time. My views were so 'liberal' that I thought it did not make any difference which church I joined, provided only that the intention was right. I did not believe that any special church was the true church more than another, and I was careful only to select one as free as possible from restrictions of all kinds. I knew there was much diversity of opinion among Protestants, but I had always thought it was on 'minor points.' I have been much surprised, however, to find myself mistaken in this respect. I have noticed that no one sect seems to comprehend *all* that is taught by the blessed Founder of Christianity; one sect laying stress on a particular doctrine, while a rival sect insists on some other.

"Without going into tedious details, I may say at once that I discovered to my consternation that a suspicion had crept

into my mind that I might be in error. I began to suspect that the Roman Catholic Church might be what it claims, namely, 'the true church,' for it seems to include and explain all. But this caused me much distress, for I had always looked upon this church as the very fountain of error and superstition. I have been looking into the subject more critically of late, and I find my suspicion, instead of being removed, is being more and more confirmed. It does really seem that the arguments are unanswerable, and yet I am loth to take the final step, and try to convince myself that it is not necessary for me to become a Catholic. I have been hesitating thus for several months, 'almost persuaded,' but not quite.

"I have always been in favor of 'progress,' so-called, and it seems to me that the doctrines of your church are incompatible with it. I ask myself: 'Suppose all the world was Catholic, what would become of nations and governments? Would not the pope become temporal ruler? And if all men were really Christians according to the Catholic standard — not nominally, but actually — what would become of science and art?' Science teaches that the way to benefit mankind is to 'find out something new.' Christianity teaches that the most important thing to learn is self-denial: 'If thou wilt be perfect, sell all. If thou wilt possess a blessed life, despise this present life.' Self-denial, therefore, and high culture—civilization, in other words—seem to be incompatible; for civilization multiplies our wants and gives us the means of gratifying them, while the highest form of Christianity reduces our wants to a minimum and is opposed to all superfluities. It is happy in a cell, clothed in haircloth. So also with learning and art. I know that the fine arts flourished before Protestantism, but those who excelled in these were not eminent as saints or even Christians, so far as I am informed.

"If one looks forward, then, to the conversion and *actual* christianization of all men according to the highest Catholic standard of Christianity, it would seem that he must also contemplate the downfall of science, literature, and art, as well as the extinction of all nationalities, leaving only the Catholic Church. This may be an extreme view, but it appears more impossible than illogical. Jesus Christ said, 'If any one will follow me, let him deny himself,' etc. Now, why should it be proper for some persons to practise self-denial, and improper for others? If there is greater virtue in *entire* devotion to religion, why should not *all* devote themselves entirely to religion? The only reason that I can see why they should not do so is that it would produce just the result I have spoken of. Would this be 'a consummation devoutly to be wished?'

"There are doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church which are by no means clear to me, of the truth of which, to speak candidly, I am not convinced; the doctrine of 'transubstantiation' being one. But I feel that, where I have found *so much that is true*, I may safely trust in regard to those matters that I cannot comprehend.

"In conclusion, I will only say that my present condition is most unsatisfactory. As I intimated, I have found that I am not a Protestant. In fact, I am nothing, unless Catholic, but I am outside of any church. Please tell me, at your earliest convenience, what I had better do. I am like a certain timid man who went to Jesus by night to seek instruction, and I beg you to excuse me for wishing to remain *incognito* for the present.

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours.

Nothing is more important in settling any question than to define one's terms, and indeed little more than the definition of the terms in which it is expressed is needed to settle any question that reason can settle. Most disputes originate in the habit most people have of using words in a vague, loose, and indeterminate sense. There are few words used in a looser or more indeterminate sense than the word "progress." In one sense, which we hold to be the true sense, the Catholic Church not only does not oppose progress, but favors it and demands it, and is that without which no real progress is possible. In another sense, and a sense in which certain theorists and dreamers use it, the church not only does not favor it, but undoubtedly condemns it, anathematizes it, not

indeed because it is progress, but because it is not progress. It is necessary, then, in order to settle the question raised by our correspondent, to agree on the meaning we are to attach to the word "progress."

Progress means literally a step forward; that is, toward the journey's end; or the goal it is proposed to reach; figuratively, or in a moral sense, it means improvement, melioration, or an advance from the imperfect toward the perfect. It is a step forward toward the end to be gained. It implies change, but always change for the better. Three things are essential to all progress: principle, medium, and end, or a starting-point, the point of arrival, or point to be gained, and the means or agencies by which it is to be gained. The denial of any one of these is the denial of progress and of the possibility of progress. Progress is always from a point to a point by the proper medium or means.

Our correspondent undoubtedly uses the word progress not in its literal sense, but in its figurative or moral sense, as expressing not simple locomotion, but the advance of man or society toward perfection, or from the less perfect to the more perfect. Society is for man, not man for society. Progress, then, must be taken as the progress of man toward perfection. The perfection of man is in fulfilling his destiny, in attaining the end for which he exists. Society is more or less perfect in proportion as it more or less aids man in attaining that end. Then, to be able to determine what is or is not progress, or what does or not favor it, we must know the principle, medium, and end of man, or, more simply, man's origin, whence he begins, the end for which he exists, and the means by which that end is or can be attained. Without this threefold knowledge, it is impossible to say what church or institution does or does not favor progress, or what are the proper means of effecting it.

The Catholic Church professes to supply by divine authority this threefold knowledge. She teaches what is the origin and end of man, whence he starts, and whither he should arrive; and not only teaches, but supplies, the means of arriving there. That is, she tells us what is true progress, and supplies to her faithful and obedient children the means of effecting it. How, then, can she be said to deny progress, or to require her children to deny that man, with the divine help, is progressive? She teaches that man not only is progressive, but that it is his duty to be constantly progressive till by the help of grace he fulfils his destiny, or attains the end for which he exists. She claims to have been instituted solely for the purpose of conducting and assisting him in this progress, the only real progress of man that can be maintained or even conceived. How, then, can she deny progress, or anything that can really contribute to it?

It is no proof that the church is hostile to progress that she condemns or anathematizes certain theories of progress put forth by sciolists and dreamers, and which may happen to be just now in vogue. One of these theories, at present very widely received, is that man is naturally progressive, or that by his own natural powers alone he is able to attain to his end. But this theory, whether put forth under the name of pelagianism or semipelagianism, rationalism or naturalism, the church cannot accept, because it is not true. Man's origin and end are both super-

natural, since God, who is above nature, creates him, and creates him for himself; and nature is inadequate as the medium of a supernatural end, that is, an end above itself, and therefore beyond its reach. Man is progressive by grace obtained for him by the Incarnation, but not without it; and hence in the Gentile world, ignorant alike of creation and the Incarnation, we never find even the idea or conception of progress.

Another theory of progress, that of Mistress Ann Lee, foundress of Shakerism, is that we keep travelling on, on for ever, without ever arriving at home or reaching our journey's end. This theory is generally held and taught, we believe, by the spiritists; but it is absurd, for it denies progress itself. Progress is going toward an end, and, where there is no end to be obtained, there is and can be no progress. Man may be progressive to the infinite, and the church teaches that he is, that through the Incarnation he can be united to the infinite God, and possess him as his last end; but he cannot be infinitely or even indefinitely progressive, as some pretend, for that implies progress without an end, which is a contradiction in terms.

A third theory of progress, the Topsyist theory, much favored by modern scientists, is that of progress, or growth, by self-evolution or development. Topsy, when asked who made her or whence she came, answered, "I didn't come; I grow'd." This answer is accepted as eminently scientific by the Comtists, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Huxley, and many other lights of science; but the church, as well as common-sense, rejects it, because it denies progress by denying it a starting-point. One gets by simple evolution or development only what is in the germ evolved or developed, and, if we have not the germ to start with, or if we are to obtain the germ by evolution or development, no evolution or development can take place. What does not exist cannot grow, evolve, or develop, and where there is no growth there is no progress. The church, in condemning the Topsyist theory and asserting the origin of man and the world in the creative act of God, does not deny progress, but asserts its possibility and the conditions of its possibility. She asserts a starting-point, namely, what man is as he comes from the hands of his creator; and a point of arrival, or what he is when he has attained the full perfection or complement of his nature in attaining his end or final cause. According to the teaching of the church, progress is possible, and even necessary, if man is not to remain for ever a simply initial, inchoate, or unfulfilled existence.

The Topsyists or evolutionists are like the poor wretch in a treadmill. They step, step unceasingly, but never get a step forward. They seek effects without causes, and, while denying that God by his own power creates all things from nothing, they are trying with might and main to prove that nothing can make itself something, which by evolution and development grows into this varied and beautiful universe, into man its lord, with the feeling heart and reasoning head, even into an *Etre Suprême*, whom all should love and adore. That is, nothing cannot only make itself something, but it can even make itself God, which they who will may find asserted or implied in Comte's *Religion Positive*. But nothing is more absurd than to suppose that nothing can make itself something, or that anything can make itself more or other than it is. Even God cannot make himself, or make himself more or other than he is, and there-

fore theologians call him necessary, self-existent, eternal, and immutable being. The acorn is neither self-produced, nor self-developed into the oak. It must be given to start with, and then must be given also soil, light, heat, and moisture, in relation with which it is placed, or it will not germinate and grow. Professor Huxley derives all thought, feeling, will, and understanding from protoplasm, formed by the chemical and electrical combination of dead matter. But one cannot get from a thing, however it is manipulated, what is not it. From dead matter, even supposing you have it, you can get only dead matter. How from it, then, get living protoplasm? We cannot do it now, we are told, the professor says, and organic life can now be evolved only from organic life; but in some remote and unknown period, long ages before history began, when the world was young and its juices were fresher than at present, dead matter could and did evolve living protoplasm. And this is science! The church can hardly be censured for rejecting it, and we do not think the world would suffer an irreparable loss were such science as this to become extinct.

Our correspondent thinks that, if all the world should become Catholic, christianized according to the highest standard, nationalities would be extinguished, only the Catholic Church would be left us, and the pope would become the temporal ruler; we must bid adieu to science, literature, and art, and devote our entire life to religion and spiritual exercises. The Christian maxim, Deny thyself, would reduce our wants to the minimum, and leave us neither room nor motive for anything else. We do not share his apprehensions. National *hostilities*, we doubt not, would be extinguished, and the nations learn war no more; but we can see no reason why distinct nations, each with its own territorial limits and its own distinctive civil government, should not continue to exist, and with far greater security and far surer guarantees than now. As far as we can see, the reasons for national distinctions, separate governments, and different forms of government would remain unaffected; only there would then be no good reasons for the huge centralized states and empires which now exist, and which have been created by absorbing their weaker neighbors. Were it not for the sake of protection against wars from European nations, or with one another, that is, if all the world were Catholics, and there was a spiritual authority recognized by all competent to make the rights of nations or international law respected without a resort to arms, it would be far better that each one of the states of this Union should be an independent sovereign state by itself than that they should all be united under one general government. Diversities of soil, climate, geographical position, create a diversity of local interests which are better looked after and promoted by small states than by large. United Italy will never be so prolific in great men, distinguished for art, science, literature, and statesmanship, nor will she stand as high for her industry and commerce, or her people be individually as free and as manly, as when she was divided, as prior to the Reformation, into a dozen or more independent states. German unity, if effected, will most likely retard instead of advancing the progress of German literature, science, and art, by suppressing the liberty of the German people, and destroying the emulation and activity created by the large number of capitals she has hitherto had.

There is no danger of the pope's becoming the temporal ruler of mankind, for his office by its very constitution is spiritual, not temporal. The papacy is instituted for the spiritual government of mankind on earth, not for their temporal government. All that would follow, if all the world were Catholic, would be that the pope as the Vicar of Christ would be able to use, and would use effectively, his spiritual authority to induce all civil governments to respect the rights and independence of each other, and each to govern its own subjects according to the law of God; that is, he would use his supreme pastoral authority to maintain, what now is nowhere done, Christian morals in politics! This was partially the case in Christian Europe after the downfall of Rome and the conversion of the Barbarian conquerors, and is what many see and feel the need of now, and which is poorly substituted by Evangelical conferences, world's conventions, peace congresses, or congresses of diplomats, sovereigns, or nations. The sects may preach peace, even preach the law of God, and the necessity of maintaining Christian morals in politics, but they have no authority to enforce them by spiritual pains or ecclesiastical discipline, either on sovereigns or on subjects. They are themselves carried away, or, if not, their admonitions are unheeded by the political passions and tendencies of the age or nation. We find them with ourselves impotent to preserve the Christian family, the necessary basis of Christian society. Marriage is becoming a farce, and binds nobody.

We see nothing in the doctrines or influence of the church that tends to relax efforts by science, literature, art, and industry to benefit mankind, or to render them less effective. The progress of society, of civilization, and the material well-being of nations and individuals, are desirable or lawful only as they contribute to man's progress toward the end for which he is created. The earth with what pertains to it is never to be sought as the ultimate end, or as in itself a good; but, as the medium of the end, it is neither to be despised nor rejected. We are only to reject it as the end for which we are to live and labor. Our correspondent fails to recognize the distinction which the Gospel makes between what is of precept and what is of counsel, or what is necessary in order to inherit eternal life and what is necessary in order to be perfect. The young man of large possessions asked our Lord, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was answered, "Keep the commandments." "But all these have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" "If thou *wouldst be perfect,* go sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and come and follow me." For eternal life, it suffices to keep the commandments, that is, to do what law prescribes; but for perfection, it is necessary to go further, and keep the evangelical counsels. But only those who freely and voluntarily accept the counsels as their rule of life are obliged to keep them. No one is obliged or permitted to take them as the rule of life unless he choose, nor unless he has a special vocation thereto, which is not the case with the generality of mankind. The monastic state is a more perfect state, and imposes greater sacrifices and more arduous duties than the ordinary Christian state; but it is a state only for the *élite* of the race, and is not adapted to nor intended for all men. Only those who have no duties of family or society which they are bound to discharge are free to enter religion or the monastic state. No

one, so long as he has any duties to his family or to the world that are incompatible with his monastic vows, is free to retire from the world and its interests, and seek perfection in the monastery or the cœnobitical life. The church does not permit it, and always takes care that the duties to our neighbor and the real interests of society shall not be neglected. No one who has any one dependent on his care or labor for support, a parent, a child, a brother, or a sister, can, so long as the dependence remains, enter religion or take the vows required by the more perfect state. That state for such a one would not be a more perfect state.

But even those who are free to enter this more perfect state, to retire from the world, and are vowed to the practice of Christianity according to the highest standard, do not cease from labors beneficial to mankind. Men, because they love God more, do not love their neighbor less. Even Adam, before he sinned, was not permitted to live in idleness, but was required to keep and dress the garden in which he was placed. The Fathers of the Desert made mats. The old monks themselves adopted as their motto, "Laborare est orare," and made their labor a prayer. Never was there a class of men less idle or lazy, or more industrious or thriving, than those same old monks who retired from the world and lived for God alone. We see it in the rich and costly monuments they dedicated to religion, in their finely cultivated fields, and the bountiful harvests they gathered. With the labor of their own hands, they cleared away forests, reclaimed barren wastes, subdued the most ungrateful soil, turned the wilderness into fruitful fields, and made the desert blossom as the rose. Not in the whole history of the race will you find a class of men who have done more to serve man, and advance society in agriculture, industry, the useful arts, literature, the fine arts, theology, philosophy, science, civilization, than those old religious who were vowed to Christian perfection. The greatest theologians, philosophers, artists, popes, bishops, preachers, statesmen, and reformers the world has ever known lived and were trained in monasteries, and were eminent as religious. This should satisfy our correspondent that men need not be and are not lost to mankind because they live for God, and devote their lives to self-denial, prayer, and contemplation.

Our age forgets that earthly goods, social reform, or progress, even civilization, are never to be sought for their own sake, and that when so sought they are not gained. When we act on the principle—the old Gentile principle—that man is for society, not society for man, our efforts are fruitless or worse than fruitless. The would-be religious and church reformers of the sixteenth century, the authors of the so-called glorious Reformation, made a great noise, created a great commotion, but they have only reduced the nations that followed them to the condition of the Græco-Roman world before the Incarnation. In the Protestant and non-Catholic world, you find the same order of thought obtain, the same questions come up to agitate and torture men's souls, the same old problems to be solved; and men find the same darkness behind, before, and within them. There is the same old obscurity gathering over man's origin and end, and men ask now as then, in agony of soul, Whence come we? whither go we? why are we here? and find no answer. The departed are wept over as lost, and death is sung by the poets as an eternal sleep. Creation is denied, and God is either

denied outright or is resolved into an irresistible, impersonal force, or identified with the universe; the scientists in vogue do little else than reproduce the long-since-exploded theories of Leucippus, Democritus, Epicurus; and the more advanced philosophers only reproduce the dreams of the Buddhists or the fancies of the old Gnostics. The church is gone, and the state is going.

The political and social reformers, children of the same parentage, have gained no more for society and government than the Protestant Reformers have gained for religion and the church. What has France gained by her century of infidel and anti-Catholic revolutions, her violent changes of dynasties and institutions, but to lie prostrate under the iron heel of the Prussian, and to struggle in confusion and despair, and perhaps in vain, for her very existence? Where goes her boasted civilization, her refinement, her arts, her science, her wealth and material well-being? And Prussia, what has she gained in freedom for her people, in moral progress, or social well-being by her victory of Sadowa? What has Germany gained, but the privilege of being used by Divine Providence to crush France, and, when France is crushed, of being in turn crushed herself? Even in this country, with our savage love of liberty and zeal for political and social reform of every kind and sort, we are fast losing the freedom and manliness, the purity of heart and strength of mind and body, which we inherited from our fathers. We have a general government enacting from three to five hundred, and thirty-six states, each enacting from a hundred to a thousand, new laws every year, with vice, crime, and corruption daily increasing, while it is becoming harder and harder every year for the poor man and people of small means to live.

Things good and useful in their origin or at the time they are adopted become abuses, evil and hurtful, by the changes which time and events bring with them, to individual virtue or to public liberty and social prosperity. Reforms in all things human thus, from time to time, become urgent and necessary; but, if attempted to be obtained by noise and agitation, by violence and revolution, they either are not obtained at all, or are obtained only by the introduction of other abuses or evils worse than those warred against. In general, if not always, the remedy so sought proves to be worse than the disease. All real reforms needed in political or social arrangements are quietly effected, if effected at all, by the regular development and application of the great principles essential to the existence and order of society, and the stability and efficiency of government. It is a free people that makes a free government, not the free government that makes a free people. You can get no more freedom in the state than you have in the people as individuals. A so-called popular government secures no more freedom than absolute monarchy for a people enslaved by their lusts, bent only on earthly goods, or not thoroughly imbued with the liberty wherewith the Son makes us free. There is no security for liberty, political or personal, in the heathen republic, based on the principle, "I am as good as you, and therefore I'll cut your throat if you attempt to rule over me;" the only security is in a republic based on this Christian principle, "You are my brother, as good as I, and I will die sooner than tyrannize over or wrong you." The foundation and security of all liberty that is not license or anarchy are in the development and application to private and public life of the principles taught in the Child's Catechism.

All the reforms or changes beneficial to mankind or useful to man and society have been effected by earnest individuals intent only on the glory of God and the salvation of their own souls—earnest, self-denying men, working in secrecy and obscurity, unknown or unheeded, who have nothing of their own to carry out, who are moved by no splendid dream of world-reform, who sound no trumpet before them, but in their ardent charity devote themselves to the work nearest at hand, who receive Christ our Lord in the stranger, give him drink in the thirsty, feed him in the hungry, clothe him in the naked, nurse him in the sick, and visit and minister to him in the prisoner, and silently cover the land over with hospitals for the infirm, and foundations for the poor and needy. Slavery was struck a mortal blow when the solitary monk, in imitation of his Lord, ransomed the slave by making himself a slave in his place for the love of God. The priest, the Sisters of Charity, and Brothers of Mercy were on the battle-field to care for the wounded and dying, long before the International Committee were heard of.

It is a law of Divine Providence that we live for man only in living for God, and serve mankind only in seeking to serve God. Our Lord says, "Be not solicitous, saying: What shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathen seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." St. Matt. vi. 31–33.

The heathen make these things the *adjicienda*, the primary object of their pursuits, the end and aim of their life, and miss them, or gain them to their own hurt; the Christian seeks, as first and last, the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things are added unto him. We secure the good things of this life not by seeking them or living for them, but by turning our back on them, and living only for God and heaven. He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for Christ's sake shall find it. They who give up all for Christ are rewarded a hundred-fold even in this world, and with life everlasting in the world to come. The principle that underlies these assertions is as true in the material order as in the spiritual. If all the world were Catholics and obeyed the Christian law to live for God and for man only in God, there would not be less, but more, well-being in the world; for all would then live a normal life, and the gains of toil and industry would not be squandered or swept away by the evil passions of men, never by the wars and fightings which originate in men's lusts, and waste in a single day the accumulations of years of peaceful labor. The world has yet to learn that the true principle of political as well as domestic economy is self-denial—precisely the reverse of what our correspondent would seem to hold.

The apprehension of our correspondent that, if all the world were Catholic, there would be no motive for the cultivation of science, we do not regard as well-founded. The love of God does not diminish, but increases, our love of man and of the Creator's works. There is nothing in the Catholic faith that induces indifference to anything that God has made or that is really for the benefit of the individual or of society. The assumption that science benefits mankind by "finding out something new" can be taken only with important

qualifications. Science does not benefit mankind by teaching new truths or new principles, but by enabling us the better to understand and apply to practical life here and now the truths or principles asserted by reason and revelation from the first. The Catholic faith does not supersede reason, the principle and medium of all human science, nor render its exercise unnecessary. Revelation gives us the principles and causes of the universe—principles and causes which lie above reason, above nature, and which must guide and assist us in our study of nature—but it leaves the whole field of nature to our observation and scientific investigation. There is, to say the least, as much work for reason under revelation as there would be if no revelation had been given. Revelation only does that which reason cannot do, and which is beyond the reach of science. What would be within the reach of science if there were no revelation is equally within its reach under revelation. The field of science is not restricted by revelation, but enlarged rather; for revelation places the mind of the Christian in a position, an attitude, that enables it to see more clearly and comprehend more fully rational or scientific principles, and things as they really are in God's own world. As is often said, revelation is to reason what the telescope is to the eye. We see not, then, how faith can extinguish science or hinder us from benefiting mankind by finding out all the new things in our power, or that would or could be in our power without the Catholic faith.

The church has never discouraged science or the sciences. She approves and provides for the cultivation to the fullest extent of the science of theology, the queen of science, and of philosophy, the science of the sciences; and nowhere has philosophy been so successfully cultivated as in the schools founded by churchmen and religious, with her approval and authorization. Nearly all the celebrated universities of Europe were founded by Catholics before Protestantism was born, and their most eminent professors, far more eminent than are to be found in non-Catholic colleges and universities, were monks, religious men vowed to Christian perfection. The church has only encouragement for the physical sciences, for mathematics, astronomy, geography, history, geology, philology, paleontology, zoölogy, botany, chemistry, electricity, etc. She does not indeed teach that proficiency in these sciences is the end of man, or that they are worth anything without proficiency in the practice of the moral and Christian virtues. She teaches us to value them only as they redound to the glory of God in a better knowledge of his works, and in honoring him serve his creature man either for time or eternity; but so far as they are true—are really science, not merely theories of science—and aid the real progress of man, she approves and encourages their cultivation, and presents the strongest motives for cultivating them.

But the sciences are never to be cultivated for their own sake. Their cultivation is desirable or lawful only for the sake of the true end of man. To cultivate them for the sake of gratifying an idle or a morbid curiosity is not by any means a virtue or a good. They should be subordinated and made subservient to the divine purpose in our existence and in the existence of the universe. And so far as so subordinate and made subservient, their cultivation cannot be carried too far; for it is a religious, a spiritual exercise, a prayer. But in our day the importance of these

sciences is exaggerated, and men look to their cultivation for the discovery of new solutions of the mystery of the universe, and a new life-plan which will supersede that given us in the Christian revelation. In these respects, science has and can have nothing new to offer; and, so far as the scientists pretend to be able to supersede or set aside revelation, they give us not science, but their theories, hypotheses, conjectures, guesses, which are warranted by no scientific induction from any real facts they do or can discover. Scientists may explode the theories of scientists, or disprove much which has passed for science; but they cannot disprove revelation or explode faith, for faith cannot be false. Faith is the gift of God, not possible without supernatural grace; and God, who is true, truth itself, can no more bestow his grace to accredit a falsehood than he can work a miracle to accredit a false prophet or a false teacher. Beliefs, opinions, theories, hypotheses, though put forth as science, may be false, and often are false; but faith, either objectively or subjectively, never.

But the applications of the sciences in our day to the mechanic and productive arts, or the scientific inventions which our age so loudly boasts, are far from being an unmixed good. They tend to materialize the mind, to fix it on second causes to the forgetfulness of the first and final Cause, the Cause of all causes; and to fasten the affections on things earthly and perishable instead of things spiritual and eternal. The introduction of steam as a motive-power, the invention of labor-saving machinery, by which the productive power of the race is increased a million-fold or more, have their attendant evils. They diminish the real value in the same degree of human labor. You lessen the value of the working man or woman in the economy of life just in proportion as you supersede him or her by machinery. Machinery on an extensive scale can be set up and worked only by large capital, which reduces men of no means, of small means, or of light credit to abject dependence on capital, or those who are able to command it. How is the small cultivator to compete proportionally with the large cultivator who is able to introduce the steam-plough, the patent reaper and mower, the horse-rake, and the steam threshing and winnowing machine, which demand an outlay which the other is unable to make? How are individuals of small means to compete for travel or freight with the railroad, which can be constructed and worked only by an individual or a corporation that commands millions? These instances are enough to illustrate our meaning. The full effects of steam and machinery are not yet manifest except to those who are able to foresee effects in their causes; but to the careful observer they prove that "all is not gold that glisters." The nations do not grow any richer under the new system than they did under the old. Hard times are of none the less frequent occurrence, the independence of the laboring classes is not increased, nor the number or the wretchedness of the poor diminished. Evidently the utility to mankind of the achievements of modern science has been greatly exaggerated by our age. Whatever diminishes the value of hand-labor or supersedes its necessity is a grave evil. Man's physical, intellectual, and moral health require that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his face. It was the penalty imposed on man for original sin, and, like all the penalties imposed by our heavenly Father, really a blessing.

There is also a knowledge which can neither benefit him who possesses it nor others, and is very properly forbidden, such as the knowledge of necromancy, spiritism, magic, and the various real or pretended arts of fortune-telling; for such knowledge is satanic, and can be used to no good purpose whatever. There are other kinds of knowledge, too, not satanic, but useful and good for those whose duty it is to teach, which are not desirable or suitable for the generality, because the generality can only partially acquire it, and a little smattering of it only serves to mislead and bewilder, to unsettle faith, to make foolish men and women wise in their own conceit, to puff them up with pride and vanity, and render them unbelieving and disobedient. Such are the mass of those who deny revelation, sneer at Christianity, make war on the church, eulogize science, denounce time-honored customs and institutions, and spout infidelity and nonsense. As these cannot know more, it would be much better for them if they knew less, and never aspired to a knowledge beyond their capacity or their state. But the Catholic faith approves all science and all knowledge that is or can be made useful to the great purposes of our earthly existence. There is room enough for the activity of the sublimest intellect to learn the great mysteries of faith in their relation to one another, and to understand their various applications to man and society in both ideal and practical life.

We are surprised that our correspondent should fear that, if all the world were Catholic, art would become extinct. The world would indeed lose profane art, all that which, if it tends to refine, tends also to corrupt, and marks the moral decline and effeminacy of an age or nation; but no other. Art is not religion, nor is the worship of the beautiful the worship of God; but the church makes use of art in her services. She uses the highest art she can get in the constructing and adorning of her temples, her convents and abbeys, and in teaching the mysteries of her faith. The grandest architecture and the rarest sculpture, painting, music, poetry, and eloquence have been inspired by the church and pressed into her service. Most of the great artists she has employed were, like Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, saintly men, and those who were not, yet held the faith and lived in a Catholic atmosphere. On this point, we differ from our correspondent. Protestantism and modern infidelity have nothing to boast of in the way of art, and cannot have, for neither is either logical or intellectual, or has any great idea for art to embody. What of art either has is a pale and feeble imitation of ancient pagan art, or a still paler and feebler imitation of Catholic art. Nothing seems to us more strange or unfounded than our correspondent's opinion that, "if we look forward to the conversion and actual christianization of all men according to the highest standard, we must also contemplate the downfall of science, literature, and art, as well as the extinction of all nationalities, leaving only the Catholic Church." Even if this were so, it would be no proof that the church is not true; and, if she is true, it could be no damage, since nothing not true or in accordance with the church of God can really benefit mankind here or hereafter. But it is not true, as we have seen; and all that would follow were all men Catholic according to the highest standard would be not the downfall, but the christianizing of all national governments, and making science, literature, art, all that is included in the word *civilization*, subsidiary

to the service of God, and of man in God.

Our correspondent says there are doctrines of the church which he cannot believe, but where he has found so much that is true he feels he may safely trust for the rest. We assure him he may; but we beg him to pardon us if we remind him that faith is the gift of God, and to be able to grasp Catholic truth firmly, and hold it without doubt or wavering, we need the grace of God to incline the will and to illuminate the understanding. Without that grace we have and can have only simple human belief, which is never strong enough to exclude all doubt or difficulty. That grace may always be obtained by prayer, and the grace of prayer is given to all men. "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." What seems obscure and doubtful to him now will then be clear and certain, and grow clearer and more certain as he advances toward the perfect day.

We think our correspondent exaggerates the difficulties he experiences. Every Catholic, if he lives according to the standard of his faith, denies himself, and devotes himself, and devotes himself exclusively, to religion; but the denial of self is not the annihilation of self. It is the moral not the physical denial of self, and means living for God, and for himself only in God. Being exclusively devoted to religion does not, however, mean that we must stand on our knees from morning till night, and from night till morning, in prayer and meditation, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, or attending to our bodily wants or the wants of others. We are taught that he who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel, and hath denied the faith. Religion covers all the duties of our state in life, and requires a strict performance of them for God's sake, whether they are the duties of husband or wife, of parent or child, of priest or religious, a lawyer or a doctor, a statesman or an artist. What God requires of us is that we give him our hearts, and, in whatever we do or refrain from doing, that we act from the intention of serving and glorifying him. Undoubtedly, Christianity diminishes our *material* wants to the minimum, which is a good, not an evil; but it multiplies infinitely our moral and spiritual wants, and furnishes the means of satisfying them.

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE time rang a monotone at Circello, an incident occurred at Formiæ.

Velleius Paterculus, who occupied rooms near those of Tiberius in the Mamurra palace, was alone in his bedchamber, writing. It was close upon midnight when he heard a timid knock at his door. He expected nobody, and the hour was one when he might have been supposed asleep. He waited a moment, in a half-belief that his imagination had deceived him; but presently he again heard the knocking. He called to whoever was there to enter; and Claudius, the slave, obeyed, closing the door again cautiously behind him.

"Sir," said Claudius, after coming close to Velleius on tiptoe, "being released from duty for the whole of this day, I spent it at Crispus's inn, where my intended wife is living. Among the lodgers or customers is a young knight Marcus, a grandson of Lepidus the triumvir—he that has the palace at Circæi. Do not ask me how I have learnt what I have learnt; but in the common room a debauched seafaring-man, who drinks and chatters, seems to have had some masquerading order to execute, the effect of which was that my master, Tiberius Cæsar, was deceived; in short, adopted a false conclusion respecting the movements of certain ladies."

Here Claudius paused, in apparent alarm.

"Ay?" interposed Paterculus. "Well?"

"Well, sir," continued Claudius, with a sort of gasp, "it was inevitable for me to be cognizant—to know, to guess—or, if I may so say, to be at least almost aware—"

"Go on," said the Prætorian officer, smiling; "to be almost aware—"

"Of the plot, the arrangement for the safety of those ladies; and to know, or to guess, who contrived the scheme. The young knight whom I have mentioned—the knight Marcus—seems to have some spite against those ladies, whose safety is very dear to me."

"Why do you come to me upon this subject, my good youth?" said Paterculus.

"Because I think—and, if I be wrong, I pray you to pardon me—that you also, illustrious sir, feel kindly toward the heroic youth who saved my life, and toward his mother and sister."

"You think what is true," said Paterculus.

"Besides, the knight Marcus," resumed Claudius, "has conceived the idea that he can pay his court and make his way by telling Tiberius both where the ladies are and what an elaborate imposture has been

played upon Tiberius. This last information will be almost more prized than the first. Tiberius is proud of showing men that none can either deceive him with impunity or deceive him long."

"Very true," said Velleius.

"And this Marcus further imagines that he can trace the plot about the ship to its author."

"How?"

"The seafaring-man—"

"The seafaring-man will be of no avail in tracing the author. Can you trace him?"

"I! illustrious tribune?"

"Yes, you—for Tiberius?"

"For Tiberius? No."

"Then the author can never be traced," observed the tribune.

"I could swear I am glad," said Claudius.

"Swear, then, by νη and μα, as you are a scholar," replied the scholarly soldier, "you have meant this report to me in kindness. But why are you afraid?"

"Well, for this reason," replied Claudius: "A female servant at the inn, who heard you pleading with Crispus, the night when the ladies first arrived, and who has watched all your subsequent visits, and especially the last, although she could not overhear what you said in the ladies' room, has come to the conclusion that you are in love with one of them, she knows not which, and has told the young knight Marcus as much. He considers you the contriver of the ship stratagem; and hopes great things from the favor of Tiberius by being the means of detecting a traitor so nigh his person, and of so important a rank."

"Leave that to me," said Paterculus. And, patting Claudius on the shoulder, the student dismissed him, finished a paragraph of his *Historical Abridgment*, and went to bed.

Two days later, Sejanus, Cneius Piso, Lucius, his brother, Governor of Rome, with Velleius Paterculus, and some other officers of high rank, were in attendance upon Tiberius Cæsar, while various subordinates lounged in an ante-room.

"Germanicus demands," observed Tiberius, "that the Prætorians should be in readiness to repel the barbarians from Rome itself. Does not this look ugly?"

"Public alarm before the struggle," muttered Sejanus, "enhances public delight at the victory."

"He lays also," continued Tiberius, "great stress on the necessity of supplying him largely with money. We know the condition of the *ærarium sanctum*. He despatched the youth Paulus to Rome, did he not, on money business for the army?"

As no one replied, Tiberius resumed:

"Well, Lucius Piso, I have nothing but approval to express concerning your measures for the protection of Rome. You can go. We all return to town to-night. Our public business is over for this morning."

Lucius Piso, with his brother Cneius, and all the officers, except Sejanus and Paterculus, now took leave, after which, at a sign from Tiberius, young Marcus Lepidus was admitted. He showed much artificial firmness in that terrible presence. But he was obliged to introduce, as forming part of merely domestic news, the information which the cunning that often attends baseness had convinced him would be secretly valued by Tiberius. He was obliged to do this because he instantaneously felt that Tiberius would acknowledge no interest whatever of his own in the movements of the ladies who were at Monte Circello; and presently,

when the youth detailed the stratagem of the two boys attired as females in the boat, he was astonished to see Paterculus glance with a meaning smile at Tiberius, and the latter nod in grave assent.

"I was the only person, you may remember, my Cæsar," said Paterculus, "who argued that all these circumstances might be a blind. And as to the residence, meantime, of the gallant and noble youth Paulus Æmilius's kinswoman, you will also remember my remark."

"You thought it was Circello," said Tiberius, "and I could not believe you. It seems they are at Circello still."

"That last point," quoth Velleius, "is the only one which admits of a doubt. They have since had time to sail for Spain in good earnest."

"It is of no consequence," observed Tiberius. And he then, with a nod, dismissed young Marcus.

The latter, rejoining Herod Agrippa and some other youthful courtiers, who would have rejoiced in the disgrace of a man of letters like Paterculus, astounded them by an account of the short interview, the very shortness of which was itself, indeed, also a subject of surprise to them.

Once more alone, Tiberius looked in deep thought from Sejanus to Paterculus, and was at length on the point of speaking when the latter anticipated him.

"Permit me to mention, my Cæsar," said he, "that I have formed such an admiration for the magnificent cousin of the self-sufficient lad who has just retired, and I feel also such interest in his mother and sister, that I could wish by every means to serve, benefit, and please that family. In addition to these accidental sentiments, I am naturally so soft and so weak, if pretty and helpless women appeal to me, that I shall greatly rejoice either never again to see the ladies to whom allusion has been made, or to be able to promote their welfare if I ever do behold them again. I owe it to my master to throw whatever light I can upon the nature of the various instruments under his hand, in order that he may choose each for the work which it is best suited to perform with efficiency."

As regards both the future and the past, there was a masterly diplomatic skill mixed with the audacity of his speech, or rather in its audacity itself —a skill far beyond the cleverness of such a youth as Marcus Lepidus. He who had just helped victims to escape a pursuing tyrant, and was trembling lest his interest in them should be discovered by the tyrant in question, was not likely at that very moment to call the attention of the latter to the affectionate or kindly feelings which he cherished for those very victims. Here, then, safety was obtained for the past. Nor was one who entertained such sentiments a suitable or eligible agent for furthering the designs of Tiberius in the present case. And here, therefore, immunity was at the same time secured for the future.

"You are bold," said Tiberius, in a low voice.

"Better, my master," replied Paterculus, with an air of humility, "that you should be displeased by a momentary boldness in words, dictated by fidelity, than that you should be really wrathful at unfaithful silence after it should have perhaps frustrated some design."

"You say what is reasonable," replied the prince. "I will speak with Sejanus."

Velleius no sooner heard the words than he respectfully took his leave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE available force of the empire* had been hastily collected at Ferrara (*Forum Allieni*); and Germanicus Cæsar had been busy from daybreak in a boat among the Liburnian galleys which he had collected in the port from the opposite seaboard of the Adriatic, the shore of Illyricum (now Dalmatia). The commander-in-chief had both a precautionary and an aggressive design, in the execution of which these galleys, which had once before played a memorable part at the sea-battle of Actium, were to be used. After stationing, freighting, and manning the galleys, and giving orders for the employment of them in a certain contingency, he returned to the shore, mounted his horse, and held a review of the legions. The review over, he addressed the troops in a spirit-stirring speech. Germanicus was rather an eloquent man, and, above all, he was facile and ready. He was just closing his short improvisation, when he noticed in the distance, coming toward the camp at a trot along the Bologna Road, a dust-covered rider. There was no mistaking either the horse or the horseman. Germanicus recognized his newly-appointed staff-officer, Paulus Lepidus Æmilius; and concluding that he had hastened forward to report the safe arrival of the expected treasure, he turned again to the troops, and told them that he would distribute a bounty within a very few days, the value of a fortnight's pay, but not deducted from nor interfering with the regular pay; and this to all.

At so pleasant an announcement, an immense shout arose among the legions; and it was in the midst of the cheering that Paulus reached the camp, and, uncovering his head, saluted the commander-in-chief, who was riding forward to meet him, after having thus committed and pledged himself before the legions.

"Welcome!" said Germanicus; adding in a low voice, "The treasure is not far behind, of course? It will be here to-night, I suppose?"

"I regret to say, general—" began Paulus.

"What!" interrupted Germanicus, with considerable excitement of manner, "have you not brought the treasure? Is not the money here?"

"No, general," returned Paulus; "but be pleased to hear what has occurred."

"Did not the Jew fulfil his undertaking?" again broke in Germanicus.

"He did, and delivered to me the treasure; and in all particulars, except one, general, I fulfilled your orders."

"What was that *one?*" asked the Cæsar, with an exceedingly dark and wrathful face.

"I did not carry the money in an iron box."

"Go on; tell me everything. I will hear you to the end," said Germanicus, compressing his lips and clinching his right hand.

"The facts are very soon told, general," resumed Paulus. "We could muster but ten legionaries, making, with Chærias, Longinus, and myself, our whole escort. By some means, it transpired from the Jew's house that a large treasure was about to be sent to the army, and a number of desperadoes in the Suburra determined to waylay us. Indeed, we were attacked by seventy armed men, not far from the town of Sora, beyond the other end of Lake Thrasymene, reckoning from here."

*Although Germanicus obtained against the Germans great success (and his surname), the military incidents which follow are imaginary in their particulars, contrivances, and sequence, and are not offered to students, or submitted to critics, as history.

Germanicus could no longer control his excitement; he exclaimed:

"And so they took the treasure from you; and you are here alive, unwounded, reporting your little adventure!"

"I think somebody else, general," said Paulus, "would have reported that result for me; the treasure is safe."

"In the name of the Sphynx," exclaimed the astounded commander-in-chief, "explain yourself; you did not defeat seventy armed men with fourteen?"

"No, general; we parleyed, and argued, and gained time, and finally surrendered the iron chest and the wagon containing it; but the money was not there. It was the only point in which I ventured to deviate from my instructions."

As our adventurer then told the various devices he had employed, and the fortune which had attended them, Germanicus listened with the deepest attention, and whenever Paulus seemed, through modesty, to abridge or hasten over his narrative, called for every particular, and asked many minute questions.

When the whole story had been told, and all his inquiries had been answered, Germanicus said:

"I only hope I may show such good generalship on a large scale as you have shown on a small one. It is likely I shall be able to give you an important post soon."

He then called to an officer, named Pertinax, and bade him conduct Paulus to his quarters, and to present him as their centurion to the fourth centuria of the legion to which he was assigned. He said Paulus would need refreshment, and could consider the time his own till daybreak, when there would be an escort of fifty horse ready for him, and placed under his orders, at the west gate of the camp.

After which he chuckled, and cried out gleefully:

"It would be an amusing scene to witness the division of yonder plunder. What will the knaves do with it?"

"Perhaps," said Paulus, "fight with, instead of over, their respective shares."

The general rode off laughing heartily, and Paulus, thus far successful, followed his new guide, the centurion of the name of Pertinax.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COUNCIL of war was sitting. It consisted of the most silent, discreet, and gossip-scorning officers of a certain rank in Germanicus's army. The scouts who, riding small hardy African horses, had gone forward seventy, and some of them even a hundred, miles beyond the Venetian territory into that of the Rhætian Alps, had brought back an important piece of news. The substance of it was this: at the top of Lake Guarda (then called Lake Benacus), the barbarians, according to their custom, had broken into two large bodies. Partly on account of the greater facility of obtaining sustenance and plunder, because they would waste a wider area of country; partly in order to march more rapidly; partly from a radically false and bad strategic motive, they had there divided, intending to ravage both the borders of the lake, and to take the imperial army as if in a pair of tongs, or a forceps, at the southern end. Meanwhile, a large sail-boat had come across the Adriatic from Illyricum, conveying two or three of the Roman officers who had escaped from destruction. These officers, being examined, had stated that the

whole of that province was for the moment lost, that the garrison had been massacred, and that the barbarians, who at first had intended to cross the sea in galleys and land an immense force near Ravenna, or south of it, near *Portus Classis*, finding that the Liburnian craft had been all withdrawn to Italy by the prudence of Germanicus, were now swarming through Histria, round the head of the Adriatic.

The tidings agreed. Germanicus explained his plan as detailed below, and asked his council their advice upon it, remarking that he had forty thousand effective men, and that the hordes with whom they were to contend might perhaps number three times as many.

"But half three times as many," added he, "make only sixty thousand men; and we know from long experience that we are generally equal to twice our own numbers. We must, however, avoid being struck by all that vast horde simultaneously; and I conceive that we have now an opportunity of fighting the barbarians in two separated armies, successively, with the whole of our own force. They have committed a mistake, and frequently the best thing a general can do is to wait for such mistakes, and take advantage of them.

"A few miles north of Verona, there is a narrow, marshy, and difficult pass, between the eastern shore of the lake and the river Athesis (Adige).

"I have sent forward the best part of one legion, with plenty of spades and axes. Any number of wild Germans, marching upon us between the lake and the river, will there be checked and brought to a stand for weeks by such a force as I have sent, when it shall be well established behind earth-works. I mean at once to march, with every available man remaining, round the southern end of the lake, and to turn northward by our right hand, so as to meet our visitors on the other, the western shore, where they will not seize us in a pair of tongs, as they hope and have said, but must fight us front to front. If we beat them effectually, as I calculate we shall, we can return rapidly; and being near this end of the lake, and having four times a shorter road, we shall reach our detached legion above Verona long before the fugitives on the opposite route can rejoin the assailants of the detached legion. We will then change the defence of that position into offensive action.

"You have heard my plan," concluded Germanicus. "Give me your advice. I require the youngest present, my new message-bearer, Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, to speak the first."

"General," said Paulus, "the plan seems to me to be sound. I may mention to the other officers, my seniors, that Germanicus Cæsar for the moment has discharged me from being his message-bearer and has appointed me to command the greater part of one legion, stationed at the marshy pass between the eastern shore of the lake and the river; I shall therefore not share in your first battle. All I would ask of our general is to let me have sixty or seventy carpenters and artificers, one more balista for shooting stones, and three more catapults for darts and for the trifax."

"What is your purpose?" asked Germanicus.

"My men," replied Paulus, "have already, by using the axe and spade, made their position very strong with felled timber and earth between the lake and the river. I expect the enemy to arrive in front of it shortly

after my return to the post; and I am in great hopes, as they cannot at this season soon get upon our flanks or rear, and must attack us upon a very narrow face, that a handful of Roman soldiers will be as good as thousands of savages. But I should be still more confident of holding my ground if I could turn one of their flanks."

Here Paulus forthwith was interrupted by a general laugh, and Germanicus exclaimed:

"Are you so oblivious of the very first rudiments of fighting? You, with about three-quarters of one legion, turn the flank of fifty or sixty thousand barbarians!"

Again the grim old officers forming the council laughed loudly.

Paulus reddened, and with a slight bow, in a slow and deliberate way, said: "I want the artificers to construct me a large raft, on which I will place the balista and the three catapults. I have obtained two small row-boats. They shall be tugs to my raft. I will have the raft towed up the lake, on my left hand, a little beyond the front or face-line of my small fortifications, out of reach of any hand-darts from the shore, and well secured against arrows, but the shore will be within the easy and powerful range of our own instruments, or tormenta, upon the raft. When the Germans attack me in front, their own right will be galled and tormented from the lake. This is what I call turning their right flank. I only wish we could have a similar establishment on the Adige, to turn their left flank also."

A sudden and frank murmur of applause succeeded to the previous derision, and the officers expressed their approval of Paulus's proposal. Germanicus took the same view, and gave orders that our adventurer should be supplied as he had asked; after which the council separated.

We need not detail the military operations which followed. The Cæsar won a great victory where, about eighteen hundred years afterward, Napoleon, by very similar strategy, gained several others. But instead of immediately returning round the southern end of the lake, as at first he had thought of doing, he found he had time to do better; he pursued the enemy into the Rhætian Alps, dispersed them completely, and, making a short and sharp deflection over the top of Lake Benacus or Guarda, marched back to the south along its opposite or eastern shore. This movement brought him, one evening, upon the rear of the other German army, who thought at first that a large reinforcement of their countrymen were joining them; and being attacked before they could at all understand who the assailants were, and straitened on both flanks between the lake and the river, while a fortification which they had not yet been able to take by assault prevented them from flying southward, they sustained one of the most terrible overthrows that a Roman army had ever inflicted upon barbarians. Many were slain, many drowned, having taken to the lake. A considerable number swam the Adige, and escaped. The rest threw down their arms, and claimed the mercy of the victors. The Roman general immediately ordered the carnage to cease, the wounded to be removed, and the prisoners to be secured. Had Germanicus not made the circuit of the lake, but simply returned round its southern extremity, he would have attacked the front of the second German army instead of its rear; and, its retreat being open, its losses would have been less. On the other hand, had Germanicus, with the plan actually adopted, been beaten, he must have been completely destroyed. But he felt morally sure of

the victory, partly through the effects of surprise, which was a strategical reason; and partly because, in a crowded hand-to-hand encounter upon a confined field, no weapons were equal to the short Roman sword and large buckler; and this was a tactical reason. Indeed, the bayonet of modern warfare would not have been equal to those weapons without firearms.

A soldier in our times must have his rifle, and he could not carry this and a shield and a sword too; the bayonet, therefore, is merely more handy as an adjunct to what has itself become indispensable. Still, might it not be worth while to add to a modern army a thousand or two thousand or five thousand men, armed in the old Roman fashion, with one small revolver of the best new pattern stuck in every soldier's belt? This body of men could not be used on every occasion; but where, from the accidents of the ground, they could first be brought (unexposed to fire) close up to the enemy, and then precipitated upon the flank of a thin infantry line, they would double it upon itself, and destroy it before the bayonet-carriers knew what was the matter.

CHAPTER IX.

TORRENTS of rain had fallen during the night, and during the next forenoon, following this great battle.

Germanicus, at midday, when the rain had ceased, called the legions into parade; saw more than thirty thousand effective men mustered after his two battles and the severe forced march which had intervened.

The general thanked his army, and made a short speech, in the course of which he remarked that, although they had already received one bounty, they should certainly have another forthwith. This was cheered with a violent outbreak of shouting and admiration, as a very sweet piece of oratory; and a veteran file-leader turned to the soldier behind him, and remarked that Germanicus knew how to speak almost as well as Julius Cæsar was reputed to have done. When the noise of their literary and critical enthusiasm had subsided, Germanicus proceeded to read a list of promotions.

He appointed two *legati*, or generals, and directly afterwards called out, in a thundering tone, the name of Paulus Lepidus Æmilius.

No answer. There was a pause.

"Is Longinus the decurion here?" he next asked. Longinus was absent on account of a severe but not dangerous wound. No answer came, and another pause ensued.

"Is the decurion Thellus present?" cried the Cæsar. "*Adsum*," answered Thellus, advancing a step beyond the ranks.

"You are wounded," said Germanicus. "How is it that no surgeon has extracted that broken dart from your shoulder?"

"'Tis only the point of a little German thistle," said the stalwart arena-king. "I hardly felt it when it stuck in me during our great mowing-match yesterday." The legionaries laughed and cheered.

"What has become of the youth who commanded your intrenchment?" pursued the commander-in-chief.

"He is badly wounded, general; and, as I could not find where he lay till daylight, the rain had been drenching him all night long; I am rather afraid he'll go."

Germanicus ordered a doctor at once to accompany Thellus, and render what succor he could to the wounded youth. He, moreover, bade Thellus inform Paulus that, on account of services to the army now assembled, both in securing a large treasure, which only for him would have been lost, and in contributing

afterward to the success of the campaign, and all this as much by his prudence as by his courage, he considered him not only to have given a splendid example, but to have shown the qualities of a soldier whom it is for the interest of the troops to see promoted.

"The more authority persons like this youth, Paulus, possess," concluded he, "the better and the safer it is for the whole army." He thereupon declared Paulus from that moment to be a military tribune.

The announcement evidently pleased the troops.

Thereupon, Thellus led the doctor to a hut a mile away, whither he and two or three soldiers had carried Paulus. The young man was lying without motion or consciousness upon a rude pallet. The doctor looked at his wounds, which were numerous about the chest—not one of them mortal in itself—but such as had caused great loss of blood. So many hours passed under the heavy rain of the preceding night, and the delay which had occurred before the wounds could be attended to, made the case dangerous. However, the medical officer ordered whatever his science suggested, and then left the hut, promising to pay another visit in the evening.

The commander-in-chief, not having anything to fear from the broken remains of the horde which he had dispersed, sent back most of the troops toward the south to take up their winter quarters in various towns. He had all the wounded who could bear removal removed; and for those whom he was forced to leave behind he built a wooden hospital, to protect which a small guard was assigned. He then took a few mounted servants with him, and, crossing the Po by a bridge at Mantua, travelled very fast on horseback across the Apennines to Rome, whither Augustus and Tiberius had returned, and whither Germanicus was thus the first to bear an authentic account of his late operations.

A solemn triumph would readily have been decreed to him, had he not (partly through modesty, and partly through a politic fear of yet further exasperating the suspicious jealousy and hatred of Tiberius) refused it peremptorily.

CHAPTER X.

THE last we saw of Paulus's mother and sister was at Lepidus's Castle of Circæi, where Tiberius Cæsar had just ascertained them to have taken refuge. The aged triumvir was not less disgusted than alarmed at the threat which the ladies (whom he was protecting under his roof) informed him had been uttered by his nephew Marcus.

However, as Marcus came no more, and as the most unbroken tranquillity for weeks together attended the lives of all at the castle, the thought of really embarking for Spain was abandoned by Aglais and Agatha, who would thus have postponed indefinitely their reunion with Paulus.

They now concentrated all their hopes and dreams upon that event, but could not always banish the idea that he might, alas! have fallen in battle. News travelled slowly; and how the war went none had told them.

One morning, before they had left their bedroom to join the triumvir's early repast, they heard his voice at the door, bidding them come quickly down, for Dionysius, the Athenian, had just arrived from Rome, and had brought tidings of Paulus, the military tribune.

"Of Paulus the *military tribune?*"

echoed the mother and sister, when they were all seated together at their *jentaculum.* "How well it sounds! It is the very style and title of his father!"

"Ay," quoth the triumvir, "the splendid lad makes my valiant brother's name ring once more. Once more we hear of Paulus, tribune of the soldiers; but this youth will soon be a legatus."

"Where is he? Why is he not here?" suddenly asked Aglais, turning with alarm to the messenger, their friend Dion.

"He is recovering from a wound," said Dionysius, "in a hut near Verona, where he is attended by your old freedman Philip."

"But with no doctor," cried the mother, "and without me?"

"Let us both go to Verona at once," said Agatha. "Melena can wait upon us."

"He has had the advice of a doctor, and of the best doctor living," said the Athenian. "Moreover, I have reason to believe that it would be dangerous for you and Agatha to undertake such a journey. Agatha, in any case, should not leave this castle till Paulus returns."

"But I can," said the mother; "my stay here is no additional protection to Agatha, and my presence with him may save the life of Paulus. You must await us here, my daughter. I will go this very day, taking our slave Melena. She understands how to nurse the sick."

As no objections to this plan were raised, the Athenian lady left the room to give orders. When she returned, Dionysius informed them that Germanicus Cæsar had re-entered Rome before he was expected, having entirely dispersed the Germans; that Paulus had distinguished himself during the operations which had led to this result even more by his military prudence than by his brilliant courage; and that he, Dionysius, having learnt that his friend was lying ill near Verona, had persuaded Charicles to leave all his lucrative practice in the capital for the sake of visiting the wounded hero; that the two Greeks had travelled together to Venetia; and that Dionysius had himself seen Paulus, who was rapidly recovering; and he had then hastened back to bear the good news to Aglais and Agatha.

"But this is not all," added the Athenian; "I have something of importance to tell you about your suit for the recovery of that part of the Æmilian estates which once belonged to the brother of our host the triumvir—I mean, to your gallant husband. Your suit is over, and well over."

"Has Augustus made up his mind?"

"Yes; but in a curious manner. You have heard of Vedius Pollio, of Posilippo. He would have lived much longer only for his lampreys; but now he is gone. He died rather suddenly, the other day, blaming the gods for taking him, and mankind for not keeping him. Although he has several kinsfolk, he has willed his Vesuvian villa, his pottery, and all his treasures to Augustus. But the emperor, who, for some time back, had known how Pollio's lampreys used to be fattened, was wonderfully disgusted by the device. Indeed, so far as taking personal possession of the property was concerned, he renounced the legacy with an oath. I thereupon seized my opportunity, brought forward again the case of your son, and urged upon Augustus that, if he could not restore to the last of the great Æmilian race the Æmilian Castle on the Liris, he might, at least, confer upon him this Cumæan estate instead. The emperor pondered awhile and consented,

but yet with a singular qualification.* The Lady Plancina, wife of Cneius Piso, had, it seems, some claims upon old Pollio; and Augustus has ordered a patent to be drawn out by the lawyers, conferring the property upon Paulus as an imperial grant, but, should he die without an heir, conveying it afterward to this Lady Plancina."

"I have heard of reversions to the young after the old should die," observed Lepidus; "but the disposal which you describe is indeed a curious caprice on the part of my once colleague. Paulus must marry at once, and defeat the possibility of so whimsical a remainder."

That day, the Lady Aglais, taking the slave Melena with her, departed for Rome in one of Lepidus's old-fashioned carriages, while Dionysius returned to the capital in his own chariot at the same time. Aglais was glad of such protection and company on the road. There were two or three *mansiones*, or little post-houses, and two imperial *mutationes*, where they calculated on obtaining changes of horses, as Dionysius had taken the precaution of furnishing himself with the requisite "*diploma*," or warrant, from Lucius Piso, the governor of Rome.

Besides a trusty serving-man of Lepidus's who acted as coachman, a couple of grooms went with the lady the first stage, in order to ride back the triumvir's horses. In Rome, it was planned Dionysius would see that Aglais should obtain the readiest and best means of continuing her journey northward; and the Athenian even promised himself to escort her all the way, and to guide her to the very house in which her son was now regaining his health and strength, near Verona.

Agatha wept bitterly at parting from her mother, for the first time, as it happened, in her whole life. Two incidents marked the afternoon of this first separation.

It was at midday that the sound of the receding wheels died in the distance; and the aged Lepidus, patting the head of the fair girl, said:

"Come, niece; have fortitude! Your mother will soon return with our noble Paulus, and they must see you cheerful and happy, or they will blame me. Go to your apartments, and prepare for a little fishing excursion. I will call the slaves, have out our large galley, and give you a row up and down the shingly beach."

She laughed through her tears with a little gasp, and obeyed. The castle was encompassed with gardens, and these again with an orchard, the whole being enclosed in a loosely-semicircular sweep of strong walls, with the sea-line as arc to the bow, almost like a fortification. A few Thessalian dogs, famed as watchers, with which Agatha had early established the most friendly and confidential relations, had been trained to range these gardens, and the whole enclosure, at will, and performed that duty or pastime very much with the air of disciplined soldiers.

While Agatha was dressing for the boat, she heard one of these dogs bay angrily; and, when she descended into the garden, she saw her uncle in the act of shutting a heavy wooden door in the enclosing wall, and caught the following words addressed to a man on horseback, of whom she obtained only a momentary glimpse:

"No more in my house after such a menace; but tell this to Tiberius *you*, if it will help your interest with

* The real historical appropriation of this property to build "*Julia's Portico*" occurred in due time.

him; tell him, I say, that very little is now required to induce Lepidus, once triumvir, to bequeath all his property to Tiberius Cæsar. You fence with an old swordsman."

And while yet speaking, Lepidus slammed the door, and Agatha heard a horse gallop away.

"I've outgeneralled *him*, I think," muttered the old man, turning back into the garden.

"Who was there, uncle?" asked Agatha.

"One who shall not trouble us again while my brother's widow and daughter are under this roof," replied the triumvir. And he led Agatha to the boat.

Their fishing expedition was not very gay, and they were both content when it was over. It was evening as they re-entered the courtyard of the castle. They were met by an old slave, who held in Lepidus's establishment a place corresponding to that of a butler in modern families.

"I am sorry you were away, sir, an hour ago," said he to the triumvir. "Just before you entered the boat, a knight, or more than a knight, whose horse was covered with foam, rode up to the door at the end of the garden, by which your grandson had departed, and asked for the Lady Aglais. When told she had left, he said hastily, "What! in the ship for Spain?" When I mentioned for Rome, he asked, Had the young lady gone also? and when I said that the young lady and you, sir, were out fishing, he called for some one to hold his horse, and stated he would write you a letter. Searching for his tablets, he muttered that he must have left them in Rome. I offered to get him paper, a reed, and some cuttle-fish ink, if he would enter the house. He did so, looking much disturbed; and saying, as often as three several times, that he had no one to send whom he could have trusted; that he had been obliged to come himself; and that, if he did not at once return, he should be missed. When he had written a few words, he folded up the paper, asked me for wax and a taper, and sealed the letter with a signet-ring which he had on his finger. Then he held the letter *so*, without giving it to me, and at last tore it up."

"But," said Lepidus, "did you not ask who he was?"

"Yes, sir; and he told me he was a friend of the Lady Aglais, and of the young lady."

"Was he dressed as a military man?"

"No, sir; he had a sort of toga, only it was dark; the hood was brought over his head; he was belted. He was a handsome man, under the middle age. But I was made certain of his rank by the voice, and by his general bearing."

"Well, did he leave no message?"

"None, sir; he merely said that it was very unfortunate he could see nobody, and especially that he could not speak to the lady, your sister. He then mounted his horse, and rode away swiftly."

"Here is the seal, I do believe!" said Agatha, picking up a piece of wax on the fragment of a letter.

"Ah!" said Lepidus, examining it. "How well I remember the hateful emblem. That used to be the signet of Mæcenas, who brought my son to the block."

"Uncle!" whispered Agatha, who also had looked at the seal, "come into the house, and I will tell you who this visitor was."

"You can go," said Lepidus to the servant, who retired.

"It was Velleius Paterculus, the Prætorian tribune," said Agatha. "That is his device—a frog, is it not?

I have seen his notes before, sealed with that emblem. Some danger, against which he would fain protect us, is impending."

CHAPTER XI.

In passing through Rome, Dionysius had again called upon Charicles, and had obtained from that celebrated physician a promise that he would, within only a few hours then next ensuing, leave Rome once more, and fly north as fast as good horses could whirl his carriage, in order to pay Paulus another visit and watch his recovery. "I may even overtake you upon the road," were the words of this *medicus insignis*, as Tacitus terms him; and with a grateful pressure of the hand Dionysius left him to wait upon his countrywoman in the prosecution of her anxious journey.

The next step was to obtain another set of warrants from the prefect to secure them relays of horses along the road at the various post-houses, where none not connected with the imperial administrations would be so served. The good-natured Lucius Piso again furnished the Athenian with the indispensable orders, and the lady, with her female slave, renewed her travels after less than half a day's delay in the capital, Dionysius accompanying them still.

Having completed their rapid journey, they found Paulus not in the little *taverna*, or hut, whither Philip had first carried him, but in a beautiful room, opening upon the *impluvium*, court-yard, or central garden of a fine country-house about a quarter of a mile distant.

Thither they had been immediately guided by a lame soldier walking with a crutch. The master of the house was absent, and indeed seldom lived there. He was a rich and dissipated young patrician, who much preferred the gayety and magnificence of Rome to the quiet of the country. A steward and his wife, with three or four outdoor slaves, took care of the almost abandoned place.

As Aglais, having descended from the carriage, followed the lame soldier along a rough path, through a fine wood of sycamores, she observed here and there near the stately mansion a decurion or two and several other soldiers. She asked what that meant; and the man said that these were convalescents from among the wounded left behind in the neighborhood by Germanicus; and they were all too much attached to Paulus to return home or to leave the spot where he lay battling for his young life till they knew his fate.

"You are brave and noble friends!" cried Aglais; "but in what state, then, do you consider my son to be?"

The soldier darted a shy, quick glance of compassion at her, and, muttering something, hastened his hobbling pace to such a degree that the ladies could hardly keep up with him.

They found Paulus carefully laid upon a soft couch in a beautiful room, and Thellus seated nigh, watching him.

"Alas! lady," said Thellus, rising, "he will not know you." So saying, he left the chamber on tiptoe. In vain the mother, kneeling by the bedside, called the youth in the voice so dear to him. He was talking to himself in a mixture of Greek and Latin, and said, "It would be pleasing to the Great Being to save an innocent young couple from brutal tyranny; would not a God rescue the world? why, it would be godlike; it was not more reasonable to expect from a man what was human than from a God what was divine. Augustus might take their inheritance,

but he would find nothing save stones in the strong iron box; no, the treasure is safe, general; suppose the Germans swim the Adige behind us, what then? A military tribune, mother, already your son a tribune! By fire you will subdue the—was she the Sibyl? That was little Esther on the raft, covering the left flank of the entrenchment. They swim the river—come, Thellus—face to the rear, be men. The lawyers were no match for him. Dion broke Sejanus—Dion held torches to the prefect's nose. What a splendid scene in the palace! I'll drink at the fountain; they may stare, but drink I must; the emperor wants a draught, the Cæsars want a draught; water, clear water—what mean you by keeping me from the fountain? Augustus told me to drink!"

Thus he raved, and the weeping mother, while moistening his lips and head, said ever and again in vain: "Paulus, my child—Paulus, do you not, then, know your mother?" And the night came; and the old stewardess brought refreshments to Aglais, weary with travel, distracted with anguish.

But the stewardess was unable to induce her to take rest or leave the room; she therefore lighted lamps in the part of the chamber behind the sufferer's bed, prepared couches there for the mother and for herself, and made every arrangement which her experience and prudence could suggest to render more supportable to the forlorn stranger the coming watches of the night. She told Aglais that the military doctor would pay his visit presently, and that she felt sure the sufferer would recover; she bade the mother control her emotions, because the youthful tribune would become sensible in a moment, and it would injure him if he saw her in grief.

Aglais was occupied in fanning the wasted and sunken face of Paulus, occasionally moistening his lips and temples, from which the light brown locks fell away tangled and dank upon the pillow, when Thellus, entering, announced the doctor. This functionary found the patient still in delirious condition, was informed that there had been no intermission for hours in his ravings, and declared that, although he dreaded the result because Paulus was perceptibly losing strength, he would bleed him, as the last chance of saving his life. Everything was ready for this operation, when the sound of wheels and the furious tramp of horses were heard. The surgeon, remembering that it was the dead of night, and feeling surprised at a noise for which he could not account, turned round in suspense, grasping the fatal lancet. Thellus was holding an earthen ewer in one hand and with the other was gently supporting Paulus's wrist. On the one hand stood the doctor, and, on the further, the nurse, raising a taper so as to shed its light over the bare arm of the young tribune. Aglais was leaning over her son's face on the opposite side of the couch, too anxious and too frightened to weep, and, almost as one who is dreaming, conscious of the rush of wheels and the tramp of hoofs. Presently there was the sound of persons springing to the ground, a low murmur of voices was heard outside, and then the door of the apartment was pushed open, and Charicles, followed by an Asiatic servant, carrying a box, entered.

A few whispered words were sufficient to inform the local doctor that the most eminent member of his profession then living stood before him; and Charicles at once added that, being long since an intimate friend of the sufferer and of his whole

family, it was natural and right that they should desire, and he give, attendance and help in the present case. The manner of the celebrated physician was at once noble, simple, and natural, without any affectation of patronizing his lowly colleague.

Having persuaded the Lady Aglais to leave the room, and having examined Paulus's wounds, which he declared to have been most admirably treated, he said his colleague had divined the proper method of cure in starting from the principle that Paulus had already lost far too much blood.

"That is quite evident," said the local doctor, concealing his lancet.

Charicles unlocked his box, produced an ointment of some kind, and caused the patient's spine from the nape of the neck to the small of the back to be vigorously rubbed by Thellus for about twenty minutes. He then applied to each temple a piece of linen saturated with a liquid, the acrid odor of which failed to inform the professional person present of its nature; and, in order to keep the narcotizing appliances in their places, he bound them gently and rather loosely round the head. He with his own hands cut off the beautiful brown locks of the youth, and desired Thellus to continue from time to time, till Paulus should sleep, to touch the top of the patient's head with a sponge steeped in a lotion which he placed upon a table near.

In a small tray of pottery he then laid some whity-brown leaves resembling the coarse description of paper called *hieratica*, which he set on fire, and which burnt with a hissing sputter, and emitted much smoke. In a moment the whole atmosphere of the room was changed; those standing round the couch drew involuntarily a long inhalation; and Paulus, who in the midst of his ravings had been respiring irregularly and with painful difficulty, heaved a free and even breath which it was a relief to hear. At the same time, the faintest conceivable under-tint of color came, in that artificially-produced climate and chymical atmosphere, timidly and flutteringly into his cheeks. The physician set a large phial on the table, saying that the patient would soon sleep, and that the moment he awoke he must be made to take a portion of its contents, which he specified. Finally, he went for Lady Aglais, brought her back into the room, told them that Paulus would, beyond all doubt, recover; that he would in the morning feel a ravenous appetite; that he must not be allowed to eat to the extent he would wish; that the best decoction of meat (in modern phrase, good, light, pure soup) ought during the night to be made ready for his breakfast, after which it would be well to give him a small quantity of generous wine. He proceeded to fix the diet to be afterwards used. But Charicles forbade them to let the patient leave his bed until he should have finished the contents of the large phial, the method and times of taking which he particularly and accurately described. The last direction which he gave was not to permit Paulus to talk too long; but, whenever he should be inclined overmuch for conversation, to entertain him with music instead.

"Remember," said Charicles, "that nothing has been now done except to give you the battle-field for fighting this illness, and the time needed to do so. I have effected nothing except to abate the delirium, to quiet the nervous fury, to quicken the blood, to relieve the breathing, and to promote the sleeping inclination of your son, lady. He would have died to-morrow of nervous ex-

haustion, insomnolence, and anæmia combined. The easier breathing, the quicker blood, the reduced imagination, the lull of the quivering nerves, the power to sleep (which will soothe and foster his whole system), all unite to give you a chance of beginning, remember, merely beginning, your contest with this illness in the early morning. That phial is what you must carefully administer. Then adhere strictly to the diet, and your son will be able to travel in a fortnight."

After a light repast he took his leave, and started upon his return journey to Rome the same night. But Dionysius remained.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas."—*London Saturday Review.*

AN EXPLANATION FROM MR. FROUDE.

In the New York *Tribune* of October 15, we find the following article:

"In the eighth volume of Mr. Froude's *History*, he quotes an important letter, which he states was written by Randolph to Sir W. Cecil. A writer in a recent number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD asserts that he has been informed by Mr. Stevenson of the Record Office (where Mr. Froude says he found it) that there is no such letter in that office at all. The impression conveyed by the very positive statement in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, on the authority of Mr. Stevenson (who is a Catholic), is that Froude forged the letter. On reading the article in the American periodical Mr. Froude wrote to the Foreign Office, and discovered that there has been, either by himself or a compositor, a clerical error in giving the name of the writer of the letter. It was the Earl of Bedford, instead of Randolph, who wrote the letter, though, owing to the fact that Randolph was at that time about the court, and in connection with Bedford, the latter could only have written on the authority of Randolph. However that may be, the impression produced by the statement of the critic in THE CATHOLIC WORLD is erroneous. In the letter he is right, in the spirit false. He says there is no such letter in the Public Record Office. We copy below the reply that Froude has received from that office. The date, letter, etc., are given in this reply *verbatim*, as they are contained in the *History*, the only difference absolutely being that, by the clerical error mentioned, Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford, an error that does not in the slightest degree affect the moral or historical weight of the extract: 'The letter referred to in Mr. Froude's note to Sir Thomas Hardy is from the Earl of Bedford to Sir W. Cecil, dated Alnwick, 5 Oct., 1565 (Scotland, Elix. vol. xi. No. 60 A). The words are as follows: "Ther is no talke of peace with that Q. but that she will first have a heade of the Duke or of the Erle of Murrey." The volume of "Foreign State Papers, 1564–1565, p. 480, No. 1558," about to be published, also contains this letter.

'W. NOEL SAINSBURY.

"'PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, 12 Aug., 1870.'"

To this the following reply appeared in the *Tribune* of October 24:

THE FROUDE CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:

SIR: A paragraph in your issue of the 15th inst., under the heading 'Literary Notes,' endeavors to explain away one of the many serious errors committed by Mr. Froude in his *History of England*. At page 211, vol. viii., he makes a grievous accusation against Mary Stuart, based on a letter from Randolph (Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland) to Cecil,

(the English Prime Minister), which letter is thus cited: 'Randolph to Cecil, October 5, Scotch MSS. Rolls House.' In an article reviewing Mr. Froude's work, published in the August number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, this accusation was commented upon, and the assertion was made, on indisputable authority, that 'this letter of 5th October, referred to by Mr. Froude, is not in the Record Office;' and it now appears from Mr. Froude's attempted defence that the assertion is correct, and that there is no such letter there. But the benefit of a mistake, 'either by himself or a compositor,' is claimed for Mr. Froude, and it is said that there *is* a letter in the Record Office from the Duke of Bedford to Cecil, 'the only difference absolutely being that by the clerical error mentioned Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford—an error that does not in the slightest degree affect the moral or historical weight of the extract.' Upon this assertion the writer of the Froude review in THE CATHOLIC WORLD takes direct issue with the author of the *Tribune* paragraph, whether he be Mr. Froude himself, or some one speaking for him, and in the proper place, namely, the closing article of his series on Mr. Froude's work, he pledges himself to show that in this matter he is right, not only 'in the letter,' but also 'in the spirit,' and that the Bedford letter falls deplorably short of what is claimed for it.

M.

"NEW YORK, Oct. 19, 1870."

Instead of waiting until publication of the closing article of the series to treat the matter thus put in controversy, we prefer to dispose of it separately and at once, and now proceed to take it up. Not stopping to comment upon some objectionable points in the *Tribune* paragraph, one of which is the singular appeal to Protestant prejudice in pointing out Mr. Stevenson as a Catholic,* we pass to the discussion of the strictly historical question involved.

And, at the outset, we decline to be at all accountable for the proposition that "the impression conveyed by the very positive statement in THE CATHOLIC WORLD is that Froude forged the letter." *Forged* is a gross and serious term. We neither used the word nor any expression equivalent to it. Mr. Froude could not be charged with forging a letter he did not produce. He cited, with the usual quotation marks which convey the assurance to the reader that the words are original, a short passage which he said was in a certain designated letter. At page 211, vol. viii., he makes Mary Stuart say "*she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head*, and gave as his authority a letter of "Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 5, Scotch MSS. Rolls House." We asserted (August No. CATH. WORLD, p. 587) "this letter of 5th Oct. referred to by Mr. Froude *is not in the Record Office*." But our "statement was very positive," says the *Tribune* paragraph. It was. And we now repeat it yet more positively, since Mr. Froude admits that the Randolph letter cited by him has no existence. On that point, the controversy may be considered as closed.

We freely accept the explanation given, according to which Mr. Froude meant to cite a letter from the Duke of Bedford to Cecil, "the only difference absolutely being that, by the clerical error mentioned, Randolph is given as the writer instead of Bedford."

Then, according to this explanation, it was Bedford who wrote, "She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head"? But it appears that, "in the letter referred to in Mr. Froude's note to Sir Thomas Hardy," the Earl of Bedford wrote no such thing, and

* It appears that Mr. Stevenson was written to in his official capacity, and the question asked him, Is there in the Record Office such a document as a letter from Randolph to Cecil, dated October 5, 1565? to which Mr. Stevenson replied that there was not. Now, neither the propriety of his replying nor the truth of his answer is at all questioned, but—"Mr. Stevenson is a Catholic"—ah!

we still wait to hear from Mr. Froude where he found his authority for stating that Mary Stuart used the words he has put in her mouth.

We do not want amiable supposition and inference and a general good-natured wish to help a worthy gentleman out of a serious difficulty of his own making. We desire, and have the clearest right to demand, proper documentary evidence that Mary Stuart used the precise language attributed to her by Mr. Froude. The explanation offered by the *Tribune* paragraph does not supply such evidence, and we have good reasons for doubting Mr. Froude's ability to produce it.

If Mr. Froude meant to cite the words "there is no talk of peace," etc., as proving the malignant hatred of Mary Stuart for her bastard half-brother Murray, why did he not quote the express language of the letter? By what right does he substitute other words, conveying a very different meaning? We know of no school of history or morality whose teachings warrant a historian in giving as an original authority his own interpretation, in his own words, of the meaning of that authority. The writing of history, with aid of such processes, would soon become what to too great extent it unfortunately is—the composition of romance.

The singular explanation is given that, "owing to the fact that Randolph was at that time about the court and in connection with Bedford, the latter could only have written on the authority of Randolph." The natural inference from this statement is that Randolph, "who was about the court," must have authorized Bedford to write the letter, thus leading us to suppose that Bedford was his subordinate, and also "about the court."

Very far from it. Randolph was not then, and never was in a position to be, the personal equal or official superior of Bedford. An English earl writing under the authority of Mr. Randall?*

Truly, the man who in the year of grace 1565 should have intimated to Francis, the second Earl of Bedford, that he was Randolph's subordinate, would have passed what our French friends call a *mauvais quart d'heure.* Independently of other all-sufficient considerations, such as rank and title, their relative positions toward their sovereign should settle this question. Randolph's written communications were, as a general rule, strictly official and addressed to Cecil, Elizabeth's minister.†

But Bedford, whenever he thought it necessary, addressed Elizabeth directly and in person, and she answered him with her own hand.‡ And this could not well be otherwise, considering the delicate nature of the subjects treated between them. Of one letter of Bedford to Elizabeth, Mr. Froude says (vol. viii. p. 214), "Bedford wrote in plain, stern terms to the queen herself."

"About the court?" Are we to understand that Randolph was a guest, a spy, or a hanger-on at the Scottish court? "In connection with Bedford!" What is meant by this strange

* This was his real name, although he is usually called Randolph.

† Speaking of a certain negotiation, Mr. Froude says (vol. xi. p. 71), "Randolph, who was not admitted to his mistress's secrets, could not understand what she was about."

‡ In the short space of five weeks, the following correspondence took place: September 12, 1565, Elizabeth to Bedford. (This is the letter in which she instructs him secretly to furnish Murray with money and soldiers, taking care not to let her be detected.) September 19, 1565. Bedford to Elizabeth. September 28, Bedford to Elizabeth. October 13, Bedford to Elizabeth. October 20, Elizabeth to Bedford. October 20, receipt by the Earl of Murray to Bedford (for the queen of England) of £7,000, "to be emploit in the common cause and action now in hands within this realm of Scotland, enterprisit by the nobilitie thereof for mainteynance of the true religion." Dumfries, 1st October, 1565 (signed) James Stewart.

ambiguity! There is no occasion for any mystery. Randolph was the diplomatic representative of Elizabeth at the court of Scotland, and having, by virtue of his position, frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing Mary Stuart, his testimony as to her sayings and doings was valuable in so far as it was that of a person who might possibly have heard her say "she could have no peace," etc.—provided she ever said so. On this account, the citation, "Randolph to Cecil," was valuable to Mr. Froude. But Randolph did not so report her, and we are asked to suppose that Bedford did, on the authority of Randolph. But here a serious difficulty arises. Although Randolph was at the time "about the court," the Earl of Bedford was not. He was not "about the court." He was not at Holyrood. He was not in Edinburgh. In short, he was not even in Scotland. As marshal or governor of Berwick, in command of the border, Bedford was then in England, where Mr. Froude represents him a few days later as "confined by his orders at Carlisle" (vol. viii. p. 214).

Although, as Mr. Froude says (vol. viii. p. 113), Bedford "was a determined man, with the prejudices of a Protestant and the resolution of an English statesman;" although he was Elizabeth's ready tool, in an infamous piece of treachery with the Scotch rebels in the insurrection against the Scottish queen, which Mr. Froude expressly admits (vol. viii. p. 214) as "undertaken at Elizabeth's instigation and mainly in Elizabeth's interests," and, although he offered to reenact the villany of Admiral Winter, proposing to Elizabeth that she should "play over again the part which she had played with Winter; he would himself enter Scotland with the Berwick garrison, and her majesty could afterward seem to blame him for attempting such things as with the help of others he could bring about," he may, nevertheless, have written in good faith to Cecil, "There is no talk of peace with that queen," etc. *Talk with* signifies the discourse of at least two persons.

Talk by whom? When? Where? We take his communication to Cecil to mean that people thought it useless to talk or think of peace—that is to say, the end of the rebellion, until Murray and Chatelherault, its leaders, were punished; and this was the most natural view in the world for an Englishman or a Scotchman of that day to take. Under Henry and under Elizabeth, no man who arrayed himself against regal authority ever escaped confiscation, the block, and the axe, except by exile, and even then was not always safe from treacherous English vengeance. Mary Stuart was then at the beginning of her career, and was not yet known for that kindness of heart and horror of bloodshed which made her reign one of "plots and pardons," and sacrificed her crown and her life.

The punishment of Murray and Chatelherault for their crime was at that day looked upon by Englishmen as a matter of course.

And here we wish to say a few words as to Elizabeth's connection with this rebellion. The historian Lingard truly states the case: "She shrank from the infamy of being the aggressor in a war which the rest of Europe would not fail to attribute to female pique and unjustifiable resentment." He might have added that in avoiding that infamy she rushed into a score of others, if possible, worse. Even Mr. Froude speaks of Elizabeth's conduct in these terms: "Elizabeth had given her word, but it was an imperfect security," shows

her "struggling with her ignominy, only to flounder deeper into distraction and dishonor," tells us "she stooped to a deliberate lie. De Foix had heard of the £3,000,* and had ascertained beyond doubt that it had been sent from the treasury; yet, when he questioned Elizabeth about it, she took refuge behind Bedford, *and swore she had sent no money* to the lords at all." Further, Mr. Froude writes, "her policy was pursued at the expense of her honor," and so on—*usque ad nauseam*—up to the time when, on Murray's arrival in London after the failure of his foul treachery, Elizabeth sent for him, "and arranged in a private interview the comedy which she was about to enact" (Froude, vol. viii. p. 219). This comedy was his appearance, next day, before Elizabeth, who, in the presence of two foreign ambassadors, delivered a long harangue on the enormity of his offence in rebelling against his sovereign—a rebellion gotten up at her instigation, and for which she had paid him in money! A more stupendous budget of mendacity it would be difficult to find anywhere recorded, even taking Mr. Froude's account of it (vol. viii. pp. 222 to 224). It has been thus characterized by a Protestant historian (Hosack): "This astounding exhibition of meanness and falsehood and folly, which it is certain imposed upon no one who witnessed it, is without a parallel in history." Elizabeth fitly crowned this performance by writing to Mary with her own hand: "I have communicated fully to Randolph all that passed at my interview with one of your subjects, which I hope will satisfy you, wishing that your ears had heard the honor and affection which I manifested toward you, to the complete disproof of what is said that I supported your rebel subjects against you—which will ever be very far from my heart, being too great an ignominy for a princess to tolerate, much more to do."

Just as we finish transcribing these lines, our eye accidentally falls on a passage in Mr. Froude's eleventh volume, page 20, in which, speaking of Elizabeth's portraits, he says she was sometimes represented "as the Christian Regina Cœli, whose nativity fell close to her own birthday, and whose functions as the virgin of Protestantism she was supposed to supersede."

We must here thank Mr. Froude for a prolonged and hearty laugh whose ripples will, we fear, disturb our work for hours to come. We resume the letter question. The Bedford letter is dated *Alnwick*, which is in England. Whence came Bedford's information, "There is no talk of peace"? Is Mr. Froude in possession of a letter of Randolph to Bedford upon the subject? Did Bedford, in England, receive any communication at all from Randolph, who was "about the court"? If Randolph knew that Mary Stuart had said "she could have no peace," etc., he was seriously derelict in duty in not reporting it to Cecil. We know full well the envious avidity of Elizabeth for the most trifling details concerning Mary Stuart's movements, even when they had not the slightest connection with affairs of state; we also know the industry with which Randolph ministered to her desire. But here was a serious matter, a question of open war, and it was important that Elizabeth should be advised as to Mary's plans concerning the rebellion which, as we have seen, Elizabeth herself, aided by Murray, had set in motion. Randolph was not a fool, but he would have been silly indeed if he had failed to keep

* Another sum sent to Murray.

Cecil advised in so important a crisis as this. He made no such failure. He carefully watched Mary, and had her watched, for he had spies in Holyrood. And now, having information which it was important that Elizabeth, through Cecil, should be possessed of, are we to suppose that he did not send it to London, but to Bedford at Carlisle or at Alnwick? The proposition is too absurd to discuss, and we are answered by the facts. On the 4th of October, the day previous to the date of Bedford's Alnwick letter, Randolph writes to Cecil, representing Mary as "*not only uncertain as to what she should do, but inclined to clement measures, and so undecided as to hope that matters could be arranged.*" Does this sound like "deaf to advice" and "breathing vengeance"? If Mr. Froude had any wish to represent Mary Stuart according to the evidence before him, he would not have thrust aside and ignored this letter of Randolph. It is the testimony of an enemy of Mary Stuart, speaking of his personal knowledge and in the line of his duty. But such testimony does not suit our historian. It does not support his Mary Stuart theory. He passes it over in silence, goes to England to be informed of what has taken place in Scotland, and gives us after all a vague statement, a mere *on-dit*, from which he evolves words which he asserts were spoken by the Queen of Scots. His entire account of the events between the 1st and the 15th of October, 1565, is not history, but its caricature. Cecil writing "a private letter of advice" to Mary Stuart! Cockburn, an English spy, speaking "his mind freely to her"! De Mauvissière, the agent of Catharine de' Medicis, her bitterest enemy after Elizabeth and Cecil, "entreating" and expostulating with her!

There is another letter in this connection as invisible to Mr. Froude as the Randolph letter of October 4. Mr. Froude's narrative, defective in dates, is so confused as to conceal the important fact that Mary Stuart did all in her power to maintain peace, and that on the 5th of October, so far from having commenced hostilities, she was still in Edinburgh, and did not leave Holyrood until the 8th of October, when she addressed an admirable letter to Elizabeth, which we regret our limits will not allow us to insert here.

In closing, we must express our surprise that Mr. Froude should have selected for reclamation or protest a case so comparatively unimportant. Our readers must not suppose that the point discussed is an isolated one. In our previous articles, we have pointed out scores of more serious errors. Mr. Froude's insanity for the romantic and picturesque would, as we have already remarked, wreck a far better historian; and the imaginative power and talent for pictorial embellishment which make his work so attractive to the young and inexperienced inevitably involve him in serious difficulty the moment a true historic test is applied to any of his flowery pages. Will Mr. Froude seriously apply such a test, and explain to us, for instance, his manipulation of Mary Stuart's letter of April 4, 1566, and give us the original language of the passages which we have denounced as unauthorized? Will he explain his remarkable arrangement of the members of the phrase at his page 261, vol. viii., "It will be known hereafter," etc.? Will he throw some light on the *peine forte et dure*—but no, we will not ask that. We acquit Mr. Froude of any intention to misrepresent in that instance. It was merely a blunder arising from a

strange ignorance of the laws of England. Will he clear up the misleading paucity of dates in the Jedburgh story? Will he find some authority less untrustworthy than Buchanan for the poisoning story, and for a hundred other statements repudiated by all respectable historians? Will he show us how it is that "*he feared for his life*" is the English translation of "Il prend une peur de recevoir une honte," and how it is that the meanings given in his text of numerous Spanish and French passages, which he avoids translating, are so often at daggers drawn with the language of the originals? How it is that he describes a letter from Mary to Elizabeth as one "*she wrote with her own hand*, fierce, dauntless, and haughty," when, in the letter, Mary expressly excuses herself to Elizabeth for *not* writing with her own hand (notre propre main)? How it is that he coolly substitutes "fled from" for *departed*, "lords" for *ladies*, "four thousand ruffians for *four thousand gentlemen?* How it is that—but space fails.

In these cases, we wish to be distinctly understood that we do not charge Mr. Froude with forgery. Heaven forbid! We readily, and with reason, find a more charitable explanation.

There are persons whose sense of sound, or color, or light, or integrity, or morality, is either obtuse or totally absent. We have known people who could not distinguish "Mary in heaven" from "Boyne Water;" we have heard of others to whom, from color blindness, white and scarlet were identical; of others who, in lying, believed they spoke the truth; and others who, like Mr. Froude, could not, for their lives, repeat or correctly quote the words of third persons; whose minds, in short, "had not yet succeeded in grasping the nature of inverted commas."

Finally, we seriously, and for the last time, ask Mr. Froude for some contemporary proof that the Earl of Bedford, or any one else, wrote to Cecil, speaking of Mary Stuart, "She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head."

OUR WINTER EVENINGS.

II.

BREAD RETURNED.

At one of our evening assemblages, the bachelor lawyer introduced his sister, a very interesting and intelligent lady from some Western city, who had come to pass the winter with her friends in New England.

The conversation was naturally directed toward the Western country, its peculiarities social and physical, their comparison with those of our locality, the influence of European emigration upon them, and that exerted by New England, through her numerous children, in all those far-off regions.

At length, mention was made of the cholera, and the fearful havoc it had wrought, during the previous year, through those vast territories, not only in town and city, but among the sparse population of wild and newly settled districts. She describ-

ed the dismay of the inhabitants as the terrific scourge approached, and their frantic dread, which obtained such mastery as to shut all pity for the sufferers from the most compassionate hearts; reaching a degree in that respect which she thought would have been impossible among the kind and less impetuous people of New England.

"I am not quite certain of that," said a middle-aged lady, who was usually present at our evening parties, a very busy knitter, and more inclined to listen than to speak. "I remember circumstances, during our own cholera seasons, that would go far to prove human nature, under the influence of terror, to be much the same in New England as elsewhere. One incident, in particular, lingers vividly in my memory, and has been recently revived in that of others by strange coincidences."

There was an immediate call for the story; and, according to our custom, she complied without hesitation by relating the following

INCIDENT OF THE CHOLERA SEASON.

It was the first cholera season in America. Vessels arriving weekly at Quebec and Montreal brought crowds of emigrants, among whom the dread destroyer had appeared during the voyage and claimed its victims. In some instances, whole families were swept away, and there were few from which some loved member had not been snatched by the ruthless servant of death.

A violent panic flew like wild-fire through all the Canadian borders, and, gathering strength as it advanced, seemed to have consumed every sentiment of humanity in its devastating course before it crossed the province line and penetrated our frontier country.

The people of Vermont, ever noted before and since for their impulsive benevolence and tender sympathy with all human suffering, became suddenly steeled against every emotion of pity. In a paroxysm of frenzied terror, they established a line of sentinels along the whole northern frontier, to prevent all communication with the infected regions, and all immigrants from crossing the border. This excited state of feeling was fed and increased by news arriving daily, through boats which still plied the lake, of prominent and well-known Canadian citizens who had fallen victims to the scourge.

The very elements seemed to sympathize, in some mysterious way, with this strange and erratic condition of the moral atmosphere. Days during which a heat prevailed intolerably sultry, and stagnant, as it were, for lack of a breath of wind to stir the air, were succeeded by nights shedding the very chills of death from their pinions, yet so still that not a leaf was stirred. The voice of thunder and the gleam of lightning were unknown through the whole season. Birds on the wing, languid and songless, would fall dead in the streets and yards. The housekeepers of Vermont, renowned for their tidy habits, were spared their usual warfare with flies, for not one was to be seen. The hum of an insect's wing to break the dismal silence would have fallen upon the ear like welcome music!

On an unusually oppressive afternoon in the latter part of July, I was doing my best to make myself comfortable, and musing sadly upon the state of affairs along the border, and the inevitable sufferings of poor immigrants who were prevented from pursuing their course through the country, as that class had hitherto done, not only unmolested, but assisted by the kind inhabitants. Now,

strangers in a strange land, they dared not ask for the aid they needed to keep them from perishing, but were shut out from all compassion, not for any fault of their own, but, as it would seem, by the direct visitation of God.

My husband was absent attending court in a distant county. At that period of my life my health was very delicate, and, as I sat with my boy of two years beside me, and my baby girl on my lap, I could not dismiss the gloomy train of thought into which I had fallen, or resist the overwhelming tide of sadness it pressed upon me.

While I was ruminating thus, my young brother rushed in, all breathless with excitement: "O sister! sister! such a poor, suffering Irish family as there is hidden in the ravine, up the brook! I thought I would come home from school that way, and so I found them. Oh! I am so sorry for them, and what can we do? If brother were only at home! but he is gone, and, if it should be found out in the village that they are there, they would be hurried off without mercy, and they are so tired and hungry. They have not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday, and did not dare to stop to ask for any. The children are crying for bread, and their father trying to hush them for fear they will be heard. Oh! what can we do?"

All this was uttered in a breath, and I comprehended the whole as instantly. Had the All-Merciful noted the course of my thoughts, and sent me this immediate test of the sincerity of my sympathy? If so, there should be no hesitation in accepting the ordeal. So I told my brother to guide them cautiously, under cover of a thicket of willows and other shrubs which marked the course of the brook, until they should reach our large barn on its bank, used only to store hay from the meadow, and, after seeing them safely sheltered there, to come back to me.

The tea-kettle was mounted on the stove and boiling in a trice. Tea, bread, milk, and cold meats, with butter and cheese, were prepared in abundance for transmission by the time he returned.

My girl, Huldah, who had been gossiping at a neighbor's, came in just as I had brought affairs to this stage. I did not think best to acquaint her with our secret, but told her I was going out a little while, and she must attend to the children while I was gone. I was in the habit of visiting frequently, and providing for the wants of a sick family of colored people in the neighborhood, and she took it for granted my present mission was in that direction; for I heard her mutter (she was a Yankee) as my brother and I took up our load and departed: "I never did see anybody that thought so much of them kind o' critters! Catch me takin' so much pains, and a-puttin' myself out to such a rate, a-waitin' on a lot o' lazy, good-for-nothin' niggers, if they was sick!"

When we reached the barn, the sight I witnessed was a sore trial to my weak and excited nerves. I had the greatest difficulty to maintain a reasonable degree of composure.

There was an aged grandmother; her son, a fine-looking, stalwart Irishman; his wife, and their six children, the oldest a beautiful girl of about sixteen, the youngest a baby-girl of the same age as my own. They were so exhausted with extreme heat and fatigue, so famished with hunger and worn with agonizing fears of being discovered and hunted like wild beasts, that the sight of them was enough to melt a heart of stone.

As we entered, they were on their knees, breathing thanks to God for the shelter and the kindness, and imploring blessings for those who had taken pity upon their desolation. When they arose, the repast was soon spread, and, warning them to eat sparingly at first in their exhausted state, I left them to enjoy it by themselves; not, however, until I had learned something of their history from the grandmother, a most interesting old woman. I wish I could convey it under the garb of her own language, rich in impressive imagery, and exquisite in its impassioned and touching pathos. But the tongue must be to "the manor born" which would wield that graceful weapon effectively; otherwise the attempt serves only to blunt the point and tarnish the brilliancy. Doubtless her tone, her attitude and manner had much to do with the deep impression her simple narrative made upon the listener, in this instance, as well as the time, the place, and the circumstances in which it was related. There was a serene light in her soft black eyes, a dignity in the calm humility of the aged matron, before which the haughtiest spirit would be instinctively impelled to offer reverential homage. Her jet-black hair—an occasional silver thread mingled here and there but to enhance its shining beauty by the contrast — was combed smoothly back from the high and wrinkled brow, under the frills of a snow-white cap; a muslin kerchief of the same snowy freshness was crossed over her breast, beneath the open waist of a well-worn dress of coarse gray stuff, fitting neatly the erect and graceful form of the wearer. But what impressed me most was the expression of her countenance, upon which deep, abiding grief, subdued by holy patience and resignation, had set its seal; while the sweet smile habitual to those lips illuminated yet seemed to impart by its very light a touch of deeper, more ineffable sadness to the face, and slightly revealed lines of perfectly regular pearly teeth that gave an indescribable effect and finish to the whole picture. Years have passed; yet I can see her now, as she stood before me in the light of that summer evening, as vividly as if it were but yesterday.

They had belonged to the class of intelligent, comfortable Irish farmers. Her husband, with far-sighted shrewdness, had been quick to detect every accumulating symptom of the misery which was to press more and more heavily, year by year, upon their oppressed land, and his plans were laid accordingly. Providing an outfit for his oldest son, he sent him to America with his little family to seek a home in the far West, where land could be secured at the lowest rates.

Upon the arrival of this son in New York, he fell in with an agent of the United States Government among the Indians of the West, who advised him to join a colony that was about to start a settlement in Southwestern Iowa, then almost a *terra incognita* to all but the red man. He did so, and took up, at a very low price, a large and fertile tract of government land, well diversified with open rolling prairie and woodland, and abundantly watered.

When they heard from him of his entire success, and that nothing was now wanting to complete his satisfaction but the presence of his parents and the remainder of his beloved family, they made speedy preparations to depart and join him. They realized a sufficient sum from the sale of their effects to defray all expenses of the journey and leave a considerable amount for future contingencies. Their plan was to proceed by water from Montreal, up through the lakes

as far as they could toward their place of destination, and pursue their journey by land from that point.

On the voyage, the cholera broke out among the passengers. Their youngest son, the darling of his father, was among the first victims. Then their newly-married daughter and her husband. The broken-hearted father soon followed. The surviving brother was so crushed by these successive blows that his mother had to forget her own sorrows to soothe his, and help him to bear up under their accumulated weight for the sake of his wife and helpless little ones. Many times she feared he would sink entirely, and offer another victim to the merciless destroyer. Prayer was her only refuge; her beads, the citadel to which she flew for refuge and defence when the storm seemed about to overwhelm them all in utter ruin. And not in vain did she appeal to the widow's God! They reached Montreal in safety by his permission; mourning, indeed, over the vacancies death had left in their desolate household, but thanking him for all he had spared.

Here a new difficulty met them in the restrictions placed upon the passage of all foreigners through the country by land or water. Her son, accustomed to rely upon the sagacity of his clear-headed father to plan what his own strong arm could execute, was now thoroughly disheartened and irresolute; powerless to devise any means of escape from the obstacles that beset them on every hand. Almost at random, they improved a chance to be carried to St. Johns, and proceeded on foot to Missisquoi Bay, near the province line. Here they learned it would be impossible to pass through the open country into Vermont, the whole line being strictly guarded. They plunged into a forest which extended from that place to a considerable distance into Vermont, and made their way in the suffocating heat, with indescribable toil and fatigue, over logs and fallen trees, through tangled thickets and miry swamps so wild and rugged, so different from anything they had ever seen in their own country, that the effort to get on seemed oftentimes utterly hopeless, and the continued struggle useless. The grandmother felt her strength failing more than once, and a deathly faintness stealing over her; but, thinking of her children, she called up all her energy to endure, and, seated on a log, would again betake herself to her beads with renewed fervor and confidence, which were rewarded by new accessions of vigor to her enfeebled frame.

Thus had they struggled on, until the afternoon of this day, when they gained a covert in the ravine near our house, where they gave up, unable to make a further effort without food, which they dared not seek. The father, driven frantic by the cries of his children, was about to rush out in quest of bread at any risk, when, to their great dismay, my little brother discovered their retreat. He soon assured them they had nothing to fear from him, and what followed has been told.

When the shades of evening secured us from observation, my brother assisted me in conveying to the barn such bedding as was needful to protect them from the night chills. After all arrangements were made for their comfort, I retired, followed by their fervent blessings, and was soon in bed, and sleeping soundly.

Before midnight, I was awakened by a gentle tap on the window of my nursery, which was on the side of the house toward the barn. I sprang from my bed, filled with anxious misgivings that proved to be only too well founded. Norah, the old-

est child of the family, stood by the window, pale and trembling, and as I approached whispered huskily between her sobs, "O lady! come to us quick, for my father is dying with the great agony!"

"Yes, my child!" I replied, as I threw on my dressing-gown, and formed my plan of action in a twinkling.

I did not dare send for a physician, as it would compromise him with the relentless authorities of our excited village if he should attend upon this charge, which I regarded as having clearly been committed to my protection by Divine Providence —yet I was not accustomed to administer so much as an herb-drink without medical direction.

I must let Huldah into the secret, for I needed her aid. So I called her and my brother, directed her to fill the large boiler in the arch with water, and my brother to make a roaring fire under it; then to carry a wash-tub to the barn. I told them to bring the water, and empty it in the tub, as soon as it was hot; and while Huldah would remain with me at the barn, he should see to keeping a plentiful supply of hot water in the boiler and tea-kettle.

While giving these directions, I had hastily gathered and packed in a basket a bottle of camphorated spirits, one of laudanum, a phial of oil of hemlock, a bottle of what Thompsonian physicians called hot-drops, being chiefly a preparation of cayenne pepper in alcohol, and a flask of very penetrating and stimulating liniment for sprains and bruises in horses; the last three having been presented to me, as tokens of gratitude, by an old blind essence-peddler to whom I had offered a home with us when he should pass our way, and for whom I had on such occasions performed the services of cleansing, filling, and labelling his phials for a new start—else I should never have possessed them, for I entertained as great a horror for keeping as for administering drugs.

Thus equipped, I snatched a pile of blankets from a closet, took the lighted lantern, and started for the barn. Arriving there, my worst fears were realized! The strong man was writhing in the grasp of that terrific disease, in the presence of which I now stood for the first—thank God! it was also the last—time, face to face. His countenance was rapidly assuming that ashen hue which is not to be mistaken. The agonized contortions of the whole frame were fearful to behold, impossible to describe! The stifled moans of an agony which was crushing the life out of that noble, athletic form brought a deathly faintness over me as they met my ear; but, nerving myself to my Heaven-appointed task, I promptly prepared a large dose of mingled camphor and laudanum in the hot-drops, which he succeeded in swallowing, though with great difficulty, so severe were the spasms in his throat. I then called them all to assist me in bathing his whole body freely with the liniment, and applying violent friction with the hands. I suspect my course would have made a "regular practitioner" smile, but I could only use such remedies as I had at hand, and trust in Providence to guide my ignorance.

While we were thus employed, Huldah arrived with the hot water, into which I poured oil of hemlock —having heard that vapor-baths prepared with hemlock boughs had been found efficacious in this disease —and set Huldah to wringing the blankets from it, and assisting me in wrapping them closely around him, layer over layer. While we were rubbing him, the cramps were

so severe that the hand passed over lumps under the skin as hard as bone the whole length of the limbs. With what intense anxiety I watched for the slightest softening of their rigidity, hoping it might be a favorable indication! And with what a flood of thankful tears—the first I had dared allow myself to shed—did I at length discover the least faint yielding of that frightful tension and alleviation of the excruciating spasms! Yet I allowed no relaxation in the use of remedies to follow these first encouraging symptoms. As soon as I hoped his stomach would retain it, I administered frequent doses of hot brandy punch in small quantities. Before morning, I had the unutterable satisfaction of seeing him swallow, without difficulty or nausea, a cup of tea in which cracker was soaked, soon after which a slight general perspiration appeared, the spasms ceased entirely, and the exhausted sufferer fell into a quiet sleep. At dawn, I roused him gently to take more nourishment, and, when he slept again, I returned to the house, under the joyful persuasion that the danger was now past, and that the patient with good care would soon recover.

The state of that afflicted family during all this painful scene can scarcely be imagined, much less portrayed in words! The silent anguish of his aged mother, kneeling through the livelong night, and finding her only solace in that unfailing resource, the beads; the clinging affection and harrowing grief of the poor broken-hearted wife and mother, with her trembling children huddled around her in helpless dismay; their joy when the first favorable symptoms appeared; and the general thanksgivings at last, accompanied by prayers that every blessing might follow me and mine—all these are matters to be carried fresh in the memory while life shall last, but not to be conveyed in words.

My poor little brother, too! He had been so agitated with nervous and sympathetic distress that, fearing the consequences of permitting him to remain a witness of such sufferings, I had insisted on his going home and to bed soon after midnight; and once, when, leaving the patient with Huldah for a few minutes, I ran to the house to look after the children, I found him in a feverish state that quite alarmed me. The reaction of the happy morning news, however, soon restored him, and I had the comfort of seeing everything taking a prosperous course with the strangers and at home.

As for Huldah—my sturdy, strong-nerved Huldah—who always made herself out for the most heartless, unfeeling person in the world when she most feared she might be suspected of being "soft," and who had set herself with the coolness, quick resource, and tact of a true Yankee (the readiest and most ingenious of all people for a sudden emergency), and with all the strength of her resolute hands and heart, to second my efforts for the relief of the sufferer, accomplishing more and to better purpose than a half-dozen like my poor weak self could perform—she could only say, with averted and bashful face, in reply to my morning commendations of her unexpected qualities and conduct as a nurse, and half-choking with suppressed emotion between each muttered sentence: "If folks will be such tarnal gumps as to go round a-hunting up such poor mis'able critters, and a-turnin' all creation t'other side up to wait on 'em, I d'n' know what a body could do but take hold and help. I hain't much opinion of them Paddywhacks, as a gin'ral thing, but to see that are

poor feller so torn to pieces, and so kinder patient too, I tell you 'twas more'n I could stand. But that wan't the worst on't, neither; 'twas his poor old mother! I never did see anything in all my born days that beat me like that! There she was so broke down, and a-praying all the time like an old saint, so kinder meek and humble-like! It made me think of my own mother, that's been dead and gone this many a year, and thinks I, 'You sha'n't have to mourn for that son, if old Huldah can do anything to save him;' so, you see, 'twas more my own mother than his'n or him that I was a-thinkin' of arter all!" And poor Huldah fairly "broke down" herself into a hearty fit of crying.

The recovery of my patient was as rapid as his attack had been sudden. For two days, I prepared and administered his food with great caution, and after four days of rest, and a plentiful supply of nourishing food, they were all sufficiently recruited to resume their journey safely. Meanwhile, I had laid all the plans for it.

On the evening previous to their departure, I had called our man—who lived in the neighborhood and "boarded" himself, so that we had found no difficulty in keeping this whole affair from his knowledge—and directed him to harness the horses in our large farm-wagon, before daylight the next morning, to carry a family in whom we were interested to the lake, in order that they might take a canal-boat for Albany.

Accordingly, I had the satisfaction of starting them off from our own door, accompanied by my brother, with a capacious lunch-basket well stocked with substantial viands for their use, before any one was astir in the village. When they reached the lake, our name and their escort were sufficient guarantees with the captain of the canal-boat to settle all matters connected with their further progress without difficulty.

At our parting, the aged grandmother took my hand in one of hers, and, laying the other one gently on my head, lifted her eyes reverently to heaven, and whispered: "May the great God, who has witnessed all you have done for the afflicted stranger, reward and bless you, and all belonging to you! May his peace be about your path through life, and his Blessed Virgin Mother, with all the holy angels, smooth and comfort your dying bed, and conduct your soul to eternal bliss!"

"I thank you, my dear good woman," I replied, "for your prayers to God for me and mine. But you know we do not believe in seeking help from the saints and angels—"

"May be they'll help you, then, whether you will or no! Heaven never forgets such kindness as you have shown to the desolate. 'We were hungry, and you fed us; strangers, and you took us in; sick, and you ministered unto us.' Has not our dear Lord and Saviour pronounced his blessing upon such? Yes, indeed! And his Blessed Virgin Mother, with the holy angels, will aid you in life, and guide you to him, whether you will or no; and the thought of it consoles my poor widowed heart this day!"

And so we parted. I did not ask their name, nor did they ask mine. We wanted to know as little of each other as possible in those excited times, in case the circumstances I have related should be discovered, and trouble ensue.

I have often asked myself, Did the prayers and blessing of that aged saint procure for me and mine, long years after those events, the great gift of faith? The question cannot

be answered in time; but the gift, if we hold it steadfastly, will assuredly form the theme of thanksgiving for a numerous and united household in eternity!

During many succeeding years, my thoughts often reverted with interest to those strangers, and with regret that I did not even know their names.

My beautiful baby-girl passed from her cradle to heaven. My boy had grown into a merry, wayward stripling, full of mischievous pranks, but fond of his books withal, and already prepared to enter college. My "little brother," loveliest and gentlest of boys—who at the age of four years was solemnly committed to my care by our dying father—had graduated with honor from the university of Vermont, studied law in my husband's office, picked up his scanty patrimony—carefully preserved for him by his good brother-in-law—and started the previous autumn for the far West to seek his fortune. I received a letter from him at St. Paul, Minnesota, where he thought of establishing himself. Then many months passed, and I heard nothing further. My heart was filled with anxiety, and oppressed with the most gloomy conjectures as to the cause of his silence, when the following letter, written in a faltering hand, entirely different from his usual clear, bold style, explained it all:

B——, Iowa, March, 18–.

Dear Sister: I know you have been wondering and anxious during my long silence, and your anxieties have been but too well founded, as you will know when you have read this letter, which I shall write by snatches, as my physician will permit.

Soon after I arrived at St. Paul and dispatched my letter to you, I set out for a long journey on the Western plains, to transact some business with the Indians for a leading mercantile firm of that place.

While I was receiving packages of valuable furs, and other articles of Indian traffic, in payment of former consignments—transmitting them by trusty agents directly to my employers—and engaged in making contracts for future supplies, a band of the fierce Sioux came suddenly upon us, and captured the whole party. They hurried us off to the Northwest, where winter soon set in with frightful rigor. I was wholly unsupplied with clothing necessary to defend me against the inclemency of the climate.

Forced to undertake long journeys with parties in quest of furs, and to labor early and late in taking and dressing them, with such a scanty allowance of food that I was almost famished, my sufferings became at length so intolerable that I determined to escape, or die in the attempt.

Taking advantage of a carousal in which my companions were indulging—after having met some itinerant traders, and exchanged furs with them for whiskey—and while they were in the stupor of intoxication, I took a flask of the liquor, the gun I was allowed to use for procuring game, and what ammunition I could find, and started in as direct a course for the South as I could guess without any certain means of determining.

As long as the ammunition lasted, I succeeded in getting sufficient food to sustain life, but my sufferings from cold and fatigue were past description; nor would I pain your tender heart by giving the full picture if I could. My feet and hands were frozen several times so badly that I feared I should lose the power to

use them entirely. I did not dare to stop for rest or sleep, lest the numbness which oppressed my whole frame should pass into the final torpor of death.

Before my ammunition was exhausted, I began to experience a softening in the air and a yielding in the intensity of the cold. When at length that supply was gone, I wandered on and on, in the lonely wilds, the weather getting more and more mild, until finally, becoming so utterly famished, faint, and prostrate that my tottering feet refused any longer to perform their office, I sank down, resigning myself to the Divine Will, and to the care of the Blessed Virgin and my guardian angel. I soon fell into a state which was neither a sleep nor a swoon, but partook of the nature of both. How long I remained in that condition, I have no idea; but, when I began painfully to revive, I became dimly conscious that soft voices were whispering near me; that friendly hands were diligently employed in applying a vigorous course of measures for my restoration. Friction with the hand, and with flannel cloths saturated in some pungent mixture, was kept up. Stimulants were poured in small quantities and at short intervals into my mouth, and the first words I distinctly heard were, "Thank God! he has swallowed for the first time. Now, my boys, take courage, and work with a will! we shall soon have him alive again."

My head was completely bewildered. I could not recall a feature of the past, or form an idea of the present, or of the circumstances in which I found myself. When I opened my eyes and looked around me, exclaiming, "Where am I? and what has happened?" an elderly woman, who sat by me chafing my hands, said kindly, "No matter, my son! You are with friends who will take care of you, and you must keep perfectly quiet."

I resigned myself in full and peaceful trust to their care. In my bewildered condition, my first impulse was to renew the frantic efforts I had been forced to make, during all that agonizing journey in the wilderness, to preserve the life with which God had entrusted me. Oh! the unutterable relief that came with the slowly dawning assurance that I need make those efforts no more! I abandoned myself to sweet refreshing sleep, and, when I again awoke, it was to a clear consciousness of all around me, of the perils I had encountered, and the rescue which had been vouchsafed by a kind Providence when I could no longer help myself.

Absolute quiet for some days and entire abstinence from all conversation were strictly enforced by the physician. After several days of silence, I was lying in the half-drowsy state induced by my exhausted condition, the man, whom I first saw and heard when I revived, and the woman I have mentioned, sitting by me, when I suddenly cried out, with an emotion the more startling from being so long suppressed: "Oh! my sister and my friends, how will they feel when they hear all this?"

"Where do your friends live?" he inquired.

"In S——, Vermont," I replied.

"In S——, Vermont! That I should hear the name again!" he exclaimed in great amazement, then fervently added:

"Thank God that I have at length had a chance to pay something toward a debt I have long owed that place on account of a family living in it!"

I asked to whom he alluded, when he told me the whole story of the

afflicted family we took care of in the cholera season; and, to my astonishment, he was himself that very victim of the cholera, and his family the identical one! It was his turn to be astonished when I told him I was the little boy who found them in the ravine!

His sons were out surveying some wild lands belonging to him when they found me apparently lifeless in the woods.

This place is, in South-western Iowa, where they first settled. His older brother lives near him. His mother died some years since. He says she never ceased to pray for us while she lived. Their children are married and settled around them, and they are wealthy, influential people, and highly respected by every body, as I have learned from the physician.

You should have witnessed the welcomes I have received from the whole family since they have heard who I am! There was nothing too much for them to do for me before, as the stranger whom God had thrown upon their care; but now their manifestations of affection and gratitude are unbounded! They insist upon my investing my little capital in a portion of their lands, at the original Government price—a mere fraction of what they are now worth, so much has the value been enhanced since they purchased. They are also determined that I shall settle in the village near by, which is the shire-town of the county, and offers a good opening for a young lawyer. So, as soon as my strength is sufficiently recruited, I intend to engage an office there, settle up my little affairs at St. Paul's, and take a new start.

I have not told you about the baby-girl of other years, who was of the same age with our darling whom the angels claimed. Well, she is a brilliant, beautiful young lady, and a thrifty assistant to her mother in housekeeping, and highly accomplished withal, for she was educated at a convent of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis. She is playing a piece of music on the piano, with exquisite skill and expression, while I am writing; and I am tempted to lay down my pen, and take my place beside her. And—shall I tell you? but no! you have half-guessed already—that your susceptible brother is at this moment the devoted lover of this rose of Iowa, and hopes soon to claim the dainty little hand which is flying so deftly over the keys for his own, with the full consent of all concerned, you may be sure!

My new friends have extensive business connections, and will be able to throw a large amount of practice into my hands—which is all an energetic young lawyer wants—and the property their kindness has already put in my possession is a little fortune to start with. So be sure, dear sister, to thank God for all the mercies he has bestowed upon your unworthy brother.

"How strange are the ways of Providence! and how fully did we realize, in this singular instance, the truth of that saying uttered by the wisest of men, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days!'"

"Well, certainly, that was a curious and most providential series of coincidences all the way through!" exclaimed a sprightly young lady who had been a very attentive listener to the narrative. "But *did* that good old grandmother really have any influence in converting you and your family to Catholicism? I have always wondered how it was brought about, at a time when so little was

known, and such bitter prejudices prevailed about the Catholic religion, in these parts. Now these changes are so frequent that they hardly excite surprise, but it was different then."

"No doubt her prayers, and the indelible impression made by her unwavering faith and confiding piety upon my mind and heart, must have had their effect. Our heavenly Father uses instruments for performing his merciful designs upon those whose spiritual discernment he enlightens to see what is hidden from others. It is often impossible, humanly speaking, for the subjects of his grace to explain the process by which the work was accomplished, the gift of faith received, and their feet placed upon the rock of certainty and truth. Enough for them to know that the great and glorious gift is the sun of their spiritual firmament, and will continue fixed and firm as eternity when the sun and moon of this earthly planet shall disappear, and 'the heavens depart, as a scroll that is rolled together!'"

ONE WORD MORE ABOUT COPERNICUS.

[The article on Copernicus, translated from the German, which appeared in a recent number, has given occasion to the following vindication of the claim of Poland to the great astronomer, which has been communicated by a Polish exile, who has the honor of that glorious but unhappy country deeply at heart.—Ed. Cath. World.]

It happens to the great astronomer as to many others whom sanctity or genius has canonized, that the immortal syllables by which he is known to posterity differ from the simple vernacular of his original name. Kiphas becomes Peter, Von Stein becomes a Lapide, and Nicolas Kopernik become Nicolaus Copernicus.

Copernicus, then, is the Latinized name of the celebrated astronomer; his real name is *Köpernik*, as in Polish the *c* has the soft sound of *ts*, while in most modern languages the *c* is hard before all letters except *e*, *i*, and *y*.

The mistake of his being a Prussian or German originated with Fontenelle; but François Arago, page 173, vol. iii., of his complete works, thus corrects it:

"Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when Poland was dismembered, Thorn and Frauemburg, with all Polish Russia, called *royal*, fell to the lot of the Margraves of Brandenburg, who, since the year 1525, held from the crown of Poland, in fief, a part of Prussia, called *ducal*, and who ended by taking the title of kings of Prussia. This passage of Prussia, *a Polish province*, under the dominion of a German house, caused some modern writers to believe that Copernicus was German." (This note had been communicated to Arago by the Hungarian general Bem, who was attending his lectures at the Observatory in Paris.)

It may not be out of place to state here briefly what was the origin of Prussia. Henry, the Bird-catcher, who in 919 was elected king of Germany, sent some military colonies into the midst of Slavonic possessions. The northern colony was called "Marchia Borealis," North-

ern March, March of Brandenburg, afterwards margraviate, electorate, then, finally, kingdom of Prussia (1701). Austria had the same origin; it was called "Marchia Australis," Southern March. It became successively a duchy, an archduchy, and lastly the empire.

At the first dismemberment of Poland (1772, 1773), Frederick II. obtained for his share all Polish Prussia except Dantzic and Thorn (Polish "Torun"). The latter city was the birthplace of the celebrated astronomer. Frederick William II., in 1793, added to his kingdom these two cities, with all Great Poland, under the name of Southern Prussia.

After his first campaign in Prussia (1807), Napoleon, by the treaty of Tilsit, formed out of all Prussian Poland, and of several other provinces of ancient Poland, the grand-duchy of Warsaw, which comprised about two-fifths of the ancient kingdom. This he gave to Frederick Augustus, grandson of Augustus II., who had already been elected king by the Polish patriots of 1790, but had not accepted the crown. After the fall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna (1815) divided into two parts the grand-duchy of Warsaw, and the western part, comprising Dantzic, Thorn, Culm, Posen, etc., was given back to Prussia, of which kingdom it still remains a part under the name of the grand-duchy of Posen.

Copernicus was born in 1473, and died in 1543. At that time the Polish nation was mistress of all the country between the Elbe and the Dnieper, and from the Carpathian Mountains and Black Sea to the Baltic. Throughout this territory the Polish language was spoken, but as it did not reach its perfection till the second part of the sixteenth century, Copernicus wrote his works in Latin, which, at that period, was the common language of science.

The Poles then maintained for themselves an intellectual supremacy over all the other Slavonic nations, and, we might almost add, over all the nations of Europe; for it was rare to find a Polish gentleman who did not speak several languages.

Erasmus of Rotterdam says of the Poles, in his letter to Severin Bonar in 1520: "It is in their country that philosophy possesses excellent disciples; it is there it makes Polish citizens who dare to be learned men."

The celebrated Marco Antonio Muret, who was born in 1526 and died in 1585, and was professor of philosophy, civil law, and theology in Rome, comparing the nations then considered most polished and learned, the Italians and the Poles, asks: "Which of these two nations is the one more deserving to be praised in regard to science and the arts? Is it the Italians, of whom hardly the hundredth part study Greek and Latin, and show some taste for science; or the Poles, of whom a great number know perfectly both languages, and who appear animated with such an ardor for science that they consecrate to it their whole life?"

President de Thou, the French historian, speaking of Poland, calls it "a fertile country, filled with cities and castles, full of a courageous nobility uniting usually the love of letters to the exercise of arms."

Then, speaking of the Polish nobles who came to Paris in 1573 to offer the elective crown to Henry of Valois:

"What was most remarked was the ease with which they spoke in Latin, French, German, and Italian: these four languages were as familiar to them as the tongue of their own country. There were only two men of high birth who could answer them in Latin, the Baron de Milhau and the Marquis of Castelnau

Maurissière; they had been sent for purposely to sustain on this point the honor of the French nobility, which then blushed at its ignorance. In those times it was a great deal for it to blush. The Poles spoke our language with so much purity they might have been taken for men educated along the shore of the Seine or the Loire, rather than for inhabitants of the country watered by the Vistula and the Dnieper, which shamed our courtiers, who know nothing, and who are declared enemies of all that is called science; therefore, when the new guests asked them any questions, they only answered by signs or in blushes."

Out of the ranks of such a nation it is not strange that such a man as Copernicus should have come forth. But, moreover, it is related by John Czinski, the biographer of the father of modern astronomy, that during his stay in Padua, Copernicus had his name inscribed on the list of the *Polish students* who studied at the university.

Authentic and irrefutable documents prove the following circumstances concerning the parentage and birth of Copernicus: His grandfather, who was born in Bohemia (a country of Slavonic origin), settled in Cracow, where he acquired the rights of a citizen. At Thorn (which had been incorporated into Poland in 1464) one of his children married Barbe Wasserold, sister of the Bishop of Warmia. Copernicus was their *only* son.

He studied first in his native city, but afterwards went to the University of Cracow in 1491. There he devoted his attention to Latin and Greek literature, and more especially to mathematics; also to astronomy, under Albert Brudzewski. When the latter, urged by Prince Frederick Jagellon, went to Lithuania, Copernicus returned to Thorn with the intention of becoming a priest. He gave it up only for a time, in order to go in 1495 to the University of Padua, where, as we have mentioned, he had his name inscribed on the list of the *Polish students*. He often made excursions to Bologna in company with the Dominican Maria Ferrare, who helped him in his astronomical observations. His great learning acquired him such a reputation in Italy that he was called to Rome to be a professor of mathematics. His public lectures attracted crowds of listeners. This was in 1499, when he was only twenty-seven years old. He afterwards received the degree of doctor of medicine in Padua. He returned to Thorn in 1501, but soon after went back to Italy. In 1503, he went to Cracow, where he was ordained *a priest*, and remained till 1508 or 1510, and finally settled in Frauemburg, a small city at the mouth of the Vistula, near the shore of the Baltic Sea.* There he spent the remainder of his days, dividing his time between the duties of his ministry and the study of astronomy. He devoted a great deal of his leisure to works of charity; he constantly visited the poor and the sick, and had them taken care of at his own expense; he also invented a hydraulic machine, by which water was carried to all the houses in the city; he occupied himself with the scientific departments of the public mint, and wrote a work about it, and pleaded victoriously the cause of his colleagues in a lawsuit which the Chapter of Frauemburg had to sustain against the Knights of the Teutonic Order.

He put up an observatory, where he meditated and prepared his astronomical revolution. He made use of a parallactic instrument composed of three pieces of wood with divisions marked in ink. This instrument fell

* It was found in the acts of the Chapter of Frauemburg that the latter had paid Copernicus's expenses to Italy; so he must have gone there again in after-life.

into the possession of Tycho Brahe, and though it had lost its value, he preserved it as a precious relic, and even composed verses about it.

The tower where Copernicus formerly set up his observatory is now a prison. The house he lived and died in was, in 1802, occupied by a Lutheran minister; verses he had written on the wall could still be seen, and, on a window, his coat of arms. After remaining there for two centuries and a half, they were erased; and an oval hole over the door was closed up, which he had made to admit the rays of the sun, in order to observe its meridian height, the solstices, the equinoxes, and to define the obliquity of the ecliptic.

Not till 1512 did he come to the full possession of his system. Like all truly great men, he was humble and modest, almost distrusting himself. He did not publish his immortal work, *De Revolutionibus Corporum Celestium*, till his seventieth year, thirty-six years after he had written it—and then only at the urgent and constant solicitation of two great friends.

He says in the preface of this work, which he had dedicated to Paul III.:

"I must be allowed to believe that as soon as what I have written about the motion of the earth will be known, cries of indignation will be uttered ('statim me explodendum cum tali opinione clamitent'). Besides, I am not so much in love with my own ideas as not to take into account what others will think of them; then, though the thoughts of a philosopher follow a different direction from those of the generality of men, because he proposes to himself to search after truth as far as God has allowed it to human reason, I do not think, however, I ought to reject opinions which seem to differ from mine. . . . All these motives, as well as the fear of becoming an object of laughter, on account of the novelty and the [apparent] absurdity of my view ('contemptus qui mihi propter novitatem et absurditatem opinionis metuendus'), had almost made me give up my undertaking. But friends, among whom are the Cardinal Schomberg and Tiedemann Giese, Bishop of Kulm, succeeded in conquering my repugnance. The latter, particularly, insisted most earnestly I should publish this book, which I had kept on the stocks, not nine, but nearly thirty-six years."

It was printed in Nuremberg in 1543. Rheticus, his disciple and friend, looked over the proofs, and Copernicus received the first copy of it only a few days before his death.

The first direct proofs of his system could only be proposed by Galileo after the invention of the telescope, and after he had seen the disc of Venus over the sun, had recognized the phases of Venus and Mars, and found out the variations of the apparent diameters of the principal planets. Before, it was impossible to settle even approximatively the value of the principal elements of our planetary system: that is why its discovery is wrongly attributed to Galileo.

George Rheticus had published at Dantzic extracts from the manuscript of Copernicus in a work called *Narratio de Libris Revolutionum Copernici*, and, in 1543, a *Trigonometria Copernici*; the appearance of which perhaps decided Copernicus to publish his work, *De Revolutionibus Corporum Cœlestium*.

The second edition was published at Basle in 1566, the third at Amsterdam in 1617, finally, the fourth edition appeared in Warsaw in 1851 in Latin, with the Polish translation by John Baranowski, professor of astronomy. Copernicus had also published his work, *Dissertatio de optima monetæ cudendæ ratione, anna* 1526 *scripta*. This work was republished in Warsaw in Latin and in Polish by Felix Bentkowski, and extracts from it in French in Paris, 1864, by Louis Volowski. In that dissertation Copernicus says: "We see nations which have good money flourish,

while those which have only bad fall and disappear. Bad money engenders more laziness than it relieves poverty."

About forty years ago, some members of the Royal society of the Friends of Science of Warsaw went to Frauemburg in search of his manuscripts. Nothing was spared to discover them. Some signatures were found on the acts of the Chapter. The inhabitants had preserved for a long time some of his instruments, but they could not agree in the accounts they gave about their number or shape, as the instruments themselves were lost. It is feared his writings shared the same fate. His manuscript on money, it is thought, must be in some city of Prussian Poland. A few of his family letters were gathered; one was sent to Warsaw. Some day they may be used, if needed, to verify his manuscripts, if any are found.

It was also about this time that his remains were transferred. On the coffin his name could be still read distinctly; part of his remains were sent to Pulawy, and the rest to Warsaw.

The man who illustrated Poland by his genius found always among his countrymen the admiration which was due to him.

The monument put up in the church of Frauemburg represents him kneeling before a crucifix with these words which were so familiar to him:

"Non parem Pauli gratiam requiro,
Veniam Petri neque posco, sed quam
Crucis ligno dederas latronis sedulus
oro."

And below:

"Nicolao Copernico Thorunensi, absolutæ subtilitatis mathematico, ne tanto viri apud exteros celeberrini, in sua patria periret memoria, hoc monumentum positum. Mortuus Warmiæ in suo canonicatu, anno 1543, die ætatis LXX."

In 1581, Martin Kromer, a Polish historian, caused to be engraved on his tombstone the following inscription:

"D. O. M.
R. D. Nicolao Copernico Thorunensi,
Artium et Medicinæ doctori,
Canonico Warmiensi
Præstanti astrologo et ejus disciplinæ
instantori
Martinus Cromerus, episcopus Warmiensis honoris et ad posteritatem
memoriæ causa posuit.
Anno Christ MDLXXI."

About two centuries after, in 1766, Prince Jablonowski, paladin of Nowogrodek, raised to the memory of Copernicus in the church of St. John, in Thorn, a monument bearing a long inscription, in which he is called a *Polish* philosopher.

When, during the campaign of 1806–1807, Napoleon went to see the house where Copernicus was born, he also visited that monument. The house belonged to a Polish weaver called Mathias. It formed two angles, was simple in appearance, and had two stories and a basement. All that belonged to his room was religiously preserved; his bed, table, chest of drawers, and two chairs. Above the bed was his portrait: Napoleon wished to buy it in order to put it in the Musée Napoléon; but as there is a tradition which says that a blessing will be on the house of the owner of the portrait, the weaver refused to part with it, and Napoleon respected his feelings. He, however, ordered that the fountain in front of the house should be repaired at his own expense and surmounted with a globe. He had the monument put near the high altar, so that it could be seen from all parts of the church.

In 1809, the Abbé Sebastian Sierowski put up in honor of Copernicus a monument in the academic church

of St. Ann in Cracow.* The bust in marble is crowned by Urania. On a half-sphere placed above there is a Polish inscription which is thus translated:

Poland gave birth unto the man
Who caused the sun to stop, and the earth to move.

On the disc of the sun these words are read:

Sta, sol, ne moveare

And above:

Sapere auso.

On the base, these words are engraved:

"Nicolaus Copernicus, patriæ, urbis, Universitatis decus, honor, gloria."

The latter inscription is surrounded with the arms of the Polish republic, those of the city, and of the Jagellonian University of Cracow.

In 1819, medals were struck in Paris in honor of the celebrated men of all nations. A mistake was made in regard to the origin of Copernicus, which was said to be German. Adrian Knyrzanowski, professor at the University of Warsaw, and Vincent Karczewski, professor at the University of Wilna, had another medal struck in 1820, on which the mistake is corrected.

Stanislas Staszic, a celebrated Polish author and philanthropist, raised a national subscription, to which he contributed the most, in order to erect in Warsaw a monument to the memory of Copernicus. The work was given to Thorwaldsen; it was cast in bronze, and inaugurated on the 11th of May, 1830. The members of the Royal Society of the Friends of Science met in the church of the Holy Cross, then marched to where the monument was placed in the street of Faubourg de Cracovie. In the midst of a great concourse of people, the president of the society, Julian Ursin Niemcewicz, improvised a discourse suitable to the occasion. Afterwards, the artists of the National Theatre, placed on the balcony of the palace of the society, sang a cantata composed by Charles Kurpinski:

"Hail, son of the earth!
Thou who hast measured the course of worlds!
Thou hast taken thy place among the elect,
And thy virtue obtains its reward.
And thou, benevolent star, cast upon him thy rays;
Be the halo of his august forehead.
The motion of bodies! . . . Sublime mystery
Which he could divine and explain.
May the whole earth repeat with Poland:
Glory be to the great man!
Glory be unto Copernicus!
Glory be unto Poland who gave him birth!"

On the occasion, Wladislas Olesczinski was ordered to strike a medal, representing on one side the monument of Copernicus, and on the other bearing the following inscription: "Nicolo Copernico, Jagellonidum ævi, civi polono, alumno Acad. Cracov. immortalis gloria. Societatis regiæ Warsov. decreto, monumentum, necdum perenne MDCCCXXX." The monument, which is of colossal size, represents a figure in a sitting posture, holding in the left hand a globe, and in the right a compass. It is placed on a pedestal of gray marble taken from the quarries of Poland. The front is crowned with seven stars. On the right side is the Latin inscription, "Nicolao Copernico grata patria." On the opposite side are the same words in Polish.

Many distinguished writers have written more or less about Copernicus.

Among the Poles we find: Stanislas Starowolski, Ignatius Bedeni, John Sniadecki, Louis Osinski, Louis Tengoborski, Bernard Zaydler, Casimir Brodzinski, Charles Hube, Adrian Krzymanowski, Vincent Kaczewski, Ignatius Chodyniski, Christian Lach, Szyrma, Julian Bartoszewski, Domi-

*The writer saw it, but as an exile from Poland was not permitted to go and see the monument in Warsaw.

nic Szule, John Czinski, Thadeus Chamski, John Pankiewicz, Leonard Chodzko.

Among those of other nations are: George Rheticus, Connis, Gassendi, Kepler, Appelt, Ferdinand Hœfer, Joseph Bertrand, Lalande, Laplace, Brenau, Westphal, and Arago.

Thus we see the number of Polish writers who have honored the memory of their countryman is more than double that of other nations.

O Poland! thou hast had thy cup of sorrow more than full. Truly mightest thou be called the *Golgotha* of nations! Thou hast been dismembered, and thy name erased from the map of the world! Persecution and penalties have been used to force thy people to forget their faith and maternal tongue, and they have been scattered all over the earth! And now, even thy past glory is taken away from thee, and thy great dead are appropriated by other nations! Truly, in the words of the office of the church on the feast of the Seven Dolors of Our Lady, mightest thou say: "Oh! ye who pass by, consider and see whether there is any sorrow as great as mine!"

PRAYER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

O PRAYER! thou voice divine that dost command
To bend the knees and pray;
Instinct reminding us our native land
Lies far and far away!
Thy breath sweeps over human souls
Till from the brimming eyelid rolls
The tear-tide welling up;
As breezes rippling over flowers
Shake down the dew in crystal showers
From every bended cup.

Apart from thee, what were this earthly soil?
A perishable clod,
Where men, like beasts of burden, would but toil,
And feed and till the sod.
But, raised by thee, thought's broken wing
Still toward the lofty realm can spring—
The truer home above;
Thou dost refresh this earthly course;
Through thee we drink in at their source
Immortal life and love.

Thou sigh wherewith the mother's heart is stirred,
The airs with thee rejoice;
The child's lip whispers thee; the little bird
Hears in the woods thy voice.

The angels understand the sound—
From nature's infinite around,
Thy mystic murmur floats;
For all that grieves or yearns, and sighs
And songs, blent in one anthem, rise—
One song of thousand notes.

O prayer! through my full heart thy holy tones
In softest music ring;
As forest waters rippling over stones,
Do thou my sorrows sing.
Be my life's feeble accents blent
One aspiration heavenward sent,
In ravished ecstasies;
And make my heart a harp whose string
Swept by celestial gales shall sing
Joy's wondrous melodies.

C. E. B.

A VISIT TO SOUBIACO.

MAY 27, 1870.

We leave Rome at four P.M. to avoid the heat, and, after a drive of three and a half hours, reach Tivoli, where we pass the night. Soubiaco is twenty-six miles from Tivoli. We get off early, so as to reach Soubiaco by eleven A.M. The road runs the whole way along the banks of the river Arno, and through mountain scenery of great beauty. A short distance from Tivoli, we come upon several arches of the old Claudian aqueduct, with a square tower covered with ivy. A little beyond has been placed an inscription, only some years ago discovered, recording the name of C. Menius Bassus, prefect of the Fabri (chief-engineer) at Carthage, under Marcus Silanus, the father-in-law of Caligula, whose name is so often mentioned by Tacitus. The tomb of Bassus is supposed to have stood near this spot.

We pass the town of Castel Madama, and soon after the ruined mediæval fortress of Sacco Muro, both perched on high peaks, as are all these old towns of the Middle Ages.

Vicovara, the ancient Varia, comes next, seven miles from Tivoli. Its ancient walls are seen as we pass, formed of huge blocks of travertine, some of which measure one hundred and sixty cubic feet. Vicovara is a fief of the Bolognetti family, and has a large palace of that name.

About a mile from this is the church and convent of San Cosimato, built on a plateau of land between the river Arno and the Licenza. A little off the road is Cantalupe Bardella, occupying the site of the "Mandela" of Horace, of which nothing remains save some fragments of mosaic pavement. The names of all the places in the neighborhood still preserve a record of the classic times. Some very ancient tombs have been found

near here containing human bones, knives, arrow-heads, etc., belonging to a time earlier than that of Rome.

About ten miles from Tivoli, perched like an eagle's nest on a high conical rock, twenty-five hundred feet above the river, is a town called "Saracinesco," founded by a colony of Saracens after their defeat by Berengarius in the ninth century. Many of the inhabitants preserve their Arabic names and wear a most picturesque costume.

All along this fine road are wild-flowers of every shade and hue, filling the air with fragrance; white and pink roses, honeysuckle, great trees of privet, yellow sweet pears, and broom; and every field is crimson with wild poppies, as is the case all over Italy. Between the mountains are rich valleys with vineyards, and every variety of fruit-trees; and sometimes to the very mountain-tops are patches of wheat and corn, hemp, and several kinds of grain peculiar to this part of the country; also vast forests of olive and chestnut white with bloom. In the midst of the fields the whole population were at work; there were no beggars to be seen; the women and children were working with the men, and the babies lay cradled under the shade of the trees or sleeping on little beds made of fresh leaves.

Several miles before reaching Soubiaco, we descended to drink of the icy cold water of the springs called "La Sivene," which bursts from the base of the mountain, and which at the time of our visit was being conveyed to Rome for a part of the city not hitherto supplied with water—one of the great works of Pio Nono, and which was to have been called by his name.

And now we come to Soubiaco, anciently called Sublaqueum, from the three artificial lakes of the Villa of Nero, below which it is built. The situation is remarkably beautiful. It lies embosomed in mountains, with the falls of the river below and valleys covered with forests of chestnuts. In common with all these towns, it has a fine old castle on the summit of the hill in the centre of the town, and inaccessible except on foot or on mules, through dark narrow streets lined with houses whose antiquity carries one back to the Middle Ages. This castle was for many years the summer residence of the popes. All these attractions, with the grand old monasteries of St. Benedict and Santa Scholastica, which have given it such celebrity in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages, combine to make Soubiaco one of the most interesting and remarkable places in Italy.

After dining upon the speckled trout of the mountain-streams, we mount donkeys to climb to the monasteries of Santa Scholastica and the Sacra Speco.

About a mile from the town, a great chasm dividing it from Santa Scholastica, are the ruins of the Villa of Nero, of which Tacitus relates that it was struck by lightning while the tyrant was at supper, and the table thrown down. Several monuments found in these ruins decorate the cloisters of the monasteries, some fine columns and bas-reliefs.

Santa Scholastica was founded in the fifth century by St. Benedict, restored in 981, and consecrated by Benedict VII. the same year. There are three cloisters; that dating from 1052 is one of the earliest examples of the pointed style of architecture. The church, dedicated to St. Scholastica, contains nothing remarkable. It was solemn and mysterious to hear the monks chanting behind the great altar, yet see no one. It gave us an opportunity to piously steal some of the beautiful flowers from off the side

altar to preserve in memory of the saint.

This monastery was once famous for its library, and was the first place in Italy in which the printing-press was established. A copy of Lactantius, printed in 1467, is still preserved in the library.

One and a quarter miles from Santa Scholastica is the "Sacra Speco" (Holy Grotto). The ascent is steep, and the scenery very grand. Entering a gateway on the mountain-side, we pass a magnificent grove of chestnuts before we come to the convent, a most curious and picturesque building, hanging, as it were, on the mountain-side, supported by nine arches.

St. Benedict retired here when only fourteen years old. One above another rise three chapels, the altar of each placed in a recess of the rock. In the lower one St. Benedict lived for three years, and there is a beautiful marble statue, by Bernini, of the holy youth before a cross, and beside him the basket in which his food was daily lowered down the mountain-side by St. Romanus. The original basket, as well as the pastoral staff of the saint, are preserved in the convent as holy relics. The chapels are all painted in frescoes of great interest and antiquity. That of St. Lawrence was painted in 1219 by "Consolo," supposed to have come from Greece, and to have preceded Cimabue, the earliest of the Italian masters. The rude sketches on the side of the lower grotto are in the style of those in the Catacombs, and date from the sixth century. Those of the middle and upper chapels, scenes from the life of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, are of the fifteenth century. The pointed architecture of one of the chapels is said to be of the tenth century, and consequently the very earliest specimen of the Gothic style of Italy.

In a chapel which St. Francis of Assisi occupied when he visited the monastery in 1223 is a portrait of that saint, taken by one of the monks of the convent. Below is the little garden filled with roses, descended from those which St. Benedict himself cultivated. The legend tells how, tormented by his passions, he threw himself into a bed of thorns, which were miraculously turned into roses. Certain it is that the roses are marvellously sweet, and that almost every green leaf bears upon its face the form of a serpent. A rude fresco represents the scene, and another shows St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at their frugal meal; perhaps at the time of the very visit when she urged him so tenderly to remain with her, feeling the approach of death. He denied her, saying, it was not seemly that he should be out of his convent after nightfall. She, who knew it to be the last time she should behold the brother whom she so loved, bowed her head upon the table, and wept; whereupon a great cloud came, so dark and accompanied with such lightning and thunder that no human being could encounter the storm. "See, brother," said she, "how much kinder is our Lord to me than you are." And it is related how they passed the night in spiritual converse, and how the next day she died.

The story is also told how Totila, one of the Goths that scourged Italy, hearing of the great sanctity of St. Benedict, determined to visit him. He appeared with all the insignia of his high rank before the saint, who with a commanding gesture ordered him to strip himself of things which were not rightly his; and Totila went away changed in heart, and ever after sought to protect the aged and defenceless.

We spent several hours upon the

frescoes and upon the memories of the noble saint whose miracles are recorded in them; and while we meditated, there came sounds of melody, as it seemed, from out the very mountain-side. Nearer and nearer it approached, and two and two came the monks, chanting as they descended the winding stone stairs from chapel to chapel. They paused at the lower cavern, and sang certain psalms most sweetly; then each one stepped forward, and kissed the foot of the saint, after which the lights were extinguished on the altar, and all retired.

Returning to town, we mounted to the old castle, from which the view is magnificent.

The following day, Sunday, we heard Mass at five A.M. in the church built by Pius VI. when abbot of this monastery. It was most interesting to see the crowd of kneeling peasants in their bright costumes—the white "pauno" (head-covering) being here made of muslin trimmed with lace. The whole congregation sang during the Mass, pausing only at the elevation. It was a nuptial Mass, and the pretty bride, with the bridegroom and maids, knelt inside the sanctuary. At its close, the bridal party went reverently out, looking exceedingly modest and happy. We afterward passed a house, humble enough in appearance, the doorway of which, however, was decked with garlands of myrtle and roses, and were told it was the dwelling of the "sposa."

After a second Mass in the church of San Antonio, at the end of the town, we left Soubiaco for Olevano, thirteen miles higher up the mountains, and enjoyed an enchanting drive with superb views, passing many picturesque towns on the mountain-tops. Olevano is in the midst of beautiful scenery, and has the ruins of an old castle of the twelfth century, when it was the stronghold of the Frangipanis. It is now a possession of the Borghese. Here we followed the crowd of peasants to the church of Santa Margherita for another Mass.

Continuing on our way thirteen miles further, we came to Palestrina, where we passed the night. This place, the ancient Praeneste, is one of the oldest Greek cities of Italy, and was the residence of a king long before the foundation of Rome. Horace mentions Praeneste as one of his favorite retreats, classing it with Baiæ and his Sabine farm, and speaks of having read the *Iliad* during his residence there. A short distance below the town is the site of the Forum erected by Tiberius, and all around the town are ruins of what are supposed to have been patrician villas. The modern name of Palestrina is mentioned as early as A.D. 873. Its whole history in the Middle Ages is associated with the family of Colonna and their contests with the popes and the Corsini.

The famous Stefano Colonna restored the castle in 1332. It is of him the story is told that, when his family were hunted out of Italy and nothing remained to him, one of his attendants asked, "What fortress have you now?" "Eccola," he replied with a smile, laying his hand on his heart. Petrarch calls him "a Phœnix sprung from the ashes of the ancient Romans."

Palestrina was sold to the Barberini in 1630, giving to that family the title of Prince of Palestrina.

Returning to Rome, we pass Zagarola and near the ruins of Gabii, memorable as the scene of the conference of theologians commissioned by Gregory XIV. to revise the Latin Vulgate.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LASSERRE.

VI.

THE night had put an end for a time to the agitation of so many different minds, some believing in the reality of the visions, others remaining in doubt, some absolutely denying them. The dawn came, and the church throughout the world was repeating, in the depths of her temples, in the houses of her isolated pastors, in the shadow of her populous cloisters, under the roofs of abbeys, monasteries, and convents, the words of the Psalmist occurring in the office of matins: *Tu es Deus qui facis mirabilia. Notam fecisti in populis virtutem tuam. . . . Viderunt te aquæ Deus, viderunt te aquæ, et timuerunt, et turbatæ sunt abyssi.* "Thou art the God that doest wonders. Thou hast made thy power known among the nations. . . . The waters saw thee, O God; the waters saw thee; and they were afraid, and the depths were troubled."*

Bernadette, having arrived before the Massabielle rocks, knelt down.

An innumerable multitude had preceded her to the grotto, and now crowded around. Though there were among them a good many sceptics and unbelievers, as well as some moved only by curiosity, a respectful and even religious silence was observed as soon as she appeared. A sort of awe took possession of those present. All the unbelievers as well as the believing crowd instinctively removed their hats. Some knelt down at the same time she did. At that moment the glorious vision appeared to Bernadette, who instantly passed into the ecstatic condition. It was, as usual, in the oval niche of the rock, and its feet rested upon the wild rose-bush.

Bernadette gazed at it with feelings of inexpressible joy, with a sweet and deep emotion which flooded her heart without at all disturbing it or making her forget that she was still in this world.

The Mother of God loved this innocent child, and wished to draw her near to herself; to strengthen still more the bond which united the humble shepherdess to herself, so that Bernadette might, as it were, feel in the midst of the troubles of this world that the Queen of Heaven was holding her invisibly by the hand.

"My child," said she, "I wish to tell you one more secret for yourself and about yourself alone, and which you must not reveal to any one in the world, any more than the other two."

We have already explained the important reasons why these confidential communications would be the future safeguard of Bernadette, amid the dangers to which the extraordinary favors she had received would necessarily expose her. By this triple secret, the Blessed Virgin invested her messenger as with a triple armor against the perils and temptations of life.

Bernadette meanwhile joyfully listened to the ineffable music of that voice, so sweet, maternal, and tender, which eighteen hundred years ago charmed the ears of the infant God.

"Now," said our Lady after a

* *Ordo* of 1858, 25th of February, Thursday of the first week of Lent. Office of Matins. Ps. lxxvi.

pause, "go drink and wash at the fountain, and eat of the herbs growing at its side."

Bernadette at the word "fountain" looked around. There was no spring near the place, nor had there ever been one. The child, therefore, keeping the vision always in sight, moved very naturally toward the Gave, whose tumultuous waters were rushing, a few paces distant, over a bed of pebbles and fragments of rock.

A word and a gesture from the apparition stopped her on the way.

"Do not go there," said the Blessed Virgin; "I did not tell you to drink of the Gave. Go to the fountain; it is here close by."

And extending her hand, that delicate and powerful hand to which nature is subject, she pointed out to the child, on the right side of the grotto, the same dry corner to which, on the preceding day, she had already made Bernadette go on her knees.

Though she saw nothing at the spot indicated which seemed to have any connection with the words of the vision, Bernadette obeyed the order. The roof of the grotto sloped downward on this side, and the little girl was obliged finally to advance on her knees.

When she got there, she saw no indication of a fountain. There was nothing except a few tufts of saxifrage, growing close to the rock.

Either on account of another sign from the apparition or moved by an interior impulse, Bernadette, with that simple faith which is so pleasing to God, stooped, and began to make a hole in the ground, digging up the earth with her little hands.

The innumerable spectators of this scene, who neither heard nor saw the apparition, did not know what to make of this singular undertaking of the child. Some began to smile, and think that she must be crazy or foolish after all. How little it takes to shake our faith!

All at once, the bottom of the small hole which the child had made became moist. Coming from unknown depths, through many thicknesses of earth and marble rock, a mysterious stream began to flow, drop by drop, under Bernadette's hands, and to fill the little cavity, of about the size of a tumbler, which she had succeeded in making.

The water being mixed with the earth crumbled by the child's fingers was at first very muddy. Bernadette tried three times to drink some of it, but her disgust was so strong that she was not able to swallow any. Nevertheless, she wished above all things to obey the radiant apparition; and the fourth time, by a great effort, she overcame her repugnance. She drank, washed, and ate a little of the wild herb which was growing at the base of the rock.

At that moment, the water of the fountain overflowed the brink of the little hole dug out by the child, and began to run in a thin stream, no larger than a straw, toward the crowd in front of the grotto.

This stream was so insignificant that during the whole day the dry ground absorbed it all, and its movement could only be seen by the gradual increase in length of its track, which advanced with extreme slowness toward the Gave.

When Bernadette had executed all the orders she had received, the Blessed Virgin gave her a look of satisfaction, and almost immediately disappeared.

The excitement of the multitude was great at this prodigy. As soon as Bernadette had come out of the ecstasy, they rushed toward the grotto. Every one wished to see with his own eyes the spot where the water had just risen under her hand. Eve-

ry one wished to dip a handkerchief in it, and raise a drop to his lips, so that this rising spring, the earthly reservoir of which they gradually made larger, soon looked like a mud-puddle. The water became, however, continually more abundant, the opening by which it rose from below slowly enlarging.

"It is a little water which has soaked into the rock during the rainy weather, and has happened to collect in a little reservoir underground which this child uncovered by the merest chance," said the *savants*. And the philosophers were quite satisfied with this explanation.

Next day, however, the fountain increased visibly, and came out in a stream which continually grew stronger. It was already as large as a finger; nevertheless, the widening of its passage made it still rather muddy. It was not till the end of several days, during which it continued to slowly increase, that it at last stopped growing, and became perfectly clear. The stream was now about the size of a child's arm. Let us not anticipate, however, but continue to follow the daily course of events as we have done hitherto; resuming where we left off, that is, at seven in the morning, on Thursday, the 25th of February.

VII.

At this hour exactly, at the very time when the fountain burst out gently but irresistibly under the hand of Bernadette, the philosophers of Lourdes published another article on the events at the grotto in the free-thinking journal of the place. The *Lavedan*, which we have already quoted, was fresh from the press, and being distributed in the town while the astonished crowd was returning from the Massabielle rocks. Now, in this article as well as in the preceding one, and in all of the descriptions written at this time, no hint whatever was given of any fountain at the grotto; so that the unbelievers cut off in advance the possibility of the statement which after a while they might have had recourse to, that there had always been a spring there. Providence had determined that, besides the public voice, their own printed and undeniable words should bear witness against them. If before the 25th of February, before the scene which we have just described, there had always been at the grotto the abundant fountain which exists there now, why did not their newspapers, which were so observant of all that took place, and which entered into the smallest details, ever take notice of it? We challenge the free-thinkers to produce a single document in which mention is made of the fountain, or even of any water at all at the spot, before the day when the Virgin commanded and nature obeyed.

VIII.

The popular excitement had now become very great. Bernadette was the object of public respect whenever and wherever she passed, and the poor child used to hasten home to escape demonstrations of it. This humble soul, who hitherto had lived in obscurity, silence, and solitude, found herself suddenly placed in broad daylight in the midst of crowds, and raised on the pedestal of renown. Such glory, which many would have been very glad to receive, was for her a most cruel suffering. Her least words were discussed and admired, or criticised and ridiculed. Now it was that she felt the joy of having something which was not public property in the three secrets which the

Blessed Virgin had revealed to her; which were a sort of private sanctuary into which she could retire undisturbed, and be refreshed in the shade of mystery and the charm of intimacy with the Queen of Heaven. The time was at hand when this trial of popularity was to become still more severe.

As we have said, the appearance of the spring was at about sunrise, on the 25th of February. This was the fourth Thursday of the month, and the regular market-day at Tarbes. The news of the wonderful event which had occurred that morning at the Massabielle rocks was carried by many eye-witnesses to this large town, and spread by nightfall through the whole department, and even to the neighboring towns of the adjoining departments. The extraordinary movement toward Lourdes which had been going on for a week past now attained much greater dimensions.

A great many came that evening to sleep there in order to be on hand the next morning; others walked all night; and at the break of day, when Bernadette usually arrived, five or six thousand people were crowding about the banks of the Gave, and on the rocks and hillocks from which the grotto could be seen. The fountain, more abundant than on the day before, was already flowing in a good-sized stream.

When the favored child, humble, quiet, and unaffected in the midst of this excitement, came to pray, the people cried, "Here's the saint! Here's the saint!" Some tried to touch her garments, regarding as sacred every object which belonged to one so privileged of the Lord.

The Mother of the humble and the lowly, however, desired that her innocent heart should not yield to the temptation of vainglory, and that Bernadette should not become proud of the singular favors which were shown her. It was good that the child should feel in the midst of these praises that she was of no consequence, and should once again learn her own inability to summon the vision at pleasure. She prayed this time in vain. The supernatural light of ecstasy was not seen upon her face to-day, and when, after praying a long while, she rose to go, she could only answer sadly to the questioners who besieged her that to-day the heavenly vision had not appeared.

IX.

This absence of the Blessed Virgin was, no doubt, intended to keep Bernadette humble and aware of her own nothingness; but it may also be considered as containing a high and mysterious lesson for all; the meaning of which will not escape souls accustomed to admire the hidden harmony of the works of God.

Though heaven was to-day closed to Bernadette's gaze, though the celestial being who had appeared to her seemed for a moment to vanish, the fountain, which had gushed forth the day before, and was continually increasing, was visible to all, and flowed upon the sloping floor of the grotto in the sight of the wondering multitude.

The Blessed Virgin had withdrawn, as it were, to let her work speak for itself. She had withdrawn and remained silent that the church's voice might be heard whose words in the Introit of the Mass and the responsory of Matins on that day furnished an admirable commentary on the new fountain which had suddenly risen under the hand of Bernadette.

For, while these events were taking place at the grotto before the mi-

raculous fountain which had sprung from the right side of the dry rock, the festival of the most memorable one which ever watered the earth was being celebrated in the diocese of Tarbes and many other dioceses in France. This day, the 26th of February, 1858, the Friday of the first week in Lent, was the feast of the Holy Lance and Nails; and the fountain of which we speak was that great divine fountain which the lance of the Roman centurion, as it pierced the right side of the dead Christ, caused to burst forth as a river of life to regenerate the earth and save the human race. *Vidi aquam egredientem de templo, a latere dextro; et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista salvi facti sunt*—"I saw water running from the temple on the right side, and all those to whom the water came were made whole"—the prophet had exclaimed, as he saw in the distant future the wonders of the mercy of God. The prediction, "In that day, there shall be a fountain open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner" (Zach. xiii. 1), also occurred in the Matins of the feast.

By these coincidences, the church herself answered with unmistakable clearness the innumerable questions which were asked regarding the new miraculous fountain; for it took its real origin from that immense river of divine grace which began its course, eighteen hundred years ago, on the top of Mount Calvary, under the nails of the soldiers and the centurion's lance. Such was its mystical meaning; but for the words expressing the external effects which it was to produce in the world at large, we should naturally look not in the special office of a particular diocese, but rather in the common one of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. Now, in this the Gospel of the day contained the following words, which need no comment: "Now there is at Jerusalem a pool, called Probatica, which in Hebrew is named Bethsaida, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of sick, of blind, of lame, of withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And an Angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pool; and the water was moved. And he that went down first into the pool after the motion of the water, was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under." (John v. 2–4.)

Although no doubt but few of the multitude thought of it, the idea that the water of the grotto might have miraculous healing properties must have occurred to some very soon. As early as the morning of this Friday, reports of several miraculous cures were circulated. In the midst of the contradictory accounts which were given, in view of the sincerity of some, the exaggeration, voluntary or otherwise, of others, the entire denial of a few, the hesitation and doubts of many, and the general excitement, it was at first difficult to distinguish the true from the false among the miraculous stories which were repeated on all sides; for they became very much confused in the telling by their narrators mistaking the names, confounding the persons, or mixing up the circumstances of several occurrences which had no connection whatever with each other.

Did you ever, when taking a walk in the country, try the effect of throwing a handful of wheat on an ant-hill? The bewildered ants run about in the most extraordinary excitement. They go backward and forward, run against each other, stop and start again, then retrace their steps, suddenly rush away from the point toward which they were making, pick up a grain of wheat and drop it,

running about in every direction in the wildest disorder and most inexpressible confusion.

The multitudes of inhabitants and strangers at Lourdes were in a condition something like this, from the astonishment into which they had been thrown by the recent miraculous events. The natural world is always thus affected by a sudden incursion of the supernatural.

In course of time, however, and by degrees, order is restored in the disturbed ant-hill.

There was in town a poor laborer whom everybody knew, and who had for many years led a most miserable life. His name was Louis Bourriette. Some twenty years before, he had met with a great misfortune. As he was working in a stone quarry near Lourdes with his brother Joseph, a badly-managed blast had gone off close by them. Joseph was killed outright, and Louis's face was plowed by splinters of rock and his right eye nearly destroyed. It was with the greatest difficulty that his life was saved. The sufferings consequent upon the accident were so terrible that a violent fever set in, and it became necessary to confine him to his bed by force. Gradually, however, he recovered, thanks to careful and intelligent treatment; but medical skill had been unable to cure his eye, which had been organically injured. He had resumed his occupation, but he could only do the coarser kinds of work, his injured eye being useless and only seeing objects, as it were, through a thick fog.

Time had brought about no improvement, but rather the contrary. Bourriette's vision had diminished continually, and this continual deterioration had recently become even more marked than before, so that at the time of our story the disease had made such progress that the right eye was almost entirely gone. When he shut the left, he could not distinguish a man from a tree, both appearing as only a confused black mass on a dark background.

Most of the inhabitants of Lourdes had occasionally employed Bourriette. His condition caused him to be pitied, and he was a favorite in the confraternity of quarrymen and stonecutters, which was quite a large one.

This unfortunate man, when he heard of the miraculous fountain, said to his little girl:

"Go get me some of this water. The Holy Virgin, if it really is she, has only to say the word to cure me."

Half an hour afterward, the child brought him a little of the water; it was still muddy and thick.

"Father," said she, "it is only dirty water."

"No matter," said he, as he kneeled to pray.

He rubbed his blind eye with it, and almost immediately uttered a loud cry, and began to tremble in violent excitement. A wonderful change had taken place in his eye, the air about it being clear and full of light. Notwithstanding, there still remained a little haze which prevented him from seeing clearly the details of objects. The mist remained, but it was not as black as it had been for the past twenty years; the sun shone through it, and instead of dark night there was the transparent vapor of morning.

Bourriette continued to pray and to bathe his eye with this healing water.

The light steadily increased, and he at last distinguished objects plainly.

The next day, or the day after, he met upon the street Dr. Dozous, who had attended him from the beginning of his trouble.

"I am cured!" said he.

"It is impossible," said the physician. "You have an organic lesion

which makes your disease absolutely incurable. The treatment which I have adopted with you has been intended only to relieve the pain, not to restore your sight."

"It is not you who have cured me," said the quarryman: "it is the Holy Virgin of the grotto."

The man of science shrugged his shoulders:

"I know that Bernadette has ecstasies which are quite unaccountable, for I have carefully studied and verified them. But that the water which has sprung at the grotto from some unknown source should suddenly cure incurable diseases is out of the question."

As he said this, he took some tablets from his pocket, and wrote some words in pencil.

Then with one hand he closed Bourriette's left eye, and held before the right, which he knew had been quite blind, the little sentence which he had just written.

"If you can read this, I will believe what you say," said the eminent physician with an air of triumph, feeling confident in his thorough scientific knowledge and medical experience.

The people who were passing had collected about them. Bourriette looked at the paper with his lately useless eye, and read without the least hesitation:

"Bourriette has an incurable amaurosis, and can never recover."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the learned doctor, he could not have been more astonished than at the voice of Bourriette reading, without the least difficulty, this line, written lightly in pencil and in a fine hand.

But Dr. Dozous was a man of conscience as well as of science. He frankly and immediately acknowledged in this sudden removal of an incurable disease the action of a supernatural power. "I cannot deny," said he, "that this is a real miracle, however much it may go against my own views and those of my brethren in the faculty. It certainly confounds me; but we must yield before so evident a fact, though it be above the range of our limited medical science."

Dr. Vergez, of Tarbes, a professor of the Faculty of Montpellier, and physician at the waters of Barèges, being also called upon for his opinion about this event, could not help acknowledging its undeniably supernatural character.*

As we have said, Bourriette's condition had been notorious for twenty years, and he was personally known to almost every one. The wonderful cure had left some external scars as traces of the terrible disease, so that everybody could verify the miracle which had been worked. The poor fellow, almost crazy with joy, gave a full account of it to all who would listen to him. But he was not the only one who had occasion to express gratitude for an unexpected favor. Events of the same character had occurred at other houses in the town. Several persons of Lourdes, Marie Daube, Bernarde Soubie, Fabien Baron, had immediately risen from beds to which they had been confined for years by diseases that had been considered incurable, and they publicly announced their recovery from the use of the waters of the grotto. Jeanne Crassus, whose hand had been paralyzed for ten years, had it completely restored by the miraculous water.†

The first vague rumors of these

* The written statements of these two physicians, who, as well as Bourriette, are still living were presented by them separately to the commission which was afterward appointed by the bishop to examine the occurrences at Lourdes.

† These cures were officially verified in the medical reports addressed to the commission.

wonderful cures were followed by certain and exact details. The emotion of the people was very great, and excellent in its character, showing itself in the church by fervent prayers, and at the grotto by songs of thanksgiving which burst from the joyous lips of the pilgrims.

Toward night, a number of the workmen of the association to which Bourriette belonged betook themselves to the Massabielle rock, and began to make upon the steep ground a path for visitors. They placed a wooden trough or canal to lead from the hole out of which the stream, already very strong, was flowing, and at the lower end dug out a little reservoir about a foot and a half deep, and of about the shape and size of a child's cradle.

The enthusiasm of the people continually increased. Multitudes were constantly going and coming on the road to the miraculous fountain. After sunset, when it began to be dark, it was evident that the same idea had occurred to a great many of the faithful; for the grotto shone with a thousand candles, brought by poor and rich, by men, women, and children. All night long the bright and gentle light of this host of little torches, scattered like the stars in apparent confusion, could be seen from the other side of the Gave.

Among the crowd were none of the clergy of any order; nevertheless, without any signal, at the moment that the illumination shone upon the grotto and surrounding rocks, and was reflected on the trembling water of the little pool which the workmen had dug, all the voices of those present mingled in song with one accord. The litanies of the Blessed Virgin were heard breaking the silence of night to celebrate the praises of the Mother of God before the rustic throne where she had deigned to appear and fill all Christian hearts with joy. "*Mater admirabilis, Sedes sapientiæ, Causa nostræ lætitiæ, ora pro nobis.*"

XI

At the same time, the opponents of "superstition" were assembled at the club and the cafés. The sanhedrim was greatly troubled.

"There is no fountain at all in the place," said one of the most "liberal." "It is a little pool, formed by some accidental infiltration, which Bernadette happened to find by the merest chance in digging the ground. Nothing could be more natural."

"It is quite evident," was the answer of all.

"However," one ventured to say, "they pretend that the water still flows!"

"That is a great mistake," cried several. "We have been there; it is nothing but a pool. The people, with their usual exaggeration, pretend that it is a stream. It is not so; we examined it yesterday, and found it to be merely a mud-puddle."

These statements were deemed conclusive by the *savants*. This was their recognized and official version of the matter. Such is the ready belief of unbelievers in everything that favors their views; such is the absence of all examination in these advocates of free examination; such is the obstinacy of their prejudice against the most evident facts that a month and a half afterward, and in spite of the overwhelming evidence and certainty of the existence of a fountain yielding, *as every one can still see for himself*, more than *twenty thousand gallons* a day, this entire denial of it, this impudent puddle story, was circulating among the free-thinking papers. This would not be credible, perhaps, without the proof which we give be-

low from the official journal of the department.*

As to the cures, they were of course denied, like the fountain. All without exception were disposed of with shrugs or laughter, as. for example, that of Louis Bourriette.

"Bourriette is not cured," said one.

"There never was anything the matter with him," answered another.

"He imagines he is cured; he fancies that he can see," suggested a young disciple of Renan.

"The imagination certainly does sometimes have an astonishing effect on the nerves," said a physiologist.

Another went further yet, and maintained that there was no such person as Bourriette at all.

These few formulas summed up the conclusions of the wise philosophers regarding the remarkable cures which had made such a sensation among the poor people.

It was really astonishing that earnest and intelligent persons like M. Dufo, at that time president of the order of barristers, like Dr. Dozous, M. Estrade, the commander of the garrison, and M. de Laffite, should have been so weak as to let themselves be misled with regard to the events which were taking place.

During this eventful day, Bernadette had been called to the court-room after or before the public session, but all the skill of the *procureur*, of the deputy, and of the judges had not been more successful in making her vary or contradict herself than the genius of M. Jacomet.

The *procureur*, followed by his deputy, had made up his mind some days before, and nothing could alter his determination. He deplored the invasion of fanaticism, and was resolved to discharge his duty vigorously. But by some strange chance, especially remarkable considering the great numbers of people who had assembled, no disorder had occurred, and the laudable zeal of the *procureur* was for the present confined to complete though expectant inaction. In the midst of this vast movement of men and of ideas which was stirring up the whole region, it seems that an invisible hand must have protected the innumerable multitudes, and prevented them from giving even accidentally and innocently any pretext for the interference of the police or the administration. Whether they would or no, these formidable personages had their hands tied for the time being, not to be freed till the mysterious apparition at the grotto had completed its work. They might come in perfect safety in crowds so great to the eye that then beheld them flocking from all points of the horizon, though small to the mind which can now compare them with those which were to come as pilgrims in subsequent years. An invisible ægis shielded from all danger these first witnesses which the Blessed Virgin had selected. *Nolite timere, pusillus grex*—"Fear not, little flock."

The enemies of "superstition" made the most urgent requests to the mayor of Lourdes that he would issue a proclamation forbidding all access to the Massabielle rocks which were on the public land. Such a decree, they thought, and with some reason, will certainly be in-

*The *Ere Impériale* published the following in its issue of April 10, that is, *six weeks after the appearance of the fountain*, in an article about the new church which was already being talked of: "A better reason might be imagined for building a sacred edifice than the stories of a visionary child, and a better place might be chosen than the puddle where she makes her toilette." The author was desirous to ascertain the exact yield of this miraculous fountain, and accordingly had it measured in his presence; the amount found was 85 litres a minute, or 122,400 litres a day. (The litre is about twenty-two one-hundredths of a gallon.) This is what they had the incredible audacity to call an infiltration and a puddle.

fringed upon by the excited people, and there will be many *procès-verbaux;* there will be resistance and arrests; and, when they are once started, the judicial and administrative authorities will easily manage everything, for they will have all the power of the empire to back them.

The mayor, M. Lacadé, was an honest and excellent man, enjoying and deserving the respect of all. Every citizen of Lourdes bore testimony to his rare personal qualifications, and his enemies or rivals could find nothing to reproach him with except a certain timidity in taking a decided attitude regarding important issues, and a little too much attachment to his official duties, which, however, as has been said, he performed admirably.

He refused to make the desired proclamation.

"I cannot tell," said he, "in the midst of so much confusion, where the truth lies, and cannot pronounce in favor of either side. I shall let matters take their course as long as there is no breach of the peace. It belongs to the bishop to settle the religious question involved, and to the prefect to decide upon the measures to be taken by the civil power. For my part, I intend to keep out of the matter as much as possible, and shall only act officially upon the express order of the prefect." Such, if not the precise language, was the substance of his reply to the entreaties crowded upon him by the good "philosophers," who acted as that class of men have always acted everywhere from the earliest times. Liberty of opinion, so-called, seldom tolerates liberty of faith.

Since the appearance of the fountain, the apparition had not repeated to Bernadette her former order to demand from the clergy that a chapel should be built. On the following day, as was related, Bernadette had no vision, and therefore had not gone again to the curé. Meanwhile, in spite of the rising tide of popular faith and the growing rumors of miracles, the clergy continued to keep aloof from the enthusiastic demonstrations which were going on at the grotto.

"Let us wait," said the curé. "Even in purely human matters, it is well to be prudent, and it is a hundred times more important in the things of God."

So not a single priest appeared in the incessant procession to the miraculous fountain.

And (the clergy persistently holding off, and the municipal authority refusing to interfere) the popular movement took free course, and swelled like the rivers of that region when the snow is melting on the mountains. It spread in all directions, continually rising higher and covering all the country with its innumerable waves. The advocates of repression began to feel their impotence against so mighty a current, and to see that their opposition would be swept away like a straw before it. They were, therefore, obliged to allow these multitudes put in motion by the power of God to pass freely.

XII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense concourse at the grotto, everything continued to go on in perfect order. The people took the water of the fountain, sang hymns, and prayed.

The soldiers of the garrison, interested like everybody else in the matter, had asked and obtained permission to visit the Massabielle rocks. With the instinct of discipline developed in them by military training, they took precaution to prevent undue crowding, to have a passage

left free, and to keep the multitude from coming too near the dangerous banks of the Gave; they made themselves useful in various ways and places, assuming a certain authority which was readily conceded to them by all.

Some days passed in this way, during which the apparition was repeated without any special new feature; only the fountain continually increased, and the cures became more and more frequent. In the camp of the free-thinkers this was a time of bewilderment. The facts became so numerous, so well attested, so evident, that every hour there were new desertions from their ranks. The best and most honest among them let themselves be persuaded by the evidence. Nevertheless, there remained an indestructible nucleus of "strong-minded" persons, whose minds, in fact, were so strong as to be proof against all proof. This might seem impossible, did we not know that a great part of the Jews resisted the miracles of our Lord and the apostles, and that four centuries of prodigies were required to completely open the eyes of the pagan world.

PART FOURTH.

I.

On the second of March, Bernadette again presented herself before the curé of Lourdes with a message from the apparition.

"She wants a chapel built, and processions made to the grotto," said the child.

Facts had been developed, the fountain had appeared, cures had been obtained, God had attested Bernadette's veracity by miracles. The priest had no more need for evidence, and asked for none. He was convinced. Doubt could no longer weaken his faith.

The invisible "Lady" had not as yet told her name. But the man of God had already recognized her by her motherly favors, and perhaps already had added to his prayers the petition, "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us."

Nevertheless, in spite of the secret enthusiasm which filled his ardent soul at the sight of these great events, he had, with rare prudence, been able to restrain any premature expression of the deep emotion which agitated him at the thought that the Queen of Heaven had indeed descended among his humble flock; and he still continued to formally prohibit his clergy from visiting the grotto.

"I believe you," said he to Bernadette, when she now for the second time came before him; "but I cannot of myself grant what you ask in the name of the apparition. It depends upon the bishop, whom I have already informed of what is going on. I will see him, and tell him of this new demand. It is only he who can act in the matter."

II.

Mgr. Bertrand-Sévère Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, was, as much by his personal character as from his episcopal dignity, the head of the diocese. He had been born and brought up there. He had risen rapidly by merit to the most important ecclesiastical positions, and had been successively superior of the little seminary of Saint Pé, which he had founded, superior of the great seminary, and vicar-general.

Almost all the priests of the diocese had been his pupils. He had been their teacher before being their bishop; and under one or the other of these titles he had directed them for nearly forty years.

The perfect harmony and absolute unity of sentiment which prevailed on this account between the former superior of the seminaries and the priests whom he had himself trained for the sacerdotal state, had in fact been one of the many reasons for his promotion to the episcopate. When, twelve years before, the see of Tarbes had become vacant by the death of Mgr. Double, the name of the Abbé Laurence came to the lips of all. A great number who found themselves agreeing in his favor signed a petition to request his nomination. The bishop had thus, as was often the case in the primitive church, been raised by suffrage to his high position. What we have said will show that Mgr. Laurence and his clergy formed, as should always be the case, one great Christian family.

All the warmth of his nature was centred in his paternal heart, which had made itself all things to all men. On the other hand, but without inconsistency, his head was cool, and submitted everything to the calm judgment of reason. His intellect, though open to spiritual impressions of all kinds, had, notwithstanding, an essentially practical character and tendency. No one probably could have been found less subject than he to the illusions of imagination or the deceits of inconsiderate enthusiasm. He distrusted persons of an ardent and exaggerating disposition. Though his heart was sensitive and sympathetic, reason alone directed his mind.

The bishop, then, before acting, weighed with great care not only his acts, but also all their consequences. On this account, a certain slowness was sometimes observable in his action in important matters, which, however, did not have its cause in any indecision of character, but in a wisdom which was unwilling to act without good and certain reasons. Knowing also that truth is eternal and can bide its time, he had that rare virtue, patience. Mgr. Laurence knew how to wait.

Gifted with unusual powers of observation, he had a thorough knowledge of human nature, and possessed, in a high degree, the difficult art of managing and governing others. As long as the interests of religion were not at stake, and no special event called for their assertion, he carefully avoided collision, discord, and conflict; for he knew that making enemies to himself was practically equivalent to making them for the episcopate, and for religion itself. Having in charge the good of the church throughout his diocese, he was full of the sense of his responsibility.

Of remarkable administrative ability, a man of order and discipline, combining the simplicity of an apostle with the tact of a diplomat, he had at all times, from the reign of Louis Philippe to the Second Empire, been held in the highest estimation by the successive governments. When Mgr. Laurence asked for anything, those in power knew beforehand that it was certainly just and probably necessary, and never refused it.

On this account, in this Pyrenean diocese, the spiritual and temporal power had long been in the most perfect harmony at the time of the miraculous events which form the subject of our history.

III.

The Abbé Peyramale proceeded, according to his promise, to lay before his bishop the astonishing occurrences of which his parish had for some three weeks been the scene. He described the ecstasies and visions of Bernadette, the words of the apparition, the appearance of the fountain,

the sudden cures, the popular excitement.

His very animated account, which we should like very much to have heard, must have made a great impression on the bishop, but could not produce in such a mind an immediate conviction.

Accustomed to see truth come through regular channels from the Vatican, Mgr. Laurence was little inclined to receive and accept without thorough examination a message from heaven, suddenly presented, without any conformity to established rules, by a little ignorant peasant-girl.

He was, however, too well acquainted with the history of the church to deny out-and-out an event which, after all, had many parallels in its annals, though he was too practical a man not to be hard to convince. The bishops are the successors of the apostles, and Mgr. Laurence had inherited something of the spirit of St. Thomas. He wished to see before believing; and this was fortunate; for, such being the case, when the bishop believed, everybody else felt perfectly safe in believing also, being confident that the evidence must have been of the most convincing character.

The curé, of course, had not been an eye-witness of most of the facts which he related, and, on account of the restrictions which he had imposed on his clergy, he could, in most cases, give the testimony of lay people only, some of whom were not practical Catholics.

Besides, in the midst of so many accounts which he had heard, of the multiplicity and confusion of so many incidents, of the unavoidable gaps in his information, of the innumerable rumors which were in circulation, it was impossible to arrange the story in the logical and chronological order which is now so easily attained. It is with some things in the moral order as it is in the material one; we must stand at a little distance to get a good view of them. The Abbé Peyramale could analyze the events which were taking place before him, but neither he nor the bishop had yet the means for a synthesis; they were too near.

Mgr. Laurence gave no decision. More careful than St. Thomas, he did not deny; for he knew that such things, though rare, are quite possible. He confined himself to withholding his assent, or, in other words, to remaining in the "methodical doubt" which Descartes declared to be the best disposition to prepare the mind for the investigation of truth. In his capacity of bishop, he needed documents and testimony of incontestable authenticity; and the second-hand proofs which the curé had at his command did not strike him as sufficient. Might there not have been some delusion on the part of the child, or some gross exaggeration in the accounts of the spectators? Well-meaning persons are sometimes liable to be deceived by false miracles, arising either from hallucination or from the stratagems of the devil. These considerations naturally suggested themselves, and made it incumbent on him to proceed with extreme caution.

The idea of making an official examination of course occurred to him, and public opinion, anxious for a solution of the question, was urging the episcopal authority to undertake such an examination and pronounce a judgment. But with remarkable sagacity he perceived that the very excitement now prevailing, and which seemed to require such an act, would itself be prejudicial to its proper performance and final effect. He took the difficult but wise course of resisting this popular pressure. He resolved to let things go their own way for the present, to wait for new events, which would turn the scale

on the side of truth, whichever that side might be.

"It is not yet time for the episcopal authority to interfere in this affair. To arrive at the decision which is desired from us, we must proceed with caution, beware of the haste and impulsive action which would now be inevitable, take time for reflection, and obtain light by attentive observation of events." Such were his words.

He therefore confirmed the prohibition to the clergy to go to the grotto. But at the same time, in concert with the curé, he took every means to obtain daily information, through faithful and intelligent witnesses, about all that should occur at the Massabielle rocks, and all the cures, true or false, which might subsequently be reported.

In consequence of the reserved attitude adopted by his lordship, the discussion or examination went on by itself, not by means of a commission of a few chosen persons, but participated in by all, as was natural. If there was any error or trickery in the affair, the unbelievers who were so strongly opposed to popular superstition were sure to discover and proclaim it. But if, on the other hand, it came from God, it was sure of itself to triumph over all obstacles, and would show its internal vitality by getting along without external aid. It would then have an authority all the more indisputable.

The bishop, therefore, decided to remain as long as possible, at least for some months, in this observant attitude, whatever might occur; and not to interfere till events should, as it were, compel him to do so.

IV.

While the ecclesiastical authority was following this very cautious line of conduct, the civil power was in the greatest perplexity over the events at Lourdes. The prefecture of Tarbes was at the time held by M. Massy; M. Rouland was minister of public worship.

A sincere but somewhat independent Catholic, M. Massy, the prefect of the Upper Pyrenees, was a firm opponent of superstition. He professed, as a good Christian, to believe the miracles recorded in the Bible; but, these official prodigies (as they may be called) excepted, he did not admit the supernatural. Miracles having been indispensable to found the church and give it authority, he accepted them as a necessity for the period of formation. But, according to his views, God should have stopped there, and been content with this minimum of the supernatural which had been so liberally granted him. In the system of M. Massy's administrative mind, the part for God to take had been definitely assigned by the creed and concordats. This was arranged, codified, reduced to articles of faith and legal enactments; the faithful respected these mysteries, and government had made proper allowance for the influence of these distant evangelic events. But what business had God now to leave this proper sphere, and disturb the regular and established order of things by inopportune exhibitions of his power? Let him leave the management of affairs to the constituted authorities, and keep himself in the invisible depths of the infinite. The prefect, having once for all bowed his lofty intellect before the mysteries of the Gospel, was like those excellent people who in their budget devote regularly a fixed sum to charity which they never allow themselves to exceed; and so, when the supernatural presented its claims, the reply rose to

his lips: "Go about your business, my friend; you will get nothing more from me."

M. Massy was, then, extremely orthodox; but on the doctrinal side, he dreaded the incursions of the supernatural. He was very religious; but in practical matters he feared the encroachments of the clergy. *Rien de trop* was his motto, and a very good one too, only unfortunately those who adopt it generally carry it somewhat to excess, and do not allow quite enough. The *summum jus* is not far from the *summa injuria*. The Romans even pretended that it was the same thing.

Essentially official in his ideas, he went in for the established order and for nothing else. Whatever was, was right. An existing state of things was a principle. That which was legal was legitimate. One might say "*Dura lex*," but that made no difference; "*Sed lex*" was his answer. He went still further. Like many other veterans in the executive body, he was inclined to think that every departure from the regular rut was a revolt against the eternal principles of justice. He confounded arrangement with order, and supposed red-tape and law to be identical.

The ability of M. Massy was on the whole remarkable. He administered with great talent the department entrusted to him. He had a very quick insight into things, and was able to form his judgment of a situation very rapidly. Unfortunately, however, in this world no rose is without its thorn, and this quick faculty of intuition got him sometimes into difficulty; for, being perhaps a little too sure of the correctness of his first impressions, he sometimes went off a little too soon. And then the trouble was he did not like to acknowledge his error; no one ever knew him to change the course he had once adopted. When he was wrong, which fortunately was not often, his plan was to march boldly against all obstacles, even those presented by the nature of things. It is certainly a great glory never to retreat, but only on the condition that one is always on a practicable line of advance. Otherwise, it can only end in breaking one's head against a wall.

Up to this time the prefect and the prelate had lived in perfect harmony. M. Massy was a Catholic in faith and practice. Every one bore testimony to his excellent character and domestic virtues, and the bishop esteemed him highly. The prefect also, on his part, could not help admiring and loving the eminent qualities of Mgr. Laurence. The prudence and tact of the latter had also always enabled him to avoid collisions between the spiritual and civil power, so that the most complete and cordial understanding existed between the respective heads of the diocese and the department.

V.

M. Massy, who was kept informed about the events at Lourdes by the reports of M. Jacomet, in whom he had the most absolute confidence, did not imitate the wise reserve of the bishop. He let himself be carried away by his first impression, and, believing not at all in the possibility of apparitions and miracles, but perfectly in his power to repress the popular enthusiasm, he took his course resolutely, and determined to crush this new and dangerous superstition in the bud.

"If I had been prefect of Isère," he used to say, "at the time of the pretended apparition of La Salette, I would have disposed of that affair very soon, and it would have met

with the same fate which this one will shortly meet with. All this phantasmagoria will soon vanish.

Instead of waiting for the ecclesiastical authority, which alone was competent, to institute an examination, the prefect thus decided the question beforehand according to his prejudice. The bishop patiently waited his time to untie the Gordian knot, but M. Massy thought best to cut it. Such feats sometimes can be performed by the sword of an Alexander, but that of a mere prefect does not always succeed so well. Poor M. Massy was destined first to blunt his, and then to break it.

Although he had decided on his course, he could not but see that the real question was one belonging to the episcopal authority and by no means to the civil power, and he really did not wish to wound the feelings of the venerable prelate who conducted the affairs of the diocese with a wisdom so universally acknowledged. He therefore limited his external action in the matter to certain measures which could be justified by the presence of the great multitude which had been attracted to Lourdes by the events occurring there; though he kept a sharp and secret watch upon these events by means of his agents in the place.

On the 3d of March, in conformity to orders received from the prefecture, the mayor of Lourdes, M. Lacadé, requested the commander of the fort to place at his disposal the troops of the garrison, and to hold them in readiness for action until the following day. They were to occupy the approaches to the grotto. The local *gendarmes* and the police had received similar instructions.

What need there was of this threatening display of force we do not exactly understand. Was it not rather to be feared that, by such hostile or at least uncalled-for demonstrations, the people, so far peaceable, but naturally excitable, and even somewhat excited by recent events, would be highly irritated? Was there not some risk of provoking tumult and disorder? Many expected such a result—some, perhaps, hoped for it, and that some excuse would thus be given for forcible intervention. There was great reason to think that it might turn out in this way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE AND THE CATHOLIC PUBLIC.

THE church has always known how to turn to the service of religion and the glory of God the most useful human inventions, the elegant arts, and the discoveries of science. What man has devised for purely temporal ends, she has consecrated to holy purposes, improving and developing all that she has borrowed. She took from the heathen poets the art of lyric composition, and taught us to sing the praises of God in measures which before had celebrated only ignoble passions. She found music a mere discord of barbarous and arbitrary sounds, and taking it into the sanctuary, she constructed from this rude material the most beautiful of

human sciences. She taught architects to build in honor of the divine name temples which will never be excelled. She laid her blessing on the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, and art sprang at once into new life, and clothed itself in the most exquisite forms. Under her guidance the disputes of the schools gave way to a more elevated philosophy. Studies of every kind acquired new vitality and higher aims. The multiplication of manuscripts, once the drudgery of Roman slaves, became a labor of love upon which, in the quiet of the cloister, monks spent year after year, storing the convent libraries with treasures which even yet have not been fully explored.

At last came the greatest invention of modern times—the art of printing. The first to make use of it and to understand its value was the church. The first books printed were books of piety, and the art was only a few months old when the entire Bible issued from the press of Faust and Schoeffer. From that time to the present the church has made diligent use of this tremendous engine, and as education has become more and more general and the moral power of types and ink has steadily increased, the efforts of good men to turn them to good uses have been redoubled. Religious communities have made the publication of books the principal labor of their life, and everywhere the clergy have put forth zealous efforts not only to keep popular literature pure and harmless, but to keep it cheap and abundant. William Caxton introduced the art of printing into England under the patronage of the Abbot of Westminster. The first book issued in America was printed in a Mexican convent, and the first book printed West of the Alleghany Mountains in the United States was a Catholic edition of the Epistles and Gospels published in French and English at Detroit.

While we have been trying in this way to serve God and save souls, our adversaries have been equally active. The devil is a pretty sharp fellow, and the Saints have never invented a good thing yet that he has not pirated and twisted to his own uses. For every book the church has given to the world, we dare say he has given two. Every copy of the Holy Scriptures that the church has sent abroad, he has matched with a dozen counterfeit Bibles of his own. It is always easy to get recruits for the service of sin, and the arch-enemy has a long purse. The consequence is that the devil has now got ahead of us. Popular literature has become so generally enlisted on the wrong side that we are almost denied a hearing. The church has as much trouble to make headway against the deluge of bad and mistaken books, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, tracts, and newspapers, as if she taught a new faith among nations long wedded to other forms of worship and cherishing hostile beliefs Protestantism has rich and thoroughly organized societies for the dissemination of printed misinformation. Tract societies scatter flying sheets of false theology and mischievous exhortation broadcast all over America and Great Britain. Bible societies build up enormous establishments for the manufacture of spurious copies of the word of God, and whoever will take them can be supplied almost without price. Every denomination has its weekly newspapers, many of which are exceedingly prosperous, and many conducted with decided ability and spirit. The profession of authorship —we refer now to English-speaking countries, with which we are principally concerned—is almost monopolized by Protestants. History, poetry, essays, novels, travel, philosophy—

all branches of literature are in their hands, and when not expressly antagonistic to our faith, are colored by prejudice and distorted to our injury. Worse than all, the daily press, which has become within the present century the most tremendous engine for disseminating truth or falsehood which man has ever invented, reflects universally the sentiments of our adversaries. It reaches into every house. It speaks to thousands who will listen to the voice of no other adviser. It influences the most obstinate. It is welcomed by all classes of persons, old and young, men and women, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the virtuous and the wicked. The scholar reads it in his study. The laborer listens as its words are spelled out to eager circles at the corner grog-shop or the village store. To the majority of the educated inhabitants of our cities it is a daily necessity, no more to be dispensed with than the morning loaf. What preacher ever reached so many minds as a great daily newspaper which speaks to 200,000 or 300,000 persons every day, and repeats its utterances 300 times in the year? Take the most eloquent of men, and he cannot, by any possibility, be heard by more than 2,000 or 3,000 persons at a time. He cannot speak every day, except in rare instances, and if he could he would find few listeners. In the course of a year he cannot be heard by more people than a newspaper of average circulation addresses every day. Moreover, when his word is once spoken it dies; what is printed remains, and men read it again and again. A great journal combines in one issue the wit, the wisdom, the eloquence of a score of adroit and accomplished men, and sends their voices simultaneously to every corner of the country. It is the most powerful of all conceivable engines of opinion —and Protestantism has it all to itself.

Now there can be little doubt, we think, that the press is not only one of the most formidable weapons used against us, but it is also one of the most valuable of the weapons with which we ourselves ought to fight. It ought to come next to the church and the school, and in the estimation of our teachers and pastors it does come next. The Holy Father has given his blessing and encouragement to every reasonable enterprise for putting the types to the service of religion which has ever been brought to his knowledge. The bishops and clergy give a warm welcome to Catholic books and Catholic periodicals, and sacrifice a great part of their scanty income for the support of religious literature. We have weekly papers conducted with intelligence and force, we have Catholic publishers in all the large cities, we have several periodicals, and we have a Tract Society. How much, with all this, are we doing for the creation and dissemination of Catholic literature?

To answer this question, we must take into consideration not only the actual number of papers and books issued from Catholic establishments, but the number circulated by Protestant bodies, and we must remember that besides counteracting this great flood of anti-Catholic religious literature, we are obliged to furnish an antidote to the more insidious and secret poisons indirectly instilled by the anti-Catholic secular press—that is to say, almost the entire political and literary press of America. To begin with denominational publishing houses, we have first the Methodist Book Concern, which publishes every year 2,000 bound volumes, and about 1,000 tracts. Of Sunday-school books alone it prints every year over

five hundred millions of pages, and the various Sunday-school papers of the denomination have an aggregate circulation of over half a million. The Baptist Publication Society issues about 1,000 volumes a year, and prints annually more than two hundred millions of pages. The sect sustains 29 weekly papers, 9 monthly magazines, and 2 quarterly reviews. The Old School Presbyterians have an aggregate circulation of 2,000,000 copies for their various periodicals, and publish about 500 volumes of Sunday-school literature every year. The Boston Tract Society sends out 1,350,000 pages a year. The American Unitarian Association, small as it is, published 300,000 copies of books and tracts in a single year, and the New York Tract Society 800,000 volumes. A juvenile paper issued by the American Sunday-School Union has a circulation of 300,000 copies. The *Independent* has a weekly edition of about 60,000 copies, and is one of the most prosperous periodicals in the country. Other religious weeklies in New York print from 15,000 to 20,000 copies of each issue. These items represent but a portion of the organizations for disseminating Protestant religious literature, but they suffice to show how much our separated brethren are doing. Now look at the secular press—all more or less openly hostile to Catholicity in spirit if not in profession. A little pamphlet entitled *Hints to Advertisers* was published in this city about a year ago, giving among other things the circulation of the daily and weekly papers of New York. We take from it the following figures: The daily circulation of the *Herald* is 60,000; *Tribune*, 40,000; *Times*, 35,000; *World*, 35,000; *Sun*, 50,000; *Staats Zeitung*, 40,000; *Evening News*, 80,000; *Demokrat* (German), 12,000; *Handels Zeitung*, 12,000; *Star*, 20,000; *Telegram*, 28,000; various evening papers, from 3,000 to 7,000 each. These figures of course are only approximative; a few are too high, but the aggregate is certainly much under the truth. The *Herald*, for instance, has more than 60,000 circulation, the *Tribune* has more than 40,000, and the *Sun*, on its own showing, has about 100,000. Then of weekly papers we have the *Tribune*, with 200,000 subscribers; the *World* with 80,000; the *Ledger* with a sale of 375,000; the *New York Weekly*, 300,000; *Harper's Weekly*, 100,000; *Harper's Bazar*, 65,000; Frank Leslie's illustrated papers in English, Spanish, and German, 180,000 in the aggregate; and a number of sporting and Sunday papers which have a regular sale of 15,000, 20,000, even 60,000 copies weekly. The newspaper dealer is no longer as in former times a curb-stone peddler; he has become a prosperous merchant. The distribution of periodicals has grown to be a branch of commerce as lucrative and important as the distribution of breadstuffs. The trade of the newsman has become divided like all other large trades into wholesale and retail, foreign and domestic. Down town, there are several enormous establishments doing a wholesale business in newspapers, which may be measured by millions of dollars, while the retailers of this class of literature can afford to keep elegant and spacious shops in the most expensive thoroughfares.

What share has Catholic literature in this wonderful activity of the press? With the exception of the *Pilot*, which probably owes its prosperity more to its national than its religious character, we do not believe there is a Catholic paper in the United States with over 10,000 paying subscribers,

and very few of them have even half that number. There is hardly one which can afford to give good contributors a reasonable remuneration, or to be at any expense in the collection of religious news. It is true that in spite of their poverty many of our papers do credit to the faith. Zeal sometimes takes the place of money, and earnest pens will now and then write for the sake of the cause, though they write without price. But publishing religious literature, like publishing any other literature, is a business enterprise, which only prospers when it is conducted on business principles. If we want good writers, we must pay them a fair price. Those who can write best are the men who write for their living, and if they cannot get pay from us they must get it from the secular press, or starve. Voluntary contributions, as every editor knows, cannot be depended upon. A periodical which trusts to the zeal of its friends is a lottery in which there are few prizes and many blanks. The editor must be able to command articles when he wants them. Considering all this, we say that our Catholic papers, even the feeblest of them, deserve praise and gratitude. But they are few in number and weak in circulation. Our magazines are limited to THE CATHOLIC WORLD and four or five smaller publications, such as the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, which confine their scope to certain specified objects, and hardly belong to the department of general literature; the *De La Salle Monthly*, published by an association of young men in this city; and the *Owl*, edited by the boys of Santa Clara College, California. There are no Catholic reviews. We had an admirable one, but we let it die for lack of subscribers.

There is no reason for complaint in the small number of Catholic periodicals, for the prosperity and usefulness of the press depend not upon the multitude of those that print, but upon the multitude of those that buy. We shall do more good to religion by concentrating our attention upon what we already have than wasting time and money and enthusiasm in starting new papers which will never be read. Probably there are not yet enough Catholic writers in this country, professional or occasional, to supply any more periodicals than are now in existence, that is, any more of the same general character; for journals devoted to some special, determinate want there would, of course, always be room. But there certainly is cause for complaint, and cause for deep mortification, in the niggardly support which the 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 Catholics of the United States give to their four or five magazines. We speak now only of our own. Of the pecuniary condition of the others we, of course, have no knowledge, but we tell no secret when we say that none of them taxes the capacity of its presses very severely. A few words about THE CATHOLIC WORLD will not be impertinent, and may interest our readers. It is between five and six years since we started this periodical, with the determination to make the best Catholic magazine that money would enable us to produce, and give it a fair trial. We believe that we began the experiment under more favorable conditions than any of those who had preceded us in the same field. The progress of education had created not only a great constituency of possible readers, but a pretty numerous body of possible writers. We obtained the assistance of persons familiar with the business, and we had capital enough to secure us from pecuniary embarrassment, at least for a long time. Without egotism, we may say that THE CATHOLIC WORLD, though not

yet what we hope in time to make it, has been more successful than any former Catholic magazine in America, and has been generally recognized, within and without the church, as the leading organ of Catholic thought, and the leading exponent of Catholic sentiment. The anti-Catholic press does us the honor of fighting us harder than it ever fought an American Catholic periodical before, and we have furthermore been cheered by the blessing of the Holy See, and the cordial approval and assistance of the bishops and clergy of the United States. Of the quality of our contributions it does not become us to speak; but if the praise of friend and foe is any criterion, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has secured a corps of writers of whom any magazine might be proud. It is time now to judge whether the Catholic public are willing not only to praise a magazine, but to pay for it. After an experiment of nearly six years, we must own to a feeling—not of discouragement, but of some disappointment. True, we have obtained a subscription list large enough to pay all the expenses of manufacture and leave a considerable sum for the payment of contributors —a subscription list much larger than an American Catholic magazine ever had before. But what is this, when such periodicals as *Harper's Monthly* count ten purchasers for every one of ours? What is this, when we remember that there are six or seven millions of Catholics in the United States, with only one first-class magazine of general Catholic literature? What is this when, with a few thousand subscribers, we have to face the whole adverse flood which pours from the press every day in every city of the land? The labor of editing the magazine has been performed without pay, and a great many of its pages every month are written by men who receive no reward for their trouble except the reward which God will give for every work done in his service. And still, the profits of the magazine are too small to justify us in making it as good as we want to make it.

Nor is it only in neglect of periodical literature that Catholics show a meagre appreciation of the religious uses of the press. It is only within a few years that anything like a society has been formed for the dissemination of cheap literature, and this society is hampered by the indifference of those who ought to support it. The CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY has done a great and we believe a most important work in issuing tracts, which have been eagerly read from one end of the United States to the other; but the more it prints, the poorer it grows; for the tracts are sold at about 12 per cent. less than the cost of manufacture. The TRACT SOCIETY, instead of yielding anything to the PUBLICATION SOCIETY, is itself a charge which must be met from other sources. The PUBLICATION SOCIETY attempts to supply the wants of Catholic readers in two directions: first, there is the want of cheap but good books; secondly, the want of handsome and attractive books, of scarce books, and of foreign books which other dealers have not generally found it profitable to import. For years we have heard the complaint of educated Catholics that they could find but few religious works which people of taste and culture would like to have on their library shelves or their parlor table, while the poorer Catholics have been just as loud in complaining that reading was an expensive luxury, and books were too dear for them. The CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY was founded for the purpose of satisfying both these classes. On the one hand, in the mechanical part of the book-publishing business, it began at once to rival the best secular houses in the

print, paper, binding, and illustration of its issues. It secured the best workmen, and paid the best prices, and we can safely say that no firm in America issues books which as a rule are handsomer or better made. The price of such volumes has always been below the standards of Protestant houses, for the conductors of this enterprise have no ambition to make money except to pay the current expenses of the concern. The character of the books has been diversified. Works of controversy and devotion have alternated with tales, sketches, poetry, biography, and narratives of travel, so that all tastes might be suited, and entertainment provided as well as instruction. In the supply of cheap books, the enterprise of the Society has been directed toward the issue in paper-covers, on thinner paper, and with close-cut margins, of impressions from the plates of its more costly works, and these popular volumes have been sold in great numbers at from one-half to one-third the price of the finer editions. Now, the conductors of the PUBLICATION SOCIETY do not complain of the encouragement their efforts have met with; on the contrary, they have abundant cause for gratitude in the extensive circulation of their books, and the evidence, multiplying every day, that the plan is a good one, and one that is likely to result in permanent benefit to the Catholic community. Yet we are sure our readers would be surprised if they knew how small a share of the support bestowed upon Catholic literature in this country is bestowed by the Catholic laity. The clergy are liberal purchasers of books; of controversial volumes a certain number can generally be disposed of to Protestants; but Catholic laymen hardly look at the literature of their own denomination. We could mention scores of rich men, belonging to our church, who set apart in their houses rooms which they call libraries and furnish them after a fashion with volumes of greater or less value, but who never buy a Catholic book from one end of the year to the other. All Catholic publishers who have made money in the business have made it by the sale of prayer-books and school-books. Their best customers are devout people of the poorer class, who have generally too little education to take an interest in literature, and for whom books of piety must be manufactured in the cheapest possible way. Leave out this class of purchasers, the managers of schools, the clergy, and a few zealous and enlightened persons who make it a religious duty to buy numbers of good books to give away, and you will find that Catholic publishing houses have hardly any customers left.

We have scores of colleges scattered over the United States, besides high-class seminaries for the education of young women in almost every important diocese. Probably some thousands of pupils are graduated from these institutions every year. They are supposed to have acquired during their course of study at least some taste for books and discrimination in choosing them. They are supposed also to have learned the importance of fighting the enemy with his own weapons, and recovering from Protestantism the tremendous engine of proselytism which it has secured in this country by its control of the printing-press. Why is it that this great army of young educated Catholics has yet done nothing to foster Catholic literature? The writers of even moderate note who have been trained by our own seminaries, can be counted on the fingers of one hand; the *readers*—well, sometimes it seems to us hardly

an exaggeration to say that there are none. Perhaps the colleges themselves could do more to cultivate a literary taste. Perhaps pupils are not trained sufficiently to look upon books as a source of amusement rather than the instruments of labor. We know that in some colleges young men are never taught to think of reading as one of the employments of their future life, never initiated into the delights of literature, or trained to make any other use of books than to get sound Catholic ideas of the outlines of general history and the principles of metaphysics, with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, mathematics, physics, and Christian doctrine. Of course, if a lad be brought up in this way, he will not care about buying books after he leaves college. The daily and weekly newspaper, the last sensational novel, and a pictorial magazine, will be quite enough for him. More than half the knowledge which he has spent his youth in acquiring will be wasted because it is only in books that he can find opportunities to apply it. But it is not by any means the colleges principally which are in fault. Most of them do their duty faithfully and efficiently, and if the result of their labors is not apparent, we must look outside for the cause.

A great deal of the blame we believe ought to fall upon Catholic parents. If the father and mother neither read themselves nor encourage reading in their children, of course the house must be a literary wilderness. Time was when there were few educated Catholic families in this country, and few good Catholic books; but that time is long past. The books are abundant, and only waiting to be bought. Education, if our schools have been good for anything during the last generation, must be extensively diffused. Nothing is wanted but the will, and we may have a Catholic literature in America as prosperous as that of any other denomination, and as glorious as the Catholic literature of France, of Italy, and of Germany. The way is plain enough. Buy books yourself. Give them to your children. Stop distorting their minds and vitiating their taste with trashy magazines and papers full of covert and often unintentional misrepresentation of the church, precepts hostile to the Catholic spirit, and irreverent allusions to all that we hold most sacred. It is impossible for us to avoid the literature of the day. Catholics must read the newspapers, if they read nothing more. Do you suppose they can go on for ever, reading these and nothing else, without imbibing some of the false spirit which pervades them all? Do you suppose we can leave our adversaries in exclusive control of this mitrailleuse of types and ink which is discharged every morning against our ranks, and not suffer from the assault? The majority of the leading newspapers profess to be impartial between the two creeds; but in reality they are all more or less decidedly against us, all the more effectively so, perhaps, because they apparently or really do not mean to be. Every Protestant—or we may say un-Catholic—publication contains a drop of poison. We cannot afford to take it without taking also a corrective. Little by little it will extinguish our fervor if it does not undermine our faith. Our religious life will no longer be filled with the freshness and vigor of health; it will drag along, sickly, useless, wavering, unprofitable, and if we save our souls at last it will be by taxing the divine patience to the very utmost. For the present, until we are far stronger, we cannot avoid the poison; let us be careful to take the antidote. The

holidays are at hand; Catholic fathers and mothers, who value the spiritual welfare of your children, take advantage of this season of gifts to show them some of the treasures of Catholic literature, and encourage a habit of judicious reading and judicious buying of books. Remember that God has given us the pen that it may be used in his service. Remember that those who are capable of using it can do nothing unless you help them. Remember, you whom Providence has blessed with money, that after you have helped to build your church and to build your school, the duties of your stewardship are not yet discharged. Catholic literature has a claim upon your purse, and you cannot be excused if you neglect it.

THE INVASION OF ROME.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our last number, we briefly noticed the event, which at the time of writing our article was still too recent for accurate information, of the capture and possession of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, and recorded our protest against it. We take up the matter now anew, for the purpose of communicating to our readers all the facts which have come to our knowledge regarding this great act of unjust and sacrilegious spoliation, and the sentiments of Catholics throughout the world concerning it, as well as to express our own more fully.

The following letter was sent by Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX. by the hands of Count Ponza di San Martino, announcing the intention of taking possession of Rome:

"Most Holy Father: With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the honor of a king, and with the soul of an Italian, I now, as on a previous occasion, address myself to your Holiness.

"A storm-cloud charged with peril threatens Europe. Taking advantage of the war which is desolating the centre of the Continent, the party of the cosmopolitan revolutionists increases in insolence and audacity, and is preparing, most of all in Italy, and in the provinces under the dominion of your Holiness, its last attack on the monarchy and the papacy.

"I well know, Holy Father, that your strength of mind will never be found wanting, how terrible soever may be the events you are called to meet; but I also —both as a Catholic sovereign and an Italian sovereign, and as such, by divine dispensation and the will of the nation, guardian of the destinies of all Italians—feel incumbent on me the duty of assuming, before Europe and before the Catholic world, the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula and the security of the Holy See.

"That the condition of mind of the population under your Holiness's government, and the presence among them of foreign troops, come with various intentions from different places, are a focus of agitation and peril, is evident to all. An accident or the ebullition of passions might lead to violence and bloodshed, which it is my duty, as well as yours Holy Father, to prevent.

"I see the inevitable necessity, for the sake of the security of Italy and of the Holy See, that my troops, already placed

on guard in the frontier, should proceed to occupy such positions as may be indispensable for the security of your Holiness and the maintenance of order.

"Your Holiness will be pleased not to see in this provision of precaution a hostile act. My government and my forces will confine themselves absolutely to a conservative and tutelary action, reconciling, as may be easily done, the rights of the Roman population with the inviolability of the Sovereign Pontiff and of his spiritual authority, and with the independence of the Holy See.

"If your Holiness, as I make no doubt, and as your sacred character and the benignity of your soul give me the right to hope, is inspired with a desire equal to my own to avoid all conflict and every danger of violence, you will be able to take, with Count Ponza di San Martino, the bearer of this letter and the necessary instructions from my government, such measures in concert as may be thought conducive to the desired end.

"Your Holiness will allow me to hope, further, that the present moment, so solemn for Italy as for the church and the papacy, may give efficacy to those benevolent sentiments which can never be extinguished in your soul toward this land, which is also your native country, and to those feelings of conciliation which it has always been my persevering endeavor to express in action, in order that, while satisfying the national aspirations, the head of Catholicity, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian populations, should preserve on the banks of the Tiber a glorious See, independent of all human sovereignty.

"Your Holiness, by freeing Rome from foreign troops, and from the continual danger of being the battle-field of the subversive party, will have given the finishing touch to our marvellous work, restored peace to the church, and displayed to Europe, now appalled by the horrors of war, how great battles and immortal victories may be gained by one act of justice and one word of affection.

"I beg your Holiness to give me his Apostolical Benediction, and renew my sentiments of profound respect toward your Holiness.

"Being your Holiness's most humble, obedient, and devoted son,

"VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"FLORENCE, Sept. 8, 1870."

To this hypocritical and insolent letter, which was given to the Pope on the 10th of September, his Holiness gave the only reply which his dignity would permit him to give on the next day:

"TO THE KING VICTOR EMMANUEL:

"YOUR MAJESTY: The Count Ponza di San Martino has put into my hands a letter which your majesty has been pleased to address to me; but it is not a letter worthy of an affectionate son who glories in the profession of the Catholic religion, and who prides himself on the due observance of kingly faith. I do not enter into the details of the letter itself, because I would not renew the grief which its first perusal caused me. I adore my God, who has suffered your majesty to add to the bitterness of the latter days of my life.

"In conclusion, I cannot admit the demands advanced in your letter, nor can I give any adhesion to the principles contained in it. I once more pray to the Lord, and I place my cause in his hands, because it is wholly his. I pray him that he would grant abundant graces to your majesty; that he would deliver you from all dangers, and bestow upon you those favors of which you have need.

"From the Vatican, Sept. 22, 1870.

"PIUS PP. IX."

The next document in order is the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff to General Kanzler, his minister of war and commander-in-chief of the Pontifical army:

"GENERAL: Now that a great sacrilege and injustice of high enormity are about to be consummated; now that the troops of a Catholic king are besieging the capital of the Catholic universe without the faintest provocation, without the slightest apparent motive, I feel it my duty, in the first place, to thank you and all our troops for the generous line of conduct pursued till now, for the affection shown to the Holy See, and the good-will you have proved by devoting yourselves so entirely to the defence of this metropolis. May these words remain as a solemn document to testify to the discipline, loyalty, and valor of the troops which have served the Holy See! As regards the defence, I feel it a duty to give orders that it may be pro-

longed only sufficiently to show protest, and prove that violence was used, and no more; in other terms, negotiations will be entered into for the surrender of the city as soon as the first breach is made in the walls. At a time when the whole of Europe is deploring the great loss of life occasioned by a war at this moment raging between two great nations, it must not be said that the Vicar of Christ, even though unjustly assailed, gave his assent to prolonged bloodshed. Our cause is that of God, in whom we put all our trust. General, I give you and the troops my blessing with all my heart.

"Given in the Vatican, the 19th of September.

"PIUS PP. IX."

The *Times'* correspondent, with an unusual touch of candor, calls this "a letter written in a fine Christian spirit, most dignified, and simple and admirable in its wording."

Cardinal Antonelli, the secretary of state, on the next day after the issuing of this order, placed in the hands of each one of the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See the following protest:

"From the Vatican, Sept. 20, 1870.

"Your excellency is well acquainted with the fact of the violent seizure of the greater part of the States of the Church made in June, 1859, and in the September of the following year, by the government now installed at Florence. Equally matter of notoriety are the solemn reclamations and protests of the Holy See against that sacrilegious spoliation—reclamations and protests made either by allocutions pronounced in consistory and published in due course, or else by notes addressed, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, by the undersigned cardinal secretary of state to the diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See.

"The invading government would assuredly not have failed to complete its sacrilegious spoliation if the French government, well informed as to its ambitious projects, had not arrested them by taking under its protection the city of Rome and the territory still remaining, and by keeping a garrison there.

"But, as a consequence of certain compacts entered into between the French government and that of Florence—compacts by which it was supposed that the conservation and tranquillity of the dominions yet left to the Holy See would be secured, the French troops were withdrawn. These conventions, however, were not respected, and in September, 1867, some irregular bodies of men, urged forward by secret impulses, threw themselves upon the Pontifical territory with the perverse design of surprising and occupying Rome. Then it was that the French troops returned, and, lending a strong-handed succor to our faithful soldiers who had already fought successfully against the invasion, they achieved on the plains of Mentana the repression of the audacious invaders, and caused the complete failure of their iniquitous designs.

"Subsequently, however, the French government, having withdrawn its troops on the occasion of the declaration of war against Prussia, did not neglect to remind the government of Florence of the engagements which it had contracted by the convention specified above, and to obtain from that government the most formal assurances on the subject. But the fortune of war having been unfavorable to France, the government of Florence, taking advantage of those reverses to the prejudice of the agreement it had entered into, took this disloyal resolution to send an overpowering army to complete the spoliation of the dominions of the Holy See, although perfect tranquillity reigned throughout them, in spite of very active instigations made from without, and in spite of the spontaneous and continual demonstrations of fidelity, attachment, and filial affection to the august person of the Holy Father that were made in all parts, and especially at Rome.

"Before perpetrating this last act of terrible injustice, the Count Ponza di San Martino was sent to Rome as the bearer of a letter written by the King Victor Emmanuel to the Holy Father. The letter stated that the government of Florence, not being able to restrain the ardor of the national aspirations nor the agitation of the party of action, as it is called, found itself forced to occupy Rome and the territory yet remaining annexed to it. Your excellency can easily imagine the profound grief and indignation which filled the heart of the Holy Father when this startling declaration was made to him. Nevertheless, unshaken in the fulfilment of his sacred duties and fully

trusting in Divine Providence, he resolutely rejected every proposal for accommodation, forasmuch as he is bound to preserve intact his sovereign power as it was transmitted to him by his predecessors.

"In view of this fact, which has been brought to pass under the eyes of all Europe, and by which the most sacred principles of law and right, and especially those of the law of nations, are trampled under foot, his Holiness has commanded the undersigned cardinal secretary of state to remonstrate and protest against the unworthy and sacrilegious spoliation of the Holy See, which has lately been brought to pass; and he at the same time declares the king and his government to be responsible for all the mischiefs that have resulted or shall result to the Holy See and to the subjects of the Pontifical power from that violent and sacrilegious usurpation.

"In conclusion, I have the command from his Holiness to declare, and the undersigned does hereby declare in the august name of his Holiness, that such usurpation is devoid of all effect, is null and invalid, and that it can never convey any prejudice to the indisputable and lawful right of dominion and of possession, whether of the Holy Father himself or of his successors in perpetuity; and although the exercise of those rights may be forcibly prevented and hindered, yet *his Holiness both knows his rights and intends to conserve them intact, and re-enter at the proper time into their actual possession.*

"In apprising your excellency officially, by command of the Holy Father, of the deplorable event that has just taken place, and of the protest and remonstrances which necessarily follow it, in order that your excellency may be enabled to bring the whole matter to the knowledge of your government, the undersigned cardinal secretary cherishes the persuasion that your government will be pleased to take into its earnest consideration the interest of the supreme head of the Catholic Church, now and henceforward placed in such circumstances that he is unable to exercise his spiritual authority with that full liberty and entire independence which are indispensable for it.

"Having now carried into effect the commands of the Supreme Pontiff, it only remains that I subscribe myself, etc., etc.,

"J. CARDINAL ANTONELLI."

On the 11th of September, the Italian army, numbering 65,000 men with 150 pieces of artillery, under the command of the Generals Cadorna and Bixio, entered the Papal States. The troops first occupied Orte, then Montefiascone, Viterbo, Cività Castellana; and the other extremity of the territory, Ceprano and Veroli. They were everywhere received with apathy by the people, and vainly endeavored to excite them to take an active part with the invaders. The Pontifical soldiers made some resistance, and at Cività Castellana one company of Zouaves, with a few others, 150 men in all, kept at bay 15,000 Italians with three batteries for two hours. Lieut.-Col. La Charette brought 2,000 Zouaves, with all the *matériel* of war, safely into Rome from Viterbo, although pursued for three days by the same army of 15,000 men which took Cività Castellana. The casualties were but few on either side, though some hundreds of the Pontifical troops who were on duty at the frontier were made prisoners. The conspicuous gallantry of one of the Zouaves is specially mentioned, Sergeant Shea, who with four men was engaged in a desperate encounter with a troop of Piedmontese cavalry, in which he received nine sabre-wounds, and is now lying desperately ill in one of the hospitals.

There was great reason to apprehend a most violent sacking of Rome by the Piedmontese troops in case the determination not to surrender the city was carried out. The correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who was with the army, wrote that "their rage against the Pope and the cardinals was something extraordinary," and again, "the officers are enchanted at the idea of entering Rome by force: the government will then be obliged to treat the Pope and his cardinals with severity."

Gen. Bixio had said in the parliament that he would throw the Pope and cardinals into the Tiber, and, as the case turned out, the moderation of Cadorna proved so offensive to him that he left Rome soon after its capture. The Prussian ambassador, Baron von Arnim, appears to have rendered some considerable service at this juncture by his unofficial intercession with the Italian commander, which gained an armistice of twenty-four hours to break the fury of the onset, and he seems to have been the only one of the diplomatic body who lifted a finger.

The Italian government resorted to one more of their execrable shifts for gaining a pretext to seize upon Rome by force. They failed in the attempt to excite insurrection; they failed in the attempt to intimidate or cajole the Pope into a voluntary surrender. They must have a pretext, however, because, as the cabinet declared but a short time since, to invade Rome without a pretext would ruin the "fair name of Italy," and prejudice her cause at the next European congress. The pretext was, that the Pope was overawed by his foreign officers and troops, and compelled to permit a resistance which he disapproved. The Italian army would therefore set the Holy Father at liberty from the domination of his foreign troops. It is not now necessary to refute the falsehood or expose an artifice worthy only of so base a government as that of Victor Emmanuel.

The assault was made on the 20th of September, and the resistance continued for about five hours, until, a breach having been made in the walls, the Pope ordered a white flag to be displayed, and negotiations commenced for a capitulation. It is a great satisfaction to be able to say that both the Italian and the foreign troops of the gallant little Pontifical army, which all told numbered about 10,700 men, behaved in the most admirable manner, and showed a disposition which would have led them to sacrifice their lives even in a desperate and hopeless resistance to overwhelming force, if they had been permitted to do so.

When the capitulation had been concluded, the Italian army entered the city, and with it a mob of 4,000 refugees, banished criminals, and loose women, who were soon joined by the similar scum of the Roman populace, and the inhabitants of the prisons, which were immediately set open. A scene of disorder, riot, and outrage immediately began which made it dangerous for any persons, even foreigners of rank, ladies, or members of the legations, who were known or suspected to be favorable to the Pope, to appear on the street, and made even the seclusion of private dwellings unsafe. Numbers of assassinations were perpetrated in open day on the Corso. The bodies of some of the fallen Zouaves were hacked in pieces, and their heads borne on pikes in triumph through the city. A Sister of Charity was murdered and thrown into the Tiber, also a Jesuit priest in the act of administering the sacraments to a dying soldier, three of the rural police, and a number of prisoners. The mob paraded the streets singing Garibaldi's hymn, and during the evening made an illumination, which was enforced by violence and threats of assassination. The Vatican itself was attacked by a mob with most violent outcries, and the guard on duty, who repelled the attack by force of arms, were obliged to send to General Cadorna for a detachment of troops to protect the Holy Father from the attacks of these disorderly bands, led on by criminals of the worst description, who had been released from

prison or had returned to Rome from exile to abuse the clemency of Pius IX., which had spared their forfeited lives. The details of all these sickening and harrowing scenes are very fully given by numerous eye-witnesses who were on the spot during these lamentable and disastrous days of the capture and occupation of Rome. Nevertheless, bad as the state of things is, we have the greatest reason for congratulation that it is not worse, and that still more horrid tragedies have not been enacted in the Holy City. The hand of God has been over the Holy Father, over Rome, and over the devoted and loyal children of the Holy See, to protect them from the worst which might have been reasonably apprehended. And, however much we may grieve over the misfortunes and trials which God has permitted to fall upon his faithful people, we shall never cease to glory in the virtue and heroism displayed so conspicuously by the great and holy Pius IX. and the noble band of his true and devoted followers, whose names will shine for ever with a fadeless lustre on the historic page, when traitors and rebels and their base enterprises shall have been buried in the grave of oblivion and infamy.

The parting of Pius IX. from his gallant Zouaves was one of the most beautiful and touching incidents which the history of the Eternal City has ever inscribed in its crowded records. The heroic band of soldiers of the cross, called to show a fortitude far more difficult than the valor of the field—fortitude to bear humiliation, defeat, apparent failure and loss of their glorious cause, assembled for the last time before the Vatican. Three ringing cheers for the Pontiff King were given by these descendants of the crusaders, these chivalrous knights of faith in a faithless age, as a farewell chorus to the revered and beloved sovereign. Pius IX. came forth upon the balcony, and in few but deeply significant and memorable words praised their loyalty and fidelity, thanked them in the name of God whose vicegerent he is, and gave them his farewell and his blessing. Sublime moment! emblematic of that in which the Lord of all will give his blessing to those who have been faithful to his cause in times of trial before the assembled universe! It is known to every one, of course, that the French Zouaves immediately formed a battalion, under Col. La Charette, to fight for their native country, where they are now winning fresh laurels by their display of patriotic valor. It is pleasant to be able to record also the fact, that the Italian soldiers of the Pontifical army, with few exceptions, have refused to enter the service of Victor Emmanuel.

The next move in this iniquitous game was the *plebiscitum*, or popular vote on the annexation of the Roman state to the kingdom of Italy. According to the reports, somewhere about 40,000 votes were given in the city, and 6,000 or 7,000 in the country, in favor of annexation, with but few against it. The value of this apparent popular vote as an expression of a deliberate choice and judgment on the part of the Roman people, is, however, very small. The conscientious and loyal adherents of the Pope, with few exceptions, refused to countenance this farcical proceeding in any way. A vote taken after the city had been violently seized by an army of 60,000 men, the papal authority overthrown, and the people intimidated, is no free vote, and of no value. Moreover, the city was full of *emigrés*, to the number, as stated by the London *Times'* correspondent, of 15,000. That a great number of the lower

classes of Romans were carried away by the excitement of the occasion and ready to shout for Victor Emmanuel, cannot be denied. It is probable, also, that many of the more respectable citizens, from motives of fear and self-interest, were induced to acquiesce in the state of things which appeared to them unavoidable. Besides all this, the urns were in the hands of the partisans of Victor Emmanuel, and it is well known how unscrupulous they have been heretofore in these things, and how they have mocked at the farce of their own creation, which is a mere ruse to deceive the populace and to keep up a show of fair words in their published documents. These *plébiscites*, taken under the surveillance of armed men and managed by party leaders who are determined to make them turn to their own advantage, are the laughing-stock of all sensible men in Europe. The people will shout on one side, and soon after that again on the other, as each side alternately gains the ascendency. The subjects of Pius IX. have frequently shown the greatest enthusiasm for him as their sovereign, and that within even a few weeks before the invasion of Rome. They will show it again when he re-enters into the possession of his rights. All accounts worthy of reliance show that the real Roman people, although timid and fickle, are truly attached at heart to the papal monarchy, and were contented under the government which has been so wisely and well administered by Pius IX. under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty.

It is pretended that the Roman people and the people of Italy are jubilant over the downfall of the Pope's temporal monarchy and the prospect of having Rome for the capital of United Italy. All accounts go to show, however, that this representation is false, that the demonstrations of popular rejoicing have been manufactured and feeble, and that there has been no spontaneous outburst of joy on the part of the genuine Italian people. The great majority of the Italian people are sincere Catholics, disgusted with the infidel government of Victor Emmanuel, and desirous of the breaking up of his bogus kingdom. We have had the proof of this before us for a year past, in the confessions and complaints of the principal liberal presses of Italy. That party is intellectually, morally, and numerically weak; strong only in fraud, violence, and the actual possession of usurped power. At the present moment, the liberal organs are taunting Victor Emmanuel and his cabinet respecting the utter fruitlessness and inutility of the usurpation of Rome, and their utter incapacity to make the kingdom prosper. The party of the king, Lanza, San Martino, and Cadorna—that is, of the Moderates—has really no strength except in the passive toleration of the great Catholic mass of the people, which is patient of their rule because it prefers it to revolution. It has no warm sympathy or cordial support either from red-hot liberals or Catholics. And it must, therefore, soon get out of the way of the approaching conflict between these two forces, most likely be overthrown, and ignominiously pushed aside by a red-republican revolution before many weeks or months have passed. The true young Italy, the regenerated Catholic Italy, sustained and encouraged by the applause of all Christendom, will then be able to actualize and carry out in deeds the aspirations of the true men of genius and patriotism who are the guiding-stars of the future era of Italy. There are not wanting palpable, tangible proofs of the exis-

tence and strength of this truly Italian and Catholic movement. One proof is the ability, vigor, and extensive circulation of Catholic periodicals. Another proof is in the abundant collections which have been cheerfully contributed by the people for the relief of the Sovereign Pontiff. Another is the superb album presented to Pius IX. in 1867, filled with the names of subscribers to an offering of money, jewels, and costly gifts, by a deputation of 300 gentlemen from a hundred cities of Italy. Another is the visit of a thousand young men representing their associates all over Italy, who brought to the Holy Father a present of 425,000 francs. Still more, even in the present discouraging and disastrous state of affairs, protests against the spoliation of Rome from noblemen, gentlemen, and persons of education and character, are pouring in at the editorial bureaus of the Catholic periodicals. They are obliged to be cautious in publishing these protests, and careful how they carry their hostility to the irreligious measures of the government too far, on account of the censorship of the press and the danger of suppression. We must leave it to time to justify more fully the statements we have made, and to future events to show what life and vigor and promise for the future are lying partially concealed and dormant within the bosom of the Italian people. What Italian writer is more enlightened or patriotic than Cesare Balbo? And he has said that those who seek the fall of the sovereignty of the Pope are "without understanding of the sufferings and experiences of Italy, *deaf to its history*, *blind to its mission*."*

We proceed now to give account of the sentiments and acts of Catholics in different parts of Europe concerning the spoliation of the Holy See, so far as these have had time to manifest themselves and to come to our knowledge.

The condition in which France and Spain are at present makes it impossible for us to look for any active manifestation in those quarters for the present. Austria is under the anti-Catholic tyranny of a Protestant premier, and there is not sufficient liberty there for a free and strong expression of the sentiments of her true and loyal Catholic population. The rest of Germany is too deeply engaged in war, and the slowness of action on important matters is too well-known a trait of the German character, to allow us to expect a prompt and immediate manifestation of their solid and stanch fidelity to Catholic principles.

We see notice of a meeting of prelates and others at Geneva, presided over by that stanch defender of the Holy See, the Archbishop of Baltimore. In Belgium, a protestation against the unjust invasion of Rome has been made in the parliament, and a great meeting has been held at Malines, the seat of the primate of Belgium. Ireland, ever-faithful Ireland, that has suffered and bled for its fidelity to the Vicar of Christ during three centuries, is most deeply moved at the new outrages which religion now suffers in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the eloquent pastoral of Cardinal Cullen gives fit expression to the indignation and grief of all true Irish and Catholic hearts.

In England, the Catholic hierarchy, nobility, and leading clergy and laity appear, with the full sympathy of the whole body of the Catholic people, to be fully aroused. We admire the noble tone of the English Catholic press, the manly, cou-

* *Pensieri*, p. 579.

rageous attitude of the small but valiant band who contend for truth in that great empire of error. The laity of England, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, have issued a protest against the possession of Rome, coupled with a demand on the English government to intervene for the rescue of the Holy Father from his imprisonment. And, worthy chief of the true church of England, the Archbishop of Westminster, with his single voice has uttered a protest and a warning, in the ears of Europe and the world, more weighty and powerful than any which has yet been heard outside the walls of the Vatican itself. In his private chapel, the illustrious archbishop keeps two relics; one, the mitre of St. Thomas à Becket; the other, a cloth dipped in the blood of Archbishop Plunkett. They could not have fallen into worthier hands. The successor of St. Augustine, St. Theodore, and St. Thomas, if not in title, yet in rightful authority, the spirit of the martyr of Canterbury, and of his other glorious predecessors from Augustine to Pole, lives in him, and breathes through his magnificent discourse. The head of a national church whose clergy and laity are largely composed of Irishmen, no more fitting banner could be given him than the white cloth stained with the blood of the last Irish martyr to the cause of the Pope in Great Britain. For the Catholics of our own country, also, no more fitting emblem of the spirit which ought to animate them can be found than this same blood-stained banner, which reminds them of the faith of their ancestors. For the Catholic Church in these United States owes its foundation, its extension, and its prosperity chiefly to the children of the Irish race. And here, if anywhere, fidelity and loyalty to the Pope ought to be a perpetual heirloom linking the present and future generations of the children of the church with that past which is at once so sorrowful and so glorious. Fidelity and loyalty to the Pope as the supreme head of the Catholic Church, as endowed by Christ with the plenitude of spiritual sovereignty on earth, cannot exist without a distinct and unreserved adhesion to the declaration which he has made respecting his sovereign temporal rights. It is, therefore, the obligation and duty of every Catholic to detest and condemn the invasion of Rome and the overthrow of the Papal monarchy, and to take part by his hearty sympathy, by the expression of his sentiments, and by all acts which are lawful and expedient, with the hierarchy, in resistance to the oppression of unjust power and efforts for the restoration of the sacred rights of the Holy See.

This is true, in the first place, because it is the duty of a Catholic to detest and oppose robbery, violation of treaties, unjust invasions, and wicked rebellion against lawful authority. Viewing the matter merely as a secular question, as a question relating to nations and sovereigns only, in the light of the law of nature and of nations, and without reference to the position of the Pope as a spiritual sovereign, every one who knows its history knows that no just cause could be pleaded for the absorption of the Roman state into the Italian kingdom. Rome has been bombarded and captured without even a declaration of war, and with no excuse on the part of the Sardinian government excepting this, that they could not restrain or resist the aspirations of the party of action. Those who do not know the history of the matter have no right to any opinion, and ought to follow the opinion of the most wise and conscientious judges in the Catholic community. Those

who do know it are bound by all the principles of morality, law, and honor to sustain the cause of the Pope as the cause of a legitimate sovereign unjustly invaded and despoiled.

So far as the choice of the Roman people is concerned, we have already mentioned some things tending to show that this choice has not been fairly and validly manifested in the late popular vote. Since writing these paragraphs, we have come across another fact, namely, that, according to the official returns, 32,000 voters abstained from voting. We do not choose, however, to rest even those rights which the Pope has in common with other kings upon a count of votes. Those who believe that the power of suffrage is a natural and universal right, that sovereignty, therefore, resides in and always remains with the majority, who may delegate and withdraw the execution of its prerogatives, make and destroy constitutions, dynasties, and governments, at will, may argue that the Pope is a tenant-at-will of his throne, dependent on the sovereign people. Such extreme radicals hold a position diametrically opposite to Catholic principles. This is not a convenient opportunity to argue with such persons. We are at present arguing with Catholics who acknowledge that they are bound to hold Catholic principles and to make these their criterion of judgment in all cases, without exception. We therefore merely state the fact that the radical doctrine in politics is one that is contrary to the teaching of Catholic theologians and jurists, to the constant profession and practice of the supreme tribunals of the church, and incompatible with Catholic principles. We do not delay in the proof of this affirmation, because we are coming to the point presently by a shorter and more direct route. We therefore advance from the question of the temporal rights of the Pope, considered merely as a lawful sovereign, to the higher one of his rights as the Vicar of Christ and Vicegerent of God upon earth—a question which swallows up the other entirely.

At the outset, we distinguish between the personal sovereignty of the Vicar of Christ, which consists in his independence of and superiority over all civil sovereignty, and his real and administrative sovereignty, which consists in his rightful possession of kingly power over a specific territory, with its inhabitants. The former is of divine right and inherent in his spiritual supremacy; the latter is of human right, and attached to that supremacy. In regard to the divine right of the personal sovereignty of the Pope, we say, first, that it is a necessary consequence of the immunity of the whole hierarchy from the coactive jurisdiction of temporal tribunals, always held by Catholic tradition as a right conferred by Jesus Christ. The celebrated canonist, Cardinal Soglia, thus lays down the principles of Catholic law on this subject: "Since these things are so, and that the immunity of the clergy from the laical forum was perpetually and constantly observed in the church, and we cannot trace its origin and beginning either to the apostles or the sovereign pontiffs or councils of bishops, it is evidently established that this immunity proceeded from a divine right. And this sentence is proved in a remarkable manner by the authority of councils. For the Council of Lateran (5th) under the Sovereign Pontiff Leo X., in its ninth session says: 'Since no power is given to laymen over ecclesiastics either by divine or human right.' And the Council of Cologne, part i., chapter 20, affirms that this immunity is 'most ancient, introduc-

ed equally by divine and human right.' So, also, the Council of Trent, session xxv., chapter 20, *de Reform.*, says: 'The immunity of the church and of ecclesiastical persons was established by the ordinance of God and by ecclesiastical sanctions.'" * It follows, of course, *a fortiori*, that the Pope, as the supreme judge of all ecclesiastical causes and persons in the external forum, is himself above all power, whether ecclesiastical or lay, and can be judged by no one. It is also more precisely declared and defined by the famous bull of Boniface VIII., and most unmistakably indicated by a passage in St. Matthew's Gospel, as explained by Catholic tradition:

"*And when they were come to Capharnaum, they that received the didrachma came to Peter and said to him: doth not your master pay the didrachma? He said: yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying: What is thy opinion, Simon? Of whom do the kings of the earth take tribute or custom? of their own children, or of strangers? And he said: of strangers. Jesus said to him: Then the children are free. But that we may not scandalize them, go thou to the sea, and cast in a hook; and that fish which shall first come up, take: and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a stater: take that, and give it to them for me and thee.*" † Our Lord associates in this singular act St. Peter with himself, as justly free from tribute, because he was of the family of kings, paying it, nevertheless, voluntarily, in order not to scandalize the parties concerned. It has always been the Catholic interpretation of this passage that the successors of Peter are *jure divino* sovereigns, owing no subjection, even in temporals, to any civil authority and that whatever obedience they have voluntarily rendered at certain times to emperors has been merely a condescension, like that of our Lord himself on the earth, practised for the sake of the common good.

The temporal power of the popes over certain provinces adjacent to the city of Rome, and over the city itself, is derived, as the author just cited declares, "from the munificence and liberality of sovereign princes, the voluntary and free gift of the people, long prescription, onerous contracts, and other legitimate titles."* This is a human right, or right founded on human law and authority. It is, however, a perfect right, and one which, according to the principles of Catholic morality, cannot be taken back by the parties which originally conceded it. Moreover, as a right conceded to the Roman Church for the benefit of religion and the service of Almighty God, it is classed among things sacred, which cannot be invaded without the guilt of sacrilege. The necessity of it to the full independence of the Pope, as head of the church, is obvious enough. Even Victor Emmanuel and the Lanza cabinet have admitted the reasonableness of leaving to the Pope personal sovereignty and guaranteeing his complete independence in the exercise of his spiritual office. And statesmen like Napoleon I., Metternich, Guizot, Thiers, and a host of others, have declared emphatically that this independence cannot subsist without a temporal monarchy. Theoretically, it is possible. We can imagine a state of things in which the kings and nations of Christendom should conform themselves to the laws of the church, and the Pope possess the liberty and the means

* *Instit. Jur. Pub.* lib. iii. cap. 1, § 58, p. 330.
† St. Matt. xvii. 23–26.

† *Sägl. Jur. Pub.* lib. ii. cap. 1, § 40, p. 277.

of exercising his full jurisdiction without any hindrance from and with the full co-operation of a temporal ruler in Rome. We can likewise imagine a possible state of things in New York which would render policemen and locks upon bank-safes unnecessary. But such ideal conditions will never become real in this world, and therefore in practice and in point of fact the Pope must possess a temporal principality. We might prove this at length with the greatest ease, but at present we are intent upon showing what is the authoritative judgment of the rightful judge on this question, and what Catholics are obliged in conscience to hold, rather than the motives and reasons upon which this judgment is based. Among the numerous documents which might be quoted on this head, we select two or three, which will be amply sufficient to cover the whole ground.

The Apostolic Letter of Pius IX., *Ad Apostolicæ Sedis Fastigium*, dated August 22, 1851, is directed against the works on canon law published by Professor Nuytz, of the Athenæum at Turin. In this Encyclical, the Sovereign Pontiff says:

"In these books and theses, under the specious appearance of asserting the rights both of the priesthood and monarchy, such errors are taught that, in place of the precepts of salutary doctrine, poisonous draughts are administered to the minds of the young. For this author, in his erroneous propositions and the comments on them, has not been ashamed to teach his auditors, and to publish through the press, under a certain guise, of novelty, all those opinions which were long ago condemned and rejected by the Roman pontiffs, our predecessors, especially John XXII., Benedict XIV., Pius VI., and Gregory XVI., and by numerous decrees of councils, especially the Fourth Lateran, the Florentine, and the Tridentine. Inasmuch as it is publicly and openly asserted in the published works of the said author: That the church has no power of employing force, nor any temporal power, direct or indirect; . . . that nothing hinders the transfer of the supreme pontificate from the Roman city and bishop to another city and bishop by the judgment of any general council or the act of all the nations; . . . that the children of the Christian and Catholic Church dispute among themselves concerning the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual monarchy, . . . etc., etc.—wherefore, etc., etc., we reprobate and condemn, and we will and command that all should hold to be reprobated and condemned the aforesaid books, as containing propositions and doctrines respectively false, rash, scandalous, erroneous, injurious to the Holy See, derogating from the rights of the same, subverting the government and divine constitution of the church, schismatical, heretical, favoring Protestantism and its propagation, leading to heresy and to the system long ago condemned as heretical in Luther, Baius, Massilius, Patavinus, Jandunus, Mark Antony De Dominis, Richer, Laborde, and the members of the Synod of Pistoia, as also in others equally condemned by the church, and, moreover, subversive of the canons of the Council of Trent."

This canon law of Nuytz, thus summarily condemned, is the text-book of Victor Emmanuel's theology, a summary of the principles of the party of Febronius, Joseph II., and *Janus*—that party which would fain disguise itself under the name of Catholic, while it is anti-papal and anti-Roman. Any one who professes to be a devoted and loyal son and spiritual subject of the Holy Father, can easily see from this one condemnation that he cannot sustain that profession and at the same time hold opinions directly springing out from the condemned system.

In the magnificent Allocution of the 20th of April, 1849, Pius IX. says:

"Among these our most ardent desires, we cannot avoid specially admonishing and reproving those who applaud that

decree by which the Roman Pontiff is despoiled of all the honor and dignity of his civil princedom, and assert that this decree conduces in the highest degree toward procuring the liberty and felicity of the church itself. But here we publicly and openly profess that we say these things without any ambition of ruling or desire of temporal principality, since our taste and disposition are entirely alien from any kind of domination. But the character of our office demands that we should defend the rights and possessions of the Holy Roman Church, and the liberty of the same see which is connected with the liberty and usefulness of the whole church, with all our might, by defending the civil principality of the Apostolic See. And, indeed, those men who, applauding the decree alluded to, affirm such false and absurd things, either are ignorant or feign ignorance of the fact, that by a singular counsel of Divine Providence, when the Roman empire was divided in so many kingdoms and realms, the Roman Pontiff, to whom the government and care of the whole church was committed by Christ the Lord, obtained a civil princedom for this cause, that he might possess that full liberty for ruling the church itself and protecting its unity which is required for fulfilling the office of the apostolic ministry. For it is evident to all that the faithful populations, nations, and kingdoms would never yield full confidence and obedience to the Roman Pontiff if they saw him subject to the dominion of any prince or government and by no means free; since it is plain that the nations and kingdoms whose populations hold the Catholic faith would vehemently suspect and never cease to fear that the Pontiff might conform his acts to the will of that prince or government within whose realm he lived, and therefore would not hesitate frequently to resist these acts under that pretext."

We have quoted these two documents at some length in order to exhibit more clearly the purport of two censures contained in the Syllabus of 1864, since these are the precise documents referred to in the aforesaid Syllabus.

The 75th of the propositions condemned in the Syllabus is that "the children of the Christian and Catholic Church dispute among themselves concerning the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual monarchy." The 76th is, "The abrogation of the Civil Princedom which the Apostolic See possesses would conduce in the highest degree to the liberty and felicity of the church." In the Encyclical which precedes the Syllabus, the Sovereign Pontiff declares:

"We reprobate, proscribe, and condemn all and singular the depraved opinions and doctrines singly mentioned in these letters by our apostolic authority, and we will and command that they should be entirely held as reprobated, proscribed, and condemned by all the children of the Catholic Church."

The Pontiff also says:

"We cannot pass over in silence the audacity of those persons who, not enduring sound doctrine, contend that assent and obedience can be withheld without sin and without any damage of the Catholic profession from those judgments and decrees of the Apostolic See whose object is declared to pertain to the general good of the church, and the rights and discipline of the same, if only it does not touch dogmas of faith and morals. How entirely opposed this is to the Catholic dogma of the full power divinely given to the Roman Pontiff by our Lord Christ himself, of feeding, ruling, and governing the universal church, there is no one who does not clearly and manifestly see and understand."

Finally, the Council of the Vatican adds all the moral force and authority of the unanimous judgment of the bishops and prelates composing it to the supreme and decisive judgment of the Vicar of Christ so often given in the following admonition at the end of the Dogmatic Constitution on Catholic faith: "And since it is not enough *to avoid heretical pravity*, unless at the same time those errors which more or less approach to it are carefully shunned, we admonish all

of the DUTY OF OBSERVING LIKEWISE THE DECREES AND CONSTITUTIONS BY WHICH DEPRAVED OPINIONS OF THAT SORT WHICH ARE NOT IN THIS PLACE DISTINCTLY ENUMERATED ARE CONDEMNED AND FORBIDDEN BY THIS HOLY SEE."

What has been said is enough to show that every motive, natural and supernatural, points out clearly the course for all faithful Catholics. It is one of stanch defence of the rights of the Holy See, of loud protest against the violation of these rights by the Italian government, and of unswerving, unfaltering loyalty to our suffering but glorious Pontiff, Pius IX.

LETTER FROM ROME.

[As we were going to press, we received the following letter from an American Catholic gentleman now residing in Rome. We give it to our readers as conveying reliable information about events in which every true Catholic must feel a deep interest.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD.]

ROME, Oct. 15, 1870.

IN times of great excitement, people are apt to give their fancies or apprehensions for facts, and it becomes extremely difficult to arrive at the exact truth. This has been evidenced in the occurrences that have lately taken place in the Papal States. It is simply with a view of giving a correct account of these events that now, three weeks after the Italian occupation of Rome, we take up our pen for the purpose of writing only what we know ourselves or have had from creditable eye-witnesses, or have gleaned from the confessions of the conquerors themselves.

The mission of Count Ponza di San Martino, the letter of Victor Emmanuel, the reply of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the subsequent invasion of the Pontifical territory by Generals Cadorna, Angioletti, and Bixio, we pass over as too well known and authenticated. The order had been given to the troops to fall back on Rome, and wherever feasible it was carried out. Col. La Charette, in command at Viterbo, succeeded, by strenuous efforts and forced marches across the country, in reaching Civita Vecchia, and Colonel Azzanesi, whose character for fidelity malignant persons had tried to asperse, brought all his men from Velletri safely to Rome. Communication with Civita Vecchia was kept up until the 15th of September, when the railway was cut, and that place, threatened by a large army under General Bixio, and by a strong fleet of seven iron-clads, capitulated, unfortunately, without firing a gun.

On the evening of the 14th of September, the advanced guards of General Cadorna came near enough to Rome to have a skirmish with some of the Zouaves and dragoons out on the Flaminian Way. One of the officers of the Italian lancers, the Conte Crotti, was taken prisoner; while, on the side of the Papal troops, one, Sergeant Shea, was seriously wounded, and several were captured. During this and the next three days, troops poured into the Campagna, and took up positions around the city, some crossing the Tiber by a pontoon-bridge and transferring large siege-guns that were to be used

for making the breach. These guns were of large calibre, and did their work effectually. In the meanwhile, the Papal troops completed their barricades at the gates and the bastions in front of them, and on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of September there were occasional skirmishing and cannonading. The points fortified were the Porta Pancrazio, the Porta San Lorenzo, Porta San Giovanni, the entrance of the railway, the Porta Pia, the Porta Salara, and the Porta del Popolo. After a great deal of unproductive parley, the besiegers, finding they could gain nothing by it, gave notice on the 19th that they would attack the next day at five o'clock. The intimation had no effect on the Papal commanders, the Pope having already, in a letter bearing date of this day, thanked the army for their devotion, and signified the course he wished pursued.

The Papal army, the whole army, both native troops and foreign, did not belie the good opinion of their Sovereign. The devotion and courage of all, especially of the natives, subject to a pressure to which the foreign element were strangers, and which it required all the force of religious principle to resist, have seldom been surpassed. In the fighting that followed, the artillery, principally native, suffered most in proportion; while the faithful discharge of their duty by the native gens d'armes and their auxiliaries, natives of the provinces formerly enlisted under the name of *squadriglieri* to suppress brigandage, was such as to gain them the distinction of the hatred and violence of the mob. We make one remark here: it is that, when one sees such fidelity in the troops, it is a sign that the real feeling of the majority and of the good is with the authority the troops support. Let us go on with our narrative.

With praiseworthy punctuality, on the morning of the 20th of September, the first gun of the attack was fired against the city, and in a few moments the cannonading became general. The points assailed were the Pincio and Porta Pinciana, the Porta Salara, the wall between this and Porta Pia also fiercely battered, Porta San Giovanni, and the three arches of the railway entrance. The bombardment from outside the Porta San Pancrazio, fortunately, did not begin until shortly after eight o'clock, it is said through failure of General Bixio to come up to time. The attack was very determined and uninterrupted along the whole line, and was replied to with a vigor and spirit that did honor to the little park of guns of the Pontifical army, and which their enemies appreciated and applauded. For five hours and a half the roar and din of cannon and musketry was kept up, the shots averaging at times thirty in a minute. Shortly after eight o'clock, the firing began at the Janiculum. Here General Bixio, famous for his raging declarations against Rome and the cardinals—whom he would throw into the Tiber—commanded a division, and, apparently angry with the Romans because they would not rise against the Pope, began throwing shells without number into the city. The shells passed clear over the fortifications and came down into the parts of Rome that lie on the left bank of the Tiber. There is no help for it—either General Bixio's artillery was the most unskilful in the world, or he absolutely intended to shell the city. The Porta Pancrazio, as every one knows, is more than a quarter of a mile from the river; and yet not only the houses on the same side of the Tiber with it were struck, but the Piazza Farnese, the vicinity of San Andrea della Valle, the Ghetto, and even the Piazza of the Pantheon, suffered. One shell narrowly escaped striking the entablature of the famous temple of Agrippa, and carried destruction to a house standing on the side of the square next the Corso. Altogether, the projectiles that fell in the town were numerous; we know positively ourselves of some eighty or ninety spots struck by shells, and

we counted on the façade of St. John Lateran and the adjoining palace the traces of fifty. While all this was doing, the real work of the day was going on at the wall between the Porta Pia and the Porta Salara. The heavy siege-guns told against the old wall of Aurelian, certainly never built to resist the cannon of the nineteenth century. The masonry trembled under the terrific strokes, and at last gave way; by ten o'clock a large wide breach laid the city of the Popes open to the army of the house of Savoy. Six battalions of *bersaglieri* with other troops had been drawn up in a copse near by awaiting the order to advance. It was given; they moved up near the wall, for a short time crouched in the field, and then with a loud cry, "Savoia," rushed forward to their easy victory. They had not time to do much; already General Zappi, in accordance with the wishes of Pius IX., who had hoisted the white flag on the cupola of St. Peter's, had arrived at the Porta Pia, and given orders that it should be hoisted there too. The firing ceased, and those whose duty it was to treat with General Cadorna repaired to the Villa Albani, outside the Porta Salara, where he had his headquarters. At this time occurred a flagrant violation of the rules of warfare. Both sides should have remained resting on their arms, without advancing. The Italians, instead, availed themselves of this cessation of hostilities to scale the last barricade. They were ordered back, and refused; and thereupon the foremost Zouaves fired, killing a major and wounding others, though they themselves were immediately shot down. Now began the scenes of disorder and violence that were to know no cessation for three days. With the troops poured into the city upwards of four thousand "emigrati," or political exiles, and many women. To these men, and especially to the women who accompanied them, nothing was so delightful as to insult and ill-treat the foreign troops in the service of the Holy Father. They surrounded those who were isolated, tore off their medals, their accoutrements, spat in their faces, and, in many instances, beat them so unmercifully that they fell lifeless, to all appearance. We know positively of four treated in this manner; and so numerous are the recitals of similar outrages with fatal consequences that we should not be at all surprised if not a few were butchered or thrown into the Tiber. For this, however, we do not answer, as we are giving only details of which we are certain. In the meantime, the capitulation was negotiating, and, when signed and approved, was executed at once, though the city was already, to a great extent, in the hands of the invading forces and their horde of returned outlaws. These latter got well down into the city in time to take part in and direct the demonstration in favor of the former. The cheering began in the Piazza della Pitota, when some officials, sent to present the act of capitulation, reached the office of the commander-in-chief, and on the Quirinal, as the troops advanced. Up to this time good order had been kept by the gens d'armes and *squadriglieri*. Now the people in detached bodies began to set on soldiers separated from their corps, and to attack the posts held by the police. In several instances they were met by stout resistance, and the capitol held out against them until the royal troops came up and made known to the Papal troops the news of the surrender. It is well for the foreign soldiers and the police, with their auxiliaries, that they kept together with their arms, or were, if unarmed, escorted by the regular soldiers of the Italian army; otherwise the loss of life would have been fearful. Gradually the prisoners of war were gathered into the Città Leonina, and there remained until the morning of the 22d, when they marched out with the honors of war. Here good order prevailed. In the remainder of the city, the masses, relieved of the presence of the police, and not

interfered with by the conquerors, who were anxious to propitiate the people and have the demonstration in their favor unalloyed by any act of rigor on their part, gave themselves up to all kinds of excesses. Every one who has been in Italy knows what a vendetta means, and we will not dwell on those said to have occurred, but which are to be classed as private assassinations, and therefore have only an occasional relation to the political events of which we are speaking. The acts of violence were principally directed against the Papal troops, who were generally protected by the Italian soldiers individually when their prestige was sufficient to sustain their voluntary interference. This, however, was not always the case, as Zouaves were taken from the hands of their protectors and brutally beaten. The religious institutions next excited the wrath of the populace, who had now among them criminals who had escaped from prison when the doors were thrown open to free the political prisoners. In some instances perquisitions were made by soldiers, led on by officers, or by civilians representing themselves as authorized to search for concealed Papal Zouaves. In this way, or for purpose of violence and rapine, were visited Trinità di Monté, Villa Lanti, the novitiate of the Sacred Heart, a monastery in Trasterere, the Irish College, the Roman Seminary, and the Gesù.

The first of these houses is an academy of religious ladies of the Sacred Heart for young girls. The circumstances were very aggravating. The persons conducting the search were unauthorized civilians, who had with them a squad of soldiers. They came at night, hunted everywhere, to the terror of the good ladies and their young charges, not shrinking from violating the sanctity of their apartments. The fact that nearly all the sisters in this house are ladies of position—not a few ladies of rank—while the pupils belong to the best families, will enable men of gentlemanly feeling to appreciate to some extent the gravity of the insult.

At the Gesù, a major of the *bersaglieri* insolently entered the house, made all the fathers leave their rooms and assemble in the corridors, and listen to his incoherent and insulting remarks.

At the Roman Seminary, at one o'clock A.M., under pretence that Papal soldiers were concealed in the house, a captain, with a force of some dozen men, presented themselves at the door, knocking furiously for admittance. One of the superiors came down and opened to them, when he was forthwith seized, and, having a pistol placed at each ear, was told to give up the concealed men. He was self-possessed enough to act with the proper prudence. The captain asked for lights, and the men dispersed through the seminary, following out the orders given. When they retired, some silver spoons and forks and a watch were missing, while a quantity of the fish for which Newfoundland waters are famed, owing to its telltale odor, was left upon the stairway.

This state of things began to be so intolerable that the new authorities determined that a stop must be put to it. But they were in a difficulty; they had come to preserve the order that the Papal government, they said, could not maintain. Here, at the outset, they found themselves with a city full of rioters—their auxiliaries in tearing down and trampling on the armorial bearings of the Pontiff, the symbol of his authority, and in rendering helpless the former police force. How should they know the bad characters abroad in the town, and the authors of the misdeeds against which they were receiving hourly complaints? There was nothing else to do but turn to the former police employés. They were sought out in their hiding-places, and promised protection. It was a wise and timely thought, as

well as a compliment to the Papal government, and a *de facto* apology for the calumnies heaped on it. By the aid of the knowledge of the Papal police, the *chevaliers d'industrie*, as well as their bolder *confrères*, were safely lodged in proper quarters, within forty-eight hours, to the number of four hundred. It is said that subsequently the number swelled to fifteen hundred.

At the same time, telegrams were sent to Florence, and the detachments of the *guardie di pubblica sicurezza* began to pour into the town. Peaceful citizens began to breathe freely and to leave their houses. To do the troops justice, they have as a rule behaved well.

We have allowed this topic to carry us away from other points that deserve mention. We have said a demonstration was made on the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. The first impression of any stranger who saw it was that there was universal rejoicing at the occupation of the city. Success with many in this world is everything, and material interests have so powerful an influence that only men of principle and strong character stand up for a lost cause. Nevertheless, the fear of personal violence and the threats of the mob had an effect on many who otherwise would not have given the least sign of approval. We are personally acquainted with several persons of this description; and things went to such a stage, and so great was the alarm, that those most devoted to the Sovereign Pontiff advised the use both of banners and illumination to escape from violence or broken windows. We could mention some particulars on the subject that are most convincing from the character of the persons concerned, but we omit doing so through motives of delicacy. So universal became the use of the tricolor cockade that, in a manner, it lost its significance.

As to the large vote given for annexation to the kingdom of Italy—any one who saw the numbers of strangers that poured into the city could understand how easy it would be to poll a large vote. We in the United States know how these things have been managed in past times. A friend of ours travelling from Foligno came to Rome in a train full of Garibaldians provided with free passes only two days before the plébiscite. It is undoubtedly true that the city was full of strangers, principally men. Another feature of the plébiscite is this—money was distributed with a liberal hand. A fact known to us is worth telling. The day before the vote, a man presented himself to an inhabitant of the Città Leonina, and at once asked, "How many men are there in this house?" "Six," said the Roman. "Well," said his interrogator, "here are six tickets, each for one pound of meat, and six for two pounds of bread each—and here are six SI." The tickets were all taken, though those for the bread and meat were the only ones used. A writer in the *Unità Cattolica* says he saw a large band of persons marching to the capital with a banner at their head marked "*Città Leonina*." He bethought him of taking a stroll in the Città Leonina, and to his astonishment found it as populous as ever. The voting in great part was done by corporations—the tailors, shoemakers, smiths, carpenters, etc., forming separate bodies. Thus each man was known, and as the vote had to be given publicly it required courage to say *no*. We saw ourselves one of these processions passing in the street, and it certainly seemed a little ridiculous; one would have thought it a funeral procession were it not for the flag ahead, and an occasional *evviva*—uttered by one of the *choregi*, and taken up by the others in a way to give the impression of anything but spontaneous action. In conclusion, we may say of this plébiscite that it was a farce. Here is a city taken after five and a half hours' bombardment, and the people are asked to vote according to the wish of the victor, to choose

possibly between the anarchy of the red republic or the government of King Victor Emmanuel. Modern politics are full of farces, but none was ever more completely such than this Roman plébiscite of 1870.

The absorbing feature in the revolution that has just taken place is the condition of the Sovereign Pontiff. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Pope is a prisoner. On the evening of the 22d of September, "Morte al Papa!" was shouted in the Piazza di V. Pietro; this was immediately followed by an attack on the entrances to the palace of the Vatican, which was repulsed by the fire of the Papal gens d'armes with a loss of two killed and several wounded on the part of the people. The result was the entrance of the Italian troops into the Città Leonina, and the placing of a guard at the gate of the Vatican. The letter which Pius IX. has addressed to the cardinals sufficiently shows the state of things to make it superfluous for us to dwell on the vexations and espionage to which he must henceforth be subjected. This is the liberty guaranteed to him who is divinely appointed to rule all men irrespective of nationality, to receive reports from those who go forth to act in his name and with his authority, to receive appeals in case of erroneous judgments, and to give decrees in matters of more weight than life or death! Is it possible that the Catholic world is going to allow this? Is it possible that we who have set apart a portion of our own territory, and devoted it to governmental purposes at the expense of its elective franchise, for the benefit of the whole country, are going to grudge the Church Catholic the reservation of a trifling portion of the earth, in all essential points hitherto much better governed than the United States? Are we to permit the interest of all the nations of the earth to be subject to the caprice of any single nation?

We should assuredly feel as a personal insult, and as such resent it, if any one were to undertake to revile with indecent caricatures the chief-magistrate of our country. We all know how to distinguish between raillery and insult, between what is done to amuse and what is done for quite another purpose. We bear the one; the other we stigmatize as it merits, and put down by legitimate means. The person of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacred in the discharge of his duty; he speaks with the authority of Christ; and because he does so the streets of Rome at this moment teem with representations and designs the nature of which will not bear description, and in which the august person of the Vicar of our Lord is made the jest and sport of the profane and blasphemous!

The faith, too, of the Roman people is assailed. Infidel works of all kinds are scattered among the people, and political doctrines are taught by means of parodies on the catechism, in which the sacred formulas of the sublimest truths are degraded to being the vehicle of ideas false and foolish, not to say blasphemous. We believe that the Romans will not lose their faith as a people. They have been subjected to severe tests before this without such a result. But there is great danger for individuals, and that the education of a religious and highly cultivated people will be vitiated. On this ground, also, there is a claim on the interference of every Catholic in behalf of the Church of Rome, so justly termed *mater et caput omnium ecclesiarum*—the mother and head of all churches.

But what interference are we Catholics of America capable of? The condition of our country, the neutrality as regards all religious bodies obligatory on the government by the terms of the constitution, besides other weighty reasons, render active interference impossible. This is true. But there is another kind of interference that will be of avail at the proper time—the intervention

of prayer. We must pray for the Sovereign Pontiff more than we have hitherto done. Our common father is surrounded by trials; we must ask God to give him light and strength to do what in the designs of Providence will tend to the good of religion. We can come to the aid of the Pontiff also by our contributions, now more needed than ever. The subscriptions to the Peter's Pence should be larger than heretofore, and show the usurping government that our head is not a pensioner on their bounty. Finally, we can interfere by our sympathy, that will show the reprobation in which we hold the act of those who have despoiled the church of her legitimate possessions, and reduced to bondage him whom Pepin and Charlemagne and the voice of Christendom had constituted free of all earthly control, that he might without trammel attend to the interests of Jesus Christ on earth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Companions of My Solitude. By Arthur Helps. From the Seventh London Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

This is a very neat and elegant edition of a well-known and favorite book, first published, we think, in 1851. Its popularity in the reading world is sufficiently attested by the fact that this American reprint is from the seventh English edition.

Mr. Helps, at one time private secretary to the Queen, has spent a large portion of his life, if we are not mistaken, in official position. But he has at the same time, as is so common with persons engaged in politics or the civil service in England and so rare with the same class here, followed literary and scholarly pursuits, and given to the reading world several charming volumes of essays and one or two historical works of value.

The companions of his solitude are his thoughts and reflections on problems of social and political philosophy, which accompany him as he saunters, otherwise alone, in the woods and meadows around his country-seat.

These thoughts and reflections he has given us in an easy and unrestrained way, and in a style clear, direct, pleasant, and singularly free from affectation of any kind.

The subjects discussed are many and varied, though they are all connected by an association of ideas more or less natural. They are for the most part everyday matters constantly written and talked of; yet the reader not familiar with Mr. Helps need not on this account fear a repetition in this book of the dreary platitudes and diluted commonplaces of the "Country Parson," whose essays are on much the same class of subjects.

Mr. Helps discusses such subjects, for instance, as "Recreations" and "Small Anxieties" with original and striking thought, and although never profound, and at times perhaps a little prosy, he is never trivial or weak.

Under the name of the "Great Sin of Great Cities," Mr. Helps very delicately yet plainly and forcibly treats of that festering sore on the surface of our civilization which excites at the same time the disgust and the

pity of all earnest men who live at the centres of large populations.

In treating of this matter, the author shows throughout an earnest and kindly spirit, without any of that sickly sentimentality with which the discussion of it is often approached.

Mr. Helps, who is a member of the Anglican Church, discusses its condition at some length, and shows how far from satisfactory it is to many earnest Englishmen.

The following passages are interesting to Catholic readers, as showing how those customs and institutions of our Blessed Mother, which are our birthright, commend themselves, even in a merely human and social point of view, to thoughtful men without her pale:

"Now, of course, there are thousands of cases of this kind in which one feels that the poor child has slipped out of the notice and care of people who would have been but too glad to aid her. I dare say neither mother nor child ever went to any church or chapel; and in truth, let us be honest and confess that going to church in England is somewhat of an operation, especially to a poor ill-clad person. This system of pews and places, the want of openness of churches, the length of the service, resulting from the admixture of services, the air of over-cleanliness and respectability which besets the place, and the difficulty of getting out when you like, are sad hindrances to the poor, the ill-dressed, the sick, the timid, the fastidious, the wicked, and the uncultivated.

"And then there is nobody into whose ear the poor girl can pour her troubles, *except she comes as a beggar.* This will be said to be a leaning on my part to the confessional. I cannot help that; I must speak the truth that is in me."

. . . . . .

"The other day I was at Rouen; I went to see the grand old cathedral; the great western doors were thrown wide open right upon the market-place filled with flowers, and in the centre aisle a poor woman and her child were praying. I was only there a few minutes, and these two figures remain impressed upon my mind. It is surely very good that the poor should have some place free from the restraints, the interruptions, the familiarity, and the squalidness of home, where they may think a great thought, utter a lonely sigh, a fervent prayer, an inward wail. And the rich need the same thing too."

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF IRISH NAMES OF PLACES. By P. W. Joyce, A.M., M.R.I.A. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

It is a cheering sign of the healthful growth of public taste in Ireland to find, from time to time, the appearance from the national press of such books as this of Mr. Joyce, which, though but lately published, and treating of matters of local interest, has already reached a second edition, the first having found a rapid sale not only in Ireland, but in the sister kingdoms. The design of the work is to give in concise terms definitions of the original names of localities, historical personages, and public edifices, civil and religious, in Ireland; and to illustrate by careful reference to the best authorities on antiquities and philology the origin of the nomenclatures, and the legends, more or less authentic, associated with them. We can well believe the author when he states that "the work of collection, arrangement, and composition was to me a never-failing source of pleasure; it was often interrupted and resumed at intervals, and, if ever it involved labor, it was really and truly a labor of love;" for no desire of mere local fame or hope of pecuniary reward could have induced a gentleman of Mr. Joyce's standing to undertake and so thoroughly execute a work requiring the most minute research, and doubtless the expenditure of much valuable time in personally verifying on the spot descriptions which others have been satisfied to take on hearsay. The greatest difficulty with which those unacquainted with the Gaelic or Celtic language have to contend in reading Irish history is the peculiar

construction of the ancient names, twelve-thirteenths of which are of the original Celtic; for, though the founders of that language saw fit to have only sixteen letters in their alphabet, they displayed an evident weakness for the multiplication of syllables and the inordinate use of aspirates in such manner that the primary sound of many of their letters is either radically changed, according to their position in a word, or altogether rendered silent. Hence we are frequently frightened at the appearance in Irish literature of names containing ten, twelve, or more letters arranged, to us moderns, in the most unpronounceable manner, but which, in referring to Mr. Joyce's glossary, we find sounded much shorter and possessing a euphony quite natural to our ears. The historical and topographical allusions are in the main exact and correct; indeed, remarkably so, when we consider that the author has labored in a field altogether neglected by his predecessors; and his etymological derivations are not only sanctioned by the rules of such Gaelic grammars as we possess, but have been critically examined and approved by the ablest living Irish scholars. The book will be found interesting to every person of Irish birth or descent, as pointing out in detail the peculiarities of any locality with which he may be specially connected; but its principal value is that it constitutes a collection of useful facts within the easy reach of historical and archæological students of all countries. This also seems to have been Mr. Joyce's aim in its composition, for in addition to the glossary he has appended a very extensive and accurate index of names, by reference to which the reader can at once refer to any place or person mentioned in the text.

Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By Ch. Fred. Hartt, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

Brazil presents a tolerably fresh field for scientific explorers, and all such, if able and well informed, may hope to find there a good deal that is new and important. The abundant results obtained by Professor Agassiz are still fresh in the minds of all. Professor Hartt was also on the well-known Thayer expedition, and the present volume is the result of observations made on this and a subsequent journey undertaken on his own account. It is arranged according to the provinces of the empire, many valuable facts being recorded regarding each in the two departments of science specified in the Bible, and in others also occasionally; mingled with a sufficient amount of less technical matter to make the book very readable by the unprofessional. Some of the scientific portion is also of general interest, such as that relating to gold and diamonds, and also the question as to the origin of the drift or boulder formation found in Brazil as in our own country. Professor Agassiz ascribes it, as well as the similar stratum here and in Europe, partly to the action of glaciers, and believes that there are certain signs of such action even on or very near the equator—a view certainly calculated to enlarge our ideas of the cold of the glacial period. The author also adheres to this opinion; but some other geologists account for the Brazilian drift entirely by the decomposition of rock formations, to which part of it is manifestly owing, as is granted by all. Also the probable age of the bone caverns of the Rio das Velhas, of which an account is given, is a question of importance, but one which, like that of the similar caves in Europe, cannot yet be considered as settled; and the origin of the "turba" deposits is as yet another interesting mystery. This material, found near the shore of the bay of Camamú, yields from seventy-five to a hundred gallons of oil to the ton, and appears, according to Professor Hartt, to be a bituminous mud; it is very light, and takes fire and burns readily, leaving an ash of the original

shape and size. Its contents indicate that it has not been deposited under water. In addition, we have only space to mention the chapter on the corals of the Abrolhos as specially attractive to the general reader. A curious fact is mentioned here among others. It appears that there is a little islet near Santa Barbara, called "O Cemeterio" or the cemetery, to which, according to the statement of the people of the neighborhood, the frigate-birds resort on the approach of death. The author visited the spot, and found the remains of hundreds of them, some freshly dead. He saw none anywhere else. By the way, it would seem not impossible that such unaccountable habits of animals may have something to do with the accumulations of bones in the caverns above-mentioned.

Professor Hartt is evidently not only a student but an admirer of nature. In proof of this, it will only be necessary to quote part of his description of Rio and vicinity as seen from the Corcovado Mountains:

"He who can lean over the parapet that crowns the Corcovado, and look down more than 2,000 feet on the temple of palms of the Botanical Garden, and on the silent Lagôa de Freitas—another sky in whose blue depths sail soft fleecy clouds—who can gaze on the proud encircling peaks, green with an everlasting spring, and shivering with silvery reflections from the Cecropias—who can look out over the island and sail-dotted sea, and the surges creeping up on the long, curving sea-beaches, and then over the bay, with the city fringing widely its sweeping curves, the sea of hills beyond, the majestic Serra dos Orgãos heaving its great back in the exquisite blue distance, far above the level line of the clouds, its great minarets sharply defined against the purple ether—and can intelligently take into consideration all the geological, climatic, and other natural laws which have determined the elements of beauty and usefulness in the scene, and not have his whole soul moved within him in homage to the Artist whose hand has moulded continents, carved out their lineaments, spread over them their mantle of vegetation, and peopled them with living forms, has not gone beyond the alphabet and grammar of his science, and has no idea of the literature of Nature."

The forests of Brazil are usually imagined as abounding with animal life. Professor Hartt says:

"It is a very mistaken idea, carefully spread abroad by our geographies and popular works and pictures, that one may everywhere expect to see in the Brazilian forests great boas wreathed around the trees, and all manner of birds and beasts in profusion. I have ridden day after day through the virgin forest without seeing or hearing anything worth shooting, and nothing more dangerous than a wasp!"

Numerous illustrations and maps are interspersed, and an appendix is given on the subject of the Botocudo Indians.

LIFE OF THE CURE D'ARS. From the French of Abbé Monnin. With introduction by Archbishop Manning. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1870.

The Catholic public in this country are under obligations to Messrs. Kelly & Piet for this beautiful work. Both style and type are excellent; and when we come to the contents, we are sure there can be only one opinion of them. The Curé of Ars was the most extraordinary man, in respect of supernatural gifts and graces, that has appeared since the so-called Reformation. And his life is a fact to which we specially invite the attention of Protestants. It was one continuous miracle, and furnishes irrefragable proof that the tree which bore such fruit must not only be uncorrupt, but the same unfailing source of all truth and holiness as she was in the apostolic age. The Curé of Ars was a refutation of Protestantism from the hand of God himself.

NEDERLAND AAN PIUS DEN REGENDE. Op den XI. April, 1869. Door J. W. Brouwers, Roomsch-Katholiek Priester; Ridder der Orde van de Eikenkroon, enz., Amsterdam: C. L. Van Langenhuysen. 1870.

THE NETHERLANDS TO PIUS, REIGNING PONTIFF. For the 11th of April, 1869. By J. W. Brouwers, Roman Catholic Priest; Knight of the Order of the Oaken Crown, etc.

The Abbé Brouwers is one of the most active and eloquent priests of Holland, of whom we have formerly made honorable mention in our account of the last Congress of Malines. We are indebted to him for this volume, which is an album containing poems addressed to Pius IX. on the occasion of his Jubilee, in the Dutch, French, German, English, and Latin languages. It was presented by the Bishops of Holland and a deputation of clergymen and laymen, with a magnificent copy of the works of Vondel, the great Dutch poet, and a large offering of money and valuables, to his Holiness, on the joyful occasion of his celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass. The volume also contains a list of the names of the Pontifical Zouaves from Holland, with notices of several who distinguished themselves in battle and fell in the service of the Holy See. It is a monument of the piety and devotion toward the Holy See for which the Catholics of Holland are so highly distinguished. Among the poems there are two from America, one by Father Van den Hagen, of Louisville, and the other by Father Van Laar, of Willimantic, Conn.

GREGORIAN CHANTS FOR THE MASS, according to the Eight Tones, harmonized for the organ, and arranged for unison or part singing. By Edward Fagan. Nos. 1 to 5. London: Burns, Oates & Co.

Any work which aims at the restoration of the chant of holy Gregory in the divine offices of the sanctuary, where it holds the right of place both by church authority, ecclesiastical tradition, and the moral fitness of things, has our entire sympathy.

Our English friends are far ahead of us in this matter, and are lending a strong hand to their Catholic brethren on the Continent, who have of late years pleaded so eloquently the cause of true church music, and so vigorously labored to repel from the temple of God the encroachments of music which, in style of composition and manner of execution, is the music of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

In the republication of those portions known as the Ordinarium Missæ, consisting of the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, Mr. Fagan has not followed the order generally laid down in the Gradual, where they are found disposed according to the dignity of the festival, but has selected Masses from various sources, composed in the different modes of plain chant, and published them as "Missa Primi Toni," "Secundi Toni," etc., without giving any indication of the special fitness of each to the season or festival, which appears to us to be a little like an edition of the chants for the Preface or the Benedicamus designated as number one or number six. Twice he has also adopted, for the convenience of ordinary players and singers, the system of modern notation. Why not have given them as well some of the signs of expression commonly used in music to direct the movement of the melody? We are sure that such instruction would not be thrown away upon the majority of those into whose hands these publications may come. The harmonies are about as good as any that have been written, but we think a practical system of accompaniment to the plain chant, whether by voices or instrument, has yet to be discovered. In the meantime, we commend this work of Mr. Fagan to all who are interested in the

study or execution of the sweet and noble song of the church.

CHRISTIAN HEART-SONGS. A Collection of Solos, Quartets, and Choruses. By John Zundel. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

We have never found much to admire in Protestant hymns, the vein of religious thought running through them being either purely sentimental or lachrymose, with expressions of the dogma of total depravity. We do not wonder, therefore, at the poverty of musical ideas which, for the most part, characterizes the tunes adapted to the rhymes. We cannot say that the accomplished organist of Mr. Beecher's church has made any real improvement on the old *Carmina Sacra* and such like collections by his well-meant attempt to introduce a style of melody more showy in combination and expressive in its rhythm. It is a vain task to galvanize a work possessing so little life in the intellect of the nineteenth century as a "collection" of Protestant hymns.

The spirit of Mr. Zundel's preface to his work we like. Its concluding words we transcribe as a subject for meditation by our Catholic organists and choir directors:

"Unless the tunes are rightly interpreted and sung in the spirit that conceived them, the best purpose of the work—true musical worship, impressive edification—will be lost. How shall this spirit be obtained? Just in the same way we try to obtain other graces. Watch and pray for it; get Christian organists and leaders; put no profane people, good singers as they may be, into your choirs; and then, why not pray for your church music while you are praying for your pastors, deacons, Sunday-schools, etc.? I hold that choirs are worth praying for; I know they need praying for; and I trust none will say they are past praying for."

THE LAKE SHORE SERIES.—BEAR AND FORBEAR; OR, THE YOUNG SKIPPER OF LAKE UCAYGA. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," "The Woodville Stories," "The Boat-Club Stories," "The Starry Flag Stories," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham, 49 Greene St. 1871.

Oliver Optic's books are always great favorites with the young people. This is quite as interesting as the rest of the series.

LIFE AND ALONE. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A strange, unnatural story, yet showing talent. The author calls one of the characters in the story a Catholic priest, It would be difficult for those who have met and known Catholic priests to find any points of resemblance. To use the language of the writer, "Words and imagery are here put down which might have adorned a more noble theme—at least, conveyed a better moral lesson."

THE STUDENT'S MYTHOLOGY. A Compendium of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Hindoo, Chinese, Thibetian, Scandinavian, Celtic, Aztec, and Peruvian Mythologies. By C. A. White. New York: W. J. Widdleton, Publisher.

We have carefully examined this excellent work, and desire to call the attention of directors of Catholic schools to its merits. Text-books of mythology abound; but the one before us, for reasons that will be readily appreciated by any teacher who will take the pains to examine it, is, above all others now before the public, the one best adapted to the use of Catholic youth to whom we wish to teach mythology without communicating the taint of pagan or oriental corruption. The work is peculiarly suited to the use of female academies.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. By Theodore Mommsen. Vol. IV. New York: Scribner & Co.

This volume completes a history of the Roman republic which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best that has ever appeared. Indeed, it has met with the highest praises on all sides.

THE RIVERS OF DAMASCUS AND JORDAN. London: Burns, Oates & Co. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, New York.

A controversial work, which has the merit of putting old arguments in a new and entertaining garb. It cannot fail to do great good among Protestants capable of conviction.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE. A Compilation of Choice Religious Hymns and Poems, by the Editor of *Chimes for Childhood*, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The purpose of the editor of this elegant little volume has been to furnish subject-matter for quiet meditative reading, which would suggest to the soul aspirations after God and heaven, and resignation to the divine will. The selection has been made with exceedingly good judgment and a highly cultivated taste.

WONDERS OF ACOUSTICS; or, The Phenomena of Sound. From the French of Rodolphe Radan. The English revised by Robert Ball, M.A. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

This is another volume of that excellent series, "The Library of Wonders," and is in every way as interesting as its predecessors.

LETTERS EVERYWHERE. Stories and Rhymes for Children. With twenty-eight Illustrations. By Theophile Schuler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1870.

A beautiful book, printed on superfine paper, and beautifully illustrated, each illustration so ingeniously drawn as to represent a letter of the alphabet.

Messrs. JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, announce as in press *Memoirs of a Guardian Angel*, translated from the French of M. L'Abbé Chardon. This work was translated in Rome, during the Council, at the urgent request of one of the most zealous of the prelates, and with full consent of the author. The same firm announces *The Holy Communion, it is my Life; or, Strains of Love of the Fervent Soul whose Happiness is Constituted by Holy Communion.*" The Messrs. Murphy will also publish two plays adapted for young ladies.

Mr. P. DONAHOE, Boston, announces as in press *Jesus in Jerusalem; or, The Way Home.* The first volume of a series of books for spiritual reading. By Sister Mary Frances Clare, of Kenmare, Ireland, author of *Life of St. Patrick*, *Illustrated History of Ireland*, etc. *The History of Kerry, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day*, by the same author. *A Life of Pius IX.*, from the most authentic and reliable sources. *Forewarnings:* Prophecies on the Church and Revolution, Anti-Christ, and the Last Times. *The Catechism Illustrated.* A book for Sunday-schools and the family.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From CHARLES DOUNIOL, Libraire Editeur, Rue de Tournon, 29, Paris: Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne au Japon depuis 1598 jusqu'à 1651. Comprenant les faits relatifs aux deux cent cinq martyrs béatifiés le 7 Juillet, 1867. Par Léon Pagés.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York: The Theology of Christ, from his own words. By Joseph P. Thompson.—The Early Years of Christianity. By E. de Pressensé, author of "Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work." Translated by Annie Harwood.—The Apostolic Era.

Concilii Provincialis Baltimorensis X. In Metropolitana Baltimorensi Ecclesia Dominica quarta post Pascha, quæ festa S. Marci Evangelistæ incidit, A. R. S., 1869, inchoati, et insequenti Dominica Absoluti, Acta et Decreta. Præside Illmo. ac Revmo. Martino Joanne Spalding, Archiepiscopo Baltimorensi. Typis Joannis Murphy. Summi Pontificis et Archiepiscopi Baltimorensis Typographi. Baltimoræ. 1870.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York. Transmitted to the Legislature February 26, 1870. Albany: The Argus Company, Printers. 1870.

Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Board of Education of the City and County of New York, for the year ending 31st December, 1869. New York: Printed by the New York Printing Company, 81, 83, and 85 Centre street. 1870.

Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Providence, June, 1870. Providence: Hammond, Angell & Co., Printers to the City. 1870.

From PATRICK DONAHOE, Boston: Dick Massey; A Tale of the Irish Victims. By T. O'Niel Russell.

From PETER F. CUNNINGHAM, Philadelphia: Leandro: or, The Sign of the Cross. A Catholic Tale.

From KELLEY, PIET & Co., Baltimore: The Life of Madame Louise de France, daughter of Louis XV.; known as Mother Teresa.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston: Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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BEECHERISM AND ITS TENDENCIES.*

It was said by somebody of *Ecce Homo*, an anonymous book which made some noise a few years ago, that it must have been written either by a man rising from rationalism to faith, or by a man falling from faith to rationalism. But, though it requires a nice eye to distinguish the twilight of the coming from that of the parting day, we hazard little in treating the twilight of these volumes as the evening not the morning crepuscule, and in regarding the Beechers as deepening into the darkness of unbelief, not as opening into the light of faith. We must, therefore, as our rule, interpret in all doubtful cases their language in a rationalistic or naturalistic sense, and not in a Christian sense.

Mr. Thomas K. Beecher, who is more frank and outspoken than his cunninger, more cautious, and more timid brother, after recognizing what he regards as the distinctive excellences of each of "Our Seven Churches"—that is, the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Protestant Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal, the Baptist, the Congregational, and the Liberal Christian—tells us very plainly that, abstractly considered, all churches are equally good or equally bad, and that the best church for a man is that in which he feels most at his ease, or which best satisfies him, or suits his peculiar constitution and temperament. "When thus he has tried all churches within his reach," he says, "then let him come back to any one that may *seem* best for him, and ask for the lowest place among its members. As he enters and is enrolled, let him say to every one that asks: I cannot tell whether this is the best church in the world, still less whether it is the true church. Of one thing only am I certain, it is the best church *for me*. In it I am as contented as a partly sanctified man can be this side of

* 1. *The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church.* From verbatim reports by T. J. Ellinwood. First, Second, and Third Series, from September, 1869, to March, 1870. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1870. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. *Our Seven Churches.* By Thomas K. Beecher. The same. 1870. 16mo, pp. 167.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

the general assembly of the first-born in heaven" (*Our Seven Churches*, p. 142).

Yet this same writer had (p. 8) pronounced the doctrine and ritual of the Catholic Church throughout the world excellent, and had especially commended her (pp. 9, 10) for her exclusiveness or denial of the pretensions of all other churches, and for maintaining that there is no salvation out of her communion! This Beecher can swallow any number of contradictions without making a wry face; for he seems to hold that whatever *seems* to a man to be true is true for him, and that it matters not however false it may be if he esteemeth it true and is contented with it. For him, *seeming* is as good as *being*. Poor man, he seems never to have heard, at least never to have heeded, what the Scripture saith, that "There is a way that seemeth to a man just, but the ends thereof lead to death" (Prov. xiv. 12). The fact probably is that he believes in nothing, unless perchance himself, and looks upon truth as a mere *seeming*, a pure illusion of the senses or the imagination, or as a purely subjective conviction without objective reality.

It perhaps would not be fair to judge brother Henry by the utterances of brother Tom, but the Beecher family are singularly united, and all seem to regard brother Henry as their chief. No one of the family, unless it be Edward, the eldest brother, is very likely to put forth any views decidedly different from his, or which he decidedly disapproves. They all move in the same direction, though some of them may lag behind him while others may be in advance of him.

Although we have no difficulty in ascertaining for ourselves what Mr. Ward Beecher holds, so far as he holds anything, yet we do not find it always easy to adduce decisive proofs that we rightly understand him. His language, apparently plain and direct, is singularly indefinite; his statements are seldom clear and certain, and have a marvellous elasticity, and may at need be stretched so as to take in the highest and broadest Protestant orthodoxy, or contracted so as to exclude everything but the most narrow, meagre, and shallow rationalism. They are an india-rubber band. You see clearly enough what he is driving at, but you cannot catch and hold him. His statements are so supple or so elastic that he can give them any meaning that may suit the exigencies of the moment. This comes, we presume, not from calculation or design, but from his loose manner of thinking, and from his total want of fixed and definite principles. His mind is uncertain, impetuous, and confused.

Beecherism, as we understand it, errs chiefly not in asserting what is absolutely false, but in mistiming or misapplying the truth, and in presenting a particular aspect of truth for the whole truth. Its leading thought is, as Freeman Clarke's, that Christianity is a life to be lived, not a doctrine or creed to be believed; and being a life, it cannot be drawn out and presented in distinct and definite statements for the understanding. One is a Christian not because he believes this or that doctrine, but because he has come into personal relations or sympathy with Christ, and lives his life. Its error is in what it denies, not in what it asserts, and its chief defect is in not telling who Christ is, what it is to come into personal relations with him, what is the way or means of coming into such relations, and in discarding or making no account of the activity of the intellect or understanding in

living the Christian life. Undoubtedly Christianity is a life to be lived, and we live it only by coming into intimate relations individually with Christ himself, as the church holds, only by being literally joined to him, born of him by the Holy Ghost, and living his life in the regeneration, as in natural generation we are born of and live the life of Adam. But Beecherism means not this, and, in fact, has no conception of it. It simply means that we must be personally in sympathy with Christ, and act from the stimulus of such sympathy. But this is no more than the boldest rationalism might say, for it implies no higher life than our Adamic life itself.

If by doctrine is meant only a view, theory, or "a philosophy" of truth, which is all that Beecherism can hold it to be, we agree that Christianity is not a doctrine to be believed; but the creed is not a view or theory of truth, but the truth itself. In believing it, it is the truth itself, not a view or theory of truth, that we believe. Christ is the truth, as well as the way and the life, and he must be received by faith as well as by love; for we not only cannot love what we do not intellectually apprehend, but Christ is supernatural, and can be apprehended only by faith and not by science. Christ is the Word—the Logos—made flesh, and his life must then be primarily the life of intelligence, and therefore we can enter upon it only by faith. Christianity is a religion for the intellect, whose object is truth, as well as a religion for the heart, or our appetitive nature, whose object is good. Beecherism overlooks this fact, and places Christianity, religion, in love. Love, it says—and says truly, when by love is meant the supernatural virtue of charity, *caritas*—is the end or perfection of the law; but it forgets that the understanding must precede the love and present the object, or nothing is loved. What Beecherism calls love is simply a subjective want, a blind craving of the soul for what it has not and knows not. Even Plato, high as is the rank which he assigns to love or our appetitive nature, as St. Thomas calls it, does not hold that love alone suffices. According to him, it is only on the two wings, intelligence and love, that the soul soars to the Empyrean, to "the First Good and the First Fair."

There is no love without science, and the science must always precede the love and present its object. Our Lord even includes love in the science or knowledge, for he says, in addressing his Father, "This is everlasting life, that they may *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (St. John xvii. 3). All through the New Testament love is connected with knowledge or faith, and the knowledge of the truth is connected with salvation. "The truth shall make you free," "*Veritas liberabit vos*," says St. John. "God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth," says St. Paul, who also says to the Corinthians, "Brethren, do not become children in understanding, albeit in malice be children, but in understanding be perfect," or "be men" (1 Cor. xiv. 20).

It is the grave fault of Protestantism itself, especially in our times, that it makes little or no account of intelligence. It is essentially unintellectual, illogical, and irrational, and its tendency is to place religion almost entirely in the emotions, sentiments, and affections, which are in themselves blind and worthless, are even worse, if not enlightened and restrained by truth intellectually apprehended by faith. When not so enlightened and restrained, they become

fanaticism. Beecherism is even more unintellectual than the Protestantism of the Reformers themselves. It divorces our sympathetic nature from our intellectual nature, and would fain persuade us that it is our higher nature. This is bad psychology, and to its prevalence is due the incapacity of Protestants to apprehend the higher and profounder truths of the spiritual order. The affections are either affections of the sensitive soul or affections of the rational soul. If affections of the rational soul, they are rational in their origin and principle, and impossible without intelligence. If affections of the sensitive soul, they have no moral or religious character, though they incline to sin; but are, when they escape the control of reason, that very "flesh," or concupiscence, the Christian struggles against. Beecherism, in reality, makes the flesh our higher nature, and requires us to walk after the flesh, not after the spirit, as do and must all systems that place religion in sympathy or love without intelligence. All the affections of our nature not enlightened by intelligence and informed by reason or faith are affections not of our higher but of our lower nature, and when strong or dominant become destructive passions.

Beecherism, in rejecting intelligence or in making light of all dogmatic Christianity or objective faith, and substituting a purely subjective faith, only follows the inevitable tendency of all Protestantism emancipated from the civil power; for Protestantism recognizes no authority competent to enjoin dogmas, or to present or define the object of faith. It can give for a creed only opinions. It could not, in abandoning the church, if left to itself, avoid in its free development eliminating from Christianity the entire creed, all dogmas, doctrines, or statements, which are credible only when made on an infallible authority, which no Protestants have or can have. Protestantism is, therefore, in its developments obliged either to become open, undisguised infidelity, or to resolve Christianity into a purely subjective religion—a religion consisting in and depending solely on our interior emotional, sentimental, or affectional nature, and incapable of intellectual or objective statement, and needing none. The tendency of all Protestantism must always be either to religious indifferentism or to religious fanaticism.

We do not find from the sermons before us that Beecherism, which is a new but not improved edition of Bushnellism endorsed by Mr. T. K. Beecher, explicitly denies the Christian mysteries; neither do we find that it explicitly recognizes them; while it is not doubtful that the whole current of its thought excludes them. What are its views of God, and especially of the person and nature of our Lord, we are not distinctly told, but evidently it has no conception of the tri-personality of the one Divine Being, the personality of the Holy Ghost, or the two for ever distinct natures, the human and the divine, hypostatically united in the one divine person of Christ. As far as we can ascertain, it recognizes no distinction of person and nature, and is unaware of the fact that the Word, who is God, took to himself, in the Incarnation, human nature, and made it as really and as truly his own nature, without its ceasing to be human nature, as my human nature joined to my personality is my nature. It would seem to hold that Christ is God or the divine nature clothed with a human body without a human soul, or, rather, that Christ is God humanly represented or personated.

In a sermon on the "Consolations

of the Sufferings of Christ," Mr. Ward Beecher seems to regard Christ, who was tempted and suffered in his divine nature, yet without sin, in all points as we are tempted and suffer, as suffering in his divine nature, and from that fact he argues that his sufferings were absolutely infinite. But he asks:

"Can a Divine Being suffer? I should rather put the question, Can one be a Divine Being in such a world and over such a world as this, and not suffer? If we carve in our imagination a perfect God, with the idea that perfectness must be that which is relative to himself alone, that he must be perfect to himself in intelligence, perfect to himself in moral character, perfect to himself in beauty, and in transcendent elevation above all those vicissitudes and troubles which arise from imperfection—if thus we make our God, and in no way *give him roots in humanity*, in no way lead him to have sympathy with infirmity, then we have not a perfect God. We have a carved selfishness embellished. We have a being that cannot be Father to any thought that springs from the human heart. . . .

"A God that cannot suffer, and suffer in his *Godship nature*, can scarcely be presented to the human soul, in all its weaknesses and trials and wants, so that *it* shall be acceptable. We need a suffering God. It was the *very ministration of Christ to develop that side of the Divine Being*—the susceptibility of God to suffer through sympathy, as the instrument and channel of benevolence by which to rescue them that suffer through sin" (*Third Series*, p. 38).

We had supposed that man has his roots in God, not God his roots in man, and that the ministration of Christ was to redeem, elevate, and perfect man, not to develop and perfect or fulfil the Divine Being; but we had done so without consulting the Beechers. If the Divine Being on any side needs, ever needed, or ever could need, to be developed, the Divine Being is not eternally perfect, is not perfect being in itself, or being in its plenitude; consequently, God is not eternally self-existent, independent, self-sufficing being, as theologians maintain, and therefore is not God, or, in other words, there is no God; and then nothing is or can be. We must in our charity suppose the preacher either says he knows not what, or that he does not mean what he says. It is not our business to rede the Beecher riddles; but probably, if it was, Bushnellism might help us. Dr. Bushnell, with a slight tincture of Swedenborgianism, regards Christ not precisely as God or man, but as a scenic display, as the representation or personation under a human form and human relations to our senses, feelings, sympathies, and imagination, of what the Divine Being really is, not in himself, but in regard to man. But this, though it might explain, would not save Beecherism from the charge of making Christ an anthropomorphous representation of God, not God himself, or the Word made flesh; nor from that of maintaining that God is passible in his divine nature, "his Godship nature." The Word or Son is indeed the express image of God and the brightness of his glory, yet in the divine not the human form; for the Word is God, and eternally, and it is only as made flesh that he has a human form and human relations; but in this sense he is man, not a representation of God humanly related. No man who believes in the tri-personality of the Divine Being, or in the hypostatic union of the two natures in the one Divine Person of the Word, could ever use the expressions we have quoted, or regard Christ as a scenic representation or personation of the Divine Being.

Beecherism undeniably anthropomorphizes God, and regards him, as does Swedenborg, as the great or perfect Man, or as man carried up to infi-

nity. It supposes the attributes of God are the attributes of man infinitely magnified. This is what it means, we suppose, by saying God has his "roots in humanity." Being man infinitely developed and perfected, God knows and loves us by sympathy, and is able to share our joys and sorrows, and suffer in all the vicissitudes and troubles which spring from our imperfections, for he has in himself, in its infinitude, all that we have or experience in ourselves. This supposes that God is made in the image and likeness of man, not man in the image and likeness of God. The type and principle of man are indeed in God, and his works copy his divine essence, but not he them. God cannot suffer in his divine nature, for all suffering arises from imperfection, and he is perfect being in its plenitude; therefore impassible, and necessarily, from the fulness of his own nature, eternally and infinitely blessed. He knows not us from his likeness to us, nor from an experience like ours, but in himself, from his own perfect knowledge of himself, in whose essence is our type and principle, and whose own act is the cause of all we are, can do, or become. He knows us not by sympathy with us, for he is the adequate object of his own intelligence, and cannot depend on his creatures, or anything out of himself, for any knowledge or perfection whatever. He knows and feels all we do or suffer in himself, in his own essence and act creating and sustaining us. He loves us in himself, and in the same act, because he has created us from his own superabounding goodness, and because we live and move and have our being in him, not because he feels with us, as Beecherism would have us believe. No attribute of the divine nature does or can depend for its exercise or perfection on us, or on anything exterior to or distinct from his own Divine Being. Yet as we are his creatures, sustained by his creative act, and as that act is the free act of infinite goodness or love—*caritas*—his love in that act surrounds, pervades, our entire existence in a manner infinitely more tender and touching to us, and effects in us and for us infinitely more than the closest and most sympathetic human love or kindness. We are held in the very arms of infinite love, live and breathe in infinite goodness, and we are nothing without it.

God is perfect being in himself; consequently, always the adequate object of his own activity, whether of intelligence or love, as we are taught in the mystery of the Trinity. It is in himself, in his own essence, in which is the type or principle of our existence, and whose decree or act is the cause of all we are, can be, do, or suffer, that he knows and loves us, has compassion on our infirmities, forgives us our sins, works out our salvation, and enables us to participate in his own beatitude, and, when glorified, even in his own divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4). His love is wonderful, and past finding out; it is too high, too broad, too tender, and its riches are too great for us to be able to comprehend it. To be able to comprehend it, we should need to be able to comprehend God himself, in his own infinite being; for his very being is love and goodness,—*Caritas est Deus*, as says the blessed apostle. No man knoweth the Father save the Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him. The error of Beecherism here, as well as of many other *isms*, is in assuming that the type of God and his attributes is in man, not the type of man in God, which anthropomorphizes the Divine Being.

Yet it is perfectly allowable to say that God suffers and is tempted in all

points as we are, though without sin, if we speak of Jesus Christ the Incarnate God. The Word or Son is God; the person of our Lord in the divine nature or being is strictly divine; and as it is always the person that acts or suffers, whatever Christ does or suffers, God does or suffers; for in Christ there is human nature, but no human person. But God cannot suffer in his divine nature, and hence, if our Lord had had only the one divine nature—which he always had and has in its fulness—he never could have suffered and died on the cross to redeem and save us. Beecherism, which regards Christ as the representation of the Divine Being under a human form and to our human sympathies and affections, denies the very possibility of his making any real atonement for man, for he has of his own no nature at all. He is not himself real being that suffers, but its representation or personation; and therefore his sufferings are representative, as the sufferings and death represented on the stage. Hence, it transfers to the Divine Being, to God in his divine nature, who cannot suffer, whatever suffering is represented in the person and life of our Lord. But our Lord is not a representative being, but the Divine Being himself, and he does not personate the divine nature—he is it. He does not in the Incarnation part with his divine nature, but takes human nature up into hypostatic or substantial union with his divine person. As the Divine Being is one divine nature, being, or essence, in three persons, so is Christ one divine person in two natures. Being at once perfect God and perfect man, and having a human as well as a divine nature, he could be tempted as we are, could sympathize with us, share our sorrows, bear our griefs, be obedient to his Father, suffer, even die on the cross for us; but in his human nature only, not in his divine nature. His sufferings could not be infinite in the sense Beecherism asserts; for the human nature even of God is finite; but his sufferings and obedience have an infinite value, because the sufferings and obedience of an infinite person.

Beecherism gives us no clear or satisfactory account of what our Lord is. All we can say is, that it does not treat his person as the Second Person of the Godhead nor as the Word made flesh; but holds him, as far as we can get at its thought, as a representative person, as Bushnellism does, representing or personating God or the Divine Being, as we have said more than once, under a human form and in human relations. But it not only eliminates the Word or Son from the Godhead; it eliminates, also, the Third Person, by denying with certain ancient heretics the personality of the Holy Ghost. In the sermon on "The Holy Spirit," we read:

> "The Divine Being is not merely a person, superlative, infinite, who sits enshrined and, as it were, hidden in the centre of his vast domain. We are taught that there is an effluence of spirit-power, and that the Holy Spirit pervades the universe. It is to the *personality* of God what the light and heat are to the sun itself. For, though the sun is in a definite sphere and position, and has its own globular mass, yet it is felt through myriads and myriads of leagues of space, and is therefore present by its effects and power. And *though God is not present* [*sic*] and heaven is the place where he dwells, yet the divine influence pervades the universe. [The divine influence wider than the Divine Being!] The mental power, the thought-power, the Spirit-power, impletes the rational universe" (*Third Series*, p. 87).

In this extract, personality and nature are not distinguished, and the personality of God is assumed to be one, as his being, nature, or essence

is one, which excludes both the Holy Ghost and the Son as persons from the Godhead. The Holy Ghost, instead of being represented as the Third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, is denied to be a person at all, and defined to be simply an effluence or influence of the one person of God; or to be to the personality of God what the light and heat of the sun are to the sun itself. An effluence, an emanation, or an influence is not a personal distinction in the Divine Being, and Mr. Beecher evidently does not so regard it; for he speaks of it as *it*, not as *him*, and makes it not the actor, but the effect of the person acting. Light and heat are not distinctions *in* the sun, as the Divine Persons are in the Divine Being; but are, in so far as not the sun itself, distinguishable *from* it, as the effect is distinguishable from the cause. The Divine Persons are distinguishable from one another, we grant, and we regard the Father as principle, the Son as medium, and the Holy Ghost as end; but they are distinctions in God, not *from* God; or distinctions in the Divine Being, not from it. Obviously, then, whatever else Beecherism may accept of the Christian faith, it does not accept the Mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity, but really denies it. The Beechers, perhaps, are not theologians enough to know it, but the denial of the Trinity is the denial of God as living God, by reducing the Divine Being, with the old Eleatics, to a dead and unproductive unity, as do also all Unitarians as distinguished from Trinitarians. He who denies the Trinity, if he knows what he does, denies God as much as does the avowed atheist. Unitarianism that excludes the tri-personality of God is really atheism, and the God it professes to recognize is only an abstraction.

It is also evident that Beecherism does not accept the mystery of the Incarnation, out of which grows the whole distinctively Christian order, without which man cannot fulfil his existence and attain the end or beatitude for which he is created. It is impossible to assert the Incarnation when the three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity are denied, for it supposes them and depends on them. Christ, according to Beecherism, is, as with Bushnellism and Swedenborgianism, not the Second Person or Word of God assuming human nature; but the manifestation, personation, or representation of the Divine Being under a human form and relations, which is simply no Incarnation at all. Rejecting or not accepting the Incarnation, Beecherism loses Jesus Christ himself, and with him the whole teleological order, which is founded by the Word made flesh, and without which creation cannot be fulfilled, and must remain for ever incipient or incomplete, and fail of its final cause; man must then for ever remain below his destiny, craving beatitude but never gaining it—the doom or hell of the reprobate.

Beecherism is far from having penetrated the depth of the Christian order, and understands little of the relations and reasons of the Christian dispensation. It sees nothing of the profound truths brought to light by the Christian faith. It sees no reason why St. Peter, speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, could say: "There is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). It conceives of no reason in the very order and nature of created things why it should be so. But how could man exist but by proceeding from God through the divine act creating him? and how could he fulfil his existence but by returning to God, without absorption in him, as

his final cause or supreme good? How could he return without the teleological order? or how could there be a teleological order without Christ, or the Word made flesh? Nothing is more shallow, more meagre, or more insignificant than the Beecher Christianity. It does well to depreciate the intellect, for there is nothing in it for the intellect to apprehend.

Nor less does Beecherism misapprehend and misrepresent the Christian doctrine of the new birth or regeneration. It attaches no meaning, as far as we have been able to perceive, to the palingenesia of which both our Lord and St. Paul speak. Our Lord says expressly (St. John iii. 3), "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Beecherism, in very properly rejecting the Methodistic process of "getting religion," and the Calvinistic process of "obtaining a hope," goes farther, and denies the necessity of regeneration itself, and seems to suppose man can return to God without a teleological order, or being born into the teleological life. It assumes that every one is born by natural generation on the plane of his destiny, and may by proper training and education fulfil his existence, and attain beatitude. Nothing more than the proper development and training of one's natural powers or faculties, it teaches, is necessary to make one an heir of the kingdom of God. This is the hobby of the feminine Beechers, and perhaps not less so of the masculine Beechers. But the full development and right training of our natural faculties do not raise us above the order of generation, and only enable us to attain at best a natural or a created beatitude, which is simply no beatitude at all for a rational existence; for it is finite, and nothing finite can satisfy the rational soul. The soul craves, hungers, and thirsts for an unbounded good, and demands an infinite beatitude, the only beatitude there is or can be for it.

But the only unbounded good, the only infinite beatitude, is God; for God alone is infinite. All that is not God is creature, and all that is creature is finite. God, then, is our final cause as well as our first cause. We proceed from God through creation developed by generation, and we return to him through regeneration by grace as our supreme good. Yet God, alike as our first cause and as our last end, is supernatural, above nature, above everything created. The natural, that is, the creature, cannot in the nature of things be the medium of the supernatural. We must then have a supernatural medium of return to God as our last end or beatitude, or not return at all, but remain for ever below our destiny, and for ever suffer the misery of an unfulfilled existence. Faith teaches us that this medium is the man Christ Jesus, or the Word made flesh, the only mediator of God and men. Christianity is simply Christ himself, and the means he institutes or provides through the Holy Ghost to enable us to rise to him, live his life, and return to God, our supreme good, who is our supreme good because he is the supreme good itself, and the only real good.

Christ cannot be our medium except as we are united to him and live his life. Live his life we cannot unless united to him, and united to him we cannot be unless born of him in the order of regeneration, as we are born of Adam in the order of generation. Hence our Lord says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." We can no more live the teleological life of Christ without being born of him, than we can the initial Adamic life without being born of Adam. As

we had no faculties by the exercise of which we could attain to birth of Adam into the order of generation, so by no exercise or development of our natural powers can we be born of Christ in the order of regeneration. Or, as we could not generate ourselves, neither can we regenerate ourselves. We can of ourselves alone no more enter the teleological order than we could the initial order. This entrance into the teleological order St. Paul calls even a "new creation," and the one who has entered "a new creature," and we need not say that one cannot become a new creation or a new creature by development, education, or training.

Now, whatever Beecherism may pretend, it recognizes no new birth at all. It is necessary, it concedes, that the soul should come into personal relations with Jesus Christ, and that we should live his life, but we grow into his life and live his life by love; and to be in personal relations with him means only to be in sympathy with him. Just begin to love Christ, it says, and then you will learn what his life is, and will love him more and more, and grow more and more into sympathy with him. But one might as well say to the child not yet born, or conceived even, "Just begin to live the life of Adam, and then you will be able by continued effort and perseverance to grow to be a man," as to say to a man not born of Christ through the Holy Ghost, "Just begin to live the life of Christ, and you will be able to live it," or, "Just enter the teleological order, or kingdom of heaven, and you will be in it." *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* Once get into sympathy with Christ, and you are—in sympathy with him. All very true; but how take that first step? How *begin* to live without being born? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Beecherism must require one to act before being born, or else it must deny the teleological or Christian order altogether.

Since it professes to be Christian, Beecherism cannot well overlook the action of the Holy Ghost in the Christian life; but it does not, through any action of the Holy Spirit which it recognizes, get the new birth or regeneration. The Holy Ghost, we have seen, it resolves into a divine effluence, or the spirit-power of God, not a personal distinction in God, and this effluence only stimulates or excites our natural life.

"This divine and universal effluence," it says, "is the peculiar element in which the soul is destined to live, and find its inspiration and its true food. For although we find man first in this world, and he receives his first food here, because he begins at a low point, yet as he develops and goes up step by step, higher faculties, requiring a higher kind of stimulus or food, are developed; and he reaches manhood at that point in which he begins to act from the influences that are divine and spiritual, and that flow directly from God. Up to that point he lives as an animal, and beyond that point as a man.

"This divine Spirit, or, if I may so say, the diffusive mind of God, which pervades all the realms of intelligent beings, and which is the atmosphere the soul is to breathe, the medium of its light, the stimulus of its life, acts in the first place as a *general excitement.* It develops the whole nature of a man, by rousing it to life. We are familiar with the gradations of this excitement."

These gradations are: 1, *Nervous* excitement, produced by physical *stimuli;* 2, *Mesmeric* excitement, produced by the action of men on one another; 3, *Æsthetic* excitement, which gives rise to genius, art, and philosophy; and, 4, The *highest* or *divine* excitement. After describing these several degrees of excitement, produced by the divine effluence, it proceeds to ask and answer the question—

"What is the result of this supernatural divine stimulus upon man's nature? It seems to act on the sensuous and physical nature only indirectly, by acting upon the higher life. It is, in general, an *awakening* of the faculties. It fires men. It develops their latent forces. We go all our life long with iron in the soil under our feet, and do not know that it is hidden there; and we go all our life long carrying gold in the mountains of our souls without knowing that it is there. We carry in us ranges of power that we know very little of.

"And the divine Spirit, in so far as *it* acts upon the human soul, or is permitted to awaken it, *develops* its latent forces. It carries forward a man's nature, opening in it, often, faculties which have been absolutely dormant. There are many men who have eyes that they have never opened, and that are capable of seeing truths which they never have seen. They are therefore called *blind*. And they begin to see only when the divine Spirit acts upon their souls; because there are certain faculties which will not act except when they are brought under the divine influence. Then it is that these faculties begin life, as it were" (*Third Series*, pp. 87–89).

Thus far it is certain that there is no new birth asserted; there is only an awakening into activity, under the stimulus of the divine effluence, of natural forces hitherto latent, or the higher faculties of the soul hitherto dormant, and which without it are not, perhaps cannot be, awakened, developed, or excited to act. This means that the soul rises to its higher life, or the exercise of its higher faculties, only under the influence of supernatural stimulants, but not that it is translated from the natural order of life into the supernatural. The divine stimulants only develop what is already in the soul. These divine influences create or infuse nothing into the soul; they only excite to activity what is latent or dormant in the soul, and therefore do not lift it into a higher order of life; and it is only the soul living in the supernatural order that can assimilate supernatural food or stimulants.

Yet Beecherism would seem, we confess, to go a little farther. It continues:

"It is, however, still beyond this that . . . the divine Spirit seems to act upon the human mind, by *imparting to it a fineness of susceptibility and moral sympathy*, by which the soul is brought into immediate conscious and personal communion with God, and from which the most illustrious events in man's history are deduced" (*ib.* p. 89).

But, since the Beechers are on the downward track, this must be taken as an effort to explain away, while seeming to retain, the mystery of regeneration. All that is imparted—better say, produced—is a finer sensibility and a higher moral sympathy; no new principle is imparted or infused into the soul that elevates it to the plane of the supernatural. It is only the highest degree of that general excitement, varying in degree, from the lowest point to the highest, which Beecherism defines the effect of the divine effluence on the soul to be. The true doctrine of the Holy Ghost, we are told on the same page, is "that it is the influence of the divine mind, of the whole being of God, as it were, sent down into the realm of rational creatures, hovering above them as a stimulating atmosphere, and food for the soul; and that when men *rise into* this atmosphere, which is the nature of God diffused in the world, they come to a higher condition of faculties." Yes, when they *rise* into it. Always the same difficulty of the first step. When men have risen into this stimulating atmosphere, they can breathe it; but how are they to rise into it? Begin to love God a little, and you will be stimulated to love him more and more, till you love him perfectly. No doubt of it. But how begin? The

atmosphere of God is hovering above us, and Beecherism not only requires us, but assumes that we are able of ourselves, without the infusion of new life, and even without the stimulating atmosphere itself, to lift ourselves up to it, and henceforth to live and breathe in it, and assimilate it as food for the soul.

The illustrations prove it. On the same page again, it is said of the men who have risen to this atmosphere, that "they find whereas their heart was like a tree in the far north, which, although it could blossom a little, could never ripen its fruit, because the summer is so short, now their heart is like that *same tree* carried down toward the equator, where it brings its fruit to ripeness." But here is implied only a change in the exterior conditions; the seminal principle, the principle of life and fecundity, was in the tree when in "the far north" not less than it was when "carried down toward the equator." Whatever "fineness of susceptibility and moral sympathy" the divine effluence in its action on the soul may impart, it certainly does not, on the Beecher theory, infuse into the soul or beget in it the principle of a new and higher life than our natural life, which is what is necessary in order to assert the new birth.

Beecherism is not, we presume, intentionally warring against the Christian mystery of regeneration, for it is not likely that it knows anything about it. What moves it is hostility to the Methodistic and Evangelical cant about "experiencing religion," "getting religion," "obtaining hope," "being hopefully converted," in a sort of moral cataclysm, prior to which all one's acts, even one's prayers and offerings, are sins, hateful to God. The Beechers, brought up in the Evangelical school, have become thoroughly disgusted with this feature of it, and have simply aimed to get rid of it, and to find a regular way by which the child can grow up as a Christian. Rejecting with all Protestants sacramental grace, infused virtues, and baptismal regeneration, they have had no alternative but either to accept the moral cataclysm produced by the immediate and irresistible inrushing of the Holy Ghost, as all Evangelicalism asserts, or else to maintain that our natural life, properly developed and directed, grows of itself into the true life of Christ, and suffices to secure our beatitude. They do well to reject the Evangelical doctrine of conversion, but, knowing no other alternative, they in doing so bring Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Christian or teleological order of life, and man's beatitude, down to the order of natural generation, lose the palingenesia, and of course everything distinctively Christian.

Dr. Bellows, a well-known Unitarian minister in this city, commenting not long since on a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, said it was "as good Unitarianism as he wanted," and we do not think that, in saying so, he wronged either Beecherism or Unitarianism. Certain it is that Beecherism rejects in substance, if not in so many words, the mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity or the tri-personality of God; the mystery of the Word made flesh, or the Incarnation; the mystery of redemption; the mystery of regeneration and of mediatorial or sacramental grace; and what more could any Unitarian ask of it? It would be easy to show that the Beechers make no account of the *gratia Christi*, and assign to Christ no office in man's redemption, salvation, or beatitude. The influence of the divine spirit that Beecherism asserts is supernatural only in the sense that the creative act of God producing us from

nothing is supernatural. It is the nature of God that pervades the world, and is only what theologians call the divine presence in all his works sustaining and developing them in the natural order, or the divine concurrence in every act of every one of them. It is supernatural, for God is supernatural, and all his acts and influences are supernatural, but creating no supernatural order of life. Nay, hardly so much as this; for we are told that God is not everywhere present, and his influence or effluence, being inseparable from himself, cannot be more universal than his being or extend beyond it; and hence there may, if Beecherism is right, be existences where God is not.

After this, it can hardly be necessary to descend to further details; for, if Christianity be anything more than the order of genesis, or pure naturalism, the Beechers have no Christian standing, even in simple human faith. They know nothing of mediatorial grace; and these sermons make as light of the sacrament of orders as their author, in the Astor House scandal, did of the sacrament of matrimony. The language of Scripture, however plain and express, has no authority for him. He admits that one has no authority to preach the Gospel unless he descends from the apostles, but holds that every one who is able to preach it with zeal and effect does descend from them. He has his orders and mission in the inward anointing of the Holy Ghost—in whom, by the way, he does not believe—although the Scripture teaches that it is through "the laying on of the hands of the presbytery" that one receives the power—that is, the Holy Ghost; and the mission is given in a regular way, through those already ordained and authorized by our Lord himself to confer jurisdiction. Ward Beecher goes on the principle that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," but if the pudding happens to be poisoned or unwholesome, the proof comes too late after the eating. Prudent persons would require some guarantee before eating that the pudding is not poisoned or unwholesome, but is what it is said to be. Ward Beecher is no doubt a very respectable cook in his way, but we have yet to learn that the Plymouth congregation receives much spiritual nutriment from his cooking.

It may be a question whether they who die in sin, or under the penalty of sin, are or are not doomed to a hell of literal fire; there also may be questions raised as to the degree or intensity of the sufferings of the damned, and perhaps as to the principle on which their sufferings are inflicted and are reconcilable with the infinite power and goodness of the Creator; but among intelligent believers in Christ as the mediator of God and man, and the founder and principle of the teleological order, there can be none as to the fact that the suffering is and must be everlasting. Every one capable of suffering must suffer as long as he remains unperfected and below his destiny. The damned, whatever else may be said of them, are those who have failed, through their own fault or that of their superiors, to fulfil their existence or attain their end, and thus are inchoate, incomplete, or unperfected existences, and therefore necessarily suffer all the miseries that spring from unsatisfied or unfulfilled nature. As at death men pass from the world of time to eternity, in which there is no succession and no change, the damned must necessarily remain for ever in the state in which they die, and, therefore, their suffering must be everlasting.

Yet Beecherism, without explicitly affirming universal salvation, decid-

edly doubts that the sufferings of the damned, if any damned there are, will be everlasting, as we may see in *The Minister's Wooing*, and in the *Defence of Lady Byron*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, as well as from a recent sermon by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, if correctly reported; although a more logical conclusion from its premises would be the everlasting misery of all men, for it makes no provision for their redemption and return through Christ the mediator to God as their final cause or beatitude. From some things we read, we infer that Beecherism inclines to spiritism, as it certainly does to mesmerism, which is only incipient or tentative spiritism, and it probably accepts in substance the doctrine of the spirits—the doctrine of devils? —that there is very little change in passing from this world to the next, which, like this, is a world of time and change, in which the development begun here may be continued, and the spirits rise or sink from circle to circle according to the progress they make or fail to make; but always free and able, if they choose, to better their condition, and enter higher and higher circles up to the highest. Lady Byron, who appears to have been a spiritist, and who regarded her husband, Lord Byron, as the most execrable of men, still expected, if we may believe Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to meet him in the spirit-world wholly purified, and a beatified saint, standing near the throne of the Highest! Great theologians and philosophers are the spirits.

Beecherism jumps astride every popular movement, or what appears to it likely to be a popular movement, of the day. It went in for abolition, negro suffrage, and negro eligibility, and now goes in for negro equality, in all the relations of society, female suffrage and eligibility, and reversing the laws of God, so as to make the woman the head of the man, not man the head of the woman. Henry Ward Beecher is at the head of the woman's rights movement, so earnestly defended by his lackey of the *Independent*. Beecherism goes in also for liberty of divorce, and virtually for polygamy and concubinage or free love, and free religion, while it retains enough of its original Calvinistic spirit to require the state to take charge of our private morals, and determine by statute what we may or may not eat, drink, or wear, when we may go to bed or get up; that is, it would clothe the magistrate with authority to enforce with civil pains and penalties whatever it may for the moment hold to be for the interest of private and social morals, and to prohibit in like manner whatever it holds to be against them to-day, though it may hold the contrary to-morrow. The Beecher tendency is to throw off all dogmatic faith; to reject or to make no account of the Christian mysteries; to remove all restraints on the emotions, affections, and passions; to place the essence of marriage not in the free consent of the contracting parties, but in the sentiment or passion of love, obligatory, and lawful even, only so long as the love lasts; to regard all authority as tyrannical that would restrain one from holding and uttering the most false, dangerous, and blasphemous theories; and at the same time, in the true Calvinistic spirit, to demand that the magistrate shall repress whatever it, in the exercise of its liberty, judges to be wrong, and enforce with the strong hand whatever it holds to-day to be enjoined by humanity, though directly contrary to what it held yesterday. It substitutes change for stability, passion for reason, opinion for faith, desire for

hope, philanthropy for charity, fanaticism for piety, humanity for God, and, in the end, demonism for humanity, since man, as he renounces God, inevitably comes under the power of Satan.

That Beecherism has reached this extreme point we do not allege, but we think we have shown that this is the point to which it tends. But the Beechers are a representative family, and represent the spirit and tendency of their age and country. The spirit of the age moves and agitates them, the current of the modern unchristian civilization flows through them, and their heart feels and responds to every vibration of the popular heart. "They are of the world, and the world heareth them," and sustains them, let them do what they will. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Byronics*, though assailed and refuted by the leading journals and periodicals of the Old World and the New, have not damaged her reputation, and she, perhaps, is more popular than ever. The world cannot spare its most faithful feminine representative. Henry Ward Beecher survives the Astor House scandal without loss of prestige, and proves that the dominant sentiment of the American people makes as light of the marriage bond as he did, and holds it is no more an offence against Christian morals for a man to marry another man's wife than he does. He only represented the popular sentiment respecting marriage and divorce. He in fact gained credit, instead of losing it, by an act which shocked every man and woman who believes that marriage is sacred and inviolable, and that what God has joined together no human authority can sunder. Henry Ward Beecher is probably the most popular preacher, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe is the most popular novelist, in the country.

The Beecher family, we grant, are a gifted family, but not more so than thousands of others. They have talent, but not genius, and are not above mediocrity in learning, science, taste, or refinement. The sermons before us are marked by a certain rough energy, or a certain degree of earnestness and directness, but they indicate a sad lack of theological erudition, of varied knowledge, breadth of view, and depth of thought. They rarely if ever rise above commonplace, never go beneath the surface, are loose, vague, indefinite in expression, unpolished, and not seldom even vulgar in style, and have only a stump-orator sort of eloquence. The Beecher popularity and influence cannot then be ascribed to the personal character or qualities of the Beecher family, and can be explained only by the fact that they are in harmony with the spirit of the Evangelical world and represent its dominant tendencies.

In the Beecher family, then, we may read the inevitable course and tendency of Evangelical Protestantism, whither it is going, and in what it must end at last. The Beechers never defend a decidedly unpopular cause; they are incapable of being martyrs to either lost or incipient causes; they never join a movement till they feel that it is destined to be popular; they were never known as abolitionists till it was clear that the success of abolition was only a question of time; and we should not see Henry Ward Beecher at the head of the woman's rights movement if he did not see or believe that it has sufficient vitality to succeed without him. Yet the Beechers are shrewd, and usually keep just a step in advance of the point the public has reached to-day, but which the signs of the times assure them the public will have reached to-morrow; so that they may always appear as public leaders, and gain the credit of having declared them-

selves, before success was known. We cannot, therefore, assume that the world they appear to lead is actually up to the point where they stand, but we may feel very certain that where they stand is where the world they represent will stand to-morrow. They are a day, but only a day, ahead of their world.

The Beechers are Protestants of the Calvinistic stamp, and Calvinism, Evangelically developed, is the only living form of Protestantism. All other forms had for their organic principle the external authority of princes, have borne their fruit, died, are dead, and should be buried; but Calvinism had for its organic principle the subjective nature of man, in the emotions, sentiments, and affections of the heart, and can change as they change, and live as long as they live. This is what the Abbé Martin has in his mind when he says, "Protestantism is imperishable." Calvinism can lose the support of the civil government, all objective faith, all distinctive doctrines, and still retain its identity, its vitality, and its power of development. Indeed, it has lost all that, and yet it survives in all its strength in what is called Evangelicalism, and which is confined to no particular sect, but comprehends or accepts all that is living in any or all the sects. It is the living, active, energizing Protestantism of the day; that which inspires all the grand philanthropic, moral and social reform, missionary, educational, and the thousand-and-one other enterprises in which the Protestant world engages with so much zeal, and for which it collects and spends so many millions annually; that holds world's conventions, forms alliances of sect with sect, and leagues with socialists, revolutionists, and avowed infidels to carry on its war to the death against the church of Christ and especially against his infallible vicar. Evangelicalism is bound to no creed, obliged to defend no doctrine, is sufficiently elastic to take in every heresy and to sympathize with any and every movement that is not a movement in the direction of the church of God. It is, to borrow a figure from St. Augustine, the proud and gorgeous city of the world set over against the city of God, and which it attacks by storm and siege with all the world's forces and all the world's engines of destruction. Whoso thinks it is not a formidable power, or that it can be easily vanquished, reckons without his host; only God is mightier than it, and only God can defeat it, and bring it to naught.

We do not say that Evangelicalism has yet advanced—or descended, rather—so far as to leave absolutely behind all objective doctrines; it still clings to a fading reminiscence of them, and chooses to express its subjective religion in the language of faith, to put its new wine into its old bottles, or, however the emotions, sentiments, affections, passions may change, to call them by a Christian name. In this, Beecherism humors its fancy, and lures it on in its downward career. Any one of the masculine Beechers is as little of a Christian as was Theodore Parker or Margaret Fuller, or as is Ralph Waldo Emerson or Ellingwood Abbot, John Weiss or O. B. Frothingham; but the Beecher holds from Evangelicalism, retains its spirit and much of its language, and, instead of breaking with it as the Unitarians did, he continues its legitimate development, and keeps up the family connection. He may keep just in advance of it, but he does not deviate from the line of its march. Unitarians are beginning to see their blunder, and are striving daily to repair it.

Beecherism is by no means the last word of Evangelicalism. It probably

does not itself understand that word, nor is it able to foretell what it will be. It represents the subjective or emotional side of Evangelicalism; but Evangelicalism holds from Calvinism, and Calvinism, along with its subjective principle, fully developed in the Beechers, asserts the theocratic principle—a true principle when not misapprehended or misapplied, or when represented and applied by the infallible church divinely commissioned to declare and apply the law of God, but a most dangerous, odious principle when applied by an unauthorized body, like the early Calvinists in Geneva, Scotland, and the New England colonies, as experience abundantly proves. As Calvinism develops and becomes Evangelicalism, humanity takes the place of God, and the theocratic principle becomes the anthropocratic principle, or the supremacy of humanity; and of course the absolute right of Evangelicals, philanthropists, the representatives, or those who claim to be the representatives, of humanity, to govern mankind in all things spiritual and temporal—in practice, of those who can best succeed in carrying the people with them, or, those vulgarly called demagogues. Evangelicalism is developing in a humanitarian direction, affects to be democratic, and is in reality nothing but Jacobinism, socialism, Mazzinianism, with a long face, clad in a pious robe, and speaking in deep, guttural tones.

But this is not all. The Calvinistic spirit is not changed any more than the identity of Calvinism is lost by the changes in our emotional nature, by the transformation of the theocratic principle into the anthropocratic. It is always and everywhere, in religion and politics, in society and the family, the spirit of despotism. At first it said: "I represent God; do as I bid you, or die in your rebellion against God." Now it says: "I represent humanity, and humanity is supreme; I am the people; the people are sovereign; their will is the supreme law; therefore, obey my will, or die as the enemies of humanity." Let Evangelicalism once become dominant in a republic, be the belief or spirit of the people, and it can easily and will establish the most odious civil and religious despotism, even while it imagines that it is laboring solely in the interests of humanity. It has cast off God and his law in the name of religion, reduced religion to the emotions, passions, and affections of human nature, in the name of piety. As every one of these is exclusive and despotic in its tendency, nothing is more simple than to cast off all liberty, justice, equity, in the name of God and humanity. All government holding from humanity or the people as its ultimate principle, is and must be intolerant and tyrannical with all the intolerance and despotism of human passions or sentiments. The only possible security for any kind of liberty is in the subjection of the people, collectively as well as individually—or man's emotional, affective, or passional nature—to the law of God, the very law of liberty, because the very law of justice and equality.

We may see what Evangelicalism would do by observing what Jacobinism did in France. There it was supreme for a time, and its government is known in history as the Reign of Terror. Its spirit was, "Stranger, embrace me as your brother, or I will kill you." We see what it would do if it had full sway in what it attempts everywhere in the way of political, social, and moral reform. When it sees what it regards as an evil, public or private, it seeks by denunciation and a fanatical agitation to bring public opinion to bear against it, and then to get the legislature to pass a statute

against it and suppress it by the strong arm of power. Whatever it would suppress, it seeks to make unpopular, and then to legislate it down. It appeals to public opinion, and popularity and unpopularity are its measure of right and wrong. It hates the church, and is doing all it can to form public opinion against her by decrying and calumniating her—to form a public opinion that will, in the very name of equality, deny her equal rights with the sects—and to enact laws for the suppression of the freedom of her discipline and of her worship as fast as it can be done prudently. We see it in the Evangelical hostility to our equal rights in the public schools, and its legislation on marriage and divorce. Its acts enforcing negro equality, to legislate men into temperance, etc., are all signs of what it would do if it could. It would not legislate against the same things now or under the same pretence that Calvin did in Geneva, or our Puritan fathers did in the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut, but it would legislate in the same spirit, and in a direction equally against all true liberty. It opposes the church because she opposes Jacobinism and exerts all her power in favor of stable government, wise and just laws; and it encourages everywhere the Jacobinical revolution, as giving it the power to suppress all liberty but its liberty to enforce, by public opinion and civil pains and penalties, its own constantly shifting notions of the public good or the interests of humanity.

The Unitarians, we have said, made a blunder in breaking with Evangelicalism. Beecherism shows them how they may repair it, and assists them to do it. Only keep clear of explicit denials, preserve a few Evangelical phrases, profess to be in earnest for "heart-religion," which means no religion at all, and peace is made, and Satan has his forces united against the Lord and his anointed, against both civil and religious liberty, and for the emancipation of society from the supremacy of the divine law.

VENITE ADOREMUS!

Dec. 25, A.C. 1.

A LOWLY cave, in the hush of night,
'Neath the quiet gaze of the holy light
Of the stars, with chant of angels bright,
Welcomes Emmanuel.

Dec. 25, A.D. 1870.

A sinful heart, apart from men,
Bowed humbly down, within the ken
Of One, with sorrow's love, again
Welcomes Emmanuel.

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT does thy wisdom think of this imperial grant, my necessitous husband?" asked the Lady Plancina of Cneius Piso, as they sat together near a large brazier of burning logs, in the most secret room of the Calpurnian House, which, as the reader may remember, was surrounded by the willows and the beech-trees of the Viminical Hill.

"May the infernal gods destroy that old dotard!" cried Piso, his sinister face quite informed with a sort of livid light. While he uttered the imprecation, he gently rubbed his left hand over the back of his right.

"That is saying, not doing, is it not?" pursued his partner. "And the sweet youth, who, when he felled your slave, Lygdus, to the dust, left that mark upon your hand at the fringe and fag-end of his blow; what say you of him? Won't he greatly enjoy our property? He'd have marked your face, too, only for the thickness of your mask, the other night."

"But still you are to have the property of Vedius Pollio, after this Paulus," observed Piso.

We may remark that Plancina wore an out-door dress, as if about to take an airing. "A compliment," said she, "to my youthfulness, I suppose. Now, I had imagined that I was old enough to be this lad's mother. But, no doubt, since you say so, I shall succeed him in the property. For, in the first place, I shall naturally live much longer than he will; and, in the second place, through politeness and out of consideration for my expectant state, this new-made military tribune and land-owner will, of course, abstain from marrying; for you must remember it is only in case he should die before me, and so die without an heir, that I am to have the reversion. When I think of it in this point of view, I feel sure that the young patrician will even see the propriety of very soon committing suicide on purpose to let me enjoy the estate. Shall we write him a little note hinting that such is the only course left for him to pursue in common decency?"

"Your note," said Piso, looking up with a ghastly expression, which suddenly came into his face, "will not induce him to die?"

"Could you induce him to die?" said the woman; "for bear in mind that it is not yesterday we began to expect the property now estranged from me and from mine."

"Those who have been known to expect it," replied Piso, "and, being known so to do, have been allowed so to do, have acquired a moral right to it. Ever since old Pollio began to have such a paunch, I have thought of the wealth he could leave; I have watched the growth of his obesity with unremitting attention. But he was fattening for another."

"Could you induce that other to die," repeated Plancina, "before

somebody else induces him to marry?"

Piso said nothing.

"Have you heard me?" asked this woman.

Piso, with tears in his eyes, again exclaimed: "He was fattening for another!"

"You insufferable driveller!" cried Plancina, leaving him abruptly, and then quitting the house alone on foot.

The enormous extent to which husband-poisoning had been carried in Rome, not very long before the date at which we have arrived, is well known; and there was such a deadly and ferocious ring in Plancina's voice, as she pronounced the last words, that Cneius Piso was roused from his tender musings upon old Pollio's disappointing death and useless corpulence, to glance at his wife as she left the room. Her face, which was mobile in feature, but always like the whitest paper in color, presented to his familiar eye so questionable an expression that he mentally asked himself whether she could gain anything by his own demise. A tress of black hair had accidentally escaped from the *galerus* or pile on the top of her head, to which it ought to have remained bound, and, hanging down her cheek in front of the ear, made her complexion seem still more pallid. Her thin, black, sharply pencilled eyebrows were as tautly drawn as a bowstring when the archer is levelling his arrow; and under them her eyes, which when calm were of some very dark tint, flung from their cave a kind of yellow or tawny fire.

When she had left the room, Piso rose, stretched himself, yawned, and muttered with a smile, "No, no. I am necessary to all her schemes. But old Pollio's estate must come to her. I wonder did Augustus guess that his grant to yonder youth was so framed as to be a death-warrant?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Late in the night of that day, shortly before the setting of the moon, a lady, closely veiled, descended from a hired carriage, dismissed it, saw it return toward Rome, and then began herself to walk along the solitary road in the direction of the famous Tivoli grotto, upon the banks of the Anio. Quitting the road after a time, and passing through the fields, she reached a curved row of ancient yew-trees, which presented their convex face outwards, enclosing on three sides what seemed to be a garden, bounded behind by shrub-covered rocks. The trees, which stood close together, were interlaced by an impenetrable hedge of some kind of cactus. In the very centre of the convex, however, was a gate of pales, and the gate was open; and in the gateway was a figure standing, the figure of a tall and stately woman. As the lady, who made straight for this gate, approached, she suddenly noticed the form of the woman, and paused with an involuntary start. She whose appearance occasioned this emotion was leaning with both hands upon a long staff, and looking upward, lost in contemplation as she gazed upon the countless worlds that rolled through the blue and luminous immensity. She was clad from throat to foot in a long black robe, the hood of which, intended to be drawn forward over the brows, had fallen back in neglect, and disclosed a beautiful affluence of flowing snow-white hair, which glittered as if a cascade of cold glories was pouring perpetually around her calm temples and oval head.

With the snowy hair, her eyebrows were nevertheless of a pale-brown

color; she had a perfectly colorless face, a straight nose, the nostrils of which were clearly defined, delicate, and almost transparent; while her calm, large violet eyes had so clear and, at the same time, so solemn an expression, that the thought came, What can that be which her eyes have seen? Some of the light of the heavens seemed to stream back again from her countenance as she gazed.

The lady stood still, looking at this figure in silence and wonder, till suddenly she felt a species of shock; for the great violet eyes had fallen, and were bent upon her. Recovering herself, the veiled visitor advanced a few steps, and, with a low obeisance, said, in a disguised voice:

"Wondrous and venerable Sibyl, I have come to you in my distress."

"There are," replied the woman slowly, "no more oracles for the Sibyl to give. Deiphobé who lived and sang in this grotto—Deiphobé, my sister, is dead; and these hands have buried her. The urn of my sister Herophila has long stood upon its dusty table, in its solitary vault upon the shores of the Euxine Sea. Ah! why recount the names of the scattered choir whose last sighs I (far-wandering) have been permitted and sent to receive? The nine are gone; their songs will be heard no more; their warnings have been given. Read! The time has come—the time has come, when I, *the tenth*, have but to reach the East, and die!"

A bell at a great distance, swinging its melody from a mountain-top upon a gusty night, touching the ear with a faint and interrupted music, would give alone an idea of the tones which slowly uttered these words. The veiled lady, after a short pause, said, still disguising her voice:

"No oracles or prophecies have I come to seek. I am a needy woman; my son is very sick with hurts received in battle; I cannot afford to pay a doctor; the nurse relies upon herbs; I fear she is ignorantly giving my son poison; I know that in the garden of this grotto all medicinal plants were cultured by you, or rather, it seems, by your sister; and that she used to effect cures among the poor people by means even of poisonous herbs; for poisons rightly used will cure persons, if sick, whom they would kill in health, but my boy's nurse has no such skill. Show me then, I pray you, the various herbs in your garden, in order that I may know how to guard my child from unintentional poisoning?"

"Enter," said the Sibyl; "there are only two poisonous plants in this garden. Here is one, which kills by slow degrees; it is easily recognized, you see. There is, however, a malady in which it is the only remedy. Here is the second; it is certain death for a person not already ill to drink as much of its decoction as a scallop-shell would hold. A minute quantity, nevertheless, has saved life in certain cases."

The veiled lady, without ceremony, gathered considerable quantities of each of these herbs, and stowed them (carefully separated from each other) in two pockets or folds of her robe.

"What is your son's malady?" asked the Sibyl.

"A dreadful fever consuming a body weakened by wounds and by a night's exposure to rain and cold while in a state of insensibility."

"Then," said the Sibyl, "either of those herbs would be fatal, if no medicines—"

"Precisely," interrupted the veiled lady, in her natural voice; "and therefore I want them, in order to make sure that it is neither of these which the nurse shall give him in

her ignorance. There are comforting simples which resemble them, and, having the real poisons, I shall be able to compare."

The Sibyl fixed a long and steady glance upon the stranger, whose face was so closely covered, and said:

"Something tells me that, whether you succeed in your present design or not, it is probable you will have a short and a wretched life ended by a dreadful beginning."

"Ended by a beginning!" answered the veiled lady in a scoffing tone. "That is truly sibylline. I thought it was an end which ended things, and a beginning which began them."

"Go and see, woman of the two voices; go and discover, woman of the darkened face," exclaimed the Sibyl in a tone so indescribably solemn, sincere, and mournful, that the stranger drew her recinium with a shudder around her, uttered an exclamation resembling a scream, and fled across the moonlit fields to the lonely highway.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVERYTHING had happened as Charicles predicted. About dawn, Paulus awoke free from delirium, recognized with wonder and joy his mother, pressed the hand of Thellus, and with a smile which threw a quick and new light upon the alterations made by illness in his face, declared that he was violently hungry. It is needless to say with what a cheerful strictness of obedience Aglais and Dionysius adhered, amid the fulfilled predictions of Charicles, to all the directions of that famous physician.

First, with a certain solemnity, Aglais administered the proportion of medicine contained in that phial to which the Greek doctor had attached such importance; then they gave Paulus a light breakfast and the prescribed quantity of generous wine. Already he looked quite different. A tint like that of the inside of a seashell was stealing into the haggard countenance; and presently he threw himself back upon the cushions and slept like a child.

The sun was high when Paulus was once more awakened, eloquently pleading his hunger. But the stern mother and firm friend were inexorable. They called him tribune at every turn, and extorted slavish obedience to their sovereign authority, Aglais pouring out his dose of medicine with the air of an Eastern queen, and Dionysius handing it to him with the concentrated firmness of an executioner.

"But I am miserably hungry!" expostulated the young soldier.

"Be hungry, then, my son!" said Aglais, smiling ferociously.

"You are to be hungry," added Dionysius, with cruel glee; "and hungry you must be!"

It was the fourth day of these peaceful scenes and this happy convalescence; the sun of winter was diffusing an unusual degree of brief warmth over the landscape; Aglais and Dionysius were seated in the large porch, on each side of Paulus's couch, which had been wheeled thither for him; Thellus and the freedman Philip were pacing the gravel esplanade in front; and in the distance a group of soldiers (some of whom limped) who had just taken leave of the young tribune, believing his recovery to be at last secure, were seen marching south-west to strike the continuation of the Via Nomentana, and so return to Rome.

Dionysius, as the reader will remember, had communicated to Aglais at Circæi the favorable decision of Augustus, and now they had been conversing about the immense wealth with which Paulus would be able to

support the memory of his ancestors, the rank of a military tribune, and the just fame which he had acquired so quickly by talent and courage, when the stewardess came from the house into the porch, and said:

"Do not let this young lord stay too long in the air, my lady; it begins to be cold and damp early of an evening now. His room is ready."

"How ready?" said Aglais. "You were to turn it upside down, you said, sweep it, and rearrange it; you have not had time."

"The new woman had been helping," replied the stewardess; "I ought to have presented her for your approval, my lady. My master, the poet Lucius Varius, wrote to me to command that I should regard you and your family as masters of this place and of all his household. Marcia, come hither!"

The new servant came, with broom in hand, in working-dress as she was, and made her obeisance. She was a plain woman, in middle life, with red hair and a nut-brown complexion; but seemed, on the whole, to have the air of one belonging to a rather better class than that which performed menial labor.

The Greek lady made a slight inclination of the head, and the new woman retired.

"It is still warm here," said Aglais, addressing the stewardess; "we will go in presently. I see by the water-clock that the time for the potion has arrived"—and she held up the phial, which she had carried from the room and kept in her hand—"bring me a cyathus?"

As Paulus took the potion, his mother, looking at the phial, remarked that it contained only three more doses.

The day passed; the family had gone in-doors, and Paulus had been listening to his mother as she played ancient Greek airs upon the six-stringed lyre, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. Melena, opening it, admitted the new servant, who entered bowing, closed the door herself, and, approaching Aglais, said:

"I am the destitute widow, my lady, of a decurion called Pertinax, well known to your brave son."

Here Paulus, who was not asleep, opened his eyes: "Is poor Pertinax, then," he asked, "among the slain?"

"Alas! tribune, yes," answered the red-haired woman; "it was with him, I understand, that Germanicus Cæsar quartered you before the late battles. Hearing of your dangerous wounds, and learning you were so near, I felt glad that in seeking employment, which my destitution now makes unhappily necessary, I should have found it where I could wait upon and serve one whom my poor husband so much esteemed."

"I am sorry for Pertinax," said Paulus.

"I have not been able to give him the rites of sepulture," said the woman. "He fell, wounded, into the Adige, and his body has not been recovered. Ah! it is dreadful, lady," continued she.

"You have had no sleep now for several nights; your son is no longer in danger; take, and let your waiting-woman take, the repose you both greatly require, and I will watch instead of you to-night."

Aglais refused this offer with many thanks. The red-haired, brown-faced woman bit her under-lip, and looked down. "Well," said she, "I will no longer disturb you, or keep the young tribune from his rest. I will merely refill and trim the water-clock, and retire."

She trimmed the clepsydra as she said; she folded up and placed tidily aside some cloaks and wrappers; she arranged in more symmetrical order

a few vases and the lamps; and finally, standing with her back to the glass between her and the table on which the medicine was placed, secreted the phial in her robe, and left in its stead another phial resembling it in shape, in size, and in the quantity and color of liquid which it contained. She then withdrew.

Before daylight next morning the good old stewardess crept into the room, as she had regularly done ever since Aglais and her waiting-woman had come to the house, and inquired in a whisper how the night had passed. She then told Lady Aglais that just as the servant, the red-haired woman, was going to bed overnight, a man had come to the house to say that some peasants had found the body of Pertinax the decurion; and the widow thereupon seemed to be much excited, and commissioned the stewardess to excuse her to the Greek lady, for she herself must go at once and see that her brave husband's remains were honorably buried. She added that, the young tribune being out of danger, she could be of no further service, and would not return. She had then departed with the man, who seemed to be a shepherd. All this the stewardess mentioned in a whisper; and, her tale told, she retired.

Shortly afterwards, Paulus awoke. It was now the time prescribed for the potion, which had hitherto been administered to him with such palpable benefits. Melena brought the phial to Aglais, who carefully measured out the proper quantity. Then looking at her son with a loving smile, the mother, who was so justly fond and so reasonably proud of him, bade him take his last dose.

A beam of the morning sun was shining through the chamber, and Paulus, before swallowing the liquid, held it in the ruddy light, and gazed awhile at the ruby color brought upon the surface, as if his eye in some languid whim was ensnared and held captive. At that moment, the liquid was darkened by a shadow flung from the doorway. There, as if framed against the sun's rays, stood the majestic figure of an aged, tall, and beautiful woman, wearing a long, dark mantle, but with a staff, her head uncovered save by her snow-white locks. The Athenian lady uttered a slight cry. But Paulus, laying his hand upon her arm, whispered reverentially:

"Mother, yonder stands the Sibyl! It is she who bent over me in the early morning of that formidable day, near the old Latian town, and told me that fire would subdue the ferocious beast."

As he spoke, the noble and majestic figure had advanced up the chamber, saying in Latin, with a slow bend of the beautiful head, "*Ave!*"

"*Ave hospes!*" returned Aglais.

"I greet you once more," said Paulus, in a low voice, and with a look of profound respect.

She took from him the goblet which he had still held in his hand, gazed into it earnestly, breathed over it for a moment, set it upon the table, and then muttered, "I again saw her only three hours ago—the woman of the two voices—and I knew her even in the starlight, although the swift carriage was bearing her to her door along the smooth road. I am sent to you in time, my son. You need no more medicine; but this cup has death in it. You, lady, and your son are called for in Rome. Hasten to Rome. Lose not an hour. The lioness has lost her whelp, and Cæsar himself could not hold the prey. On the road you will learn more. And now, *vale et salve*."

"But why do you use the words of a perpetual farewell?" asked Paulus.

As he spoke, Dionysius, who had slept in a neighboring apartment, entered noiselessly.

The Sibyl moved toward the door, and, seeing the Athenian, fixed her gaze upon him as she answered the question of his friend: "Because," she said, "you will see me no more. The time appointed for me has almost passed away. I am journeying even now to a holy land; for perhaps it will be granted to me to behold with these bodily eyes before I die him whom we have all announced. But you have deemed our words to be as ravings, and the hopes to be false which we have declared to be true."

"Not I," said Dionysius.

She took a small roll of paper from a fold in her mantle, and, handing it to him, said:

"Read, and remember this. Your name already is coupled with that of the beautiful and famous city which is the very capital of human genius and the centre of intellectual pride. You are Dionysius of Athens—of Athens, the lamp of Eastern Europe. But a race in the West, more famous and more polished than the Greeks, with a capital greater and more beautiful than Athens, will claim you one day as theirs also, and, for fifty generations after you shall have died, a warlike people will continue to shout forth your peaceful name over fierce fields of battle in a language now unspoken. Your reputation spans the past and the hereafter of two distant nations, like an arch, coming in honor out of antiquity and the east, and settling in a glory, never to grow dim, over the future of unborn millions at the opposite side of Europe.

"You are deemed its child by the fair city of the past, which connects its name with yours; you will be held among its parents by the still fairer city of the future—a queen city, where in many temples he will be adored whom your Athens at present worships with a simple statue as the unknown God: *for he has come. Yes, my son, he has come.*"

The beautiful aged face was lighted up with the love of a child, yet the speaker bowed her silver locks in an attitude of unspeakable solemnity and awe as she pronounced the last four words. For some moments after she had ceased to speak, all who were present preserved the air and look of attentive hearers, like those who have been listening to a strain of music, and remain awhile as though they were listening still, when it has died away. When the roll of paper, which the Sibyl held out to him in her white and almost transparent hand, had been taken by Dionysius, she crossed the threshold, and, once more saying "*Vale et salve*," disappeared.

In obedience to her more personal warnings, the whole party temporarily domiciled in that remote Lombard house made immediate preparations for a return to Rome. The groups of soldiers who out of interest for their hero, their newly-made tribune, had loitered in the neighborhood, although recovered from their hurts, came now to inquire from Paulus, as the highest military authority within reach, what orders he had to give, and to receive from him requisitions or billets upon the quæstors of the several towns and stations along the road to Rome, for rations and lodgings, and small allowances, from post to post. These Paulus wrote out for them with a strange feeling of the immense social space which he had traversed upward within a few weeks' time; for he felt that, only a little while ago, he would have been taking the orders which he was giving, and would have been almost as much in need of the billets he

was dispensing as the decurions who now applied for them to him in behalf of themselves and their soldiers.

Thellus, with part of a centuria of convalescents, was to march, and, starting at once, he undertook to be never at more than a few hours' distance, even after they should overtake him, from Paulus and the Lady Aglais, who, with the slave Melena, were to make use of Dionysius's handsome travelling carriage, driven by Dion's own coachman. The freedman Philip, leading the Sejan horse, started in company of Thellus's little column. A small carriage was obtained, in which Dion himself journeyed.

In short, considerable groups started for Rome by different means and in relations to each other more or less close, which constituted them all one company on the road.

And thus we leave them, to notice events by which they were gravely affected, which had occurred, or were even then occurring, elsewhere, and which were preparing a reception for them at their destination.

CHAPTER XV.

The reader will remember the adventures which happened one night at a certain house in the Suburra, and the share which Josiah Maccabeus and his daughter Esther had in preserving not only a large amount of public treasure, but Paulus and his companions themselves, from the fate which had been carefully planned for them, and of which there was so imminent a danger.

Josiah never had an hour's peace in that house afterwards, nor Esther an hour's happiness.

At last, the daughter was neither sorry nor surprised when her father announced to her that he would not be scrivener and clerk any longer to Eleazar, his wealthy countryman. In a modest if not parsimonious life of service, Josiah had saved sufficient means to place his daughter and himself above sordid penury while they should live together, and when she should marry to give her a humble portion, a portion far below what a maiden of one of Judah's noblest names might, without romantic or arrogant pretensions, have deemed suitable, but equal to all that Esther wished. Meanwhile, Josiah said that he had not announced to her his intention of ending his servitude with Eleazar until he had made all the preparations and taken all the measures which were necessary for carrying that intention into immediate effect.

It does not belong to the present work to look back beyond this last proceeding. The end was that Josiah determined to leave Rome for ever, and to return with Esther to the land of their forefathers. Esther, while at once acquiescing in this determination, remembered the gallant and noble young soldier whose life, and indeed professional prestige, she had saved from the schemes of caitiffs; and she would have been glad to see him once more—glad again to hear him say a kind and sad farewell, with such words of gratitude and appreciation as formerly spoken by him, which dwelt in her recollection, and tended to persuade her that she would herself be recollected in like manner by him from time to time hereafter. Could she even have given him some token, one of their Syriac manuscripts, which, when he studied it, would remind him of the donor! But now the best was not to think of such idle whims. Josiah decided that they should embark at Astia, in a ship which was even then on the point of sailing for the East.

The distance from their lodgings

in Rome to the port was not more than fifteen miles, including the passage of the Tiber, the great place of embarkation (afterwards, from the reign of Claudius, so famous and so noisy with a whole world's traffic), being on the right or northern bank.

On a southern branch of the *Via Astiensio*, or Astian highway, not far from a cross-road or *diverticulum*, which, coming north-east from the coast, struck the branch highway where it was going north-west to the mouth of the Tiber, perhaps some seven or eight miles from Rome, stood a house in a shrubbery of oleanders and myrtles, a little apart from the thoroughfare. In that house lived an old Jew named Issachar, from whom Josiah had, by letter, claimed a night's hospitality for himself and his daughter. Accordingly, he and Esther, dividing a moderately short journey into still easier stages, had arrived, toward evening, at the house of the cross-road (or rather the forked-road), with the intention of starting betimes next morning for Astia, and there going quietly on board their ship by early daylight.

The evening meal was over; the weather was mild, and Issachar proposed to Josiah Maccabeus and his daughter to take a little stroll in a sort of arcade walk parallel with the highway, and formed of a double line of old sycamores.

Here they were walking to and fro upon the thick and rustling carpet of fallen leaves, conversing about Jerusalem and the affairs of their country, when their attention was attracted by the sound of wheels from the south-west.

"It is along the by-road from the coast lower down," said Issachar. "Carriages but seldom travel that road. It leads nowhere, save to the bare coast; or there is another southward bend from it toward the Circæan promontory (Monte Circello), and a carriage went past early this morning attended by horsemen; it may be the same returning."

As he spoke, the roll of wheels became louder, and a vehicle drawn by a couple of horses, which seemed much blown, approached at a rapid pace. Four horsemen (two a side) rode by the carriage. As this last came better into view, it was apparent that one of the animals harnessed to it, and drawing it at a laboring canter, was seriously lame. The little group in the sycamore arcade could observe all this without themselves being at first discerned by the travellers. When nearly opposite the wicker-gate leading into the grounds, the principal rider, who seemed to have the whole of the small expedition under his charge, uttered two or three classical curses, in which the pleasing alliteration of *peream pejus* often recurred, and called a halt.

"This horse," said he, "will not hold out ten minutes longer; here is a habitation, we will change the brute; whoever lives here must give us a steed for love, or money, or—"

He then went to the horn-window of the carriage, opened it, and, using much fierceness of voice and manner, was heard by the group in the sycamore avenue to say, "How is she now?"

"She is insensible," answered a female voice; "she will die if you do not give her some rest and encouragement."

"It would not," replied he, "be executing my orders, or accomplishing the end in view, to let her die on our hands. Once she is in your mistress's house at Rome, she may die as soon as she likes. Out with her; we must carry her into yonder house, while I get a horse changed."

Issachar, followed by Josiah Maccabeus and Esther, had meanwhile

shown themselves, and were soon lending their assistance to a harsh-featured woman in supporting, across the little lawn which separated the road from the house, a poor young damsel who had partially revived from a death-like swoon. Once across Issachar's threshold, she was laid gently over some cushions on the floor, in the room where the family had just dined, and where a female slave had already lighted several little saucer-like lamps of scented or sweet burning-oil. The daylight had not quite gone, or these lamps would hardly have enabled Esther, who was compassionately bending over the young girl, to recognize the wonderful likeness between her and the youth in command of the party who had come, a few weeks before, to Eleazar's house in the Suburra for the military treasure.

She hastily expressed her sense of this likeness in a muttered exclamation, in which the name of "Paulus" occurred. At the sound of that name the damsel opened her eyes, and feebly cried, "Where is he? Where is my brother Paulus?" so feebly, indeed, that none save Esther distinguished the words; and even she with difficulty.

Esther had the instinctive good sense to perceive that brutal and lawless violence were rulers of the present occurrence, and could alone account for the situation of the young lady before her, who was in the midst and in the power of persons evidently not her friends. How could she have fallen into their hands?

Just then the woman who had accompanied the young lady in the carriage pushed Esther aside, and peered close into the pale, still face of the former. "I fancied she spoke. Did she speak? Is she again in a swoon?" were her words.

"I will get some wine," said Issachar. And a servant who heard him brought ample store of wine and drinking-vessels; whereupon the leader of the travellers, who now entered the room, glanced at the motionless figure of her whom he was attending, and said to Issachar: "Master, I am in the service of potent persons, and must request you to furnish me with a fresh horse. I will leave the lame one and a sum of money with you till your own horse shall be returned to you."

"This poor damsel," replied Issachar, "is clearly in no state to travel. If you take her away now, you will carry her into Rome dead. A horse I can furnish for your necessity on the terms you mention, although you state not who the potent persons are whom you serve."

"I wonder at you, Lygdus," remarked the woman. "It matters not whom we serve," continued she, addressing Issachar; "we will pay you for anything we need. Thanks for the wine. Yes, we will take some wine; only a little, mind, Lygdus."

Lygdus having poured out some wine on the ground, with a mutter, helped himself to three cyathi in succession. He then smacked his lips, poured out a fourth measure from the testa, and, standing astride, waved his hand to and fro, and said: "I am a man who knows how to do what I say I shall do, and in fact whatever I am told to do; that is"—here he drank off the wine, refilled the goblet, planted his free hand with the fingers clinched upon his hip, and swayed his head in a defiant manner, as he glanced at every person in the room successively—"that is, if it be the right kind of person who tells me, and none else would dare. I am afraid of nothing. That is well understood. Men whisper as I go by, There goes Lygdus! What a man that is! He's afraid of nothing!"

Here he frowned and drank off his wine. And as he was now again stretching his hand toward the amphora, or ampulla, or testa, the woman said:

"Beware! you have taken much to-day; you took some at the sea-coast; you have taken some since; you won't reach Rome."

"Sea-coast!" cried he, with the same attitude and gestures as before; "this next goblet is for the fainter, the fainting one, the pale damsel. *Peream pejus*, why does she faint? I don't mind stating, here or elsewhere, that whatever I do, Cneius Piso, the great Cneius Piso and Sejanus, the still greater Sejanus, will say is well done. They will say, when I get back to them, *Euge*, Lygdus; *euge*, good Lygdus; you are the man, because you are afraid of nothing."

Here the woman seated herself upon some cushions, shrugging her shoulders; and the other continued:

"Right; rest there. Let refreshments be brought; let the horses be fed outside. I halt here for half an hour and half that again. Let that fainting damsel have something to revive her! Ho! Who has got a flute? I can play the flute as well as any of the strolling female flute-players."

Here Esther stole swiftly up to her father, took him aside, and whispered to him that it would be wise to humor this murderous-looking guest; and asking Josiah Maccabeus whether he did not remember the youth who had come to Eleazar's house with Germanicus's ring for the public money, she bade her father look closely at the features of the beautiful and manifestly high-born damsel, who was under the escort of so ruffianly a party. Issachar glanced at the pale face and started.

"What a resemblance!" he whispered.

In the same cautious tone, Esther replied by informing him that the young girl had only that instant called for her brother Paulus; for she was obviously distraught with ill-usage and her own terror, and thought that Paulus could be summoned to her rescue.

After interchanging a few more whispered remarks, Esther took a salver with some wine and bread on it, and returned to where the young lady was lying. The sour-faced woman, on hearing Lygdus express his intention of resting awhile where they were, had already attended to her own comfort. Seeing the damsel on whom she seemed to have the duty of waiting to be in such good and tender charge as that of Esther, she rose from the cushion where she had been sitting, took it up, and placing it in a corner, with a smaller one for her head, settled herself at the angle of the two walls, in the attitude of one who is determined to have a slumber.

"Ay," quoth Lygdus, to whom Issachar had actually handed a *tibia sinistra*, or melancholy deep-toned flute, and who had flung himself on a pile of cushions, crossing his legs like a Hindoo, "sleep you, and I will soothe you with a sad and solemn ditty."

And forthwith he began a most funereal and monotonous performance, with which he himself seemed to be ravished. He interrupted it only to sip a little wine, after which he proceeded again, rocking his body in tune to his strain, and producing over and over again about a dozen notes always in one arrangement.

It was a curious and fantastic scene in Issachar's dining-room by the dim lights of the little lamps for nearly an hour.

Meanwhile, Esther, by the tenderest and most soothing sympathy, had

assuaged and revived the spirits of her who was apparently a prisoner to this horrible gang. Some earnest conversation passed between the fair girls in whispers, which ended in Esther's saying solemnly to the poor damsel:

"Yes, I promise it most sacredly; but I do not need this gold ornament; my grandfather has money."

"Keep it *for* me, then," replied the other. "How can I be sure they will not take it from me? Besides, the objects in the case will prove to Velleius Paterculus that your tale is true."

"Be it so," said Esther; "but now I must at once leave you. The first requisite as well as chief difficulty will be to trace you in, or follow you now through, the immense labyrinth of Rome. To secure this end, measures must be taken without the loss of a moment; great energy is needed. Trust to Esther's love and Esther's zeal; as if Esther was your sister. And now anger not these persons by exhibiting your terror and grief. Be calm; and appear, if you can, more than calm, even cheerful. Heaven has sent you in me and my father friends who will watch and strive for you outside; and who will, besides, inform your brother Paulus, your uncle the triumvir, and your well-wisher Velleius Paterculus, the powerful tribune of the Prætorians, into what a situation you have been cruelly and violently hurled."

"Oh! how kind, how good, how like a dear sister you are!" replied Agatha, while silent tears streamed down her fair young face, and she pressed almost convulsively in both her own hands the hand of the beautiful Hebrew maiden.

"There," returned Esther, gently wiping away the tears with her palm, and kissing Agatha—"there, smile now; drink this wine, and try to rest till you go."

And, leaving her, she retired from the apartment, beckoning to her father and Issachar to follow. Good and evil powers, angels calm and mighty, angels fierce and terrible, were contending now for the destruction or deliverance of a poor little maiden, with all the wit and all the resources at the disposal of one of these in the old Roman world, and with such weapons as the other found it necessary to wield.

Josiah Maccabeus, upon learning what his daughter had to communicate, hesitated not one moment to give up their journey to Palestine in order to return to Rome and try every means for the liberation of Agatha.

Issachar placed a small house which he possessed in Rome at the disposal of his countryman, and to this house it was resolved they would return that night. But the most necessary operation of all, because every ulterior measure depended upon it, was to watch and track Agatha to the place in the enormous city (more populous than London is now) in which her captors should lodge her. Without a knowledge of this spot, nothing could be accomplished either by fair means, or by contrivance, or by force, should force become possible under any circumstances.

For any of the friends then holding council to follow the carriage with its escort of four horsemen would be to throw away the last chance. The pursuer would be remarked. Issachar had in his service an active, intelligent, and trustworthy Hebrew lad, generally employed by him out-of-doors and on errands between the great city and the lonely house where he lived. This lad now received his orders, and set forward toward Rome, riding a mule bare-backed, and with a wallet containing a few refreshments slung round his neck.

He had perhaps half an hour's start when Lygdus was informed that a new horse, in lieu of the lame one, was harnessed to the carriage, that all the others had received a feed, and that everything was in readiness. He thereupon nodded, drew a final wailing from his *tibia sinistra*, flung down that instrument, sprang to his feet, collecting his party, and, without thanking Issachar for the hospitality upon which he had made so considerable an inroad, departed uttering curses similar in number and gravity to those with which he had called a halt.

Josiah Maccabeus and Esther allowed an hour to pass, and then, ascending a carriage of old Issachar's, drove back to Rome to the small house already mentioned as the property of Issachar, where they arrived late at night, and found their messenger expecting them. *He had succeeded.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner chuse;
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
crubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
The wassail round, in golden bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls;
Then the huge surloin reeked; hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas-pye;
Nor failed of Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

The practice of using green branches for the decoration of churches and houses at Christmas time is of very remote date. In early carols the holly and ivy are both spoken of, but the former more frequently than the latter; ivy, however, became one of the plants regularly used with holm and bay, to which goodly company the mistletoe was afterward added. Rosemary and laurel were also among the favorite Christmas evergreens, and chaplets of them were made and worn on the head—whence came the expressions, "To kiss under the rose," and "Whispering under the mistletoe."

The yule-log is of very ancient use. Before chimneys were invented, the fire was built in the middle of the room, the smoke escaping through the roof. On Christmas eve, a huge log, the yule-log, was put upon the fire, and each member of the family in turn sat down upon it, and sang a yule-song, and drank to a merry Christmas and happy new-year. The sitting on the log had to be abolished when fireplaces were invented, and in these days the log itself has fallen into disuse by reason of the modern improvements of Latrobe stoves, furnaces, etc. Herrick, in his *Ceremonies for Christmasse*, mentions the yule-log:

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas-log to the fireing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.
With the last yeeres brand
Light the new block, and

For good successe in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teending.

One of the earliest customs was the wassail-bowl, and one universally patronized. The first wassail is said to have been as follows: Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, presented the British king Vortigern with a bowl of wine, saluting him with, "Lord king, wæs-heil," to which the king (as previously instructed, the legend says) replied, "Drinc heile," and saluted her after the then fashion. Being much smitten by her charms, the king married the fair cup-bearer, to her and her father's great satisfaction, and the Saxons obtained what they wanted. This form of salutation is found, however, to be much older than this romantic scene, and to have been used by the Saxons years before. Some accounts say that the Britons had their wassail-bowl as late as the third century. The followers and worshippers of Odin and Thor drank deeply in honor of their gods, and when converted continued the practice in honor of the one God and his saints, and it required much patient labor among the early missionaries to abolish it.

Dancing was a favorite Christmas amusement. William of Malmesbury tells us quaintly of a party of young folk who were dancing in the churchyard, one Christmas eve, and by their laughter and songs disturbed a priest who was saying his Mass in the church. He begged and entreated them in vain to desist and allow him to complete his duties undisturbed; they only danced the more and sang the louder, until, the priest's patience becoming exhausted, he prayed that they might never cease dancing. This prayer was heard, and they continued their dance all through the year. Neither heat nor cold, hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, affected them. Their friends made every effort to stop them. A brother of one of the girls took her by the arm, and tried by force to bring her away; the limb came off in his hand, without apparently causing any pain or distress to the dancer, who lost not a single step of the performance, and went on as steadily as before. At the end of the year, Bishop Hubert came to the place, and, absolving the party, the dancing ceased. Some of them died right away; others, after a sleep of three days and nights, went round telling of the miracle.

From the earliest times, the kings of England celebrated Christmas and the succeeding holidays with royal feastings. In the time of Henry II., they had dishes with queer-sounding names, whatever their actual merit may have been. Crane was *the* bird of the season, just as turkey is with us; but besides that they had dillegrout, karumpie, and maupigyrum. These names convey to modern ears very little idea of what was the real nature of each compound. Dillegrout must have been something very remarkable, for the tenant of the manor of Addington, in Surrey, held it by the service of making a mess of the delicacy on the day of the coronation. With what anxiety must not the ingredients, which were almond-milk, the brawn of capons, sugar and spices, chickens parboiled and chopped fine, been put together! A little too much of one, too little of another, an instant's too long cooking perhaps, and the goodly manor was bestowed upon a greater artist or more lucky individual. Maupigyrum was the same dish with the addition of fat. Of the Christmas drinks were hippocras, ale, mead, and clané. The English in early days were celebrated for their pre-eminence in drinking. Iago says, in reference to this

characteristic: "Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English." The Saxons drank wine, mead, cyder, ale, pigment, and morat, to which the Normans added clané, garhiofilac, and hippocras. Of course, these drinks were aside from the wassail-bowl, which still held its own.

Morat was made from honey and mulberries; claret, pigment, hippocras, and garhiofilac (from the *girofle*, or cloves, contained in it) were different preparations of wine mixed with honey and spices. Henry III. ordered his wine-keepers to deliver to the sheriff of York white and red wine to make garhiofilac and claret for the next Christmas; and in the twenty-sixth year of his reign directed the sheriff of Gloucester to cause twenty salmons to be bought and put into pies for Christmas, and the sheriff of Sussex to buy ten brawns with the heads, ten peacocks, and other provisions. Imagine the Lord High Sheriff of either of the above counties receiving such an order nowadays from Queen Victoria! To the crane, as the Christmas dish, succeeded, about this time, the boar's head, and it was always brought in with great ceremony, preceded by musicians and an usher, and welcomed with shouts and hurrahs.

Under Edward III., Christmas was held in great style; there were revellings, maskings, and dancings, the masks one year taking the form of birds, dragons, etc., and the next of elephants and other frolicsome beasts. During the reign of Richard II. in 1398, two hundred tuns of wine were drunk and two thousand oxen eaten on this feast, to say nothing of other dishes. These were royal Christmases indeed. This king also had his pageants or maskings; but, instead of birds or animals, there is on one occasion in the wardrobe accounts a charge for twenty-one linen coifs for "counterfeiting men of the law" in the king's play at Christmas, 1389. Richard was murdered on Twelfth-day, 1400, and so ended all his earthly Christmases. During the wars of Henry V. in France, he always ceased hostilities on Christmas day, and during the siege of Rouen offered food to those of his hungry enemies who would accept it from him. At the siege of Orleans, in 1428, a like truce was proclaimed, and the English and French exchanged gifts. When Henry VII. ended the wars of the Roses, Christmas was celebrated in a most magnificent manner. In 1493, on Twelfth-night, there was great banqueting and wassail. The king made the usual offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and in the evening wore his crown and royal robes; kirtle, surcoat, furred hood, and mantle with long train, and his sword borne before him; his armills of gold set with rich stones, and his sceptre in his right hand. The wassail was introduced in the evening with great ceremony, the steward, treasurer, and comptroller of the household going out for it with their staves of office; the king's and the queen's servers having fair towels round their necks and dishes in their hands, such as the king and queen should eat of; the king's and queen's carvers following in like manner. Then came in ushers of the chamber, with the pile of cups—the king's, the queen's, and the bishop's—with the butlers and wine to the cupboard, or sideboard as it would now be called, and squires of the body to bear them. The gentlemen of the chapel stood at one end of the hall, and, when the steward came in with the wassail, he was to cry out three times, "Wassail, wassail, wassail!" to which they answered with a good song—no doubt

a wassail-song or a carol, as they were prevalent at that time. Henry VIII., in the early part of his reign, did not neglect the Christmas merry-making: plays, masks, pageants, and similar diversions were frequent and splendid, for Henry was young, gay, and light-hearted in those days. In his third year at Greenwich, there was a pageant arranged before the queen in which he himself took part; but after he grew corpulent, encumbered with his wives and interested in the new religion, these merry-makings fell off and gradually ceased altogether at court.

At this period, the Christmas festivities of the Inns of Court had become celebrated, and afterward far surpassed those of the court in fancy, if not in splendor: nor is this surprising, considering the talents that must always exist in these communities, some fresh from the universities imbued with classic lore, others fraught with the knowledge acquired in many years, with wit sharpened by constant intercourse with wits as keen as their own; and perhaps few are better able to appreciate true wit and humor than those who turn to it from deep and wearing mental labor. There was a rule which required the attendance of all who lived in the Inns at these merrymakings, under the penalty of being disbarred, a threat actually held out in the time of James I., at Lincoln's Inn, because the offenders did not dance on Christmas day, according to the ancient order of the society, and some were indeed put out of Commons by decimation. Imagine a lawyer coming into court to attend a trial of importance stopped at the door and forbidden to enter because he did not dance with his opponent's counsel on Christmas eve! Dugdale gives a programme of the performances at one time:

"First, the solemn revells (after dinner and the play ended) are begun by the whole house; judges, serjeants-at-law, benches, the utter and inner barr, and they led by the master of the revells; one of the gentlemen of the utter barr is chosen to sing a song to the judges, serjeants, or masters of the bench, which is usually performed; and in default thereof there may be a amerciament. Then the judges and benchers take their places and sit down at the upper end of the hall. Which done, the utter barristers and inner barristers perform a second solemn revell before them. Which ended, the utter barristers take their places and sit down. Some of the gentlemen of the inner barr do present the house with dancing, which is called the post revells, and continue their dances till the judges or bench think meet to rise and depart."

Lincoln's Inn celebrated Christmas as early as the time of Henry VI.; but the Temple and Gray's Inn afterward disputed the palm with it, and indeed on some occasions seem to have surpassed the other Inns of Court. The first particular account of any regulations for conducting one of these grand Christmases is in the ninth of Henry VIII., when, besides the king for Christmas day, the marshal and master of the revels, it is ordered:

"That the king of the cockneys on Christmas day should sit and have due service, and that he and all his officers should use honest manner and good order, without any waste or destruction making in wines, brawn, chely, or other vitails, and also that he and his marshall, butler, and constable-marshall should have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of all the officers of Christmas; and that the said king of the cockneys nor none of his officers meddle in the buttery, nor in the steward of Christmas, his office, upon pain of forty shillings for every such meddling. . . . That Jack Straw and all his adherents should be thenceforth utterly bansht, and no more to be used in this house upon pain of forfeit, for every time £5 to be levied on every fellow happening to offend against this rule."

Who this Jack Straw was, or what his offences were, does not appear.

In order to divert the mind of the young king, Edward VI., from the grief he felt at the condemnation of the Duke of Somerset, the most magnificent revellings on record were prepared. George Ferrers, of Lincoln's Inn, a gentleman of rank, was appointed lord of misrule, or master of the king's pastime, and acquitted himself so well as to afford great delight to many and some to the king, but "not in proportion to his heaviness." He seems to have been well adapted to his responsible office, being not only a man of rank, but a person of decision and determination to carry the thing through in the proper spirit and display. He required of the master of the revels, Sir Thomas Cowarden, that John Smyth should be allowed him as his clown; besides jugglers, tumblers, fools, etc. A new fool's coat with a hood was made for John Smyth, who, from his being mentioned by name, must have been a well-known court fool. The dress of this clown will show that no expense was spared even about the officers of this grand lord of misrule. He had a long fool's coat, of yellow cloth-of-gold, fringed with white, red, and green velvet, containing 7½ yds., at £2 per yd., garded with plain yellow cloth-of-gold, 4 yds., at 33s. 4d., with a hood and pair of buskins of the same figured gold, containing 2½ yds., at £5; and a girdle of yellow sarcenet, of ¼ yd., at 16d. The whole value £26 14s. 8d., a goodly sum for the dress of a jester. The dresses of the lord of misrule himself must be mentioned to give some notion of the style in which this celebrated revelling was carried on. On Christmas day and during that week, he wore a robe of white baudekin (a rich stuff, made of silk interwoven with gold thread), containing 9 yds., at 16s. a yd., garded with embroidered cloth of gold, wrought in knots, 14 yds., at 11s. 4d. a yd.; having a fur of red feathers with a cape of camlet thrum. A coat of flat silver, fine with works, 5 yds., at 50s., with an embroidered gard of leaves of gold and silk, containing 15 yds., at 20s. A cap of maintenance, of red feathers and camlet thrum, very rich, with a plume of feathers. A pair of hose; the breeches made of a yard of embroidered cloth-of-gold, 9 yds. of garding, at 13s. 4d., lined with silver sarcenet, one ell, at 8s. A pair of buskins of white baudekin, 1 yd., at 16s., besides making and other charges, 8s. more. A pair of pantacles, of Bruges satin, 3s. 4d.; a girdle of yellow sarcenet, containing ½ yd., at 16s. He had different but equally magnificent suits for New Year's and Twelfth-day. These dresses were supplied from the king's stores, and must have satisfied any one. Taking, too, into account that he was attended by the members of his court, and all handsomely dressed, it was enough to turn any moderate man's head. His suite was composed of his heir-apparent, John Smyth, counsellors, pages of honor, gentlemen ushers, a sergeant-at-arms, private marshal, undermarshal, lieutenant of ordnance, heralds, and trumpeters, an orator, interpreter, jailer, footman, messenger, *an Irishman*, *an Irishwoman*, six hunters, jugglers, etc. The lord of misrule chosen in the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign was Mr. Henry Helmes, and his title was as follows: "The High and Mighty Prince, Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardia, Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, Paddington and Knightsbridge, Knight of the

most heroical order of the Helmet and Souvereign of the same."

The revels of these grand Christmases continued throughout the whole twelve days; Christmas day, New Years' day, and Twelfth-day being more particularly distinguished. On Twelfth-day, the lord of misrule, with one hundred followers, made his progress through London in the morning, and arrived at the temple in time for breakfast, at which were served brawn, mustard, and malmsey. The dinner, of two courses, was served in the hall, and after the first course came the master of the game, dressed in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest, in green satin, bearing a green bow with arrows, each of them having a hunting-horn about his neck; after blowing three blasts of venery, they paced three times round the fire, which was then placed in the middle of the hall. The master of the game next made three courtesies and knelt down, and petitioned to be admitted into the service of the lord of the feast. This ceremony having been performed, a huntsman came into the hall with a fox and a purse-net with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and nine or ten couples of hounds, the horns blowing. The fox and cat were then set upon by the hounds and killed. This charming sport being finished, the marshal ushered all in their proper places to the dinner, and, after the second course, the oldest of the masters of the revels sang a song, with the assistance of others present; after some repose and further revels, supper of two courses was served; and, when finished, the marshal was borne in by four men, on a sort of scaffold, and taken three times round the hearth, his bearers crying out "A lord, a lord!" after which he came down and danced. The lord of misrule then addressed himself to the banquet, which ended with minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing. There was a cessation of sports from Twelfth-night to the first of February, the prince being supposed to be absent in Russia on public affairs. On that day, he was received at Blackwall, as if on his return, and that and the following day were spent in revelling and feasting.

Christmas was always, however, considered the commemoration of a holy festival, to be observed with devotion as well as cheerfulness. The services of the church were attended before the merry-makings began. But in 1642 the fiat went forth that there must be no more celebration of Christmas; people were to go to heaven after the fashion of godly Puritans, with long faces and short hair. In 1647, some parish officers were fined and imprisoned for allowing ministers to preach on Christmas day and for permitting the adorning of the church. The parliament, by an order dated 24th of December, 1652, directed "that no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof." Evelyn states in his memoirs that, as he and his wife, with others, were taking the sacrament on Christmas day, 1657, the chapel was surrounded by soldiers, and the assembly taken into custody for celebrating the nativity of their Saviour against the ordinance of the commonwealth.

When the "Merrie Monarch" came back to his good subjects, the revival of the Christmas festivities was attempted, with but ill success. The spirit had been checked, and could with difficulty be resuscitated. Neither were the court displays as splendid as before; the spirit was wanting there as elsewhere. But the

Inns of Court still kept up their revels. Evelyn describes several as rollicsome as any in bygone years.

The observation of the festival in England is now confined chiefly to family reunions. In the reign of the second Charles, turkeys and capons became the regular Christmas dish, with plum-pudding, the old name of which is said to have been "hackin." The north of England is still famous for its Christmas-pies, composed of turkeys, geese, game, and various small birds, weighing sometimes half a hundredweight and upwards, and calculated to meet the attacks of a large Christmas party throughout the twelve days.

In this country, the observation of the festival is left to the feelings of the family. In New England, the grim spirit of the Puritans prevailed so long that until lately little notice of the feast was taken. Indeed, there are some people from that section of the country who even now do not know what Christmas means.* In the days of Southern slavery, the negroes had special privileges at Christmas; they took possession of themselves and their time, and their owners had no claim upon them. The observation of the festival is very common in the Western and Middle States, and most denominations keep it as a religious one.

We cannot close without saying a word about the children's Christmas. We have borrowed this feature of the festival rather from the Germans than the English — especially the Christmas-tree, that delight of infantile hearts. In many parts of Germany this is called the Children's Feast, and about ten days before its eve Pelznichel, Knecht Rupert, or St. Niklas, as he is indifferently named, makes his appearance at every house. The children have been on their good behavior some time before, and every dereliction from duty through the year is met by a threat of Pelznichel's anger. His coming is heralded by a great ringing of bells, jangling of chains, and stamping of feet, and, when he enters the room, he informs all that he has been sent by the good Christ-kindschen (Krist Kingle) to make inquiries as to their behavior. Each one is interrogated, beginning with the oldest; they are asked if they have been studious, obedient, truthful; quarrelsome, revengeful, or ungenerous. The little ones generally try to propitiate him by a verse taught them by their nurses:

> "Christ-kindschen komm;
> Mach mich fromm;
> Das ich zu dir in himmel komm."

Which literally translated is, "Christ-child, come; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven." Pelznichel, who is armed with a rod, shakes it savagely, while he holds forth to those who have failed to give satisfaction, then passes it to the father, with directions to use it if all other means fail. He then tells them that Christ-kindschen will not forget them on the Christmas-tree, and leaves, after giving from his bag apples, nuts, and cakes, and telling them what he will do next year to those who have not a better account to give. In the country, Pelznichel goes about on a donkey, and sometimes actually chastises the children of the peasants. On the eve itself, Der glückliche Abend, or Happy Evening, as it is called, every house, be it palace or cottage, has a Christmas-tree. The Germans would not believe it Christmas without one. Few who have not seen it can imagine the glory of a real German Christmas-tree. In Rhenish Bavaria and the Catholic states of Germany,

* A fact of the writer's own experience.

the Christ-kindschen is represented by a young person dressed in white, with a gilt crown upon the head, a wand in one hand, and a bell in the other, whose post is behind the tree, where he or she is but dimly seen, owing to the glare of the lights upon it. In other parts of the country, the Christ-child is never represented; the children are told that he has provided the Christmas-tree, and knows through Pelznichel of the conduct of each, but his existence is an article of faith, not an ocular demonstration.

As most of us can testify from early recollections, however, St. Niklas, or St. Nicholas, as we call him, is not unknown to the children of this country—only here he generally puts his good things in little stockings hung up for the purpose, instead of arranging them on a Christmas-tree. Just when this custom of hanging up little stockings and these visits of the good old saint began on this side of the Atlantic we leave to learned antiquarians to decide. The following jolly description,* however, of what a little New Yorker witnessed about the year 1784, puts beyond doubt the fact that he used to go his rounds, in this city at least, long before any of us ever received

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!'
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight:
'*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*'"

* By Clement C. Moore, born in New York, July 15, 1779.

ISCHIA.

After the close of a winter in Rome and Naples, where so much of interest centres, invalids and travellers run away at the first approach of warm weather, unknowing or unthinking of the many charming retreats which Italy itself presents for the hot months—mineral baths, the seaside, and mountain regions in numberless variety. Of all these, not one seems so little known as this lovely and wonderful island, affording within a circumference of twenty miles over twenty-five varieties of mineral springs, which seem to promise relief to every ill that flesh is heir to. No spot of earth is so rich in hot mineral waters; what here runs to waste would make the fortune of a dozen towns in America.

Their chief characteristics are sulphates and carbonates of soda, combined with salts of magnesia, lime, and potash, with a great deal of carbonic acid gas. They issue from the ground at so high a temperature that they must be cooled before using them.

Besides these waters, there are also hot sand-baths of great power, and hot-air and vapor baths varying from 140° to 180° Fahrenheit.

The ancients knew of these springs, as Strabo, Pliny, and other writers mention them.

In 1588, a work was published describing about forty springs, including those now in use. Since then various scientific men have endeavored to bring them into notice, yet, strange to say, few English or Americans visit the island, or seek health in a region which has everything to recommend it. The most efficacious of these waters is the Gurgitella, which rises to the temperature of 167° or 168° Fahrenheit, and is used with great success in gout, rheumatism, scrofula, paralysis, etc. An alkaline water, called *Acqua del Occhio*, is used in affections of the eyes, and by the ladies to whiten their hands. The Cappone—so-called from its resemblance to chicken-broth—is taken for dyspepsia.

The sea-bathing is also excellent. Add to all these a climate which is perfection, the mean temperature never exceeding 79°, or the greatest heat 90°, with lofty and picturesque mountains, flowers and fruits and vegetables of every variety, good hotels, fine shooting and fishing, and most interesting excursions, and it may really be esteemed a paradise.

Bishop Berkeley, writing to Pope in 1717, describes a summer he passed here as the most delightful of his life. He says: "The island is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea; the vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards interspersed with fruit-trees. Besides cherries, apricots, peaches, etc., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, figs, pomegranates, melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climate, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with myrtle and lentiscus. But that which crowns the scene is Monte Epo-

meus. Below, it is adorned with vines and other fruits, the middle affords pasture to flocks of sheep and goats, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus."

Another traveller of later date, 1863, speaks of the island in the same glowing strain, and adds, "The inhabitants are peaceable; indeed, such a thing as robbery, much less brigandage, is seldom heard of in Ischia."

In fine weather, the voyage from Naples is delightful. The boat crosses to the point of Posilippo, thence across the Bay of Pozzuoli, with beautiful views of that town where St. Paul landed on his perilous journey to Rome, past Nisida, Monte Nuova, Baie, the cape of Misenum, the Marina of Procidà at the foot of its picturesque castle, and, finally, the island of Vivara, distant about two miles from the landing-place and castle of Ischia.

Before Vesuvius resumed its activity in the first century, Ischia was the principal site of volcanic action in South Italy. The Monte Epomeo, the Epopos of the Greeks, the Epopeus of the Latin poets, rises grandly in the centre of the island. On the north and west, the island slopes gradually down to the water's edge, while on the south it plunges into the sea, forming lofty and abrupt precipices.

According to Livy, a Greek colony from Chalcis and Eurythea settled on the island previous to or about the time of the foundation of Cumæ; but, being disturbed by earthquakes, they were obliged to quit the island and settle on the opposite coast. Timæus, who lived B.C. 262, mentions that before his time Mount Epomeus vomited fire and ashes, and Pliny relates the same. Julius Obsequens mentions an eruption B.C. 92, and the volcano was active in the reigns of Titus, Antoninus Pius, and Diocletian. The last eruption took place in 1302, when a stream of lava issued from the north-east base of the mountain and ran into the sea near the town of Ischia. Its path may be plainly traced at this day.

The volcanic action of Ischia is intimately associated with its early history, and its connection with the mythology of antiquity invests the island with a charm peculiarly its own.

The more remote volcanic outbursts were poetically ascribed by Pindar to the struggles of the imprisoned giant Typhœus. Homer's description of the struggles of Typhœus in Arimi is a perfect picture of volcanic phenomena. Virgil, adopting Homer's tradition, gave Typhœus to Ischia and Enceladus to Etna. The name "Ænaria," according to Pliny, was derived by the poets from its having been one of the stations of the fleet of Æneas.

Ischia is a corruption of the word "Iscla," under which name the island is mentioned in ecclesiastical records of the eighth century. In later history, Ischia has been the scene of many interesting events, and has known the same vicissitudes and changes of fortune as Naples.

At the fall of the Roman Empire it followed the fortunes of the capital. In 813 and in 847 it was attacked by the Saracens, and in 1135 sacked by the Pisans on their way to Amalfi. In 1191, Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, only son of Frederick Barbarossa, succeeded to the Two Sicilies by his marriage with Constance, daughter of Roger the Great, Count

of Sicily, and took possession of Ischia. In the reign of his son Frederick II., Carniciola, his general, allowed himself to be burned alive in the castle rather than surrender it to the Guelphs under Otho IV. In 1282, Ischia joined Sicily in the revolt known as the "Sicilian Vespers," against the usurper, Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis. In 1299, Charles II. recovered the island, and punished the people by cutting down all their trees and vineyards.

In 1389, Ladislaus, son of Charles III. of Durazzo, defeated Louis II. of Anjou in a battle fought on Mount Epomeo, near the crater of Mount Rotaro.

In the fifteenth century, Alfonso I., the heir of Joanna, sister of Ladislaus, by her first adoption, and through her of the old Norman kings, seized Ischia and fortified it, building the castle and expelling Renato of Anjou, who was her heir by a second adoption. After his death, it was taken by one of the adherents of Renato, who held it against Ferdinand I., son of Alfonso, till 1463.

In 1495, Ferdinand II. retired to Ischia, abandoning Naples to his rival, Charles VIII.

In 1505, his uncle and successor, despoiled of his kingdom by the treaty of Grenada, which divided Naples between Louis XII. of France and Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain, went to Ischia with his queen and children, accompanied by his sister Beatrice. They remained in the castle of Ischia till the king surrendered in person to Louis, so that Ischia may be said to have witnessed the extinction of the Aragonese dynasty.

The Marquis of Pescara, one of the heroes of Ravenna, and the conqueror of Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, was born in the Castle of Ischia in 1489. His sister Costanza defended it during the war which preceded the treaty of Grenada, and refused to capitulate to the forces of Louis XII., although commanded to do so by her king, to whom she afterward gave shelter in the same castle, the only spot in his kingdom which her heroism had enabled him to call his own. As an acknowledgment of her services, the government of the island was settled upon her family, who retained it till 1734.

In 1525, Vittoria Colonna, the most famous woman of her time, the widow of Pescara, came to Ischia to mourn his loss and to celebrate his achievements in verses which won for her the title of "Divine." Her genius, her virtues, her piety, her beauty, are immortalized by Michael Angelo, Bembo, and Ariosto.

In 1548, Mary of Aragon, the cousin of Pescara, widow of the Marchese del Vasto, followed the example of Vittoria, and sought a home in Ischia at the close of a life which seemed never to grow old.

We occupy a charming villa upon the slope of Mount Epomeo, which rises behind us 2,610 feet above the sea. Hardly can there be found ground level enough for the erection of houses. The graceful villas seem to hang upon the mountain-sides, and below and above and about us are vineyards, orange-groves, and pomegranates, the vines trained from tree to tree or making continuous arbors under which one may walk miles, screened from the rain or sun, while through the openings are revealed glimpses of the blue sea below or of the lofty mountain above. The streets of the towns and the romantic roads about the island are inaccessible, however, save upon donkeys. Not a wheeled vehicle is to be seen on the island.

In one of our rambles, following a beautiful path bordered by high

banks, from which hung blooming shrubs and flowers, we came upon a pretty village after a steep ascent. The people came out and invited us into their clean houses with the usual pretty phrase, "*Favorisca eccellenza*," or by graceful gestures; for they speak a curious dialect, a mixture of Greek, which even the Italians find it difficult to understand. A young man pointed to his wife and child sitting by a gate, and prayed us to enter. It was such a charming-looking dwelling, reminding us of the Moorish houses in Spain, that there was no refusing him. We found that the interior corresponded with the exterior. The stone stairway freshly whitened, the balcony filled with flowers, running along the house, the shining tiled floors of the rooms, whose windows gave a succession of charming views, were shown with great pride; but the crowning glory was his chapel, most tastefully arranged, where he has Mass twice a week.

We are between the villages of Casamicciola and Lacco. The former is a most picturesque town, and contains the mineral springs of most importance. These rise about half a mile from the town at the base of the mountain.

Here are two large establishments on the source of the Gurgitello, with private baths handsomely fitted up. One of these has a covered way from an adjoining hotel, so that invalids may not be exposed to the air on coming from the baths. Opposite the springs is a large hospital founded in 1601 by the "Misericordia" of Naples for poor patients either from the city hospitals or elsewhere. It has 80 baths and accommodations for 400 patients. The Sisters of Charity, the only religious order of females left in Italy, go each summer to attend it. The temperature of this water is 168° Fahrenheit.

The Cappone, of which we tasted at its source, is only 98° Fahrenheit. The *Acqua di Bagno Fresco*, called also *del Occhio*, rises here near the Cappone.

Lacco is a fishing-village beautifully situated in a little cove on the sea-shore below us. It has the church and convent of St. Restituta, the patron saint of the island, who was cast ashore here on her voyage from Egypt, and is said to have planted a lily which can never be made to bloom elsewhere.

In this town, large numbers of tunnies and sword-fish are caught. Near the convent is the principal spring of Lacco, where are also the famous sand-baths, for the cure of rheumatism, paralysis, and diseases of the joints. On the sea-shore the sand is so hot that a hole made in it becomes instantly filled with water at a temperature of 112°.

As we come out of the pretty church, the village children strew the fragrant acacia blossoms in our path—a delicate attention constantly shown to strangers by the peasants of Italy.

Another day we made an excursion to the town of Ischia, on the opposite side the island, which has a charming little harbor formed by Ferdinand II., father of the late king of Naples, out of a small lake supposed to have been a volcanic crater. He also built a beautiful villa here, where he spent two months of every year. The people speak of him with love and respect, show the roads and other improvements he planned for the advantage of the island, and tell how good he was to the poor.

Below the villa on the shore is the pretty modern church and the baths, the waters of which are very much the same with those of the other side the island.

At the end of the town is the "Acqua Castiglione." The sand on the shore near it is so hot that it raises the thermometer in a few moments to 212°, and there is a hot spring in the sea itself a short distance from the beach. The Castiglione is a tonic aperient.

On the hills above the spring are the "Stufe di Castiglione," vapor-baths which issue from holes in the lava at a temperature of 122° and 133°. Beneath the rocky surface one may hear the noise of the boiling water from another "stufe" near by, the "Caccinto," where the water of the same character is 160°.

The castle of Ischia stands on a lofty rock rising out of the sea, connected with the land by a narrow mole. It was built by Alphonso I. of Aragon. Well might the brave Costanza have defended it against the great King of France, so strong does it appear even now, when time has rusted the great portcullis and broken the iron-studded gates which meet us at every turn as we make the steep ascent. From the summit is a grand view over the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius, the heights of Sorrento, Procida, Misenum, and the town and island of Vivara below.

As we looked upon this scene, we recalled the various vicissitudes which the old castle and the kingdom of Naples have known. Nothing remains the same as in the great days of the old stronghold, save the changeless and glorious ocean at its base.

It was in vain to ask where had dwelt the learned Vittoria, the beautiful Mary of Aragon—in what chamber the great Pescara had first seen the light. The stupid soldier who showed the place knew none of these things, so we had to fancy how on these lofty ramparts Costanza stood defiant, and how sorrowful a farewell must her king have taken of a scene of so much beauty when he quitted it for imprisonment and death in a foreign land.

Forio, another town on the western coast, is in a most picturesque situation. The ride to it leads over the lava current, half a mile in width and black and barren, on which grow only stunted pines and the Spanish broom. The town has some pretty villas and churches, and several old towers which the people declare were built by the Saracens, who are known to have had a settlement on the mainland.

As we ride along the beach we find the people collected to honor the *festa* of St. Gaetano, the patron of the port. A gayly-decked vessel is near the beach, on which is placed a statue of the saint. Fishermen with their red caps, boys, and soldiers are firing guns and petards; for the Neapolitans have no idea of a *festa* of any kind without noise and gunpowder, and it is said in thus mingling festivity with their religion they show their Greek origin. The return of the processions from the Madonna del Arco, which we saw on Whit-Monday in Naples, was like an ancient Bacchanalian feast. Horses and wagons and people were decked with flowers and vines; men and women danced and sang by the way, seemingly wild with joy. Nowhere are there such light-hearted, happy people.

We return from our excursion for the beginning of a triduo, a three days' *festa*, for St. Anthony of Padua. Our little church at the gate is gayly dressed with flowers. During the Benediction, the usual noise is made; guns are fired, petards sent off outside the church, and bells rung, while organs, mandolins, and other instruments chime in. And this morning at High Mass the same startling noise takes place at the Elevation. In the evening, we have a sermon upon St. Anthony, and we are exhorted to follow his example. When

the preacher speaks of the love of God, with the peculiar vehemence and enthusiasm of this people, the audience weep and cry aloud in ejaculatory prayers; and it is not easy for one to withstand the contagion of such an affecting example.

There are several other towns in Ischia. The ascent of Mount Epomeo is usually made from Panza. The view from its summit embraces a panorama extending from beyond Pæstum to Monte Circello, while on the north may be seen the snowy mountains of the Abruzzi.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

FOURTH AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.†

"What a wonderful history it is!"—*Mrs. Muloch Craik.*

We resume our remarks on Mr. Froude's history at the period of the narrative just before the murder of Darnley (vol. viii. p. 375).

At page 379, vol. viii., we have a word-painting in Mr. Froude's best style, profuse in the picturesque, but sober in authenticated facts. In it Mary Stuart is very hateful, and Darnley very lovely; all with such rubbish as the queen's sending back to "fetch a fur wrapper, which she thought too pretty to be spoiled,"‡ and Darnley's opening the English Prayer-book to read the Fifty-fifth Psalm—"if his servant's tale was true." What servant's tale? All Darnley's servants who were with him perished that night except Nelson, who tells some surprising stories in his deposition, but does not get as far as the prayers.

In the opening pages of his ninth volume, the historian deals his readers this staggering blow:

> "As the vindication of the conduct of the English government proceeds on the assumption of her guilt, so the determination of her innocence will equally be the absolute condemnation of Elizabeth and Elizabeth's advisers."

Rem acu tetigisti, most candid historian, for that is precisely the conclusion reached by those who have most thoroughly studied the question. We really wonder at Mr. Froude's imprudence in drawing attention to Elizabeth in this connection.

There was not a plot or conspiracy against Mary to which Elizabeth was a stranger.

There was not during all Mary's reign a traitor or a murderer fleeing

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

† For preceding articles, see CATHOLIC WORLD for June, August, October, and December, 1870.

‡ An English writer remarks: "This is making her not the most wicked of women, but an incarnate fiend! Where is the proof that her reason for sending it back was not simply that the night was cold?"

from Scotland to England whom Elizabeth did not protect. All the Riccio murderers were safe there. Ker of Faudonside, who held a cocked pistol at Mary during the Riccio murder, and who was excepted from the general pardon, found sure refuge in England during all of Mary's reign; and Mr. Froude informs us that "to Morton she (Elizabeth) sent an order a copy of which could be shown to the Queen of Scots to leave the country; but she sent with it a private hint that England was wide, and that those who cared to conceal themselves could not always be found."

Complicity in both the Riccio and the Darnley murder is directly brought home to Elizabeth and Cecil. The first is proven by the correspondence of that day yet in the Record Office. The second is sufficiently made out, notwithstanding the fact that the voluminous reports of the English agents in Scotland a month before and a month after the Darnley murder have disappeared. This important fact has lately been made known by Mr. Caird* (p. 128). Nevertheless, a letter from Drury to Cecil survives, making it certain (with aid of other testimony) that Darnley was strangled. His body was found eighty yards from the spot of assassination, without bruise or scratch upon it. Knox intimates the same thing. So does Buchanan, and these two were well informed.

Ker of Faudonside, the outlaw and sworn enemy of Mary Stuart, was present at the murder with a party to lend aid. Was he, too, Mary Stuart's accomplice?

To the attention of readers who have studied the philosophy of history, we commend the following entirely new method of getting at the heart of a mystery:

> "It is therefore of the highest importance to ascertain the immediate belief of the time at which the murder took place, while party opinions were still unshaped and party action undetermined. The reader is invited to follow the story as it unfolded itself from day to day. He will be shown each event as it occurred, with the impressions which it formed upon the minds of those who had the best means of knowing the truth" (vol. ix. p. 3).

We are asked to receive as proofs contemporary impressions concerning the nature of a plot shrouded in darkness, where those "who had the best means of knowing the truth" were precisely those whose lips were closely sealed; and, finally, to accept as evidence contemporary impressions fabricated and juggled by vile assassins seeking to throw the infamy of their crimes upon others.

Will some one take the "impressions which each event" connected with the Nathan murder "formed upon the minds of those who had the best means," etc., etc., and tell us who killed Mr. Nathan? Mr. Wiesener thus accurately characterizes this discovery of Mr. Froude: "To penetrate the deep mystery of a wicked plot," stop the first man you meet in the street—or *parlez au concierge*.

But if, as Mr. Froude asserts, it be true that it is of the highest importance to ascertain the immediate belief of the time, why does he not tell us that a published rumor accused Queen Elizabeth of the murder; that another one ascribed it to Catherine de' Medicis; that Buchanan states in his *Detection* that public report in England pointed to Murray, Morton, and their friends as the assassins, and a far better authority (Camden) tells the same story?

Mr. Froude tells us that on the

* *Mary Stuart, her Guilt or Innocence.* By Alexander McNeel Caird.

night of the murder "Mary Stuart had slept soundly." This is on Buchanan's authority, but his language is not cited. We insist on producing it. Buchanan says that, when Mary Stuart heard that Darnley was killed, "she settled herself to rest, with a countenance so quiet and mind so untroubled that she sweetly slept till the next day at noon."* There need be no doubt now as to the expression of Mary's features on that occasion. To be sure, there exists a trifling difficulty in reconciling Buchanan and Paris. The first says Mary slept till noon; the second, that he saw her awake between nine and ten o'clock. Mr. Froude places implicit faith in both—which is proper and consistent, any testimony against Mary Stuart being good testimony. Our historian goes on: "The room was already hung with black and lighted with candles." This was between nine and ten in the morning. The explosion took place at three o'clock. Now, either Mary Stuart must have suspended the sound sleep, of which Buchanan and Mr. Froude, of all the people in the world, appear to know anything, or else she—"the keenest witted woman living" (Froude, vol. viii. p. 225)—was fool enough to order the room hung with black before Darnley was killed. Will Mr. Froude explain? We place at his service a few friendly hints. "*Son lict tendu de noir*," does not mean, as he translates, "The room was already hung with black." It means that the bed was hung with black. *Lict* or *lit* means bed; *chambre* means a room. The word *icelle*, in his note at page 5 (vol. ix.), does not make sense. It is evidently a misprint for *la ruelle*, meaning the space left between the bed and the wall. Paris illuminates this *ruelle* with "de la chandelle." Mr. Froude improves this, and lights up the whole apartment.

"Eating composedly, as Paris observed." But there is no such thing as "eating composedly" in the text as furnished by Mr. Froude.

At pp. 5 and 6, vol. ix., Mr. Froude—to use a legal phrase—sums up in a manner which perils his case and exposes its weakness. Every line of the two long paragraphs commencing with "Whatever may or may not," at p. 5, and ending with "of all suspicion of it," p. 6 (vol. ix.), contains either a misstatement or a misrepresentation.

Some are their own best answer. The others we proceed to dispose of. The self-possession which Mr. Froude finds so remarkable was simply the prostration of despair. In the English Record Office, there is a letter written the day after the murder, by the French ambassador in Scotland, which was intercepted by the English officials. M. de Clernault wrote: "The fact [Darnley's death] being communicated to the queen, one can scarcely think what distress and agony it has thrown her into."

The Scottish lords leagued with Murray and with Bothwell for the murder of Darnley were among the worst men known to history, and are thus forcibly portrayed by a late English writer: "They were barefaced liars, they were ruthless foes, they were Judas-like friends. To garble evidence, to forge documents, to put awkward witnesses out of the way by the poison-cup or the dagger—these were familiar acts to men who frequented the Scottish court, who were noble by birth and dignified by office."

* Mr. Froude himself has a much finer picture at p. 370, vol. viii.: "With these thoughts in her mind, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, lay down upon her bed—to sleep, doubtless—sleep with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child." The reader must remember that Mr. Froude claims to write history in giving us this sweetly pretty passage.

And these were the men* to whom Mary must look in such an emergency for advice and aid. Can it be wondered that this young woman, the victim of the three atrocious plots of 1565, 1566, and 1567—sick and heart-broken—was not capable of acting with the wisdom of a judge and the decision of a high-sheriff? If Mary Stuart had been a hypocrite, she would have filled Holyrood with clamorous sobs. The council was full of the assassins; she was assailed by treason, secret calumny, and English plots, and without a single friend on whose advice she could rely, or a single minister on whose counsel she could lean. The anonymous placards could not help her to any knowledge. She knew herself to be innocent, and it was natural not to believe Bothwell guilty. Why should she? Of all the noblemen about the court he had never shown any enmity to Darnley, and they had always been on friendly terms.

"She preferred to believe that she was herself the second object of the conspiracy, yet she betrayed neither surprise nor alarm." And at the next page Mr. Froude tells us of a dispatch containing "a message to her from Catherine de' Medicis that her *husband's life* was in danger." Mr. Froude is really incorrigible. Catherine had nothing whatever to do with the warning, did not even know that it was given, and of course sent no message. Mr. Froude is never at a loss for an occasion to couple Mary Stuart's name with that of Catherine de' Medicis, although he knows full well there never was any sympathy between them, and that, next to Elizabeth, she was Mary's most pitiless enemy.

The dispatch (from Archbishop Beaton in Paris) did not advise Mary that her husband's life was in danger, but that Mary Stuart herself was in danger. It reads: "The ambassador of Spaigne requests me to advertise you to *tak heid to yourself*. I have had sum murmuring in likeways be others, that there be some surprise to be transacted in your contrair," etc. And when later the archbishop thanked the Spanish ambassador in the queen's name for the warning he had given, the ambassador replied: "Suppose it came too late, yet apprise her majesty that I am informed, by the same means as I was before, *that there is still some notable enterprise in hand against her, whereof I wish her to beware in time*."

"She did not attempt to fly." If she had, Mr. Froude is ready to say that she could not support the presence of her victim.

"She sent for none of the absent noblemen to protect her," and "Murray was within reach, but she did not seem to desire his presence!"

Mr. Froude, who makes these statements, knows perfectly well that: *First*, Drury wrote Cecil at the time, "She hath twice sent for the Earl of Murray, who *stayeth himself* by my ladie in her sickness." *Second*, Melville also wrote to Cecil that "Mary has summoned Murray and all the lords," and that, "the Earl of Athol and the comptroller of the royal household having gone away, the queen ordered them back *on penalty of rebellion*." *Third*, The papal legate in France wrote to the Duke of Tuscany that "Murray, summoned by the queen, would not come."

But, nothing daunted, Mr. Froude continues: "Lennox, Darnley's father, was at Glasgow or near it, but she did not send for him." This statement gives the lie to Drury, who at the time reported to Cecil that Mary sent for Lennox, and flatly

* Huntly, the chancellor, and Argyll, the lord-justice, were both in the plot.

contradicts "the stainless," in whose diary, filed as a part of the evidence against his sister, is found an entry of February 11 (day of the murder) to the effect that the queen sent for Lennox.

"She spent the morning in writing a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow." Positively, she did not. Maitland wrote the letter. The queen merely signed it.

CRAWFORD'S TESTIMONY.

In introducing the evidence of Crawford, who was sent by Lennox to spy and report upon the queen while in Glasgow, Mr. Froude informs us, in a note at p. 364, vol. viii., that "the conversation as related by Darnley to Crawford tallies exactly with that given by Mary herself to Bothwell in the casket-letters." Tallies exactly? Why, it tallies miraculously. The conversation between Mary and Darnley occurred in the last week of January, 1567. Crawford's deposition was not taken until the summer of 1568, when it was given at the solicitation of Lennox and Murray's secretary (Wood).

Crawford's deposition gives the conversation between Darnley and Mary as he (Crawford) had it from Darnley. The casket-letter is produced as Mary's relation of the same interview. The conversation was very long, and yet these two versions present the astonishing coincidence of perfect unanimity of three memories.

That they should perfectly agree in substance would of itself be somewhat remarkable, but that they should be almost identical in words and phrases is yet more wonderful.

The explanation is simple. The casket-letter was manufactured from Crawford's deposition by a careless forger. Here is a specimen of both:

CRAWFORD'S DEPOSITION.	ALLEGED LETTER OF THE QUEEN.
"You asked me what I meant by the cruelty specified in my letters; that proceedeth of you only, that will not accept my offers and repentance. I confess that I have failed in some things, and yet greater faults have been made to you sundry times, which you have forgiven. I am but young, and you will say you have forgiven me divers times. May not a man of my age, for lack of counsel, of which I am very destitute, fall twice or thrice, and yet repent, and be chastised by experience?" etc.	"You asked me what I mean by the cruelty contained in my letter; it is of you alone, that will not accept my offers and repentance. I confess that I have failed, but not into that which I ever denied; and such like has failed to sundry of our subjects, which you have forgiven. I am young. You will say that you have forgiven me oft-times, and that yet I return to my faults. May not a man of my age, for lack of counsel, fall twice or thrice, or in lack of his promise, and at last repent himself, and be chastised by experience?"

THE DEPOSITION OF PARIS

(Nicholas Hubert) is characteristically introduced by Mr. Froude at p. 4, vol. ix. Details are prudently avoided. "Paris made two depositions, the first not touching Mary, the second fatally implicating her." Very true. The first deposition was a voluntary one; but he was tortured before the second was taken.

> "This last was read over in his presence. He signed it, and was then executed, that there might be no retraction or contradiction."

Surely the precaution was radical. But Paris could not have signed the *deposition*, nor known what it contained, for he could neither write nor read. "The haste and concealment," continues Mr. Froude, "were merely intended to baffle Elizabeth."

Then there was "haste and concealment"! Let us see. Murray represented that Paris was arrested in Denmark and brought to Scotland in June, 1569, that his first deposition was taken August 9, the second August 10, and that he was executed August 16, 1569. *There is no record*

of his trial, no statement as to who interrogated him, nor by what court he was condemned; nor is there any judicial or other proper legal authentication of his deposition. Murray wrote to Elizabeth that Paris "suffered death by order of law"—law here, we suppose, standing for "Murray." All others arrested for the Darnley murder were tried and executed in Edinburgh; but Paris was secretly taken away from there, secretly tortured, secretly tried, if tried at all, by Murray's orders, and finally executed, all at St. Andrew's, Murray's own castle. On the scaffold, he "declared before God that he never carried any such letters, nor that the queen was participant nor of counsel in the cause" (Tytler, vol. i. p. 29). But, more than this, Mr. Hosack, in his late work* on Mary Stuart, proves, from a document lately discovered in the Danish archives, that Paris was delivered to Murray, not in the summer of 1569, as Murray represented, but eight months earlier, namely, on the 30th October, 1568, before the Westminster proceedings had yet opened. Paris is the only witness made to charge the queen directly with adultery and murder. Murray could easily have produced him at Westminster, and was not prevented by any delicacy of feeling, for these were the very charges he himself brought against his sister. Meantime, the fact that Paris was then in Murray's prison was kept a profound secret until long after the commission had adjourned. The paper called the second deposition of Paris was written by a Robert Ramsay,† and witnessed by two of Murray's dependants, both, like himself, pensioners of Elizabeth and prominent among the worst enemies of Mary. When the depositions were sent to London, the first was made known, but the second was concealed, filed away among Cecil's papers, and not made public until 1725. A distinguished English historian is of the opinion that a charge of crime kept back or concealed for twenty-five years cannot be relied upon as evidence. What, then, are we to think of one concealed for one hundred and fifty-six years? The historian we refer to is Mr. Froude, who remarks, upon the accusation brought against Leicester of the murder of his wife, Amy Robsart:

> "The charity of later years has inclined to believe that it was a calumny invented, [etc., etc.]; and *as it was not published till a quarter of a century after the crime*—if crime there was—had been committed, *it will not be relied upon in this place for evidence*" (vol. vii. p. 288).

You see, we must draw the line somewhere. Against an edifying Protestant gentleman like Leicester, we cannot admit anything after, say, twenty years; but it will give us great pleasure to receive any evidence against Mary Stuart to the end of time.

The second deposition, taken August 10, was secretly sent up to Cecil by Murray on the 15th of October, 1569, "gif furder pruif be requirit." Cecil at once saw that he could make no public use of such a document taken by and before such notorious agents of Murray as Buchanan, Wood, and Ramsay, and, says Chalmers, "he desired the hypocritical regent of Scotland to send him a *certified copy* of the same declaration of Paris. Whereupon a notary, one Alexander Hay, obliges Murray by certifying a copy as true, but, unfortunately for the credit of the document, omitting the names of the witnesses to the original paper, and re-

* *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers.* By John Hosack, Barrister-at-Law.

† "Writer of this declaration, servant to my lord regent's grace."

presenting himself as sole witness to the declaration of Paris!" Hay was clerk of Murray's Privy Council.

Referring to this deposition of Paris, the *North American Review* (vol. xxxiv.) says it was "wrung from him by torture, by those most deeply interested in finding Mary guilty, . . . under circumstances so suspicious throughout that such evidence would not now be admitted by a country justice in case of trover."

"Such testimony as that of Paris is justly rejected both by the Roman and our own Scottish laws," say Bishop Keith, Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

But not all "the charity of later years" nor Mr. Froude's lofty views of the mission of the historian have been able to induce him to give any intimation to his reader that the authenticity of this incredible narrative of Paris was ever questioned.

On the contrary, as with the casket-letters, Paris is so interwoven with Froude in the text that the reader must be specially attentive if he wishes to distinguish one from the other.

THE CASKET-LETTERS,

denounced from the first as forgeries, are rejected by such writers as Goodal (1754), Gilbert Stuart (1762), Tytler (1759), Whitaker (1788), Dr. Johnson (1760), Lingard, Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, Aytoun, Miss Strickland, Hosack, and Caird. Hundreds of scholars, fully the equals of Mr. Froude in ability and acquirements, are thoroughly satisfied of the forgery of these letters.

Mr. Froude has, therefore, no choice but to recognize the necessity of establishing their genuineness. He makes this recognition, but proceeds without ceremony to use the letters, quieting his readers with the assurance that their authenticity "will be discussed in a future volume in connection with their discovery," and, meantime, weaves the tainted papers so ingeniously into his narrative that it is not always easy for the reader to distinguish "Froude" from "casket." In the same paragraph with his promise, the reader will remark an intimation that the historian may, possibly, not keep his word: "The inquiry at the time appears to me to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures." As might be expected, on reaching the point fixed for the discussion, our author totally fails to redeem his pledge, and falls back on contemporary opinion and this astounding note: "That some casket was discovered cannot be denied by the most sanguine defender of the queen." Further, instead of a straightforward "discussion," Mr. Froude keeps up a desultory muttering in occasional notes, avowing his belief in the casket. "One of the letters," he says, "could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare." We are not told which is that letter, nor can we understand the precise signification here attached to "invention." If beauty of diction is meant, we must differ; for, although the two probably genuine letters of Mary Stuart among the eight are—like everything from her pen—admirable in feeling and in style, still the genius of a Shakespeare would not be required to produce them. If he means invention in the sense of imitation or the talent of counterfeiting, we must say that it is ability of a very low order. The history of literature abounds in successful imitation of even classic writers by very inferior talent, and Shakespeare's name naturally recalls the history of the half-educated boy, an attorney's clerk,* who for nearly two

* William Henry Ireland.

years imposed upon all England with Shakespeare prose, poetry, sonnet, and tragedy, all of his own manufacture.

We have long been of the opinion that attention has not been sufficiently drawn to the external history of these famous casket-letters. This portion of its history should alone be sufficient to consign the plated cheat to oblivion as the most impudent and flimsy of impostors, and is so clear as to render superfluous any argument on the internal evidence, which is, if possible, yet more overwhelming.

The story of Mary's accusers is that, four days after the flight at Carberry, Bothwell sent his retainer Dalgleish to Edinburgh Castle to obtain from Sir James Balfour (in command) a certain silver casket, his (Bothwell's) property; that Balfour gave the casket to Dalgleish, notifying the confederate lords "underhand," who intercepted Dalgleish, June 20, 1567, and took the casket, in which they found eight letters, written by the queen to Bothwell, several contracts, sonnets, and bonds. Now, those who choose are at liberty to believe that Dalgleish, well-known as a follower of Bothwell, was allowed to pass through more than four hundred armed enemies and sentinels to reach the castle; that Balfour, an open enemy of Bothwell, an acute lawyer, an unprincipled man ("the most corrupt man in Scotland," says Robertson), than whom no clerk in the kingdom could better appreciate the importance of such papers, gave them up to a messenger, without receipt or acknowledgment of any description, thus running the risk of their loss or destruction by Dalgleish, or his escape with them, and thus placing himself and all his confederates at Bothwell's mercy. They are, further, free to believe that such a man as Balfour would have had the slightest hesitation in appropriating the papers; for he must have already broken open the casket, inasmuch as it is claimed that he knew what were its contents before delivering it to Dalgleish.

But let us accept the story. What then? Arrested June 20, Dalgleish was interrogated June 26. His examination and replies are preserved, and contain not a solitary word concerning the casket, or letters or papers of any description found upon him as alleged. The examination took place before the Privy Council. Neither then nor at any other time did he make any statement concerning it. He was executed January 3, 1568, and *his name was never mentioned in connection with the casket story until after he was dead.* None of the servants of Morton who arrested him were examined.

But, it may be said, the Privy Council may not have been aware of the finding of the casket. But Balfour, who gave it to Dalgleish, and Morton, in whose hands the casket is claimed then to have been, were both present at the examination, Morton as a member of the council.

It will be borne in mind that the casket-letters were produced as the letters of the queen to Bothwell. But they were all *undated*,* *undirected*, *unsealed*, and *unsubscribed*, and might as well have been written to anybody as well as to Bothwell.

Are we to be told that the most able and astute lawyer in all Scotland could not see the vital necessity of tracing, by evidence, these letters to Bothwell's possession—letters which would prove their writer guilty of adultery and murder? With the testimony of Balfour and Dalgleish, Bothwell's ownership of the papers is clear. Yet Balfour not

* Except one, "this Saturday morning."

only declined to examine Dalgleish, but did not even proffer his own poor testimony. No curiosity concerning this capital point in their case appears to have been manifested by those interested, and we hear not a word from them on the subject until months after the death of the only person whose testimony could have helped them. On the scaffold, Dalgleish asserted the innocence of Mary, charging Murray and Morton as the authors of the murder.

But how is it possible that Morton and Balfour should have neglected so essential a precaution as that of taking Dalgleish's testimony as to the casket?

The answer is very plain. Balfour never received such a casket from Bothwell; he delivered no casket to Dalgleish; and, finally, the so-called casket-letters were not then (June 20, 1567) in existence. The first public announcement as to these letters is in the famous Act of Council, December 4, 1567, an act signed by Morton, Maitland, and Balfour, all accomplices in the murder.

This act charges

> "that the cause and occasion of the taking of the queen's person, upon the 15th day of June last, was in the said queen's own default, in as far as by *divers her previe letters written and subscribit with her awin hand*, and sent by her to James, Earl of Bothwell, chief executor of the said horrible murder, it is most certain that she was privy, art and part, and of the actual devise and deed, of the prementioned murder of the king her lawful husband."

Not a word of casket, stanzas, sonnets, contracts, and bonds. This is fatal. Laing, the acutest of the forgery advocates, makes an effort to show that the term "previe letters" may also be taken to include other papers; but he fails to show, remarks Mr. Hosack, that, "either in Scotch or in any other language, the term 'previe letters' ever meant anything except private letters and epistles." Thus, the letters declared, December 4, 1567, to be *subscribed with her own hand*, were afterward claimed to have been discovered six months before, *without any signature whatever.*

The explanation is, that by the 4th of December the forgery plot was framed, and letters were to be produced *signed by the queen.* Now, forgery was no new thing to these gentlemen. Murray produced forged papers pretended to have been found on the Earl of Huntly, and with them imposed upon Mary.

They forged a letter from Mary to Bothwell, which Morton showed Kirkaldy as the excuse for their brutal treatment of the queen on the 15th of June. This letter, of course, instantly disappeared, never again to be seen.

But these casket-letters might have to be publicly produced and submitted to some sort of scrutiny. This made forgery of the royal signature a serious piece of business, and the man was not found who dared risk it, the more so as he would know he could not trust his own confederates, all scoundrels like himself. Hence the sudden right-about-face made by the conspirators; for their act of parliament, passed a few days after the act of council, describes the letters not as signed, but as "hailly written with her awin hand," and in that shape, that is, unsigned, they were produced at Westminster. Notice that neither before the council nor before the parliament in question were these letters produced, and *they were never shown in Scotland.*

Another argument. It is assumed that Bothwell, in his hurried flight, took no papers with him. His flight from Scotland was not hurried. He might have been pursued after Carberry or taken at Dunbar. Only

after the destruction of the Craigmillar bond, by which they were compromised, did the lords move against him, and even then, by proclaiming a reward for his apprehension, gave him ample warning to save himself. Bothwell was arrested on the coast of Norway as a pirate, and to prove who he was had taken out of the hold of his vessel where he had it concealed a portfolio full of private letters and important documents. This portfolio or desk was fastened with several locks, the keys of which were obtained from one of his servants. The magistrates of Bergen found in it numerous MS. letters and papers, and a letter from Mary Stuart, "not of affection, but one of complaint, lamenting her hard lot," which produced a very unfavorable impression concerning Bothwell, who was retained a prisoner.

Finally, if Mary Stuart had ever written any such letters to Bothwell "of infinite importance to him," as Mr. Froude truly says, would Bothwell have parted with them? If he consented to part with them, would he have left them at the mercy of such a man as Balfour? And granting even that, can it be believed that James Balfour, of all men in Scotland, would have loosened his grip upon them, and delivered them, gratuitously, to the servant of an absconding felon?

> "Credat Judæus apella
> Non ego;"

for Balfour was not a man to give something for nothing. He was bought over to join the confederates before Carberry, he was well paid for the "green velvet desk" transaction, and Murray afterwards gave him £5,000 in money, Pittenweem priory and another valuable tract of church land, and an annuity for his son. This Balfour is the man Murray "attempted to arrest" (Froude) for the murder of Darnley, and whom Murray, as soon as he had the power, appointed to a post of honor and responsibility.

On the 16th of September, 1568, Morton delivers the casket to Murray, against a receipt certifying that Morton had kept the casket "faithfully (since June 20, 1567), without in anything changing, increasing, or diminishing its contents." Is this the language of an honest transaction? How did Murray know whereof he certifies? No matter! Morton's word is just as good as Murray's. Thus, the casket should contain on the 20th of June all that Murray afterward produced as its contents at Westminster. Let us apply a test. On the very day Dalgleish was interrogated, the privy council ordered the arrest of Bothwell for the crimes of the murder of Darnley, and for having "traitorously ravished the queen." And yet, of the eight casket-letters, three should prove the queen's consent to Bothwell's carrying her off.

Mr. Froude says it cannot be denied that some casket was discovered. Certainly not. But when and where? Mr. Froude has no testimony on this point but the assertions of Morton, Murray, and himself.

We freely grant that "some casket was discovered." We admit, moreover, that it was the very casket produced by Murray at Westminster—a small silver-gilt casket belonging to Mary Stuart, given her by Francis, her first husband. It was discovered among Mary's effects at Holyrood when they were plundered by Murray and his friends, and when, as Mr. Froude tells us with calm delight, the queen's chapel was "purged of its Catholic ornaments."

We have a theory that Mr. Froude does not himself believe that a casket was found on Dalgleish, as the story

runs. And our reason for holding it is that he bases his strongest statements concerning it on facts which are incapable of demonstration or historical proof. At p. 39, vol. ix., he draws a fancy sketch of Bothwell *solus*, who, like a villain in a melodrama, is seen to "put the bond away in a casket, together with his remaining treasures of the same kind, in case they might be useful to him in the future" (how our historian reads the villain's thoughts!)—among the rest, the fatal letter which the queen had written to him from Glasgow, etc.

How can the reader have any doubt after this? Does he not here see the casket—almost touch it?

Here is another casket appearance (p. 118, vol. ix.):

"The Earl of Bothwell, on leaving Edinburgh for the border, had left in Balfour's hands the celebrated casket which contained the queen's letters to himself, some love sonnets, the bond signed at Seton before his trial, and one other, *probably that which was drawn at Craigmillar*."

Deep, sir, deep! The Craigmillar bond really was in Balfour's hands, and if Mr. Froude can but manage to get it into the casket, *then also is the casket in Balfour's hands.* But wait! he has another card at the next page:

"They (Maitland and the other lords) might have experienced, too, some fear as well as some compunction IF, *as Lord Herries said, the casket contained the Craigmillar bond*, to which their names remained affixed."

Mr. Froude's *probably* and *if* are mere grimace. He knows perfectly well that the Craigmillar bond never had any connection with the casket, knows when and where it was found, how it was destroyed, and who destroyed it. Thus it was: When the other murderers of Darnley confederated against Bothwell, the papers of the latter were in the castle at Edinburgh. Word was sent Balfour that, if he did not join them, he should be denounced with Bothwell as the murderer of Darnley. Balfour acceded, protecting himself with the perennial "bond" of that day, to which he required the personal guarantee of Kirkaldy of Grange—"in case the nobility might alter upon him." He knew they were all as unprincipled as himself, but he had faith in the soldier's word.

Thus made safe, he *broke open a green desk* in which Bothwell kept his valuable papers, and among them *found the Craigmillar bond.* The testimony on this point is full and indisputable. In 1780, Morton was tried and found guilty as aiding in the murder of Darnley. Balfour was a witness in the case. Sir Francis Walsingham wrote (February 3, 1580):

"The said Sir James Balfour found in a green velvet desk, late the Earl of Bothwell's, and saw and had in his hands, the principal bond of the conspirators in that murder, and can best declare and witness who were the authors and executors of the same" (*Cotton Library, Caligula* 6).

And here is the testimony of Mr. Froude's favorite, Randolph, who writes to Cecil, October 15, 1570:

"To name such as are *yet here living, most notoriously known to have been chief consentors to the king's death*, I mind not. Only I will say that the universal bruit comes upon three or four persons, which subscribed into a bond, promising to concur and assist each other in doing the same. *This bond was kept in the castle, in a little coffer or desk covered with green*, and, after the apprehension of the Scottish queen at Carberry Hill, was taken out of the place where it lay by the Laird of Liddington, in presence of Mr. James Balfour, then clerk of the register and keeper of the keys where the registers are" (*Tytler*, vol. vii. p. 346, *and* MS. *in State Paper Office*).

And with this clear testimony before him, Mr. Froude seeks to persuade his reader that the Craigmillar bond was in the silver casket! But "*if*, as Lord Herries said, the casket contained the Craigmillar bond?" suggests our historian, who is well advised that Lord Herries said nothing of the kind.

Lord Herries, on the contrary, states that Balfour did not find any alleged letters of the queen among Bothwell's effects in the castle, but that he did find the bond for the Darnley murder; and he adds that, if the queen's letters had been genuine, her enemies would only have been too glad of such an opportunity to try and condemn her.

In the face of all this testimony, Mr. Froude has yet the nerve to repeat his poor invention at p. 200, vol. ix.: "*If, as there is reason to believe*, the Craigmillar bond was in the casket also," etc. Then follow two pages which we commend to the serious attention of any admirer of Mr. Froude who claims the possession of moral principles.

THE INVENTIVE FACULTY.

But Mr. Froude has a still more ingenious device in reserve, namely, to show that Mary Stuart herself admitted the existence of the casket-letters in August, 1567 (when they were not yet forged, and before the conspirators had even determined upon the shape in which to put them). Truly a dazzling *tour de force*. Give it your attention. At p. 159, vol. xvi., we have a recital of the first interview in Lochleven prison between the Queen of Scots and Murray. This recital is based on a letter to Elizabeth from Throckmorton, who repeats Murray's account of the interview. We have not room to expose the garbling and patching of Throckmorton's text by which Mr. Froude makes up his narrative, but desire merely to point out two passages which we are plainly given to understand are quoted from Throckmorton's letter, but *which are not there*.

"Her letters had betrayed 'the inmost part of her' too desperately for denial." There is no such statement in Throckmorton, nor are the words 'the inmost part of her,' given by Mr. Froude in quotation marks, anywhere to be found in his letter. We presume they are a merely literary citation for ornament. "He [Murray] told her [Mary] that he would assure her life, and, if possible, would shield her reputation, and *prevent the publication of her letters*." The words in italics are not in Throckmorton, the idea conveyed by Mr. Froude is not there, nor is there in all of Throckmorton's letter anything to warrant Mr. Froude's assertion. *It is pure invention*. We know whereof we do affirm. There need be no question of conflict of reference.

Mr. Froude cites "*Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Aug.* 20, *Keith*," and by that authority we stand. See *Keith*, vol. ii. p. 734 *et seq.*, Edinburgh edition, printed for the Spotiswode Society, 1845.

As to Balfour's "frank confession," we should first like to know something more of the Simancas MS. referred to by Mr. Froude in that connection. There appears to be such "fatal necessity of mistake" in Mr. Froude's citations that we must ask to be excused from accepting any of them without preliminary verification of their existence and their accuracy.

To return to the casket-letters. While Mary was imprisoned at Lochleven, Villeroy and Du Croc, the two French ambassadors, demanded

interviews with the queen, but were refused by the lords. A week later the English ambassador was also refused, and in all three cases every excuse was alleged but the discovery of the casket-letters. On the contrary, the lords dwelt upon the violences and outrages of Bothwell upon the queen—things distinctly contradicted by the casket-letters. In like manner, when they seized the queen's silver, the casket was not urged in excuse.

July 24, 1567, Lindsay sought to force Mary's abdication, and to obtain it used brutal force. Mr. Froude (p. 141, vol. ix.) thinks that the story that "Lindsay clutched her arm and left the print of his gauntleted hands upon the flesh, that, having immediate death before her if she refused, she wrote her name," rests on faint authority. For Mr. Froude, all authority concerning Mary Stuart is faint that does not come from her enemies. If the casket-letters had then been in existence, the menace to use them would have brought Mary's signature without trouble. Mr. Froude appreciates the force of this objection, hence his painfully ingenious piece of work with Throckmorton's letter in order to represent Mary as yielding under the same threat from Murray.

On the day after Mary was terrified into signing her abdication, we hear the very first hint from the lords as to her "letters." The hint was given to Throckmorton; but they did not show him the casket-letters for the very best of reasons.

Throckmorton writes to Elizabeth that the lords mean to charge Mary with the Darnley murder, "whereof, *they say*, they have as apparent proof against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting," etc. But not a word of Dalgleish or the casket.

July 30, 1567.—Now we hear of the three sheets of paper—*tres pliegos de papel*. The forgery is evidently in its infancy; for, when the casket ultimately appeared, it contained a mass of papers. Murray is in London. According to Mr. Froude, he has received special information concerning this letter of three sheets of paper written by the queen to Bothwell, for as such he describes it to De Silva, the Spanish ambassador. De Silva's report of Murray's statements concerning Mary's letter—*una carta*—is given by Mr. Froude (vol. ix. p. 119) in the original Spanish. He is careful, however, to furnish the reader no translation of it, hurries over it as rapidly as possible, and abruptly leaves it by plunging into some matter about John Knox. Our historian's anxiety to escape intelligible statement of Murray's report to De Silva is very natural, for that report is one of the most fatal blows ever dealt the silver casket forgery. Murray's description to De Silva of the letter "written by Mary to Bothwell" is that of a letter totally differing in its essential features from that which was afterward produced, and "the theory that the letters were forged in the later maturity of the conspiracy against the queen," so far from "falling asunder" under Murray's statement, as Mr. Froude would have us believe, is here strengthened to the very verge of demonstration. Mr. Froude elsewhere speaks of Murray's account as an "accurate description" of the Glasgow letter. Let us look at the accuracy. The very first point is a fatal divergence. Murray describes the letter as *signed* by the queen—*firmada de su nombre*. No such letter was produced among the casket-letters, which were all without seal, date, address, or signature. The queen is made to say that she will *go*

and bring Darnley—*iria á traerle*—that is, go to Glasgow, while the letter afterward produced purports to be written at Darnley's bedside in Glasgow; that she would contrive, continues Murray's account, to poison Darnley on the way, and, failing that, would bring him to the house where the explosion by powder should take place; that Bothwell, on his side, should get rid of his wife by divorce or poison—and other atrocities—none of which appear in the letter subsequently produced. How does it happen that Murray's informant saw them, if they were not there? And if they were there, how came they to disappear? It should be remarked that the horrible programme in this letter is not put forward by the queen as something to be considered and decided upon by Bothwell, but as the plan already agreed upon between them—*lo que tenian ordinado.*

A LATE DISCOVERY.

Guzman de Silva listened attentively to all that Murray had to say (July 30, 1567) concerning the letter by which Mary was said to have totally compromised herself, as though he had not already heard of it. De Silva was always well informed as to many secret movements of the Scottish lords, and it is very evident that he could depend upon at least one of them for early intelligence. Heretofore, the first recorded historical mention as to the existence of Mary's alleged letters has been found in Throckmorton's letter of July 25; but a paper at Simancas proves that De Silva had heard of them before that date. This important discovery was made by M. Jules Gauthier, whose *Histoire de Marie Stuart* we noticed in our April (1870) number, and reveals the important fact that the casket-letters, yet to be produced, were already discussed in England and *known to Elizabeth* before the Scottish lords had made any public allusion to them. Here is the language of the document. On the 21st of July, 1567, De Silva writes to Philip—we translate:

"I told the queen (Elizabeth) that I had been informed that the lords were in possession of certain letters from which it appeared that the queen of Scotland knew of the murder of her husband. She answered me that it was not true, and, moreover, that Lethington was therein badly employed, and that, if she saw him, she would say a few words to him which he would find far from agreeable."

Here is De Silva's letter:

"Apunte á la reyna que avia sido avisado, que en poder de los señores estaban ciertas cartas per donde se entendia que la reyna de Escocia oviese sido sabidora de la muerte de su marido; dixome que no era verdad, aun que Ledington avia tratadó mal esto, e que si ella le viese, le diria algunas palabras que no le harian buen gusto" (*Archives of Simancas*, leg. 819, fol. 108; *Gauthier*, vol. ii. p. 104).

Mr. Froude's labors at Simancas have been referred to by his admirers as one of the triumphs of modern historical research. But although, as he states, he had "unrestricted access" to that important collection, he does not seem to have made himself acquainted with this important letter of De Silva.

It appears that Elizabeth manifested no surprise at the ambassador's announcement, and this goes far to show that the forged letters were already under consideration in England as a means of inculpating the unfortunate Mary Stuart. It is equally evident that Elizabeth herself looked

upon the letters as forgeries perpetrated by Lethington.

And this agrees perfectly with the intimation given by Camden, who evidently knew more of Cecil's secrets than he consigned to his pages, that Lethington (Maitland) was no stranger to their fabrication, with the frequently expressed suspicion of Mary Stuart herself, and with the opinion of several historians. Elizabeth's answer leaves but little doubt that the directing hand in the forgery was Maitland's, and we know that, next to Murray and Morton, he had the greatest interest in fixing upon Mary the odium of Darnley's murder.

As to the internal evidence of forgery, the argument is complete. Goodal and Whitaker have written exhaustively on this point. The little that is said by Dr. Lingard on the subject is yet so compactly logical as to dispose of the question. Tytler and his reviewer Dr. Johnson expose the forgery in the clearest light, and, without stopping to do more than mention in this connection the names of Professor Aytoun and Miss Strickland, and the two latest writers, Hosack and Caird, we desire to draw attention to an excellent article on the casket-letters and the Paris confession, to be found in the *North American Review*, vol. xxxiv.

THE KILLIGREW LETTER.

Early in March, 1567, Elizabeth sent an ambassador (Killigrew) down to Scotland to carry out certain instructions and "to inquire into the truth" concerning Darnley's murder; and we ask the reader's special attention to the account given by Mr. Froude of Killigrew's mission. It is one of the most remarkable of his many perversions. A bolder piece of invention, a more reckless tampering with a historical document, we have never met with. On the very day of his arrival at Edinburgh, Killigrew was invited to dinner by Murray, and the distinguished guests bidden to meet him were Huntley, Argyll, *Bothwell*, and Maitland—all deeply implicated in the Darnley murder. He was thus in a fair way "to inquire into the truth." Killigrew himself states the facts of the invitation and the dinner, with the names of the lords he there met, in a letter to Cecil of March 8. Now, to a sensitive mind like that of Mr. Froude, these statements of Killigrew are very unpleasant. The "stainless" Murray, with full knowledge that Bothwell was Darnley's murderer, and that Huntly, Argyll, and Maitland were in the conspiracy, selecting these men as the choice and flower of the Scotch nobility, to honor by their presence the ambassador of the queen of England, "sent down to Scotland to inquire into the truth" of the murder? The "pious" Murray extending the right hand of fellowship to assassins? It must not be. Such a scandal must be suppressed. Killigrew was rash to write such a letter. And Mr. Froude has the audacity to tell his readers (vol. ix. p. 24)—referring to this very letter of Killigrew as his authority—"*He was entertained at dinner by the clique who had attended her to Seton.*" A few pages earlier, Mr. Froude represents Mary Stuart going to Seton "attended by Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll, Maitland, Lords Fleming, Livingston, and a hundred other gentlemen;" so that the reader must find out for himself who composed the clique.

The "clique" entertained him. Not a whisper of Murray. Mr. Froude goes on with his travestie of Killigrew's letter. Then, at the end of the next page, with a decided air

of "no connection with the establishment over the way," he informs us—casually, as it were—"*One other person of note he saw, and that was the Earl of Murray.*" Murray could not leave his wife, in compliance with Mary Stuart's repeated entreaties to come to Edinburgh, but he hastened thither instantly when advised of Killigrew's coming. Murray's master, Cecil, in a letter written just before Killigrew's arrival, throws an interesting light on these movements of our "noble gentleman of stainless honor." He writes to the English ambassador at Paris: "Morton, Murray, and others mean to be at Edinburgh very shortly, *as they pretend* to search out the malefactor." (Original in English Record Office, Cabala, 126.)

For his edification, we give the reader Killigrew's letter of March 8, and by its side Mr. Froude's account of the contents of the letter. We mark with italics the passages in Mr. Froude's version which he says Killigrew wrote, and *which cannot be found* in Killigrew's letter:

MR. FROUDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONTENTS OF SIR H. KILLIGREW'S LETTER OF CECIL OF MARCH 8, 1567. (Froude, vol. ix. pp. 24, 25.)

"Killigrew reached Edinburgh on the 8th of March, one day behind her. He was entertained at a dinner *by the clique who had attended her to Seton*, and in the afternoon was admitted to a *brief* audience. *The windows were half-closed*, the rooms were darkened, and in *the profound gloom* the English ambassador was unable to see the queen's face, but by her words she seemed 'very doleful.' She expressed herself *warmly grateful* for Elizabeth's *kindness*, *but said little of the murder, and turned the conversation chiefly on politics. She spoke of Ireland, and undertook to prevent her subjects from giving trouble there; she repeated her willingness to ratify* the treaty of Leith, and *professed herself generally anxious to meet Elizabeth's wishes.*

"*With these general expressions, she perhaps hoped that Killigrew would have been contented, but on one point his orders were positive. He represented to her the unanimity with which Bothwell had been fastened upon as one of the murderers of the king; and before he took his leave he succeeded in extorting a promise from her that the earl should be put upon his trial. His stay in Scotland was to be brief, and the little which he trusted himself to write was extremely guarded. The people, he rapidly found, were in no humor to entertain questions of church policy. The mind of every one was riveted on the one all-absorbing subject.* As to the perpetrators, he said there were 'great suspicions, but no proof,' and so far "*no one had been apprehended.*' 'He saw no present appearance of trouble, but a general misliking among the commons and some others which abhorred the detestable murder of their king as a shame to the whole nation—the preachers praying openly that God would please both to reveal and revenge—exhorting all men to prayer and repentance.'"

SIR H. KILLIGREW'S LETTER TO CECIL, MARCH 8, 1567. (In Chalmers, vol. i. p. 324, London ed.; American edition, Philadelphia, 1822, p. 154.)

SIR: Although I trust, to be shortly with you, yet, have I thought good to write somewhat, in the mean time. I had no audience before this day (8th March, 1566–7), which was after I had dined, with my Lord of Murray, who was accompanied with my Lord Chancellor (Huntley), the Earl of Argyle, my Lord Bothwell, and the Laird of Lidington (Secretary Maitland).

I found the queen's majesty, in a dark chamber, so as I could not see her face; but by her words she seemed very doleful; and did accept my sovereign's letters, and message, in very thankful manner; as I trust, will appear, by her answer, which I hope to receive, within these two days; and I think will tend to satisfy the queen's majesty, as much as this present can permit, not only for the matters of Ireland, but also the treaty of Leith.

Touching news, I can write no more, than is written by others. I find great suspicions, and no proof, nor appearance of apprehension, yet, although I am made believe, I shall ere I depart hence, receive some information.

My Lord of Lennox hath sent, to request the queen, that such persons, as were named, in the bill [placard] should be taken. Answer is made him, that if he, or any, will stand to the accusation of any of them, it shall be done; but, not by virtue of the bill, or his request. I look to hear what will come from him to that point. His lordship is among his friends, beside Glasgow, where he thinketh himself safe enough, as a man of his told me.

I see no troubles at present, nor appearance thereof; but a general misliking, among the commons, and some others, which the detestable murder of their king, a shame, as they suppose, to the whole nation.

The preachers say, and pray, openly to God, that it will please him, both to reveal, and revenge it; exhorting all men to prayer and repentance.

Your most bounden to obey,

H. KYLLYGREW

And now, although we have noted in Mr. Froude's last three volumes numerous cases of perverted citation quite as bad as that of the Killigrew letter, we do not think it necessary to continue their expo-

sure. *False in one, false in all,* is a rule whose application might have warranted us long since in dropping Mr. Froude's book. We must therefore decline to accompany him any further, although, rising with his subject and increasing in bitterness with Mary Stuart's every successive step toward the prison and the scaffold, our historian fairly surpasses himself, and lays his production more than ever open to criticism and rebuke. The calm judicial spirit of the historian is nowhere visible in his pages. He holds a brief against Mary Stuart. He is ever on the strain to produce a sensational page, and his work has therefore been justly characterized as a piece of "masking and mumming, with inference, supposition, and insinuation, with forced citations and patched references." Where citation is not available for abuse, a playful fancy is ever ready to supply material. Instances of this are found in the "passionate kiss" at Carberry Hill, the words put into Mary's mouth when carried off by Bothwell, and the *tableau*, "peasants, as she [Mary] struggled along the by-lanes, cut at her with their reaping-hooks."*

Mr. Froude's account of the conference at York is not only involved and confused, but incorrect. Misquotation is ever present. Thus, he represents Norfolk (vol. ix. p. 296) enclosing to Elizabeth extracts from the casket-letters, leaving her to say whether, if they were genuine, *which he and his companions believed them to be*, there could be any doubt of the Queen of Scotland's guilt. The passage in italics is put by Mr. Froude in inverted commas, as though quoting it from Norfolk's letter. The old story! THERE ARE NO SUCH WORDS IN IT, NOR ANYTHING LIKE THEM.* The impression is conveyed by Mr. Froude that Murray produced the casket-letters at York.† He did not; he gave Scotch copies. He allowed no one to see the casket-letters either in Scotland or at York, and at Westminster their production was forced by a cunning trick of Cecil.

Mr. Froude's Herries and Huntly theory is worthless. These two lords had already publicly denounced the casket-letters as forgeries. Why did not Murray produce the originals at York? If genuine, no sane man could for a moment hesitate as to the guilt of the Queen of Scots. York was too near Scotland, and there were then present too many Scots to whom Mary's writing was familiar. And yet Mr. Froude tells us of "strictest scrutiny" in Scotland, where mortal man, outside the circle of conspirators, never saw the letters.

As to the generally suspicious course of producing copies instead of originals, we are happy to offer the opinion of a distinguished English historian, who, in commenting on the case of the Blount letters in England, says:

> "But in that case, *and in any case*, it remains to ask why he produced copies of the letters if he was in possession of the originals; unless there was something in the originals which he was unwilling to show?" (See *History of England*, by James Anthony Froude, vol. vii. p. 290.)

As to the conference at Westminster, it is clearly Mr. Froude's intention that it shall not be understood. He gives no connected account of

* "Never within human memory," says Mr. Hosack, "did reaping commence in Scotland in May, and Langside was fought on the 13th of that month."

* *Caird*, preface to 2d ed. p. 34.

† "He allowed the commissioners to see in private *what he was able to produce*," says Mr. Froude. And with such transparent ambiguities as this, Mr. Froude's reader is hoodwinked and led through twelve vols.

it, does not appear to be aware of the existence of the important historical documents which Mr. Hosack so ably presents, he breaks in upon its narration with a joyous picture, fairly illumined by his insular pride, of the lovely deeds of Messrs. Hawkins, Drake & Co., Queen Elizabeth's partners in piracy and the slave-trade, and at last conceals from his innocent reader the result of the examination. We supply the void. The result was announced by Cecil in person to Murray and his associates: "There had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the queen their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen her good sister for anything yet seen." Mary Stuart's seventeen long years of suffering and imprisonment afford Mr. Froude unalloyed delight, and when, with insinuation steeped in venom, our historian is not busy misrepresenting the unhappy captive, he indulges in the vulgar insolence of referring to her as "the lady of Tutbury" or "the lady of Sheffield." Imagine a dignified historian — Sir Archibald Alison, for instance—speaking of the once Emperor of France as "*the gentleman at St. Helena!*"

As we know Mr. Froude's treatment of the casket-letter question, one can easily foresee what work he makes of the foul plot by which Mary was murdered. How his unfeeling sophistry vanishes into mist before the opinion of such a man as Sir James Mackintosh: "There are few judiciary proceedings, passing over the question of jurisdiction, so suspicious, and, it may be said, so tainted, as the case and proceedings against the Queen of Scots"! No less sternly is Mr. Froude's bigotry rebuked by the simply eloquent words of John Wesley: "The circumstances of her death equal that of an ancient martyr."

Touching Mr. Froude's narrative of the last moments and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, nothing need be said by us. Already it stands on a "bad eminence" in modern literature. In that effort, Mr. Froude has dealt a murderous blow to his character as a man and to his standing as a historian. Of Catholic opinion we will not speak. But in all Protestant Europe and America there is but one voice of indignant reprobation, of profound horror and disgust, concerning it.

On this subject, we would rather not trust ourselves to say what, in common with those of our faith, we must necessarily feel, and therefore seek some faint expression in the words of a Scotch Protestant writer, who, while declaring that "he does not share the belief of Mary's partisans, and who differs from the general sentiment in Scotland in regard to her," yet shares the outraged sentiments of insulted humanity. He says:

> "As she comes forth, stately and calm, to the scaffold, is it possible that any man can look on and jeer at her? And the knowledge of all that woman has gone through—does it not penetrate with a yet profounder throb the heart of the bystander? But not Mr. Froude's heart. No disgust seizes him when the two lords, in their brutal curiosity, silently consult each other about the scars on her bared shoulders. The voice of that Dean, whom we would fain throttle in his hideous profane impertinence, sounds dignified and seemly in the historian's ears, and it is only the woman about to die whose prayers are an impertinence to him. A certain rage that she should escape him, and stand once more supreme on the edge of her grave, seems to seize upon him. No doubt he would, in point of fact, grant to any ruffian at the gallows-foot the priest he chooses to aid him; yet he can actually find words to tell us that Mary's confessor was denied to her

'for fear of some religious melodrama.' And when the last act was over, and the crimson gown which she has put on with pitiful womanishness is dyed double crimson, and the false hair falls off the dead head along with its other coverings, is it possible that even then a Christian gentleman can utter a snarl of contemptuous triumph over that horror of blood and death? It would seem a positive pleasure to him that now at the last even her boasted charms have yielded. She knelt down at the block 'in the maturity of grace and loveliness;' but the head held up before the crowd 'exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.' This ghastly sneer haunts the imagination like a blasphemy. One feels that one must have dreamt it, and that no man could have written such words in the calm of his study and in cold blood.

"The executioner's formula, 'So die all enemies of the queen,' rises to the height of historical dignity after such a comment" (*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1870).

Of one thing we may rest assured. There will be no more writing of histories of Mary Stuart after the manner of MM. Mignet and Froude.

With them, calumny of the Scottish queen has culminated. And, having said thus much, we yet venture the opinion that Mr. Froude, as an intelligent gentleman and as one who has had before his eyes the clearest proofs of Mary Stuart's innocence, does not assuredly believe her guilty, nor does he attach the slightest credit to Buchanan's falsehoods concerning her.

This view of Mr. Froude as a historian may excite some surprise. Nevertheless, we are satisfied of its correctness, and we thus explain it.

Mr. Froude, evidently, does not approve of the humdrum plodding honesty of the conscientious historian who, in statements concerning the great dead of bygone ages, is profuse in authority, sober in imputation of motives, and totally abstemious in flights of imagination. Mr. Froude is disgusted with the blameless inanity of sincerity, with the imprudent weakness of telling all the truth, with the silly hesitation to be unscrupulous where a point is to be made, and with the slow pace of a style unadorned by fancy sketches and sensational pictures. Worshipping art more than truth, he therefore resolved to give the world a history which should be read for its piquancy and its brilliancy—which should be at once better than a novel and as good as a play.

Such, it seems to us, was Mr. Froude's high purpose. And if any object that we attribute to this distinguished historian a questionable motive, we reply that we have the best authority for so doing, and that we frame our opinion on a principle which Mr. Froude himself openly declares to be his. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, our historian says (vol. xi. p. 27):

"How she worked in detail, how uncertain, how vacillating, how false and unscrupulous she could be when occasion tempted, has appeared already, and will appear more and more; but her object in itself was excellent; *AND THOSE WHO PURSUE HIGH PURPOSES THROUGH CROOKED WAYS DESERVE BETTER OF MANKIND, ON THE WHOLE, THAN THOSE WHO PICK THEIR WAY IN BLAMELESS INANITY, AND, IF INNOCENT OF ILL, ARE EQUALLY INNOCENT OF GOOD.*"

OUR WINTER EVENINGS.

III.

THE ONONDAGA TEARDROP.

When the happy Christmas-time approached, our young invalid was constantly busied in the most mysterious way with a great variety of fancy articles, her own handiwork, at which the adroit little fingers wrought nimbly, imparting a finish of unrivalled neatness and perfection.

It was her custom, upon every recurrence of the season in which she most delighted, to provide some token of love for each of her numerous friends, as a memento prepared by the diligent hands that might be folded to their lasting rest before another should appear.

How we treasured those tokens! And how vividly the sight of the delicate bead-embroidered watch-case —with its skilfully arranged compartments for jewelry and other toilet articles—toward which my eye is ever and anon glancing while I write, brings back the pale face of that gentle girl, all beaming with love and purity, as she moved joyously among us, dispensing these gifts from her Christmas-tree, on that wintry evening some twenty years ago!

The eve of the great festival fell upon Wednesday in the year which I write, and she had summoned a full attendance of her coterie upon the occasion. An intensely cold and driving snow-storm without added tenfold charms to the expression of hospitality and good cheer within, imparted by a blazing wood-fire, which crackled and sparkled merrily on the hearth, bathing in warm effulgence the gorgeously bedecked Christmas-tree in the centre of her apartment, and sending its ruddy glare—through windows over which no inhospitable curtains had yet been drawn—far out into the darkness and the storm to welcome us as we approached.

This evening, our host being present at the entertainment, an indulgence he could seldom allow himself, owing to the crowd of professional cares and duties which pressed too constantly upon him to admit of his leaving the office, our young friend said: "As my father can give us this evening, I have persuaded him to furnish his quota for our amusement, by relating one of his adventures among the scenes of his early life on the St. Lawrence."

"Since my daughter desires it, I cannot refuse," he said, addressing us, "though my later years have been devoted to framing briefs instead of 'spinning yarns'—two occupations so widely different that I fear I shall prove but an awkward story-teller."

Not so was it with me when, in the heyday of youth and hilarity, I was a madcap student in the office of Judge H——, in Northwestern New York. I could then hold my own in whatever came uppermost, whether it was to cram my head with legal quiddities, chop logic with my fellow-students, sing a song, dance a jig, bear my hand in a "bit of a fight," build a "castle in Spain," or get off a will-o'-the-wisp story with a marvellously long bow. In short, for

any emergency I was then up and coming—as we say—on the spur of the moment. As I look back upon what I was, and contrast the picture with what I am, it is not easy to believe that the hard-wrought old professional hack of the present can bear any relation to that harum-scarum, neck-or-nothing fellow of the olden time.

While I was still a student, I was sent on a distant collecting tour up the St. Lawrence to various places. In the course of the excursion, I was detained most unwillingly for some days at a dreary "tavern" in the woods, with little to do but wait patiently, which, for one of my irritable, restless temper, was more than enough. There were no books, papers, or people to break the dead monotony, and the place, taken altogether, was so utterly dismal that even my usually exuberant spirits, which I had thought were equal to any possibilities, played me false, and left me glum as an owl. The very elements seemed in league to assist in adding darker tints to the woe-begone features of the region, for it rained incessantly. Not one of your honest, down-pouring, splashing rains that serve to wash the face of nature, and keep bright and clean the hope of a happy clearing up by and by, but a sullen drip, drip, which only sufficed to drown all expectation that the sun would ever shine again, and make every object upon which the eye rested look bedraggled and forlorn. Even the ducks in the yard entered a vigorous protest by their continued and doleful quacking against such nim and doll proceedings.

While I was sitting in a mood between sulkiness and absolute exasperation, mine host of the backwoods entered and tried to open a chat. He began with a hint at politics—no response; a touch upon the weather—only a glower; he glanced at hunting sports in the vicinity, with no better success. Finally, he remarked casually, "Guess the young folks is having an all-fired jolly time on't, over to the Jibway!"

"How so?" I asked, somewhat aroused from my apathy.

"Why, here, not long ago, a whole lot on 'em went over there to see some settlers that's jest moved in from Varmount, and they do say such doin's was never heard on's they're havin'; 'tween the fiddlin' and the dancin', the feastin' and frolicking, it does beat all natur', I 'xpect. Them Injun hunters is cur'us kind o' critters; they ain't apt to take notice of such sort o' doin's, as a gin'ril thing, but they consorted there for the good eatin', I guess; they're tarnal hands for that, I warrant ye. One on 'em's here now, and told me all 'bout it. He's a-goin' back today."

"How will he go—on foot?"

"Lord bless you, no! Catch an Injun goin' a-foot where a canoe'll carry him; leastwise, if 'tain't to a hunt. He's a-goin' in his canoe."

"Do you suppose he would take me?"

"Guess so; can ask him anyhow."

He went out, and soon returned with an athletic Indian, who agreed to take a passenger with him to the "Jibway."

I wrapped my "Macintosh" around me, and bade defiance to the drizzling rain. Anything was better than the gloomy silence of that dreary solitude.

Our voyage was not a long one. I found the party to which I introduced myself as merry as I could desire, and disposed to proffer a cordial welcome to the new-comer. All the circumstances of that festive scene in the woods, the agreeable acquaint-

ances I formed in the family and among their guests, the sports, the merry-making, the surprise and novelty of the whole, contrasted with the joyless place from which I was a fugitive, increased my enjoyment immeasurably. During the days I was detained in the neighborhood, I passed all the time I could spare with my new friends. That I afterwards wooed and won a bird from that nest in the greenwood pertains not to this narrative. When my business in that vicinity was completed, I left it with greater reluctance than I had at first experienced on being detained there.

My Indian navigator and his bark canoe had given such satisfaction that I engaged him to convey me to a place some miles above the extensive bay on the shore of which I had first halted, where a merchant resided with whom my employer had some business relations. After accomplishing my errand there, we started on our returning voyage.

Twilight was just stealing over the surface of the waters, whose ripple reflected the rays of the harvest moon in myriads of sparkling forms, as we passed through the intricate mazes of the "Thousand Islands," invested by the soft illumination with new and manifold charms, surpassing those which surround them at noonday.

I had never before glided through the windings of that labyrinth at such an hour, and it seemed like successive glimpses of fairy-land.

"There," said the Indian, "is the island of the spirit-voices, the shrine of the Onondaga Teardrop," pointing to a lofty island a short distance in advance of us, which seemed to have been reft through its centre and separated by some sudden convulsion of nature, leaving a chasm, a few feet only in width, through which the waters flowed silently, but with a depth that, he assured me, was unfathomable. As we looked, a sheet of white foam, not unlike a small canoe in form, glittered for a moment in the moonbeams, and swept suddenly into the narrow channel.

"See!" the Indian exclaimed. "It is the white canoe of the spirit-maiden: let us follow!" And before I had time for objection or remonstrance, we were swiftly taking the direction of the phantom canoe. My heart throbbed with excitement as the impetuous current carried us through the pass, which must have been but dimly lighted at noon-day, but was now involved in utter darkness; so dense was the shade formed by the trees and bushes that bent over the precipice on either side, and mingled their foliage far above our heads.

Upon our entrance, the Indian lifted his paddle, leaving the canoe to float with the current, and bowed his head reverently, breathing some expressions softly in his own tongue, which I understood sufficiently to know that he was reciting an invocation to the spirit-maiden. I shuddered to hear that invocation repeated more distinctly than it was uttered, in plaintive, almost musical cadences, on one hand, and in sighing intonations of regret and fear, on the other—above, below, far off from the deepest recesses of the island on each side, far up among the tangled thickets of the forest above, and all around us, as if countless voices were responding to the appeal.

"Surprising!" I exclaimed in a louder tone than that of the Indian, when immediately the word was caught up and sent bounding, as it were, back and forth, above and below, in accents of reproof, sorrow, interrogation, mockery, and terror, as if the sounds were vibrating over innumerable chords, and each one attuned to a distinct emotion, while

the ripples caused by the motion of our canoe breaking against the rocks on either side, with their echo, performed an accompaniment resembling successive peals of half-suppressed laughter.

So startled, and even terrified, was I at this strange manifestation, that I was not sorry when our canoe emerged in safety from the dim recesses of that channel into the clear moonlight again.

As I looked back upon that lovely island, reposing calmly under the pale moonbeams, it would be impossible for language to paint the peculiar beauty and weird loneliness of its aspect, clothed in dark foliage, and bending in silent sadness, as it were, over the green waters.

> "Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
> Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
> By words, or by the pencil's silent skill,
> But is the property of him alone
> Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
> And in his mind recorded it with love!"

Knowing that his people fondly cherish and carefully transmit the traditionary legends they always attach to places remarkable for any such natural peculiarity, I importuned the Indian to give me some account of the spirit-maiden who was supposed to inhabit this solitary island. But he obstinately maintained the grave silence characteristic of his race, condescending to utter at intervals only a guttural "Ugh!" in token of his consciousness that I was addressing him.

At length I was fain to offer an occult charm which seldom fails to act upon the savage, as the "*Open Sesame*" did upon the cave of the "Forty Thieves," in the form of a copious draught from a certain nondescript wickerwork affair that had been slyly stowed away under the seat I occupied in the canoe. This suddenly dissolved his taciturnity, and loosened his tongue to relate in broken English—which I shall endeavor partially to correct—but in tolerably graceful sentences, the history I sought. It is impossible for me to give, in their full force, his highly figurative expressions, which in common with all his race, and especially those of the Onondaga tribe, to which he belonged, he used and applied with a singular skill and effect that baffle imitation. Undoubtedly my interest in it was also greatly enhanced rather than lessened by his imperfect articulation, and the circumstances under which I listened, as we floated lazily down "the moonlit flood," to the legend of the

ONONDAGA TEARDROP.

In the days of past years, when the red man was still king of the forests, and the footsteps of our pale brethren had never yet awakened their echoes, there dwelt far up the waters of this Cataraqui River,* even unto the borders of the great lake which Indians call by that name, a brave and good chief of the Onondagas, beloved by the allied tribes, and feared by their enemies, whose name when interpreted signified Stormcloud.

Lower down those waters dwelt the young Snowpath, chief of the Oneidas. He had seen the fair daughter of the Stormcloud in the wigwam of her father, when the Indians assembled there in council. To see the bright Sunbeam was to love her, for she moved not among men like a thing of earth. Her step was as the young fawn's, the tender grass arose unbent beneath its light pressure, and her voice was like the

* The Iroquois called Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence by this name. Other tribes gave both the name of Ontario.

soft notes of the wild-wood bird which cometh not within sound of the habitations of men.

The Snowpath of the Oneidas loved and wooed the maiden, whose father, after long persuasion, consented that the Sunbeam should shine upon the wigwams of the Oneidas (when he found such was her wish also), notwithstanding her absence would leave the Cloud alone and cold to the Onondagas. For though she had an older brother, who was called the young Stormcloud, and who would pass into the place of his father as chief, yet she was his only daughter; and, when her mother died while she was but an infant, the old chief had vowed he would never take another wife to rule his wigwam and to dim the light of his Sunbeam there. The wise men of his tribe could have told him, had he sought their counsel, that he could not chain the Sunbeam, and that the time would come when others would love and lure its light away from his abode—a thing which he thought not of until the Oneida chief came upon that errand.

When ten moons had passed after the marriage of the youthful pair, a band of the fierce and powerful Massasaugah Indians, with their allies, came to make war upon the five united tribes who lighted their council-fires by the lodge of the Onondaga chief as their head.

The allied Indians met them, and after a fearful fight were victorious; but when the Sunbeam sought her love among the surviving warriors she found him not. Tremblingly she bent her tottering steps toward the place where lay the slain of the battle. There, all bathed in blood, and disfigured by the cruel scalping-knife, did she find her Snowpath. She uttered no plaint of sorrow, no tear moistened her pale cheek, as she gently raised the lifeless form of her beloved, and bore it to the burial-place of her people, where her brethren, in grief and silence, buried it out of their sight for ever.

She returned to her father's lodge, and on that night gave birth to a daughter, whom she named the Teardrop—and died.

You have seen, my brother,* how the scanty waters of small rivers babble noisily over their beds, revealing thereby to all their exceeding shallowness; but look upon this great stream of the Cataraqui; strong and almost resistless is the sweep of its fathomless flood, while the deep silence thereof may well hush the bravest spirit into the same subdued stillness while contemplating it.

Even like unto the resistless rush of the Cataraqui was the flood of anguish that enveloped the Stormcloud when the light of his Sunbeam was extinguished for ever. Like the sweep of that stream in its silence, too, was the grief which buried his soul in its unfathomable depths. No ripple disturbed its surface, no sigh or moan gushed up from the profound abyss!

When they brought the tender Teardrop to the old chief, he folded it lovingly to his bosom in a long embrace, as if he thought it had absorbed the soul of its mother, while it dissolved his own; and hoped even then that the Sunbeam, shining through the Teardrop, might yet paint with rainbow hues the darkened path of the Stormcloud.

Solemnly and reverently did his children of the forest note the course of their loved chieftain's griefs and thoughts, while none dared to utter a word in his presence; and when the medicine-women came to take

* Indians usually address those of their own age as "brother;" their seniors, by the title of "father."

the child, to bind her, according to custom, on the tiny couch her mother's hands had embroidered and prepared with great care for her reception, he waved them away by a motion of his hand, and would not allow the infant to be fettered in body or limb.

From that time, he devoted himself with the tenderness of a mother to the care of the young Teardrop; and when she began to reward his attentions with the bright smile of the Sunbeam, full of intelligence and love, were not the first tints of the rainbow seen in those smiles?

The young Stormcloud had now become a valiant youth, endowed, moreover, with wisdom, prudence, and discretion beyond his years, so that his father called a council of the Five Nations, and told them it was his desire to resign their affairs into the hands of his son, and place them under his charge and control, as their chief.

"Behold the young Stormcloud!" he exclaimed. "Like the well-tempered bow of the warrior chieftain, he is strong and supple, while I am like the bow that hath lost its spring, and lies all unstrung, after having been bent to the utmost in many fierce struggles. Take him, my children, to be your guide and chief. I will give him the aid of my long experience, should he need it; and may the Great Spirit rule his councils and protect his pathway!"

The men of the nation, when they heard the desire of their beloved chief, bowed in deep respect to his decision, and laid their tomahawks in silence at the feet of the young Stormcloud in token of their submission; though their hearts were clothed in mourning with the thought that they could look no longer to the hand of their father for direction and care.

As the grandchild of the old chief advanced in age, she increased in charms, year by year, until the brightness of the lamented Sunbeam was surpassed in beauty by the more pensive loveliness of the Teardrop.

She was the pride of the old man's heart and the light of his eyes, nor did she ever stray far from his side.

Fourteen summers had passed since the Sunbeam disappeared from the path of the Stormcloud, when a great number of canoes landed near the council lodge of the Onondagas, from a country far down the waters of the Cataraqui, from which some roving Indian hunters had not long before brought strange reports of the arrival there of white-winged vessels, immensely large, and painted in brilliant colors, having eyes along their sides from which the lightnings flashed, accompanied by frightful thunder that shook the rocks and woods; that they came flying with the speed of the wind, bearing a multitude of men whose faces were very pale, who bought lands of the Indians, and gave them in return an endless variety of articles wonderful for splendor, with which to adorn their persons and wigwams, surpassing the jewels of the mine in their exceeding value, and the flowers of the field in their matchless beauty!

The Indians had listened with great interest and much doubt to their tales; but, when they told of a miraculous glass which the strangers had held up before them, and which revealed their exact images—smiling when they smiled, moving when they moved—far more plainly than the Indian maiden could behold hers in the clear fountain where she went to see herself when she had plaited her hair and painted her face, it was too much, and they would listen no longer, but turned away, exclaiming,

"Ugh! behold how our roving brethren excel in lying! They had well-nigh made fools of us; but the bad spirit always leads his children too far, and they are betrayed!"

Now, these canoes of which I have told were of marvellous size, and painted in many colors. And they brought a band of pale-faced men such as the hunters had described, arrayed in robes of dazzling splendor, all shining with gold and jewels. Among them was one of a mild countenance and majestic carriage, who wore no gold or jewels, but was dressed in a long black gown. He had learned enough of the Indian tongue to make known the errand of his companions, by the help of signs and motions.

This was to beg permission of the Five Nations to build a strong house on the border of the great lake, where the pale-faces might come to trade with the Indians, and might also protect them from the fierce tribes of the interior.

A council was called, and the old Stormcloud was prevailed upon to preside over the solemn debate. Many speeches were made for and against the proposal, and its possible benefits and evils carefully weighed. Most of the old men advised a firm resistance to this change in their ancient habits and customs, urging that the measure was a knife with two edges that might cut both ways—the strangers might protect their red brethren, or they might subdue and oppress them.

The young men thought the permission required would be more beneficial than dangerous, and their voices overruled in the council, so that the request of the strangers was granted.

While the other visitors were marking out the place for their strong house and making preparations for the building, their commander produced the presents he had brought in great store for the chiefs and their people: and the Black Gown I have mentioned called the old chief aside, and told him that he had brought a message from the Great Spirit to the red men, and wished to deliver it; that he was a messenger of their Father in the land of spirits, and had no concern with the matters which engaged his companions, only to see that they obeyed the commands of his Master in their dealings with his children of the wilderness.

Old Stormcloud listened with deep attention, and sent out youths swift of foot in every direction, with orders for the red men to assemble immediately to receive a message from the Great Spirit, through his servant the Black Gown.

They soon came, flocking in great numbers to the council lodge. The messenger, after lifting up his hands and solemnly invoking the blessing of his Master upon them, drew a crucifix from his girdle, and they listened in breathless silence, while he unfolded to them in few and plain words, with the aid of pictures showing forth each scene, the wonderful history of man's creation; his fall and its consequences; the infinite mercy of the Great Spirit to his fallen children in preserving them from despair by the promise of a Redeemer; and the miracles by which that promise was kept in the memory of men, as well as the record of them preserved through all the wars and tempests of the ages and their changes.

As he lingered upon the thrilling tale of the Angel Gabriel's message to the lowly Virgin; of the humble crib at Bethlehem, with its attendant throng of exulting angels revealed to the sight; of the awe-stricken shepherds, entranced with the harmony of heaven when the words of the triumph song fell upon their ears; of the Star which guided the Wise

Men, through all the perils and fatigues of their long journey, to the manger where lay the Emmanuel—God-with-us—of the poverty, ingratitude, and scorn which haunted the steps and embittered the cup of the meek and lowly Jesus during his suffering life—who, being the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, yet said of himself, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head"—of the bloody sweat in the lonely garden, the desertion of all his friends, the scourgings, the crown of thorns, the faintings under the burden of the cruel instrument of torture; and, finally, of the awful close, amid the terrific darkness, agony, and ignominy of the cross, whereat the sun hid his face in dismay, the earth trembled and quaked with dread, and the heavens thundered forth their indignation and horror—the hearts of the bravest warriors were melted, tears flowed in torrents from their eyes, sobs were heard in every part of the vast assemblage, while they arose as by one motion to their feet, and with united voice addressed the eager question to the venerable messenger, "Was it for us? Did he, the Great, the Merciful, the Good! suffer and die for the red man?"

The soul of the teacher was stirred to its profoundest depths by their earnest appeal, and he answered, in a voice broken by emotion: "Yes, my children, it was for you, for me, for all who will come to the foot of his cross to seek him."

When, at the close of his instruction, he knelt and lifted up his hands, the Indians knew he was about to pronounce the blessing of the great Redeemer upon them, and instantly the whole multitude prostrated themselves to the earth to receive it, while he poured forth a fervent prayer that they might all be embraced in redeeming love, and become the true children of God.

Not a soul in all that crowd drank in so eagerly the story of divine love and compassion as that of the aged and afflicted Stormcloud. For here was opened a fountain of consolation, where his thirsty spirit might drink freely of the waters of comfort and repose in peace. Often, in his dreams, had he been visited with sweet visions of its gushing streams, but he had never hoped to taste their sweetness until he should join his Sunbeam in the land of shades. During the night after he had listened to the words of the Black Gown, he slept not, but in the silent hours of darkness pondered over the awful yet consoling tidings which had been delivered to him and his brethren. As his soul feasted on this heavenly food, it seemed as if he had at some former times been blest with mysterious glimpses—even tasted crumbs—of the banquet now spread in all its fulness before him.

When the strangers were preparing to depart, the old chief, with the elders of his tribe, besought the messenger of the Great Spirit to take pity on their ignorance, and remain with them for a season to explain to them still further the message he had delivered, and what they must do to secure the benefits offered by their Heavenly Father to the red man as well as to his pale brother. They assured him they would convey him in safety to the place whence he came, and would endeavor in all things to follow his direction.

The compassionate teacher could not refuse their request, and his companions departed without him.

The council lodge was prepared, and an altar erected therein, upon which he might offer, in the presence of astonished multitudes, the Christian sacrifice—hitherto unheard of in

those wilds — after having carefully explained to them its solemn and touching mysteries.

And now they came thronging from all parts, men with their wives and little ones, rejoicing that men and women, old and young, might all share equally in the blessings of the heavenly message.

Day after day did the venerable Black Gown instruct his simple spiritual children in the truths and precepts of the Gospel of Christ, applying himself diligently, at the same time, to learn their language, that he might be more easily understood. In this he succeeded so well that they thought he must have received some gift of speech from the Great Spirit not conferred on other men.

On their part, they received and kept in their hearts his instructions with such fidelity as greatly surprised and consoled their teacher. After many days, he announced to them that he would bestow the waters of holy baptism at a certain time upon all who desired to receive them, directing such to come to him and make their wish known, that he might instruct each one separately in preparation for the solemn act, and select a name that each should bear, as a sacred token of the new character thus assumed.

The Black Gown was constantly employed for some weeks in these labors of love; and when he departed, followed by the tears and lamentations of his children, he promised that he would come again, or send one of his brethren to dispense the gifts of the Great Spirit from his holy altar.

Among the first who presented themselves to receive the Christian waters was the good old Stormcloud —who was called in baptism Simeon —and his Teardrop, who received the name of Myra, which, in the language of the older Scriptures, hath the same signification as her Indian name. At her baptism, she enrobed herself in snow-white vestments, the materials for which had been presented by the companions of the Black Gown, and it was noted that she laid them not aside from that time.

With these came old Summerdew, the medicine-woman, and Cornkeeper, her husband, who had taken care of the lodge of the chieftain and watched over the Teardrop from her birth; and who, having no children, loved the child as if she were their own, while they felt for her all the respect which Indians cherish for the families of their chiefs.

Soon after the departure of the Black Gown, a mighty warrior-chief of the Tuscaroras, whose name was Big Thunder, having heard of the beauty and loveliness of the gentle Teardrop—and doth not the very wind bear upon its tell-tale wings the praises of such?—came to woo the youthful maiden, and to ask her of the old chief in marriage.

When he told his errand, the soul of the Stormcloud was filled with darkness; for it brought to his mind the time when the Snowpath sought his Sunbeam, as if it were but yesterday, and the renewed pangs of that sorrow were added to the anguish of the thought that he might now be called upon to part with the joy of his old age.

Not long was he left to suffer; for, when the wish of the stranger was disclosed to Teardrop, she refused, gently but firmly, to listen to a tale of earthly love, though it were uttered by the lips of a Christian. For at her baptism she had offered her young heart to her Redeemer, and had laid the offering at the feet of her spiritual father, with a firm resolution never to be united in an earthly marriage; in token whereof, she had assumed the white vestments as the bride of hea-

ven, which she would never lay aside. Joy, like a ray from Paradise, lighted up the face of Stormcloud when he heard of her determination; but the stranger chief departed greatly enraged, cursing the holy Black Gown, and threatening to come with a company of his braves, and carry off the lovely treasure by force.

This threat greatly alarmed all her people for the safety of the cherished daughter of the nation, and they resolved to seek some place in which they could hide her from the fierce warrior-chief.

The Summerdew and her husband started without delay in their canoe, to go down the lake and the Cataraqui River in search of some such retreat for their beloved child, followed by the constant prayers of the red men that they might succeed. As they were passing among the "Thousand Islands" for this purpose, a terrific and rushing tempest suddenly arose, and they had to struggle, as with the angel of death, to keep their canoe from being upset in the white foam of the wild, tumultuous waves.

They lifted up their souls in fervent prayer to the Great Redeemer, and besought the protection of his Blessed Virgin Mother in their extreme peril; for the canoe was rapidly drifting toward an island whose lofty head frowned upon them over rocky precipices, on the sides of which they could see no place up which they might climb for safety, and they had no control over their frail vessel, or power to prevent it from being dashed against the rocks, now fearfully near to them.

Even while they were lost in prayer, a bright and dazzling light suddenly enveloped the whole island, swept for an instant over the surface of the water, and vanished just before them, as it seemed, through the very centre of the island. The next moment their canoe was drawn powerfully in the same direction, and what was their surprise when they found themselves at once passing through a chasm which rent the island in twain, sheltered from the storm in still waters, though impelled downward by a strong current! They exerted their utmost strength to resist its force and move slowly. When they had passed about half-way through, they discovered a small opening on one side of the chasm just before them, into which their canoe might pass if they could but turn it at the right moment. They prepared to use all the skill which Indians gather by long practice in managing these vessels, breathing a prayer to Heaven for success. To their great joy it was granted, their canoe was turned, and in another moment shot suddenly into an extensive cavern under the island, where it floated quietly, undisturbed by storms or currents.

After resting a short space to recover breath, they uttered a fervent ejaculation of praise for their deliverance, which, to their astonishment, was caught up and repeated, as it were by a hundred voices, near by and far off, in every direction and in different tones, even as you, my brother, have heard the same this night.

They dared not speak again, but when their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, which had seemed to their first bewilderment like black darkness, they began to move the boat gently around, to discover if possible the size and extent of the cavern. They proceeded in this way very carefully for some time, when a ray of light seemed to come from above upon a spot a little before them, to which they guided their canoe, and were again lost in surprise to find a shelving rock on that side of the cavern, just above the water,

upon which they could easily mount and draw the canoe after them. Having done this, they found that the light came through an opening far above their heads, and that there was a path up the side that might, by removing some stones and other things which had fallen from above, be made safe for their easy ascent through the opening. They moved with great care in this work, lest the loosened rubbish might fall upon their canoe and unfit it for use. In a short time, they prepared the path so that they could climb to the top, where they found themselves upon one of the largest and most beautiful islands of the Cataraqui. It was covered with a close forest, mostly of evergreens, and on the ground was a carpet of low bushes which bear small berries, called by Indians "berries of the sky," because of their blue color.

As they looked around them upon the broad stream flowing down among its lovely islands, upon its shores on each side, which could be reached in a few minutes with their canoe, if they wished to take any wild game, or make a fire to cook their food (for a smoke on the island would attract attention), but especially when they found that there was no place by which the spot they had reached could be gained except through the path they had found, so easily protected against all intruders should such discover it, which my brother can see was not likely to happen—when they saw all this, they bowed themselves to the earth in adoration of the Great Spirit whose hand had surely guided them to the very refuge where they might hide their Teardrop in perfect safety.

As soon as the tempest was hushed, they lost no time in returning to the lodge of the Stormcloud, and, after gathering the few supplies necessary to satisfy the simple wants of nature's children, they took their departure again, with their venerable chief and his beloved Teardrop. Great were the lamentations at the parting, and united prayers ascended before the throne of the Eternal that he would protect and guide the wanderers, and permit them to return in peace when the danger should be past.

Scarcely had they departed when the warrior-chief came with his braves, as he had threatened; for he had given no rest to the sole of his foot since he left the lodge of the Onondaga, so impatient was he to obtain possession of its richest treasure.

Has my brother seen the wild rage of the whirlwind, when it spreads ruin and desolation in its course, uprooting mighty trees, tearing the very earth from its path, and hurling it in wrathful fury before its face?

Even like the furious madness of the whirlwind was the storm that rent the bosom of the stranger chief when he found the bird had flown and the nest was empty! He determined to pursue and capture her if possible—for a roving hunter from a hostile tribe had told him the course they took—and, if he could not find her, he would wreak his vengeance upon the whole country of the Five Nations.

Seizing canoes enough for his purpose, he set out with his companions down the lake. Before they reached the islands, they met a party of Massasaugah Indians, who had been down the waters, even unto the abodes of the pale-faces, and of them Big Thunder inquired if they had met or seen the white canoe of the Teardrop. They said they had indeed seen such a canoe, and had pursued it, when suddenly it disappeared from their sight, they knew

not whither; adding, with mysterious signs rather than by words, their declaration of the belief that the Great Spirit had hidden it. They would not assist his search, and urged him to refrain from pursuing it, lest the anger of Heaven should be aroused and vengeance should fall upon them.

Long and fruitless was Big Thunder's examination of the islands, among which he was sure the maiden was concealed; for even as "the sparrow escapeth out of the snare of the fowler," so had she escaped from his pursuit.

At length, being forced to believe they were right who thought the Great Spirit had hidden her, and to give up his attempt, he returned to his people, breathing vengeance against the Onondagas and their allies.

He hastened to assemble all the warriors of the Tuscaroras and their allies, who were many and powerful, panting to seek revenge with the same impatience that ruled his spirit when he prepared to steal the Teardrop from her people.

Who, my brother, shall presume to number or to measure the countless means by which the Father in heaven protects his faithful and praying children? From the hour when Big Thunder went in pursuit of the maiden, her people had not ceased to fast and pray, and to implore the protection of the Blessed Virgin and all the saints for her and for themselves against the threats of their mighty enemies.

And now, behold, he who is not slow to answer the prayers of his afflicted children did so appoint that at the very time when Big Thunder had finished his preparations, and was about to visit upon the Five Nations the desolating storm of his wrath, he was stricken suddenly with a sore sickness, the pangs of which passed all that had ever been seen or known by the oldest and wisest of the medicine men and women. In vain did they exert all their art and skill to turn away the hand of the destroyer. Four days the strong man struggled in its grasp before he was subdued by the resistless conqueror. While he was still living, the braves who were with him in his unhallowed search for the Onondaga maiden were struck by the same fatal arrow, and soon followed their chief to the land of shades.

And now came messengers, horror-struck, from the Massasaugahs, to tell that the destroying angel had spread its wings over that nation also, and that hundreds were dying daily. It was the men who had been down the Cataraqui, and were met by the chief and his party on their way to the islands, who were first struck down, and the medicine-men said they brought back with them that scourge of the red man which our pale brethren call the small-pox.

Long did the Five Nations expect the return of the Tuscarora chief, and, when the news of his death at length reached them, the young Stormcloud hastened to bear the tidings to the island of prayer, and to bring back his father and the maiden to the lodge; for the heart of the faithful son bemoaned in loneliness the absence of his father, and he longed to receive his blessing and counsel.

There were such rejoicings and festivities among his people, upon their return, as were never known before or since, nor did they forget to unite in praises to God for their signal deliverance.

From that period, it was the custom of the Teardrop to pass much time on the island of prayer, accompanied by Summerdew, whose husband passed to the spirit-land soon after their first return. Sometimes,

moreover, her grandfather went with her.

The Indians built a house of prayer in commemoration of the events I have related; and to their great joy, their venerated Black Gown came to stay with them.

The pale-faces, also, built their strong house on the Cataraqui Lake, according to the permission they had obtained, and a party of their braves were stationed there. One of these was a youth of noble presence and great power, being their commander, who saw and was captivated with the lovely Teardrop. He sought her in marriage, but when she refused to listen to his proposal, and told him of her holy vow, he took measures to ensnare and carry her away—when she and her people heard with horror for the first time that there were some who called themselves Christians, but would not obey the instructions of God's messengers or respect the vows of his chosen servants.

The resolution of the maiden was now taken, under the permission of her spiritual father, to make her constant abode on the dear island, and return no more to the lodge of the Onondagas. Her faithful Summerdew went with her, and, when they had prepared their home on the island, they busied themselves, for greater security, in planting bushes and vines on the borders of the chasm, across which they had framed a little bridge, and, drawing the branches of the trees together, interlaced them so closely overhead as to shut the light almost entirely from the pass below. They also constructed a frame of wickerwork to cover the opening by which the pathway from the cavern emerged to the top of the island.

The commander of the pale-faces sought her long and diligently, but in vain; though he and his spies caught glimpses of her white canoe many times when her nurse had been abroad for supplies or to bring her grandfather to see her, and were filled with amazement at its sudden disappearance, even while they were in pursuit of it. Once or twice, too, they saw her white dress by moonlight, floating upon the evening breeze as she passed for a moment from under the shade of the overhanging foliage on the island; for she chose the evening obscurity for the walks which were necessary to preserve her health; but, when their closest examination could not discover any way by which the height of the island could be reached, they became sure that both the canoe and the maiden were phantoms; and all but the allied Indian navigators avoided approaching the island from that time.

While she lived, when any danger threatened her people, they had recourse to her prayers; and after her death, even unto this day, the remnant of them hold her memory in veneration, for her intercession was never known to fail of bringing aid or relief.

While the dews of the morning were yet upon her head, with the sweet perfume of her young life gathered in its full freshness around her, and the purity of her holy consecration all unsullied, she was taken to join the company of virgins who surround their queen, and to receive the crown prepared for such. Her grave was made on the island she loved, and often does the Indian voyager, as he passes down the river, see her white canoe glide into the chasm, as we did this night, when he never fails to follow it, that he may invoke the prayers of the Teardrop of the Onondagas. Our brethren have also often thought they could catch glimpses of her white dress by moonlight on its heights when they were passing the

island, but I do not know how that may be.

The faith of the Christian and the hope of a speedy reunion consoled the aged Stormcloud under the separation from his Teardrop.

Not long after her death, he departed, with a number of his pious brethren, down the river to a place near Montreal, to form a community of brothers there who were called "Praying Indians."

The Summerdew went with them, and was received into the house of some holy women who had lately arrived in Montreal, where she remained until her death.

And now, my brother, I have told you all I know concerning the Onondaga Teardrop and her white canoe.

Soon after the close of his narrative, we reached the place of our destination, and parted, never to meet again; but a peculiar interest has always lingered over my recollections of this excursion and the Indian voyager.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

Two monks, being tempted, fell into sin, and returned to the world. But afterward they said one to another: What have we gained, in that we have left our angelic state, and have come into this defilement, and must go hereafter into fire and torments? Let us go back to the desert, and do penance for our sins. And coming into the desert, they asked the fathers to receive them, being penitent and confessing the things which they had done. And the old men shut them up a whole year, and to each was given in equal quantities bread by weight, and water by measure. Now, they were similar in appearance. And when the time of their penance was completed, they came forth. And the fathers beheld one of them pallid and sad exceedingly, but the other robust and bright; and they wondered, for they had received food and drink alike. And they asked him who was sad and afflicted, saying: With what thoughts didst thou exercise thyself in thy cell? And he said: For the evils which I had done, I thought of the punishments into which I was about to come, and my bones cleaved to my flesh for fear. And they asked the other, saying: Upon what didst thou meditate in thy cell? And he said: I gave thanks to God, because he has rescued me from the defilement of this world, and the pains of the world to come, and has recalled me to this angelic state; and assiduously remembering my God, I rejoiced. And the old men said: The penance of both is equal before God.

A certain man asked Abbot Antony, saying: By what observances shall I please God? And the old man, answering, said: What I tell thee, keep carefully. Whithersoever thou goest, have God always before thy eyes; and whatsoever thou doest, bring thereto the testimony of Holy Scripture; and in whatever place thou sittest down, be not quickly moved. Keep these three things, and thou shalt be saved.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER TEN.

THE SUPERNATURAL OR SUBLIMATIVE MOMENT OF GOD'S ACTION.

In the hypostatic moment which terminates in the Theanthropos, created personality is absolutely left out; for that moment is limited to uniting only human nature to the infinite personality of the Word, in the bond of his single divine subsistence. Because, if the hypostatic moment had united also created personality to the infinite subsistence of the Word, the former would necessarily have ceased to exist; since the finite supreme principle in a being which is conscious of being its own, and of bearing the attribution and solidarity of its own acts, when united in the closest possible manner to an infinite personality, must necessarily yield its supremacy and cease to exist; and in the two natures united, one only can be the supreme and independent principle of action—the infinite personality.

It was, therefore, in order to preserve whole and entire created personality, that the hypostatic moment was limited to uniting human nature alone to the person of the Word. Yet this necessary limitation causes another dualism in the cosmos: on one side, all the natures of substantial creation, as recapitulated in human nature, elevated in the Theanthropos to an infinite life and dignity; on the other hand, all created personalities, the highest and the best element of substantial creation, remaining in the same natural state, and by no means partaking of the universal elevation of the cosmos consequent upon the hypostatic moment.

This dualism, which mars the harmony and beauty of the cosmos, which opens an abyss between one element and the other, must be reconciled and brought together. The moment which effects this, and which brings together the Theanthropos and created personality, is the *supernatural* or *sublimative* moment.

In this article, we shall define what is meant by the *supernatural*, show its metaphysical possibility, vindicate its imperative necessity in the plan of the cosmos, study its intrinsic essence and properties, and, finally, point out the relations which it bears to the Theanthropos and to substantial creation.

And in the outset we cannot but be aware that we undertake to grapple with a legion of would-be philosophers, who admit of nothing more than pure, unalloyed nature; who reject peremptorily whatever is above or beyond the sphere of nature and the reach of the short span of their reason; who are startled at the very utterance of the word supernatural, as something too imaginary, too arbitrary, too groundless, in fact, too absurd to claim any serious attention. We beg of such as these to read the article through, and to do nothing more than use their vaunted reason, and perhaps they will find that the supernatural is something too lofty and sublime, too necessary to the exigencies of the cosmos and the dignity of human personality, to be rejected.

What, then, is meant by the supernatural? So far as it is necessary

now for the understanding of what follows, we may define the supernatural to be—*a principle of action imparted to and elevating created personalities; in its cause, in its intimate nature and properties, in its acts or development, and in its end, superior to and above any principle of substantial creation, viewed in all these different relations.*

We shall in the course of the article explain every element of the definition. At present, we inquire, Is a principle of action, such as we have described it, intrinsically possible; or otherwise, is there any intrinsic contradiction in supposing such a principle? We find here, as we have supposed in all these articles, that there is and can be no particular error; that there is only one universal error, *panthcism;* and that there can be no medium between pantheism and Catholicity: either universal error or universal truth, all truth or no truth.

Rationalism cannot logically hold the impossibility of the supernatural, except on pantheistic grounds; for the impossibility of the supernatural can only be supported on the ground that there is no possible distinction between the infinite and the finite; that all finite phenomena are but the intrinsic and necessary natural development of the infinite. On this ground only is it evident that the supernatural, as we have defined it, is intrinsically impossible; for, if there be no possible distinction between the infinite and the finite, if one only is the universal natural principle of action, the germinal necessary activity residing in the bosom of the infinite, it is a contradiction to suppose two principles, and a worse contradiction to suppose one superior to the other. If, as Hegel maintains, one is the supreme, absolute, solitary, universal principle of action—the *idea* which is identified with the *being*, which idea by unfolding itself becomes nature and humanity (the last expression and form of pantheism)—it is evident that we cannot suppose a principle superior to any other.

From these remarks, it follows that the supernatural supposes the fundamental distinction between the infinite and the finite, as two distinct substances and acts, one absolute, the other relative; the one cause, the other effect; the one supreme and first, the other dependent and secondary.

How, then, the fundamental substantial distinction between the infinite and the finite establishes the possibility of the supernatural, we shall point out as briefly as possible.

The fundamental distinction between the infinite and the finite once admitted, it follows that on one side we have an infinite activity, which is not exhausted by the effecting of substantial creation, and its necessary principles of action; and which may consequently effect another principle of action, superior to any of the substantial moment. On the other side, we have the finite essentially and necessarily indefinite in its development, and capable, therefore, of receiving a higher principle of action, engrafted upon its own natural principle, and elevating its energy, and widening the sphere of its action. This higher principle would be the supernatural. Therefore, the possibility of the supernatural logically follows from the fundamental distinction between the infinite and the finite. In all these articles we have proved this distinction. Therefore, the supernatural is possible.

In other words, between the infinite and the finite there is the indefinite, that is, a possibility on the part of the infinite to increase the amount of energy of the finite, and on the part of the finite a capacity of receiving it. When this increase of activity is be-

yond and above every principle of action of substantial creation, it is called in Catholic language the supernatural. Therefore the supernatural is possible.

We pass to the next question—the imperative necessity of the supernatural in the plan of the cosmos. This necessity arises from all the laws which govern the exterior action of God, and especially from the laws of continuity, unity, and communion.

First, the law of continuity. This law implies that, between one moment of the action of God and every other, there should be a kind of affinity and proportion, not so strong as to alter at all the distinctive natures of the moments, but strong enough to establish a certain agreement and propinquity between them. Now, without the supernatural this law would not be observed; since without it we should have only two moments, the hypostatic moment and the substantial moment; and between these two there is no proportion or affinity. For the first terminates in an individuality, the Theanthropos, who is absolutely, and in all the force of the term, God; the second terminates in numberless individualities, which are absolutely, and in the strictest force of the term, finite. Hence we should have the usual dualism, the infinite and the finite, and no proportion between them. It is true that, no matter how high the finite might be exalted by an increase of activity superior to any activity of substantial creation, we should always have finite and infinite, and no proportion or affinity between them. Yet the supernatural, as Catholicity teaches, causes this difficulty to vanish, and establishes a real proportion; for, without at all altering the two natures of the moments to be brought together, it makes the finite partaker of the infinite at the same time that it effects in it a superior principle of activity, and thus establishes the proportion required between the Theanthropos and created persons. Created persons will not, in that case, remain in their natural state, but will be raised to a union with the infinite, as close and as high as possible, short of the hypostatic. Thus we shall have all created natures raised to a hypostatic union with the Word, and resulting in the Theanthropos; all created persons raised to as close and high a union as possible, short of the hypostatic, thus forming one universal cosmic harmony.

The law of unity, also, would not be fulfilled without the supernatural; for this law requires a union between the moments of the cosmos, which is not apparent or fictitious, but real and living. Now, such a union is impossible without a principle which can bring together terms not only distinct, but separated from each other by an infinite distance. Hence, to unite the Theanthropos and created personalities, a principle of union is necessary; and this principle is the supernatural.

Finally, the law of communion claims this moment; for this law requires an interchange of acts between one moment of the cosmos and another. Now, it is evident that such interchange of acts is altogether impossible when the actions of the respective moments that are destined to this interchange are wholly disproportionate.

A principle therefore is necessary which may establish this proportion, and thus render the communion of acts possible. This principle between the Theanthropos and created persons is the supernatural.

In the second place, the supernatural is required in order to enable finite personalities to attain that supreme end to which they were destined, in view of the hypostatic mo-

ment. We must explain this at a certain length.

God, in acting outside himself, has one universal end in view—the manifestation of his own infinite excellence. To attain this end, he is bound to effect a variety of moments, subject to those laws so often alluded to in these articles. Each one of these moments, and each species and individual within each moment, expresses, as it were, a side of the infinite comprehensiveness of God. And all taken together shadow forth his whole infinite excellence in the most perfect manner possible.

Hence each moment, and every species under each moment, and every individual when the moment allows this variety, has a particular end—that side of the infinite which they are destined to express, subject to the universal end of the external action.

Now, because the terms of the external action are progressive and in the way of development,* it follows that both the universal end of the cosmos and the particular ends of each moment are subdivided into two moments, the germinal and inchoative end, when the terms are effected and launched into action; the final and supreme end, when the terms reach their highest and supreme stage of development.

In force of the existence of these two ends, one universal and cosmic, the other particular and subjective, it follows that, in order to determine the last and supreme end of each particular moment and of the species and individuals within each moment, we must take into consideration not only their nature and specific faculties, but also their relations to all the other moments of the action of God, and consequently to the universal end of the cosmos.

For a moment, viewed in its nature and specific faculties, and considered in itself, and as it were isolated from all the other moments of the cosmos, might point as its destination to one kind of end; whereas, if considered concretely, and as forming a part of the universal cosmos, its end might be different from what it would be if considered in the abstract and isolated; for the evident reason that, when considered as an element of the cosmos, it bears altogether different relations.

Hence a moment, considered in its nature, and as it were isolated from the rest, might point, as its final destiny, to an end inferior to that which it would have when looked upon as an integral element of the universal cosmos.

This is the case with created personalities. Viewed in themselves within the extent of their nature and faculties, their final and supreme end would be that perfection to which the highest possible development of their essential faculties would naturally bring them. But if we regard them as forming a part of the cosmos, and one of its most important parts; if we regard them in concrete, and as belonging to the actual plan of the cosmos chosen by God, we find that their end is no longer the highest natural development of their faculties, but an end of a different and much superior nature; for the simple reason that the cosmos, having been elevated, not to its highest possible natural development, but to the highest possible sublimation in the sphere of the possible, and created personalities forming an integral part thereof, it follows that they must necessarily be exalted and elevated along with it. The cosmos which God selected includes the hyposta-

* Of the hypostatic moment this is to be understood in a particular manner.

tic moment which was effected, as we have seen in the preceding article, in order to elevate the whole cosmos, and especially created persons, to a society with the three persons of the Trinity, consisting in the immediate intuition and the closest possible possession of the infinite next to the hypostatic. In consequence of this, the end of created persons is no longer natural but supernatural;* that is, above and beyond the highest possible natural development which they could attain in its cause, in its nature, and in its properties. From all we have said, it follows that the end of created persons, in its final, last, and supreme moment, is altogether supernatural. Now, an end supernatural in its last moment must be supernatural also in its inchoative and germinal moment. Consequently, the existence of the supernatural is imperatively necessary to enable created persons to attain their final and supreme end. In other words, if the final end of created persons be superior to that to which their natural energies would bring them, it is evident that they could never attain it without being endowed with energies superior to their natural faculties, and proportionate in nature to the end to be attained.

Before we conclude this part of the subject, we wish to make a remark to avoid misunderstanding. We have proved the supernatural to be imperatively necessary. Now, to this the well-known axiom might be objected, that the supernatural, or grace, is absolutely free and gratuitous on the part of God. How, then, are the two qualities of necessity and gratuitousness reconciled? Does not the one exclude the other, and *vice versa?* It does not. In what sense do we hold the supernatural to be necessary? We proceed from these principles—1. The external action is absolutely free; 2. The amount of perfection to be effected is absolutely free; 3. God chose to make the best possible manifestation of his grandeur, as more agreeable to the end of his action; 4. This best possible manifestation is attained by the hypostatic moment, and by created persons, united in the Theanthropos in one universal palingenesiac society with the three divine persons; 5. To effect this society between created persons and the infinite, the supernatural is absolutely necessary.

Now, who does not see that the necessity of the supernatural is here hypothetical and conditional, founded on the supposition that God chose the final end of the cosmos to be this universal palingenesiac society with himself?

He that wills the end must will the means. On the other hand, the Catholic principle, that the supernatural is free and gratuitous, by no means clashes with this hypothetical necessity? For what does that principle import? Does it imply that the supernatural enters into the system of the cosmos arbitrarily, and as an afterthought, a correction or addition, having no possible relation with all the other moments? Decidedly not. The principle means this much.

1. The supernatural is free and gratuitous, because not due to created persons, as an essential element of their nature or as an attribute or property claimed by the same nature.

2. That it cannot be attained by any effort of activity in the whole sphere of substantial creation, and therefore cannot be claimed as a merit.

* There has been a great dispute among theologians whether the end of man is natural or supernatural. The reader can see that the question is useless when we consider man in his relations to the universal cosmos. For the end of the cosmos being supernatural, the particular end of persons must also be supernatural, if the cosmos must exhibit one harmonious whole.

3. It is gratuitous in the sense that, though in the general plan of the cosmos the supernatural is necessary, because God chose a cosmos, which necessarily demanded it, yet no single individual person has, in force of this necessity, any right or claim to be the object of it.

The same takes place in substantial creation. This, including the existence of created persons, is necessary in the plan of the cosmos, yet in force of this necessity no individual person can claim existence as a right.

4. The supernatural is gratuitous also in the sense that God is absolutely free to dispense it to each created person, in the time and degree which he may choose, and no created person has a right to object to the time, mode, or extent of such dispensation. The metaphysical reason of all these principles lies in the fact that the necessity of the supernatural springs altogether from the choice of God, and nowise from any right inherent in any created person.

It is evident, therefore, that the imperative necessity of the supernatural in no way clashes, but perfectly agrees, with its gratuitousness and freedom.

We come to the study of the intrinsic nature of the supernatural, and first of its cause. We said in the definition that the supernatural is a principle of action superior in its cause to every principle of substantial creation. In what sense is this to be understood? God's action is most simple and infinite. From these two attributes of the action of God springs the possibility of the numberless variety of the effects and of the absolute oneness of the action. Because the action being infinite, and the effects finite, we may suppose a numberless variety of effects, as terms of the action, and yet neither divide nor multiply the action; because in itself it is absolutely simple. And if our intellect were as infinite in its comprehension as the action is infinite in its energy, we should be able easily to comprehend how one simple action can effect a variety of terms without being divided or multiplied. But our mind, being finite, must necessarily conceive that action, not in its oneness and simplicity, but partially and mentally distinguish it, in order to grasp the causality of all the terms it effects. This is the first distinction which we attach mentally to the simple action of God; a distinction which gives rise to what we have called moments.

Again, variety implies hierarchy—that is, a superiority of one term of the action of God over another. Now, our mind, contemplating the hierarchical variety of terms—that is, a variety of perfection of being—naturally imagines in the cause a greater effort of energy in the production of a superior term than in the production of an inferior one.

This is another foundation for mental distinction in the action of God.

According to these principles, it follows that when we say the supernatural is superior in its cause to every principle of action of substantial creation, we do not mean to say that it has a cause distinct from or superior to God, or that the action of God in itself is distinct or different from that which causes substantial creation, but we merely wish to point out that partial conception of our mind of the same infinite action of God, corresponding to the supernatural term, which it effects; and we call it distinct and superior, not because it is so in itself, but because, considering its relation to the effect, we apprehend it as distinct and superior, without of course detracting from the ab-

solute simplicity of the action in itself.*

The supernatural, therefore, is a moment of the action of God distinct from the substantial moment, and superior to it inasmuch as it causes an effect in perfection superior to substantial creation.

But what is the intrinsic and subjective nature of this moment? In order to acquire a complete idea of it, it is necessary to premise a few remarks.

1. As the supernatural moment is an integral part of the cosmos, it must be governed by the same laws which rule over all the terms of the external action. Consequently, in uniting created persons to the Theanthropos, and through him to the Trinity, it must not destroy the variety of the moments to be united, but, whilst it establishes a continuity between them, must at the same time preserve their distinct natures and attributes. Hence, because it *is* a sublimation of created persons, it cannot destroy or injure their essence or attributes or personality. For, as every one can perceive, if the supernatural were to do so, it would no longer be a sublimation, but a destruction of created persons. Hence, every one can see how far from understanding it are those who attack the supernatural on the plea that it offends and injures nature. Catholic theology teaches that the supernatural would be impossible on the supposition of its at all offending the nature, attributes, or rights of created persons; because its possibility rests precisely on the supposition that it must establish a continuity between the substantial moment and the hypostatic union. Destroy nature, and one term only is left; and what union or continuity can then be established? The system of the cosmos appears to the eye of the Catholic Church like a lofty and sublime pyramid, consisting of the base, the pinnacle, and the middle part. The base is substantial creation; the pinnacle is the Theanthropos; the middle part, uniting nature and the Theanthropos, is the supernatural. Take away the base of this lofty structure, and what remains of it but scattered fragments?

The particular law, therefore, which governs this moment is as follows: *To establish a continuity and connection between the Theanthropos and substantial creation without destroying or offending the variety of the distinctive natures, properties, and rights, of each moment to be united.*

2. We remark, in the second place, that created persons are of twofold nature: purely intelligent spirits or angels; spirits hypostatically united to a body—men. A glance at the nature of these beings. The blessed Trinity creates, in the first moment of his action, a spiritual substance endowed with intelligence and will—that is, an apprehensive faculty and an expansive faculty, which by their explication unfold and perfect the substance. This general idea of spiritual beings admits an endless variety of species and a variety of gradations within the species. Hence, revelation and theology teach that there exists an immense number of angelic species, and perhaps an immense number of gradations within the species.* The human species,

* Nihil prohibet intellectum nostrum intelligentem multa multipliciter referri ad id quod est in se simplex, ut sic ipsum simplex sub multiplici relatione consideret; et quanto aliquid est magis simplex, tanto est majoris virtutis et principium plurium, ac per hoc multiplicius relatione consideret; sicut punctum plurium est principium quam linea et linea quam superficies.—*S. Th. C. G.* lib. ii. c. 14.

* The question depends upon the principle of individualization, which varies according to philosophical systems. St. Thomas, who holds that the principle of individualization is matter, admits that every angel forms a species, a part, because the angel, not being united to a body, cannot consequently be individualized from another except by forming a species in himself.

which is the lowest in the sphere of spiritual beings, and connecting the spiritual world with the inferior elements of substantial creation, admits a great variety of gradations within the species.

We remark, in the third place, that the first moment of God's action, which we have called substantial creation, is also a union and communication. For it implies a necessary and essential relation between God and the terms of his action; and what relation can there be closer and more intimate than that which exists between the cause and its effects? Now, relation and union are one and the same thing.

Substantial creation implies, moreover, two subordinate moments between God and his creatures, necessary that they may continue in existence and be able to unfold and develop their nature. These are preservation and concurrence. The first implies the immanence of the creative act, without which the creature would fall into nothingness. The second is the immanence of the creative act in relation to the faculties and activities of the creature, which must be excited, moved, and directed by the action of God, otherwise their development would be impossible. These two subordinate moments of the creative act, being relations, must also be considered as unions.

Finally, we call upon the reader to remember—1. That the Incarnation is the highest possible communication of the eternal Word to human nature, constituting of both terms one single individual Christ; 2. That human nature, thus elevated to the personal union of the Word, was thereby exalted to the highest possible likeness of God, partaking of all the attributes and perfections of the Word. For as a piece of iron, as various fathers remark, when put into fire becomes so heated as to partake of all the qualities and assume the very appearance of fire, so likewise the human nature of Christ, united so closely and so intimately to the person of the Word, is as much compenetrated by him, and made to share in his divine attributes, as it was possible without destroying its distinctive nature. Keeping these remarks always in view, we are able to approach nearer to the subject of our inquiry: What is the intrinsic nature of the supernatural?

It cannot be a new *substance*. For, in the first place, it would be confounded with the term of the substantial moment.

Secondly, the object, for which it is required, is to elevate created persons to a union with the Theanthropos, and through him with the Trinity, and thus maintain the law of continuity and unity of the cosmos. Therefore, if the supernatural were a new substance, there would enter into the cosmos a new species of substance, and the result would not be an elevation of the substances already existing, a continuation as it were between human persons and the Theanthropos, and thus the object would be frustrated. It must, therefore, be a *new principle of activity engrafted on the substance of created persons.*

For, substance excluded, nothing else could be communicated except a new principle of acting, adhering to, and leaning upon the nature of created personalities, higher than all the activities of which created spirits are essentially possessed.

And as the communication of such activity implies a new relation of created personalities with God, it follows that it implies a new and higher union with God. Hence the supernatural as to its term must be a new principle of activity and a new

union with God, higher than all the activities and unions of substantial creation. We may now give the full definition of the supernatural in its cause, term, and properties. It runs thus:

It is a moment of the action of God, distinct both from the substantial and the hypostatic moment, required in order to bring created persons into union with the Theanthropos, and through him with the blessed Trinity; by which moment the three divine persons communicate themselves to created persons, and produce in them a new permanent germinal activity, superior to all the activities which created persons possess in force of their nature; an activity itself possessed of three subordinate faculties, which under the concurrence of God, and by communing with their proper objects, unfold that germinal activity, and bring it to that final completion, which is assigned to it in the order and harmony of the cosmos in the state of palingenesia.

Let us now explain each term of the definition.

The nature, then, of the term of this moment consists in its being a new activity, a more perfect likeness of God than that which we naturally possess. Every one is aware that there is in every substance an internal principle of action, which springs from the essence, and which is called its nature. Now, the supernatural is an internal principle of action superior to our nature, and engrafted upon it, elevating, strengthening, and corroborating the latter. It is, therefore, as it were, a superior nature added to the natural internal principle of and impulse to action.

It might be objected to this doctrine that what we call nature in a being is the necessary consequence of its being a substance; and consequently, by admitting the supernatural to be a new nature, we must necessarily admit a new substance. We grant that a nature is a necessary consequence of substance; in other words, that a substance must have an internal principle of action; but we do not grant that an interior principle of action, the consequence of a substance, may not be strengthened and elevated so as to endow the same internal principle with a definite, permanent, higher energy of action, embracing a wider range of activity and grasping higher and more comprehensive objects, without multiplying the substance. For we see no contradiction in the supposition, nor to a close observer will there appear to exist any. God, who created the substance, produces also in it that internal principle and impulse to action called nature. Now, who would attempt to prove that the same God, by a moment of his action distinct from the substantial moment, could not elevate and increase the energy of that internal principle, and make that elevation and growth habitual and permanent without multiplying the substance?

Ontologically speaking, this principle of action, the term of the sublimative moment, is nothing else but an habitual permanent modification. Now, it implies contradiction to suppose that a modification could exist in itself without leaning on a substance or having any support whatever. But it is no contradiction to suppose a modification leaning on a substance of which it is not the necessary development or attitude. Hence, if the term of the sublimative moment did not rest on the internal principle, the consequence of the substantial moment, but existed in itself, then it could not be conceived without supposing it to be a new substance; but, leaning as it does on the substantial principle, resting upon it, elevating and strengthening its energy, one can

easily conceive its possibility without supposing a new substance.

The term, therefore, of the sublimative moment is an internal and permanent principle of action, superior in its cause and its essence to that which in created persons is the term of substantial creation, and consequently it is a higher and better likeness of God's infinite excellence.* However, we cannot determine how much more superior to the substantial principle of action is this term of the sublimative moment.

For, in the first place, the terms from which we try to obtain an idea of the medium term are mysterious to us. No philosopher has ever determined and fathomed the depth and extent of the nature of created spirits. Our very essence, so present to us, is known only by its acts. Then we are the lowest on the ladder of created spirits. Who can ascend so high as to determine the extent of the energy of the least of those pure intelligences which form the angelic choirs, and who can soar so high as to obtain an insight into the energies of those high seraphs who hover in endless rapture around the throne of the infinite and ever-living intelligence?

The other term, by which we try to obtain an idea of the nature of this moment, is the Incarnation, which is by far more hidden to us and mysterious. Again, this moment is subject to the law of variety, and admits of an endless number of degrees within its sphere, beyond the reach of every finite comprehension. We cannot therefore determine the hierarchical superiority of the sublimative moment over the term of substantial creation, but must rest content with knowing that it is distinct in its cause, in its essence and attributes, from the substantial term, and far superior to it.

In the second place, we have said, in the definition, that the term of this moment is a *germinal* activity. For every created activity is always finite, and, however high and exalted it may be supposed to be, it is always capable of further development. God's activity alone, being infinite, excludes all progress and further perfection. If, then, that activity is germinal, it must be possessed of subordinate faculties, which may bring it to its final perfection. Now, what is the nature of these subordinate faculties? A glance at the end of the sublimative moment will afford the answer. The object for which this term is effected is in order that created persons may be placed in real communication with the Theanthropos, and through him with God. Now, a being cannot be put in real communication with another except in a manner conformable to the specific faculties of its nature. The question here is about created spirits, who are to be put in real communication with Christ, and through him with God; and as the specific faculties of spirits are intelligence and will, it follows that the communication must be effected through intelligence and will.

Therefore, the primary activity which elevates the nature of created spirits must be possessed of two subordinate faculties in order to elevate the intelligence and the will of spirits. These are supernatural intelligence and supernatural will. Our natural faculty of intelligence being destined, in its inchoative state, to *apprehend* the whole system of God's external works, together with the interior genesis of his life, and not to stop at the apprehension of the first moment of the external action, which

* Expressio et participatio divinæ bonitatis.—*S. Th.*

is substantial creation—to fit it for its final and supreme state, which is the immediate intuition of the infinite, must necessarily be elevated. For naturally, our intelligence being the term of the substantial moment, its power of apprehension is limited within the boundaries of this moment, and cannot go beyond it by the law of hierarchy. Now, the whole system of God's exterior works, including all the moments, is far superior to the substantial moment, and constitutes a higher and wider object than that of the substantial moment. Consequently, if our intelligence were not strengthened and elevated by a superior light habitually and permanently residing in it, it would never apprehend its supernatural object.

This habitual and permanent light, communicated to our natural intelligence and distinct from, though leaning on it, and superior to it in its cause, in its essence, in its acts, in its object, and springing from the primary germinal activity, the first term of the supernatural moment, is called supernatural intelligence, or, in theological language, supernatural faith.* Faith, because that supernatural light, as it enables us to apprehend the whole system of the cosmos, with its cause, is not and cannot be so high and so powerful as to make us *comprehend* them. The reason is most simple: even our supernatural intelligence is finite, therefore it cannot comprehend the infinite and everything related to him. Supernatural intelligence, therefore, in the germinal and inchoative state, enables us to apprehend the whole system of the external action. Yet it is like a twilight, we see enough through it to admit it, to be attracted by it, to be in raptures with it, yet we see a dark and mysterious ground lying beyond our apprehension which we cannot reach. That part of the object which we cannot comprehend we admit on the authority of God revealing, and consequently supernatural intelligence takes also the name of faith.

What we have said of our natural intelligence must be said also of the will. Our natural will in its inchoative state is destined to seek and love an object outside of and superior to its natural energy. It becomes, therefore, necessary to endow it with an habitual and permanent energy of expansion, corresponding to the object it is destined to embrace. *This habitual and permanent energy of expansion communicated to our natural will, and distinct from, though leaning on it, and superior to it in its cause, in its essence, in its acts, in its object, and springing from the primary activity and from supernatural intelligence, is called supernatural will or charity, in theological language.*

By it *alone* we are truly put in that communication with the Theanthropos and the Trinity which is called *sanctification*—a term which no philosopher ever understood before the advent of Christianity.

To understand the metaphysical reason of this, it is necessary to give a glance at that which constitutes the supreme practical transcendental realization of morality, because sanctification imports the subjective realization of morality.

Morality, in its highest transcendental acceptation, is the perfection to which a being is destined, wrought by the voluntary exercise of its action. It embraces a twofold element, an objective element and a subjective. The objective element is the

* We take the word permanent here not in the sense that it cannot be lost, because this could be done by a positive act contrary to it, but in the sense of St. Thomas and other theologians, who say that this light remains even when not actually acting. The same must be said of other faculties and of the germinal activity itself, which may be lost by a created person freely renouncing the supernatural.

typical idea of the highest perfection of a being. The subjective is the realization of that type as existing in the subject.

In created persons, for persons alone are capable of morality, it is the perfection to which they are destined in the plan of the cosmos, to be acquired by the voluntary and *free* development of their faculties. It is also objective and subjective. The objective is the type of perfection to which they are destined, residing intelligibly in God. The subjective is the realization of that type as residing in them. And because created persons are finite, the subjective element of morality in them is divided into two moments—the inchoative and the final. The inchoative moment of morality takes place when a person, by a voluntary and free development, performs a moral act, or begins to realize the typical objective morality. The final, when the persons reach its supreme realization.

Having premised these few notions, it is evident that the supreme transcendental realization of morality lies in the Infinite and in the eternal genesis of his life. For in the life of God we have the following elements which establish transcendental morality:

First, the infinite essence of God, containing in itself all possible transcendental perfection, under the substance of primary unbegotten intelligent activity conceiving that same infinite perfection—the Father. Second, the whole perfection of the Godhead, under the subsistence and constituent of conception or ideal realization of the Infinite, objective morality — the Son. Third, both the Father and the Son — the one as first principle, the other as mediating principle — both active, realizing practically and voluntarily* the whole perfection of the Godhead under the subsistence of love—the third person, the Holy Spirit, who completes the cycle of infinite life, and exhibits all the elements of transcendental morality, the practical realization of infinite perfection, subjective morality. Hence the Trinity is called in the Scripture three times holy, because they are the supreme transcendental morality.

Now, in order that created persons may be sanctified, they must become assimilated to and must realize practically this supreme transcendental realization of morality, which is also, as we have often remarked, their supreme and last supernatural end. And it is supernatural will which makes them voluntarily and freely embrace and love this supreme realization of morality, which takes hold of it and is united to it in an inchoative state. The supernatural activity conceiving this supreme realization of morality through supernatural intelligence, would not be sufficient to sanctify created persons, because it would not unite or assimilate them to that realization, and would not render it subjective. For there is this distinction between apprehensive faculties and expansive faculties, that the first are not assimilated to the object which they apprehend, but assimilate the object to themselves;† hence intelligence is not degraded or defiled by the apprehension of objects of inferior nature, or even evil. But expansive faculties are united and assimilated to the object which they love, and partake of the dignity or inferiority of the object; hence the Scripture says of men that they were made

* The aspiring of the Holy Ghost, as all the internal processions, is necessary in the life of God, but no less voluntary.

† Omne quod recipitur ad modum recipientis recipitur.—*S. Th.*

abominable as the objects which they loved.

The metaphysical reason of this distinction is that apprehensive faculties *take in*, as it were, and mould, the object to fit them. But expansive faculties *give themselves*, and are consequently moulded to fit the object.*

Therefore the infinite life of God, as the supreme realization of morality, as apprehended by our supernatural intelligence, must take a form fitted to the nature of the intelligence, but our supernatural will, in loving this infinite life, is drawn toward it, exalted, and assimilated to it, and thus realizes subjectively the supreme transcendental morality, its last perfection also, and is thereby made holy and sanctified.

Briefly, the supreme transcendental morality is the life of the infinite, and this is also the supreme supernatural end of created persons. When they realize subjectively and in inchoative state this transcendental morality, or are assimilated to it, they are sanctified.

Now, it is supernatural will and not intelligence which unites and assimilates them to this transcendental morality. It is therefore by supernatural will alone that we are sanctified.

Having spoken of the supernatural intelligence and will, we must speak of a third faculty, which springs from the germinal activity of the supernatural moment, called in theological language the virtue of hope.

Every finite being, being contingent, exists as long as the creative act continues to preserve it in existence. Moreover, the sublimative term, being essentially progressive, can be developed by movement. This, as we shall see, requires the aid of God, which must excite, direct, and complete the movement to render it possible.

Finally, no finite being can arrive at its final completion without an extraordinary action of God, as there is a necessary leap* between the inchoative and the palingenesiacal moment.

These three different moments of the action of God, which the spirit elevated to the sublimative moment needs in order to develop itself and reach its end, though necessary when viewed with reference to the other moments of the cosmos, are free on the part of God, respectively to the individual spirit.

In order, therefore, that a created spirit may be morally certain that God in his infinite goodness and excellence will preserve its being, aid it in its development, and bring it to its final completion, the same three divine persons, in effecting the supernatural being in the spirit, draw from its essence a third faculty, which consists in an habitual and permanent sense of its dependence upon God in all these things, joined with a power of trust and reliance upon his infinite goodness.†

As these three faculties are bestowed upon created persons in an habitual state, which not only implies a permanency but also a facility and use to action, it follows that they can with reason be called *virtues*. We conclude: the essence of the hypostatic moment implies on the part of the blessed Trinity a particular communication distinct from and higher than that of the substantial moment, and respectively to created persons it

* Amatum in voluntate existit ut inclinans, et quodam modo impellens intrinsecus amantem in ipsam rem amatam.—*S. Th.*

* We can find no other word to express the idea. It will be explained in the article on "Palingenesia."

† As we are considering the supernatural moment independent of sin, the theory of these three faculties is necessarily incomplete.

implies a closer union with the Trinity, and consequently a partaking of the Godhead, together with a higher likeness, truly inherent in the spirit—a likeness which breaks itself into three permanent and habitual powers of supernatural intelligence, supernatural will, and supernatural reliance, in the state of habits or virtues.

To complete the idea of this moment, a few more remarks are necessary relative to its preservation, and to the manner according to which it can act and develop itself.

And first as to preservation. We have often observed that the supernatural, comprehending a principle of activity dividing itself into three supernatural faculties, is finite; and consequently, as such it requires the immanence of the effective action of God to maintain its existence. This is evident. Every finite being, by the mere fact of its existence, does not change its nature of contingent, and pass into that of the absolute; but its essence being immutable, it remains always contingent, that is, of itself, and in force of its nature, indifferent to be or not to be. Consequently, in order that it may maintain and keep its existence, it is necessary that the same action which caused it to exist subjectively keep its existence in all the moments of time or extra time; that is, it is necessary that the same action, which *determined* the native and essential indifference to be or not to be to the fact of being, keep it always so determined. In other words, the existence of a contingent being does not originate in an interior and essential principle, as it is in the absolute, but arises from an exterior and independent principle. Therefore, that same exterior principle which caused its existence must maintain it, else the contingent, having no interior principle of preservation, would necessarily cease to have any subjective existence.

We pass to the last question affecting the supernatural moment: how can it act and develop its faculties, or how and under what conditions is the development of the supernatural faculties possible?

The answer is, that God must *excite* the supernatural faculties to action, *aid* them in the course of the action, and *aid* them in completing the action. These three moments of the action of God required to render the development of the supernatural faculties possible, is called concurrence. Now, this concurrence must not be of a moral nature, as it were presenting before the supernatural intelligence reasons and motives to action, and before the supernatural will attraction to act; but it must be of an efficient nature, effectively and consecutively exciting and aiding these faculties in their development. In one word, God must effect in them the action. This most momentous statement, fraught with so many consequences, we are going to prove with three decisive arguments.

The first is drawn from the nature of finite beings. A finite being is essentially potential; the infinite being alone is essentially actual. Therefore, in order that finite beings may act, it is necessary that they should pass from the power to the act. But no being can pass from the power to the act without the effective aid of a being not already in act. Therefore, no finite being can act without the effective aid of a being already in act.

But the supernatural term is a finite being. Consequently, it cannot act without the effective aid of a being already in act. This being already in act is God. Therefore, the supernatural term cannot act without the effective aid of God.

We are to prove two things to com-

plete the argument: 1. That no being can pass from the power to the act without the effective aid of another already in act; 2. That this being in act in the case must be God.

As to the first. It is a contradiction to suppose a being at the same time to be in potentiality and in action with regard to the same action. Because, if with regard to any particular action I am in potentiality, I cannot at the same time be acting it; for, in that case, to be acting would exclude my being in potentiality in reference to it.

Now, if a being passing from the power to the act were not aided effectively by another already in act, this contradiction would take place, because it would be in potentiality with regard to the action supposed; it would be in act with regard to the same action, because it would be moving itself, and not be moved by another.

It implies, therefore, a contradiction to suppose a being passing from the power to the act without the efficient aid of another being already in act.

2. That this being already in act in the present question must be God is evident when we consider that this being already in act, moving the supernatural term to action, is either finite or infinite. If finite, it needs itself a being already in act to move it to act; and this one again, if supposed finite, would require another, and so on *ad infinitum*. Therefore, it must be infinite or pure act.*

The next argument is as follows: If the term of the supernatural moment could act of itself without the effective aid of God, God would no longer be the first, the universal, the independent cause of everything. For fi a finite being could act of itself independent of God's effective aid, it is evident that it would be the first cause of its action; it is likewise evident that it would be the only cause of its action, and the independent cause thereof. Now, this is in contradiction both to the essence of finite being and to the essence of the infinite being. The finite being is essentially secondary and dependent cause; to make it first, only, independent cause is not to suppose it finite, but infinite; for to the infinite essence alone belongs to be first, universal, independent cause. Consequently, it is absolutely impossible that a finite being could act of itself independent of the effective aid of God. We say effective, because if this aid were not effective, but only moral, the same result would follow—because a moral aid is nothing else but the presenting of motives or reasons. When an agent is determined to action by the aid of moral influence, it is the agent, after all, which efficiently determines itself, and not the motives or reasons which determine it. Consequently, if the aid of God were only of a moral nature, the finite would still be the first, only, independent, cause of its action, because it would determine itself. Finally, if the finite could act independently of God, God would have no knowledge of the free actions of his creatures. Because, in the first place, God knows things distinct from himself only inasmuch as he is the efficient cause of them. For his infinite power, which he perfectly knows, is the only medium whereby he can know things distinct from himself.* But in an especial manner he could not know the free, contingent, and future actions of his creatures if he did not cause them.

For there are three possible mediums of knowledge—identity, ideality

* *S. Th., passim.*

* *S. Th. Summa*, part I. qu. 14, art. v. *in corpore.*

or perception, and causality. Knowledge implies three elements: a subject knowing, an object known, and a relation between them—a certain contact by which the object is apprehended by the subject. Now, this relation or medium of knowledge may be either identity, when the object is identical with the subject—God knows himself through this relation; or it may be a relation of causality, as an architect knows his building; or it may be a relation of perception, as we know bodies or anything that comes under our perception.

Now, if we exclude causality, God could never know infallibly and certainly the future contingent acts of his creatures, because he could not know them through the relation of identity. Nor could he know them through the relation of perception, because such actions, being future, could only be perceived in their cause, and the cause, being contingent, could only give a possible conjectural knowledge.

A contingent cause, says St. Thomas, is equally inclined to opposite things, and thus the contingent, as future, cannot be the object of any knowledge with certainty. Hence, whosoever knows the contingent in its cause alone, can have but a conjectural knowledge of it.*

It follows, therefore, that if we do not wish to deprive God of an infallible and certain knowledge of the free contingent acts of his creatures, we must admit that he knows them through the relation of causality, and say of God only what Vico erroneously said of man also: God only knows what he does respectively to things distinct from him. Two objections are to be resolved before concluding the article. The first is that, if it is God who must effect the action in finite beings, it is impossible to perceive how they can be agents. In order that they may really be supposed to be agents, the action ought to emanate radically from the essence of the being, and consequently the being ought to be able to develop itself. We should grant the force of the objection if the question related to the first cause; but the objection has no value when we consider that it has reference to secondary causes. For what means a first cause? That agent who, of himself, without the aid of any other, can act. With regard to him, his action must emanate from his essence, and from that alone. But it is not so with secondary causes. A secondary cause means a cause essentially dependent upon the first—dependent not in any undefined sense, but dependent as cause, as active principle, in other words, depending on the first cause for its action. And this dependence does not at all destroy their causality. Because, as Bossuet profoundly remarks, as a created being does not cease to be being because it belongs to another, that is, to God, but, on the contrary, it is what it is because it comes from God, so likewise created acting does not, so to speak, cease to be acting because it comes from God; on the contrary, the greater the being God gives it, the greater is the acting. It is so far from the truth, then, that God in causing the action of the creature takes away its action or causality, that the contrary is true; it is action because God effects it in the creature.*

The second objection is that our theory does away with the liberty of will. Now, the same answer is to be given to this objection. For as God effects in everything the being and its perfection, if to be free is some-

* This is the opinion of one school. Another great school holds a quite different opinion.—Ed. C. W.

* Bossuet, *Du libre Arbitre*, ch. viii.

thing and a perfection in every act, God also effects, in such acts, what we call freedom; and the infinite efficacy of his action extends itself, so to speak, even to this formation. And it must not be objected here that the proper exercise of free will must originate only in free will; because this would be true if the free will of man were a free will first and independent, and not of a free-will derived.*

God then causes the supernatural actions in created persons, and, in doing so, far from injuring their elevated free will, causes it in its first act and in its exercises, and it is free will just because God makes it so.

The consequences of this moment in the next article.†

HAND IN HAND.

THERE was a fire in our neighborhood the first night I passed at the Raymonds'. The alarm rang me out of sleep; and the next minute the engines rattled past. Scarcely had the ground ceased to tremble under their passage when the darkness burst, like the dusky calyx of a brilliant flower, and bloomed out rose-red.

Mrs. Raymond came into my room with a Rob Roy tartan thrown on over her night-gown. It was October, and the nights were chilly. "Yes, the fire is on Cone Street," she said. "I thought so; but we couldn't see from our chamber."

As she stood, her stately form was defined by the illumination beyond it, and a glimmering nimbus curved around the silvery hair over her forehead. I lay and looked at her. I could willingly have looked at her all night; that beautiful old woman! —whose age was as the age of wine, and meant perfection, *bouquet* of character.

She looked out a little while in silence, then breathed a faint sigh. "It would be beautiful to see if it caused no suffering," she said.

"Yes!" I replied.

She stood a moment longer, then turned away from the window. Would she come to me? Yes, she came, laid a hand on my hair, bent down, and kissed my forehead. "May the Lord bless us all, my dear!" she said. "Good-night!"

Mrs. Raymond seldom omitted that leave-taking with her friends, even when the parting was but for an hour. "An hour may mean for ever," she used to say. "I have found that out in seventy years."

* *Ibidem.*

† It will not be amiss to point out in this note the common theological terms of the supernatural moment.

What in our theory we have called primary germinal activity is called in theological language the grace of exaltation. The three supernatural faculties, virtues of faith, hope, and charity. We have placed in the virtue of charity the essence of sanctifying grace.

The preservation of the germinal activity and of its powers is called habitual grace.

The concurrence which enables the germinal activity to develop its faculties is called actual grace—which is of various kinds. If it only gives the power without the action, it is called sufficient grace. If it gives the action, efficacious grace. When it excites to action, preceding grace, *gratia præcedens;* when it aids during the action, accompanying grace, *gratia concomitans.* When it completes the action, succeeding grace, *gratia subsequens.* When it is directed to supernatural intelligence, grace of illumination; when to supernatural trust and will, grace of inspiration.

As she went, like a peaceful vision, I thought of Leigh Hunt's *Abou Ben Adhem*, to whose room the angel came at night, making the moonlight in it "rich, and like a lily in bloom." Then thought grew dreamy; and, as the rose outside changed to a passion-flower, I fell asleep under its trailing shadows.

The Raymonds lived in a charming suburban nook, among steep banks that shut them in from sight of neighbors, but not from hearing. With nothing visible but rocks, and trees, and gardens, listening there, one could hear the pulse of human life beat to and fro without. They had a gem of a cottage, pretty gardens crowded with flowers, a grapery, a Norway spruce-tree balanced by a catalpa, and an avenue of elms reaching from the terrace-steps, close to the portico, down to the gate. There were fifty elms, twenty-five on a side, and they all sprang high and clear from the ground, then bent and twined together in the air. I dreamed about them after I went to sleep the second time that night; or, rather, my dream reproduced a real picture. I saw again that perfect pair as they walked down to welcome me when I came, the trees letting fall over them a slow, golden sprinkle of leaves, one by one. Both husband and wife were tall, nobly formed, healthy, and silvery-haired, both beautiful with that beauty which comes from a cheerful piety, perfect love and sympathy with each other, and the recollection of happy years. They had grown to look alike during the fifty years they had walked hand in hand, and only the woman's soft brown eyes, and the man's blue ones, showed that in youth one had been a blonde, the other a brunette. Again the sunset shone in their faces, bringing out the fine stippling that time had drawn there—lines for laughter sweet and merry, lines for thought, for patience, for sadness, for sorrow, but not one for hate, or wrath, or envy had the truthful graver left. And ever as he wrought, the softer touch of faith and love had half effaced the marks. So in my dream they came down again under the lofty arch of elms, with the light in their faces and in their shining hair. A peaceful vision! But, stretching out my hands to it, it dissolved, and I awoke.

It was sunrise, glorious with color and stillness, and a faint haze over the landscape made it look less like a morning than the picture of a morning. But, looking out, I saw that the elms, instead of their thick golden leafage, stood bare against the sky, bold sweep of sinewy limb and trembling hair-line of twig finely drawn on the azure background. In the stillness of the night, every leaf had dropped as plumb as if it had been a guinea, and under each tree its vertical shape was glowingly embossed on the greensward.

Going down-stairs, I found my friends standing under a sweet-brier trellis just outside the door. They turned immediately, with a pleasant welcome. How gentle and tender their ways were! And yet they were never indolent. "Without haste, and without rest," seemed to be their motto.

"It was the Willis house, on Cone Street, that was burned," Mrs. Raymond said. "The family have not yet returned from their summer visiting, and only one servant was there, so no one was much inconvenienced but the firemen. Everything was insured. Did you see the elms? My husband was just quoting, *à propos*, from that poem on old age you read us last night:

'And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.'

Look at the morning-glory trellis! It is all purple, this morning. I like that color best when this fine chill comes into the air. Pink is a spring color."

I did not speak of the fire, since she had dropped the subject, for I knew that in the house that had been burned she had spent the first years of her married life, that there her five children had been born and had died. But after breakfast she asked me to walk round to Cone Street with her.

Mr. Raymond had an arm-chair and writing-table in an eastern bay-window of the sitting-room, and there his mornings were always spent, reading and writing. "Fortunately, one's correspondence drops off a little when one gets to be seventy-five years old," he said. "I find that I cannot easily dispose of more than one letter in a day. But our friends are kind. We have piles of little notes that require no answer."

I sat by him while Mrs. Raymond went to attend to some household duties before going out. "How impossible it is to tell just why people are charming!" I said, as she left us. "If I say that Mrs. Raymond is beautiful, is good, that her nature is harmonious, still I have not described her."

"Don't try to," he replied, with a slow smile, leaning back and folding his hands together. "Indeed, I scarcely like to describe, or hear described, one I love, any more than I would like to see analyzed a flower I cherish. I would rather know of my friends only what they generously reveal or what I involuntarily perceive. To purposely study a character, one must be intrusive and inquisitive, must penetrate into recesses and reserves which should be sacred. There is a certain coarseness of feeling in it. Mrs. Browning says that 'being observed when observation is not sympathy, is just being tortured,' and she is right. To me, there is no companion more obnoxious than a person of that peering, unscrupulous sort, who scans my form and features as if there were no sensitive, observant soul behind them, notes every word, act, impulse, and expression, and is, I know, all the time engaged in summing up my items, and labelling me as belonging to a certain class and genus. Besides, those are not the persons who understand human nature. That knowledge is best acquired by intuition, not inquisition. Souls are to be seen, as some stars are, by looking a little away from them. So treated, their shy beams become visible to you unawares."

I did not reply; and, as if recollecting that he might, unintentionally, have seemed to include me among the "obnoxious," he turned with a gracious smile that was half for me and half for her. "Elisabeth is sincere," he said, pronouncing the last word with a fulness and emphasis that arrested my attention to it. Instinctively, I glanced up at the geneology of a word so impressively introduced. *Sine cerâ*, without wax; therefore, pure honey. It was a crown for a wife's head, that word spoken with such tenderness and honor.

She came in then, tying on her bonnet. A wreath of purple velvet pansies lay in her hair, a full black veil fell around her shoulders, and a rich-hued cashmere shawl was wrapped about her.

She came to the window, laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and said, "Good-by, dear!"

He echoed the word, they looked at each other with a momentary smile, then we went out.

The ruins of the fire were still

smoking when we reached them, but not one stone nor timber was left standing. After a while, we crossed the secluded street, and seated ourselves on a mossy rock a little back there among the trees. An old pine, with a crimson arabesque of vine running through it, stood guard over us and kept off the sun, the air was mellow and fragrant, and a bird sang now and then.

"Every room of that house was full of memories for me," she said dreamily; and, with her cheek resting upon her hand, fell into a reverie which I did not seek to interrupt. I could guess how the walls were built up again by her imagination, how she crossed the threshold as a bride, how doors opened and shut, how chairs and tables and pictures came back to their places, how curtains waved or windows shook in the wind. She heard again the step on the floor, the voices echoing, and saw the mirrors reflecting their faces.

Some sound or turn of thought dispelled the ghostly fabric. I could see in her eyes when it fell, and they saw only ashes. But the shock was not painful, only a solemn one. She raised her eyes heavenward, with a look of thankfulness, and her mouth softened with the reflection of a gladness too deep for smiles.

"Yes, human love is sweet and satisfying," she said slowly. "I have found it so. With God, and one true friend, there is no earthly trial which we may not face with fortitude or even with cheerfulness. It is the only real blessing on earth, that companionship."

She mused a moment, then went on: "Some women say that they could more easily part with their husband than with their children. I could not; and it seems to me that those who could must have been disappointed in their husbands. Our children are given us to train up, then to send forth into the world to live their own lives. However great may be the mutual love and care, still they have their own separate lives; and the time comes when, as God himself ordained, they leave us, and cleave to some one else, some one nearer to them than we are. But our partners we choose when both are mature, knowing why we choose, and it is our duty as well as our desire to be first with each other, to love and confide fully, and never to be separated. The most exacting love cannot ask for more than God permits and enjoins in the married couple. They are one, he says. Yet no one loved their children more truly than I did mine," her voice growing tremulous. "I had my hopes and dreams about them. I was a fond mother. But God's will is better than our wish; and, though I grieved, I was not made desolate when I was made childless, for my husband was left to me. If he had been taken—" She stopped, a slight motion expressive of sinking and faintness passed over her, a deathlike paleness chased the color from her face. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, drawing a quick breath. "He knows what we can bear. And now, child, forgive me for making you weep."

She stretched her soft hand, and laid it on mine. That always seemed such a favor from her!

"But your case was a happy exception," I said. "Most people are disappointed in love."

"I am afraid it is often their own fault," she answered with a sigh. "I am sometimes astonished and terrified to see how people misuse that most sacred of gifts, the first affection of a human heart. How often is love made a subject of jest, even by those who would shrink from being thought

coarse or thoughtless! No affection, however misplaced or unreasonable, should be ridiculed. It may be wrong, or pitiable, or tragical, but never laughable. How often the knowledge that one possesses such a power over the happiness of another touches the vanity instead of the heart, or wins contempt instead of gratitude! How often what was eagerly pursued, when doubtful, becomes worthless when won; not because it is really worth less than it seemed, but because the possessor is incapable of appreciating its value! With what cruel selfishness some desire and hold an affection which they can never reciprocate, treating the heart that helps to warm their lives as they treat the stove that warms their rooms, never thinking of it except when they miss it. What wonder if such find human affection unsatisfying? Why, the world is encumbered and embittered with wasted and insulted affection!"

I quoted Longfellow:

"'Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted:
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, shall fill them full of refreshment.'"

She shook her head gently: "For once, the poet missed his figure, and the truth. The affection that rises to God, like mist from water, does, indeed, return in refreshment. But human love flows out like a stream, and, if thrown back upon its source, carries desolation. That thought is contrary to nature and to Holy Writ. No; the mutual love of man and woman is the great harmonizer of life. It makes faith involuntary, not a struggle. It elevates, it does not lower. If we truly love one, we are tenderer ever after of all others. Is God loved better, do you think, because there is so little harmonious love on earth? No! but less. I do not mean the passing fancy of a superficial admirer, nor the fitful sympathy of one who comes and goes, nor the divided friendship of one whose friendships are many, nor the flimsy romance that for an hour sees in you its visionary ideal; but the steadfast affection of one whose nature is like your own, who loves you next to God, and whose eyes are anointed to see the ideal you are capable of being, through all the faults of what you are. It has never seemed to me that the primary thought of God in creating men and women was that the earth should be peopled, but that they should be companions for each other. What did the Creator say? '*It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make him a help like unto himself.*' So human love was the crowning gift, without which even Paradise was not perfect. Since God was too immense for the heart of man to contain, and would scorch him to ashes if visibly possessed by him, as Jove did Semele, an equal being was given, that they might see, 'as in a rose-bush, love's divine!'"

When she stopped, with her head raised, and a color as rich as that of a June rose trembling in her cheeks, I bent and kissed her hand.

She smiled upon me: "If I were but sixteen years old, my dear, some might call what I have been saying romantic folly. But I am seventy, and I know. Trust me! Do not lose faith in your girlish dreams. They are true somewhere, if not here. Believe in every lovely and noble vision you ever had. If you must renounce them for a time, do it bravely, but trust the hereafter."

After a while, I ventured a question: "Will you tell me something of your marriage?"

"'Tis the old story," she said smilingly; "only simpler and happier than most. Of course, I expected some one—girls always do—but I

expected him seriously. I used to pray for him, whoever he might be, and I studied, and acted, and kept myself with reference to him. I shrank from all jesting about love, and from girlish flirtations. I must go to him with a fresh heart. It never occurred to me to deceive him. If I had done wrong, I would have told him first. Well, I made one or two mistakes, thinking that the right one had come; but I soon found them out, and there was nothing to regret. At length, when I had begun to ask myself if there really was any such person, he came. When I first saw James, I knew at once that he was what I wanted. There was a season of terrible doubt as to whether I was what he wanted. Then, thanks be to God! I knew that I did suit him. And so we were married. How little it is, and how much!"

"How much!" she repeated presently, and looked up the road, as if some one there had spoken to her.

I had not heard a sound, but, following her glance, I saw Mr. Raymond coming to us.

She smiled, her face turned immovably his way. But, as her gaze dwelt, it lost its outward expression, and when he reached us she seemed to be more aware of his spiritual than his bodily presence. He was about to speak, but, glancing in her face, remained silent. He seated himself beside her as I rose, and held the hand she placed in his. The light October breeze became a living touch and a whisper, the sunshine a benediction, the overhanging pine-tree, with its rubric of vine, was a scroll written with a glad promise. The two sat there, gazing at the ashes of their early home, and mentally trod that path again, from the coming of the bride, down through joyful and sorrowful times, till they reached their present selves. She felt instinctively when he came down and found her with white hair, and faded cheeks, and she sang softly, in a voice which had yet a tremulous sweetness:

> "Now we maun totter doun, John;
> But hand in hand we'll go;
> And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
> John Anderson, my jo!"

Her voice died to a silvery thread, her head drooped a little, till her withered cheek rested on his shoulder. The eyes of both were overflowing, but the skies on which they gazed touched their tears with light.

The next day I left them.

A month passed; and it was drawing toward the last of November when I received a call to the Raymonds. I must come quickly, the dear lady wrote. Her husband was ill, and at the point of death.

By some accident, the letter was delayed, and two days had passed before I stepped out at the familiar gate, and, with a trembling heart, hurried up the avenue. A friend met me at the door, and I did not need to be told that I was too late.

"Mrs. Raymond is very quiet," he said, "but seems rather bewildered, and a great deal older. She does not weep, but says continually, 'The Lord knows! The Lords knows best!' as if something had surprised her, and happened differently from what she had expected. She is with him now. She sits there nearly all the time. I wish she would not, it is so cold!"

I waited restlessly for her to come out. It was too cold for her to stay long, and now a light snow, the first of the season, was falling; not from thickening skies, but in sunlighted flings, out of detached clouds sailing over.

When I could wait no longer, I opened the door of the great chilly room where the dead lay. There were flowers all about, and the cur-

tains were up, letting in a light so bright that the candle-flames were almost invisible, and a large white crucifix standing there glowed as if wrought in gold. The upper half of one window was open, and before that lay stretched the husband, his peaceful face uncovered and touched with light. The wife knelt beside him, her face hid in the pillow on which his head rested, her hand put up over his breast and clasping his hand.

I had opened the door gently, and she did not stir. I crossed the room with noiseless step, and stood beside her, not daring to speak, not having the heart to speak, but looking tearfully into that silent face. The light snow-flakes had drifted in and settled in his hair, scarcely seen in its whiteness. I glanced at those two hands, his and hers, clasped together on his breast. The floating snowflakes had settled there, too, over the fingers of both, *and they had not melted on either.*

So peacefully, so joyfully, they had both gone out, hand in hand,

"Into the land of the great departed!
Into the Silent Land."

SALVE MATER SALVATORIS!

The sunset skies of Galilee
Were flushed with ruddy gold,
And softly sighed the ev'ning breeze
O'er dusky hill and wold.
Hushed was the murmur of the brook,
No sign of life was there,
Till up the grassy slope there came
A mother, young and fair.

Softly she came—with downcast eyes,
And cradled on her breast,
Hushed by her gentle lullaby,
An infant lay at rest.
His dimpled cheek was flushed with sleep,
And knotted in her hair,
Still clutched with all their baby force,
The tiny fingers were.

The sun had veiled his golden beams,
Yet on her visage bright
And on the sleeping babe there fell
A more than earthly light.
The lilies sprang beneath her feet,
And, as she moved along,
Bright spirits hovered o'er her head,
And filled the air with song.

"Hail, Mary! full of heav'nly grace,
'Mongst women ever blest;
Full blessed is the baby fair
That lies upon your breast."
She hardly heard the joyous hymn,
Nor ever looked around,
Nor saw the radiant blossoms spring
Before her on the ground.

She had no ear for heav'nly sounds,
No eyes for nature's charms;
She only saw, she only heard,
The babe within her arms.
What love, what worship, filled her heart,
No mortal tongue can tell;
Nor if the shadow of the cross
Upon her spirit fell:

Perchance she saw the distant hill,
The blood-besprinkled sod,
And, nailed on high, a dying man,
Her offspring—and her God;
And she, with torn and bleeding heart,
His mother, standing by,
Waiting—in, oh! what speechless woe—
To see the Saviour die.

Long years have passed, and now men weigh,
With nice and grudging care,
The claims upon their filial love
That mother ought to bear.
They are too proud, too wise, to bow
Before a humble maid—
Too *virtuous* to worship her
Whom Jesus once obeyed.

These wise logicians of the world
Can prove with reas'ning clear
How He, in heaven, will welcome those
Who scorn his mother here!
How he who lay upon her breast,
And, ere his life was done,
Confided her to well-loved John,
Saying, "Behold thy son!"—

How he, the best of sons on earth,
Will honor those on high
Who dare, with small, ignoble pride,
His mother to deny!

And this is reason!—this is light!—
A light that blinds the eyes,
And leads to the fire of endless night,
And the worm that never dies.

Through Mary, Jesus came to us,
And died a death of pain;
So we through Mary go to him
To heal our souls again.
When, sunk in sin, we dare not raise
Our eyes to God's high throne,
Who else but she will hear our cry,
And bear it to her Son?

Oh! lilies fair of Palestine,
Your snowy petals wave!
Ye blossomed 'neath a virgin's feet—
To her your perfume gave.
And blessèd be the grassy vale
That Mary gently trod,
Bearing with more than mother's love
Her infant—and her God.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LASSERRE.

VI.

In spite of the uneasy and suspicious attitude of the official world, the fame of the recent events had spread through all the neighboring country with wonderful rapidity.

All Bigorre and Béarn, previously excited by the first rumors about the apparition, had become still more so at the news of the fountain and the miraculous cures. All the roads of the department were covered with travellers coming up in hot haste. From all directions, by all the roads, great and small, which led to Lourdes, people were continually arriving in all kinds of carriages, on horseback, and on foot.

Night itself hardly interfered with this movement. The mountaineers came down by starlight, so as to be at the grotto before morning.

The travellers who had previously arrived had also, for the most part, remained at Lourdes, not wishing to lose any of these extraordinary scenes. Hotels, inns, and even private houses were swarming with people. It became almost impossible to give them any kind of accommodation, and many passed the night before the grotto, so as to have a better place when the morning should come.

Thursday, the 4th of March, was the last day of the fortnight.

When the dawn began to light up the eastern sky, a more prodigious multitude than on any previous day was assembled in the neighborhood of the grotto.

A painter like Raphael or Michael Angelo might have found in it the subject for an admirable picture.

Here, for example, an old mountaineer, bent by age and venerable as a patriarch, was leaning with his trembling hands on an immense iron-shod staff, the weight and movement of which fairly shook the ground. Around him is grouped all his family, from the old grandmother with her sharp features and wrinkled, sunburnt face, wrapped in a great black cloak lined with red, down to the youngest little boy standing on tiptoe to get a better view. The young girls of the Pyrenees, their hands joined with fervor, beautiful, quiet, and grave as the magnificent women of the Roman Campagna, were praying here and there alone or in groups; some were saying their beads, while others were silently reading a prayer-book. Others, still, carried a pitcher in their hand or on their head, reminding one of the Biblical figures of Rebecca or Rachel.

At a little distance, one might see the peasant of Gers, with his enormous head, bull neck, and face as apoplectic and violent as that of Vitellius; and at his side, the fine head of the Béarnese, which the innumerable pictures of Henry IV. have made so well known and so popular.

Of medium height, but seeming tall on account of their wonderfully erect carriage, the full-chested, square-shouldered, and agile Basques stood gazing at the grotto. The distinct type marked by their high foreheads, narrow and prominent chins, and thin and V-shaped faces indicates the primitive purity of this race, perhaps the most ancient of all those inhabiting France.

Men of the world of all professions, magistrates, merchants, notaries, lawyers, physicians, with less distinctly marked and more polished features than those of the peasants, were also mingled in great numbers with this heterogeneous multitude.

The ladies who were present found themselves, notwithstanding their precautions against the cold, somewhat chilly in the frosty morning air, and had to move about in order to keep warm.

Impassible and dignified, standing erect and wrapped from head to foot in the majestic folds of their mantles, some Spaniards might be seen here and there, waiting with statue-like tranquillity.

They looked toward the grotto and prayed. The little incidents that would occur and the movements of the crowd did not disturb their contemplation, and could scarcely make them turn their heads; for an instant only they would direct the dark flame of their eyes to the cause of the disturbance, and then resume their prayer.

In some places, the pilgrims, tired by the journey or by their night-watches, were sitting on the ground. Some had been provident enough to bring haversacks of provisions or a gourd containing wine. Some of the children had gone to sleep, and were stretched on the ground, covered by the *capulet* which the mother had deprived herself of in order to protect them.

Some cavalry soldiers belonging to Tarbes or Lourdes had come on horseback, and remained by the Gave, outside of the mass of people. Many persons, either from devotion or curiosity, had taken the trouble to climb a tree for a better view; and around

these conspicuous persons all the fields, roads, rocks, and hillocks were covered with an immense number of men and women, young and old, gentlemen, artisans, peasants, and soldiers, close, and seemingly waving like a field of grain. The picturesque costumes of the country shone out in brilliant colors in the first beams of the sun, as it rose behind the peaks of Ger. Far off, from the Vizens hillocks, for example, the women's *capulets*, some of a snowy white, others of a flaming red, and the great blue *bérets* of the Béarnese peasants, appeared like daisies, poppies, and bluebells in the midst of this human harvest. The bright helmets of the cavalry-men by the Gave sparkled in the morning light.

There were more than twenty thousand persons crowded upon the banks of the stream, and this multitude continually increased with the arrival of new pilgrims from all quarters.*

Faith, prayer, curiosity, and scepticism were depicted upon the different faces. All classes and ideas were represented in this immense multitude. The simple Catholic of the early ages was there, who believed that nothing was impossible to God. Others, tormented by doubt, were also there, having come to seek, at the foot of these rocks, arguments for their faith. Believing women had come to beg the Mother of God to cure some friend who was sick, or to convert one who had gone astray. Prejudiced infidels had also come, with their eyes closed that they might not see, and their ears stopped that they might not hear. The frivolous, who cared little for their souls, were there in search only of amusement or variety.

Outside of the crowd and along the road, the *sergents de ville* and *gendarmes* were running hither and thither and shouting out in a state of great excitement. The adjutant, decorated with his scarf, did not move.

On a little mound, attentive to everything and ready to pounce on the least disorder, might be seen Jacomet and the *procureur impérial.*

A loud but vague, confused, and indescribable sound, composed of a thousand different elements, words, cries, and prayers, arose from this mass of people, and seemed like the incessant murmur of the waves.

All at once the cry came from the lips of all, "Here comes the saint! Here comes the saint!" and the crowd became extraordinarily excited. All hearts, even the most indifferent, were aroused, all heads were raised, and the eyes of all turned in the same direction, while instinctively every one took off his hat.

Bernadette, accompanied by her mother, had just appeared upon the path which the workmen had prepared, and was quietly descending into the midst of this human sea. Although she noticed the immense crowd, and was no doubt happy to see this evidence of their sentiments, she was herself quite occupied with the idea of seeing once more that incomparable Beauty. When heaven is about to open, who would look upon the earth? She was so engrossed with the hope which filled her soul that the cry "Here comes the saint!" and the signs of popular respect did not seem to have any effect upon her.

*This estimate is that of several witnesses whom we have consulted. As for the details of the description which we have given of this scene and of the movement of the country in general, the greater part of them are borrowed from a journal very hostile to the whole affair, namely, the *Ere Impériale* of Tarbes, of March 26.

Four or five weeks afterward, in April, when the fortnight demanded by the apparition had long been over, and Bernadette no longer went regularly to the grotto, the mayor had a regular enumeration made of the crowd. On that occasion, an ordinary day, when Bernadette was not specially expected, there were 9,060 persons there. (Letter from the mayor to the prefect, dated April 7, in the archives of the mayor's office at Lourdes, No. 86.)

She was so taken up with the thought of the vision, and so perfectly humble, that she had not even vanity enough to be confused or to blush.

The *gendarmes* meanwhile had come up, and served as an escort for Bernadette to the grotto, clearing a passage for her through the crowd.

These good fellows, like the soldiers, were believers, and their sympathetic and religious disposition prevented the crowd from becoming indignant at such a display of force, and spoiled the calculations which some people had made.

The various sounds of the multitude were gradually hushed, and were succeeded by a profound silence. There could not have been more perfect quiet even at Mass on the occasion of an ordination or general communion. Even those who had not faith were filled with respect. Every one, as it were, held his breath, and, if one had closed his eyes, he would not have suspected the presence of such an immense number of people, and would have noticed no sound but the murmur of the Gave. Those who were near the grotto heard also the ripple of the little stream as it ran quietly through the little wooden channel which had been made for it.

When Bernadette knelt, all the people with one accord did the same.

Almost immediately the supernatural light of ecstasy shone upon the child's transfigured face. We will not again describe this wonderful sight, of which we have already several times attempted to give the reader an idea. It was always new, as is the daily rising of the sun. The power which produces such glory has infinite resources at its command, and employs them to vary indefinitely the exterior manifestations of its eternal unity; but the pen of a feeble and incompetent writer has only limited resources. Though Jacob wrestled with an angel, the artist cannot wrestle with God; for he comes to a point where he perceives his inability to imitate or transcribe all the delicate details of the divine work, and can only fall down and adore. It is thus I must do, leaving those who read this account to imagine all the successive joys, graces, and raptures which the beautiful vision of the Immaculate Virgin, in whom God himself delights, caused to pass over Bernadette's innocent brow. Let every one conceive for himself what I cannot tell, and try to contemplate with mind and heart what my inadequate faculties cannot express.

The apparition, as on the preceding days, instructed the child to drink and wash at the fountain and eat of the herb which we have mentioned, and then repeated the command to go to the priests and tell them that a chapel must be built on the spot and processions instituted.

The child had prayed the apparition to tell its name But the radiant "Lady" had not answered this question; the time was not yet come. It was necessary that it should first be written upon the earth and engraved upon all hearts by innumerable works of mercy. The Queen of Heaven wished to be detected by her benefits, and that the grateful sound of all voices should name and honor her, before answering, "Your heart has not deceived you; it is indeed I."

VII.

Bernadette had just set out to return to Lourdes. Among the great multitude which has been described, and which was now slowly breaking up, the principal subject of discussion was the mysterious command given to the child a week before, and several times repeated, notably on this very day. All the details and cir-

cumstances were examined and weighed.

The Blessed Virgin, speaking to the little girl, and through her perhaps also to all of us, commanded her to go away from the Gave, to ascend toward the rock, and penetrate even to the inner corner of the grotto, to eat of the herbs, and to drink and wash at a fountain then invisible to all eyes. The child, obeying the heavenly voice, had done these things; she had climbed the steep slope, had eaten the herb, and dug the ground; and the spring had gushed out, at first small and muddy, then more abundant and pure; and as its water was drawn it had become in a few days a beautiful stream, clear as crystal—a water of life for the sick and the infirm.

There was no need for profound knowledge of symbolism to understand something of the deep meaning of this command, in which philosophic weakness could see only absurdity.

What is the great evil of modern society? In the intellectual order, is it not pride? We live at a time when man worships himself. And in the moral order, is it not the most unrestrained sensuality—the love of all that is transitory? What is the cause and object of this prodigious activity—this astonishing industry which turns the world upside down? Man desires pleasure. Through and by means of all these fatigues, he seeks physical well-being, and the satisfaction of his most material and selfish instincts. He places his aim here below as if he were to live here for ever. This is the reason why he does not care about the church, never suspecting that there alone is the secret of his true life and eternal happiness.

"O foolish mortals!" said the Mother of the human race, "do not try to quench your thirst at this Gave which passes away; with these ephemeral passions which pretend that they will always last; with this apparent life of the senses which is only death in disguise; with these sensual joys which kill the soul; with these waters which excite thirst but can never assuage it, which deceive you for a moment, but leave all your evils, griefs, and miseries! Turn from these turbulent and restless waters, desert this stream which will soon desert you, and which is now hurrying you to destruction. Come to the fountain which satiates and calms, which heals and gives life. Come and drink at the fountain of true joy and life—at the fountain which springs from the eternal rock on which the foundations of the church are laid. Come drink and wash in its outgushing waters."

"Drink at the fountain! But where is it? Where in the church can we find this fountain of unheard of graces? Alas! the time has gone by in which the church could restore strength to the paralytic and sight to the blind! Vainly do we look at the immovable rock. Our eyes do not behold any such miraculous fountain where the sick can be cured. Either it never existed, or it has been dry these eighteen hundred years." Such is the language of the world.

"Ask, and you shall receive, says the Word of God. If miracles do not occur in your midst as before, it is because, absorbed in the life of the senses, and admitting nothing but what you see with your bodily eyes, you do not seek this fountain in the secret places of the Divine Goodness. You say that you do not see any water in this mysterious corner of the sanctuary! Nevertheless, O Bernadette! O humanity! believe. Come and draw with the perfect faith which the nursling has when it lies on its

mother's breast. Providence is a mother. See how the fountain flows and increases as it is used, just as the milk comes to the infant's lips."

"Drink? But this water which comes from the rock passes through impure channels. The clergy have a thousand defects, and ideas of their own which do not come from heaven. Earth has been mixed with the divine fountain. Wash myself? But I am more intelligent, more pure and noble than the priest."

"Proud one, art thou not thyself formed from the slime of the earth? *Memento quia pulvis es.* Eat the herb, humble thyself, and remember whence thou art sprung. All thy food comes from the earth, and thy daily bread is this very slime of which thou thyself wert made.

"Is the fountain dry? Humility will make it spring up anew. Is it muddy? Nevertheless, drink freely, and it will become clear, transparent, sparkling; and it will cure the sick and feeble. The application to the faithful is evident. Do you wish to improve the clergy, to bring back the apostolic virtues, to sanctify the human element of the church? Partake, then, of the sacraments which the priesthood dispenses. When you become true sheep, you will have true shepherds. Wash yourselves in the soul of this priest; it will become clear by cleansing you. You have lost the miraculous fountain by making no use of it. It is only by use that you can recover it. '*Quærite et invenietis*'—you must knock before the door will be opened; you must ask if you would receive."

VIII.

Although the crowd, as has been said, was always unusually large in the morning at the time of Bernadette's visit, it must not be supposed that during the rest of the day there was solitude at the Massabielle rocks. All the afternoon people were continually going and returning on the road to this grotto, henceforth so famous, which everybody examined thoroughly, before which many prayers were said, and from which some broke off fragments to keep as souvenirs.

On this day, at about four o'clock, there were still five or six hundred persons occupied in this way.

At that time, a heartrending scene was occurring around a cradle in a poor cottage at Lourdes—the home of Jean Eouhohorts and his wife Croisine Ducouts.

In the cradle lay a child about two years old, weak and puny, who had never been able to walk, and had from his birth been consumed by a slow fever which nothing could abate. In spite of the intelligent care of a local physician, M. Peyrus, the little boy was at death's door. The livid hues were spread over a face fearfully wasted by long sufferings.

The father, calm in his great grief, and the despairing mother, were watching the last agony.

A neighbor, Françonnette Gozos, was already occupied in preparing the grave-clothes, and at the same time was trying to soothe the poor mother with some consoling words.

The latter was distracted with grief. She anxiously and fixedly watched the struggles of the little one.

His eye had become glazed, his limbs immovable, and his breathing was no longer perceptible.

"He is dead," said the father.

"If not," said the neighbor to Croisine, "he has not many more minutes to live. Go and cry there by the fire; I will wrap him in the shroud."

The poor mother did not seem to

hear. A sudden thought had just occurred to her, and her tears were dried.

"He is not dead," she cried, "and I know that the Holy Virgin at the grotto will cure him!"

"She has gone crazy," said Bouhohorts sadly. And their neighbor and he tried to divert Croisine from her plan. She, however, took from the cradle the seemingly lifeless body of her child, and wrapped it in her apron.

"I am going to the Blessed Virgin," said she, hurrying to the door.

"But, my good Croisine," said her husband and Françonnette, "if our dear Justin is not already dead, you will kill him outright."

The mother, beside herself, would listen to nothing.

"What difference does it make whether he dies here or at the grotto? Let me at least ask the help of the Mother of God." And she left with the child.

She went very quickly, praying aloud as she ran, and seeming to those whom she passed indeed like a madwoman.

It was about five o'clock. Several hundred people were still at the Massabielle rocks.

Carrying her precious burden, the poor mother passed through the crowd. At the entrance of the grotto, she prostrated and prayed for some time, and then went on her knees to the miraculous fountain. Her face was flushed, her eyes full of tears, and everything about her showed signs of the disorder caused by her extreme grief.

She was at the side of the reservoir which the workmen had dug. "What is she going to do?" said the people to each other.

Croisine took from her apron the naked body of her dying child. She made upon herself and upon it the sign of the cross; and then, without hesitation, with a quick and determined movement, she plunged him up to his neck in the icy water of the spring.

A murmur of horror and indignation rose from the crowd. "The woman is crazy," said every one, and they pressed around her to stop her proceedings. "You want to kill your child, I suppose," said some one severely.

She seemed to be deaf, and remained fixed as a statue—a statue of grief, prayer, and faith.

One of the bystanders touched her shoulder, upon which she turned, still holding her child in the water.

"Let me alone," said she in an earnest and entreating voice. "I want to do what I can; the good God and the Holy Virgin will do the rest."

Several persons noticed the stillness of the child and his cadaverous features. "The baby is already dead," said they. "Do not disturb the poor mother; she is so overcome with grief that she does not know what she is about."

No; her grief had not crazed her, but on the contrary had raised her to the most exalted faith—that absolute and unhesitating faith to which God has promised that he will always yield. The earthly mother felt that she was speaking to the heart of the Mother in heaven. From this came that boundless confidence which overcame the terrible reality of the dying body in her arms. No doubt, she knew as well as the rest that the icy water in which she was holding the child would naturally only kill the poor little one at once. No matter! her arm was firm and her faith did not fail. For a whole quarter of an hour, before the astonished eyes of the multitude, in the midst of the reproaches and abuse which were cast upon her, she held the baby in the mysterious fountain which had

sprung at the command of the powerful Mother of a dead and risen God.

Certainly it was a sublime illustration of Catholic faith, the spectacle of this woman holding her child, already in his death agony, in a position of the most imminent danger, in order to obtain from the Blessed Virgin a miraculous cure. She offered him to death that he might supernaturally recover life. Jesus praised the faith of the centurion, but that of this mother really seems even more extraordinary.

The heart of God could not but be moved by this act of faith, so simple and yet so grand. He as well as the Blessed Virgin was attentive to this touching scene, and he blessed this Christian woman, so like those of the ages of faith.

The child during its long immersion had continued as still as if dead. At last the mother again wrapped it in her apron, and hastily returned home.

The little body seemed frozen.

"You cannot doubt now that he is dead," said the father.

"No," said Croisine, "he is not dead. The Blessed Virgin is going to cure him." And she replaced him in the cradle.

He had only been there a few moments when the attentive ear of his mother caught a faint sound.

"He is breathing!" said she.

Bouhohorts, at this, threw himself down at the side of the cradle. It was really so. Justin's eyes were closed, and he was sleeping soundly.

The mother, however, did not sleep. Throughout the evening and night, she was continually stooping to listen to the breathing of her baby, which all the time became more and more strong and regular; and she waited anxiously for his awaking.

It came at daybreak. The child was still thin and wasted, but his color had returned, and his features were calm and beautiful. His smiling eyes, turned toward his mother, beamed with the light of life.

During this sleep, deep like that which God cast upon Adam, the mysterious and almighty hand from which all our good comes had revived, not to say resuscitated, this body, lately frozen and motionless.

The child sought the breast of his mother, and then, though he had never before walked, he wanted to toddle around the room. But Croisine, who had been so bold and full of faith the day before, did not dare to trust in his cure, and trembled at the idea of the past danger. She resisted the attempts of the little fellow, and would not take him from the cradle.

The day passed, and the night, which was as quiet as the preceding one.

The father and mother both went out at daybreak to work. Justin was still asleep.

When his mother returned, a sight presented itself which almost made her faint. The cradle was empty; Justin had got out without help; he was on his feet, and moving about, disarranging the chairs and other furniture. The little paralytic was actually walking.

What a cry of joy Croisine uttered at this sight, the mother's heart can easily imagine. She wanted to run forward to him, but could not; her emotion had for the moment taken away her strength, and she was obliged to lean against the wall.

A vague fear was, however, mingled with her radiant joy.

"Take care, you will fall," she cried anxiously.

But he did not fall; he ran with a firm step, and threw himself into the arms of his mother, who embraced him, weeping.

"He was cured yesterday," thought she; "for he wanted then to get up and walk, and I, like one that is without faith, would not let him."

"You see now that he was not dead, and that the Holy Virgin has saved his life," said the happy mother to her husband when he came home.

Françonnette Gozos, who had prepared the shroud for his burial, also came in, and hardly trusted her eyes. She could not believe for some time that it was the same child.

"It is he, sure enough," said she at last. "It really is he; poor little Justin!" And they knelt down.

The mother put the little boy's hands together in the attitude of prayer; and all returned thanks to the Mother of Mercy.

The disease never returned. Justin grew, and has had no relapse in these eleven years. The author saw him not long ago. He is strong and hearty; the only trouble with him is that he sometimes plays truant, and is rather dangerously active.

M. Peyrus, the doctor who had attended him, acknowledged most frankly the entire impossibility of attributing his extraordinary recovery to the power of medicine.

Drs. Vergez and Dozous also examined this affair, of so great interest to science and truth, and, like M. Peyrus, could not but see in it the all-powerful hand of God. All recognized in this cure three specially remarkable circumstances which gave it an evidently supernatural character; namely, the length of the immersion, its immediate effect, and the power of walking which the child suddenly acquired straightway on leaving the cradle.

The remarks of Dr. Vergez are most distinct to this effect. In his opinion, a cold bath of a quarter of an hour in the month of February given to a dying baby would certainly, according to all accepted medical principles, be sure to result fatally. "For," adds this able practitioner, "though cold baths, especially if repeated many times, are sometimes very beneficial in cases of debility, yet their use is subject to rules which cannot be violated without great danger. In general, also, the time should not exceed a few minutes, because otherwise the chill would destroy all the reactive power of the system.

"Now, this woman held her child in the water of the fountain more than a quarter of an hour; thus seeking to obtain his cure by a proceeding absolutely opposed both to all experience and to medical science, and nevertheless the cure immediately followed; for, a few moments afterward, he was enjoying a sound sleep, which continued for about twelve hours.

"And, as if to show the fact in the plainest possible light, and to remove all possible doubt regarding the completeness and suddenness of the cure, the child, *who had never been able to walk*, gets out of his cradle, and walks with all the ease and confidence of one quite accustomed to it; showing thus that his restoration took place without convalescence, and *in an entirely supernatural way*."

IX.

Other cures continued to be worked on all sides. It would be impossible to relate them all in detail, both on account of their number, and also on account of the principle which I have adopted to present no fact in this book which I have not personally verified, not only by the evidence of eye-witnesses, but also by that of the recipients themselves of the miraculous favors. However interesting, then, any such accounts might be, I must abstain from giving

them. I have thus been obliged to strike out reluctantly from my narrative many wonderful cures, perfectly well attested even by my own investigations, and to confine myself to giving a minute account of the most striking ones. Some, however, which took place about this time, and which were authenticated by the commission which subsequently examined into the affair, may be incidentally mentioned, as everybody had heard of them throughout that part of the country. Blaise Maumus, a restaurant-keeper, had an enormous ulcer on his wrist disappear before his very eyes on plunging it into the fountain. The widow Crozat, who had been for twenty years stone-deaf, suddenly recovered her hearing on making use of the water. Auguste Bordes, who had for a long time been lame in consequence of an accident, saw his leg restored to its shape and strength. All these live at Lourdes, and any one can satisfy himself by consulting them.

X.

The authorities, if they were right in their unquestioning opposition, had in these publicly attested miracles an excellent opportunity to make a searching examination, and to prosecute the originators and propagators of such stories, which were evidently calculated to mislead people and disturb the public mind. Nothing could be easier than to detect the imposture. These cures did not elude investigation, like the visions of Bernadette. And there were not merely a few cases, but twenty-five or thirty already, and any one who wished was free to make inquiries concerning them. Every one could verify, study, and analyze them, acknowledge their reality or prove the opposite.

The supernatural had ceased to be invisible: it was now material and palpable. In the persons of the sick restored to health, and of the cripples to strength, it said to all, like Christ to St. Thomas: "See my hands and my feet. Look at these once blind eyes restored to sight, at the dying who have returned to life, the deaf who hear, the lame who walk." The supernatural had, as it were, become incarnate in these incurables thus suddenly cured, and, attesting itself publicly, demanded examination. It had become possible now, as we may say, to seize and collar it.

Here, as every one could see, was the turning-point of the whole affair. Some explanation would have to be given of the extraordinary events which had recently occurred. So there was no one who did not wonder what able and energetic tactics would now be employed by that little official world which had all along showed such a resolute determination to crush fanaticism.

What steps would the police take? What process would the law institute? What severe measures would the administration resort to? The administration, bench, and police did nothing, however, and did not seem to think it worth while to risk their reputation by a public investigation of facts so well known throughout the whole country.

What was the meaning of such remarkable quietness on their part in the midst of such startling events? It meant that infidelity is not devoid of prudence.

Even in the height of their excitement and passion, parties have sometimes a sort of instinct which warns them of the extent of the danger toward which they are hastening, and makes them recoil. All at once, they cease to carry out the logic of their

situation, and no longer dare to attack that important position of the enemy toward which they were just before rushing so thoughtlessly with premature shouts of victory. They suddenly perceive that absolute and irremediable defeat alone can await them there; so they retreat, and conduct the war on a smaller scale and on less dangerous ground.

This is all very well in the conflict of arms, but in that of ideas this sort of prudence does not seem quite consistent with good faith. It implies, perhaps, a vague uneasiness as to the truth of one's own side of the question, or even a presentiment of the certainty and solidity of the views which one is combating. Not to dare to risk the examination of an alleged fact the existence of which would be the overthrow of some doctrine which one has confidently advanced is to confess an interior doubt as to that which one so loudly asserts, to show that one is afraid of the truth; it is to run before fighting, to fear the light.

Such considerations were naturally suggested to the most intelligent persons in the vicinity by the holding off of the opposing force before the facts which were coming out.

The infidel party ought to have been converted; but it was not. It was only disconcerted and borne down for a time by the sudden and violent attack of the supernatural. We can have but a slight knowledge of human nature, if we imagine that even the most conclusive proofs will suffice to bring a thoroughly prejudiced man to an humble acknowledgment of his error. Our free-will has the terrible power of being able to resist everything, even God himself. The sun may indeed enlighten the world and fill with its beams the whole space of the planetary system; but to resist its influence, to counteract its effect on ourselves, we need only shut our eyes. And the soul as well as the body can in the same way make itself insensible to light. The darkness in such a case is not due to want of understanding; it comes from an obstinate will which chooses not to see.

Nevertheless, a man in such a case has to deceive himself with a certain semblance of sincerity. He is not obdurate enough to deny or resist the known truth clearly and resolutely. What, then, does he do? He endeavors to remain in a sort of dim light, which enables him to fight against the truth without seeing it very plainly, and which serves by its dimness for a sort of excuse. Forgetting that voluntary ignorance removes none of his responsibility, he has in store the answer: "But, Lord, I did not know your will!" This is the way in which he manages to deny without examining, and merely shrugs his shoulders without taking the trouble to investigate.

He has a secret dread meanwhile of being confounded by events, and keeps out of their way as much as possible. The exterior contempt which he affects is only a mask for his interior fear.

Thus it was that, in the face of the miraculous cures which were being worked on all sides, the opposition declined all examination and would risk no inquiry. In spite of the invitations given and the raillery of the believers, it turned a deaf ear to all attempts to open a public discussion on the subject. It pretended to take no interest in these startling phenomena, though they came within the sphere of the senses, were notorious, and attracting universal attention, and easily studied; but continued to come out with theories about hallucination, a vague and misty topic on which one could de-

claim at ease without being tripped up by an ungentlemanly fact which could not itself be overthrown.

The supernatural had then challenged its enemy to combat; but "free thought" refused and beat a retreat; which was equivalent to defeat and self-condemnation.

XI.

The learned philosophers, however, irritated by the facts which they tried to despise, but against which they did not dare to employ the decisive test of public discussion, sought other means to get rid of them. They had recourse to an extremely able manœuvre, the Machiavelism of which shows with what ingenuity the free-thinkers were inspired by their hatred of the supernatural. Instead of examining the true miracles, they invented false ones, in order to detect their falsity at a future period. Their journals said nothing about Louis Bourriette, nor about the child of Croisine Ducouts, Blaise Maumus, the widow Crozat, Marie Daube, Bernarde Soubie, Fabien Baron, Jeanne Crassus, Auguste Bordes, and a hundred others. But they perfidiously trumped up an imaginary legend, hoping to spread it by means of the press and refute it afterward at their leisure.

Such an assertion may seem strange, but we do not make it without the proof in our hands.

"Do not be surprised," said the organ of the Prefecture, the *Ere Impériale*, "if there are still some people who persist in maintaining that the child is a saint, and gifted with preternatural powers. These people believe the following stories:

"1st. That a dove hovered the day before yesterday over the head of the child during the whole time of the ecstasy.

"2d. That she breathed upon the eyes of a little blind girl, and restored her sight.

"3d. That she cured another child whose arm was paralyzed.

"4th. That a peasant of the valley of Campan, having declared that he could not be duped by such scenes of hallucination, his sins had, in answer to her prayers, been turned into snakes, which had devoured him, not leaving a trace of his impious body." *

As to the real cures and miraculous events of which there was unanswerable proof, the able editor said nothing about them. With equal address, he gave no names, that the lie might not be given him.

"This, then," said he, "is what we have come to, but what we should not have come to if the parents of this girl had followed the advice of the physicians, who recommended that she should be sent to the lunatic asylum."

It must be understood that no physician had as yet given any such advice. This was simply a straw which the organ of the administration threw out to find which way the wind was blowing.

After having concocted these fables, the pious and sagacious writer became alarmed in the interest of reason and faith.

"This is," continued he, "the opinion of all reasonable people who have true piety, who sincerely respect and love religion, who regard the mania of superstition as very dangerous, and who hold as a principle that events should not be regarded as miraculous until the church has declared them to be so."

This devout faith, and especially the respectful genuflection with which it concludes, accords very well with

* *Ere Impériale* of March 6.

the remarkable diplomacy evinced throughout this piece of writing. Such are the ordinary formulas of those who wish to confine God's sphere of action in the universe within the limits of their own narrow systems. It is, perhaps, needful to remark concerning the last assertion of the article, that its binding force is equal only to the jurisdiction of its author, and that miracles derive their distinctive character not from the church, which only recognizes their existence, but from God, by whose almighty power they are wrought. The decision of the church does not create a miracle; she merely testifies to its occurrence; and, on the authority of her examination and assurance, the faithful believe. But no law of faith or reason can hinder Christian witnesses of supernatural events from recognizing and acknowledging their miraculous character. The church never demands the abdication of reason and common sense.

The article proceeds to state in conclusion that "it seems that nothing has yet transpired which the religious authorities consider worthy of serious attention."

The editor of this official organ deceived himself with regard to this latter point, as the reader has already seen. Nevertheless, the paragraph is valuable on one account: it shows to the future and to history how completely the clergy had abstained from taking any part in the events which had up to this time occurred; and that these events were continuing to take place without their having anything whatsoever to do with them.

Thrown into the vortex of these occurrences, the poor *Lavedan*, the newspaper of Lourdes, felt itself suddenly crushed and almost annihilated by facts which it could not deny. It kept silence for several weeks. It said not a word about the strange events that were happening or the presence of the immense multitudes. One might have thought it a publication from the antipodes, were it not that its columns were filled with clippings from various periodicals directed against "superstition" in general.

TO BE CONTINUED.

X = Y.

ORTHODOX Protestantism, while admitting the *unseen* DIVINITY in the Babe, will scoff at the unseen *humanity* in the Host as absurd—because unseen. Consistency, thou jewel! To say the least, mystery equals mystery, x=y.

Believe you the babe who 'fore us lies
On his couch of straw—whose opened eyes
Now look on us in mute surprise—
A hidden God?

In yonder monstrance, 'neath what seems
But bread, midst gold and jewel gleams
Lies hid—so faith consistent deems—
THE HIDDEN GOD!

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE.*

Lady Georgiana Fullerton is no stranger to our readers, nor to either the Catholic or the non-Catholic public. She is a convert to the church from Anglicanism, and a literary lady of distinguished merit. She stands, for her rare ability, rich and chaste imagination, high culture, and varied knowledge, elevation and delicacy of sentiment, purity, strength, and gracefulness of style, and the moral and religious tendency of her writings, at the head of contemporary female writers. She loves and writes for her religion, and seeks, through rare knowledge of the human heart and of the teachings of the church, combined with the graces and charms of fiction, to win souls to the truth, or at least to disarm the prejudices and disperse the mists of ignorance which prevent them from seeing and loving it. Her works have done much in this direction, and deserve the warm gratitude of Catholics.

In general, we do not like modern novels, though our duty as reviewers requires us to read not a few. The bulk of our more recent novels or popular works of fiction compels us to form the acquaintance of very disagreeable people, with whom one cannot be intimate without losing something of the chastity and delicacy of the soul. Evil communications corrupt good morals. Our young men and maidens cannot associate even in the pages of a novel with rogues and villains, the licentious and the debauched, without having their imaginations more or less tainted, and their sensibility to virtue more or less blunted. Tory Trollope, one of the most popular of contemporary English novelists, in his Barchester novels, especially in his *Can You Forgive Her?* forces us, if we read him, to associate through wearisome pages with people whose morals and manners are of the lowest type, and whose acquaintance in real life we should as carefully avoid as we shun persons infected with the small-pox or the plague. We may say as much of his brother's *Lindisfarne*, and not less of the works of such writers as Holme Lee, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, Amelia Edwards, Charles Reade, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, the mistress or wife of the Positivist Lewes, and others too numerous to mention.

We know our modern novelists profess to be realists, and to paint men and women as they are, and society as it is; but this, even if it were true, as it is not, would be no excuse or extenuation. Vice and crime lose much of their hideousness by familiarity, and our horror of them is not a little lessened by the habit of associating with them even in imagination. We lose the flower of chastity from our souls when we mingle with them for pastime or distraction. Even they whose duty it is to make themselves acquainted with the diseases, moral and physical, of individuals or society, in order to learn and apply the remedy, unless strictly on their guard and protected by divine grace, are in great danger of losing their virtue. What must be the danger, then, to those who seek acquaintance with them from a morbid curiosity, the craving for excitement, or simple

* *Mrs. Gerald's Niece.* A Novel. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870. 8vo, pp. 178.

amusement? What judicious parent regards the *Police Gazette*, the *Chronicles of the Old Bailey*, or the reports of criminal trials published by our respectable dailies, as harmless reading for either sex? Yet the characters they present are real, such as are actually found in real life.

We make no account of the poetical justice the writer administers to his characters at the end of his novel or romance. The mischief is done long before the end is reached, and done by association with the immoral and the criminal characters introduced—often the most attractive characters in the book—the familiarity acquired with scenes of iniquity, dissoluteness, and dissipation. The scene in which Fagin teaches young Oliver the art of pocket-picking has made more than one bright boy emulate the Artful Dodger. Nobody is deterred from house-breaking or street-walking by the horrid death of Bill Sykes or the tragic fate of Nancy. The evil of associating with such an accomplished hypocrite and scoundrel as Scott's Ned Christian, the dissolute and thoroughly unprincipled Duke of Buckingham, or the merry monarch, Charles II., with his mistresses, is imperfectly neutralized by the temperance of Julian and the modesty, purity, and fidelity of Alice. The reward of virtue and the punishment of iniquity in novels cannot abate, and can never undo, the harm done by association with evil-thinkers and evil-doers.

Nor do we concede that our modern novelists, realists as they claim to be, who treat us to any amount of intrigue and rascality, flirtation and coquetry, seduction and adultery, swindling and fraud, speculation and gambling, drunkenness and murder, whether in high places or low, give us a true picture of life or of society as it is. Their pictures of society are as false to real life as were those of the old mediæval romances so unmercifully and yet so justly ridiculed by Boiardo and Cervantes. Society is corrupt, rotten, if you will, but less so in reality than in the pages of a Bulwer or a Trollope. Virtue is still the rule, vice the exception, and society could not exist if it were not so. There is corruption enough in public and official life, we grant, to make Satan laugh and angels weep; but not all, nor the majority, of the men in office or connected with government are peculators, swindlers, tricksters, villains, intent only on "the pickings and stealings" or their own selfish ends. They may often lack capacity, and fail to aspire to heroic virtue, but the evil-intentioned bear a small proportion to the whole. In domestic life, no doubt, there are unfaithful husbands and unchaste wives, but there are few countries in which they are not the exception. In the business world, there are rash speculators, fraudulent dealers, swindling bankers, corrupt railroad and other corporation presidents, directors, treasurers, and agents, but the great majority are, according to the standard of the business world, fair and honest in their transactions. Their standard may not be the highest, but they who do not live up to it are the exceptions to the rule. There is imperfect virtue in the world, but no total depravity; and rarely do we meet one, however hardened, who has not somewhere a mellow spot in his heart.

In addition to the faults of novels in general, novels written by women have the grave fault of tending almost uniformly to degrade woman. Women, of course, are the principal personages, and men only play second-fiddle in female novels, but of this we complain not; what we do complain of is, that women—who

must be presumed to know, and to wish to write up, their own sex—depict women in their novels such as no honorable or high-minded man can love or esteem. We do not recollect a single heroine of a feminine novel that, were we young and a marrying man, we could love or desire to have for a wife. Women are almost invariably cruel to woman, they lay bare all her faults and imperfections, depict her as a weak and whimpering sentimentalist, deluging us with an ocean of tears; as an unprincipled intriguer and manager, a heartless flirt, a heartless coquette, playing with her victim as the cat with the mouse; or as a cruel despot, greedy of power and of its display, thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means she adopts to acquire it, and reckless of the hearts she crushes or the ruin she spreads in displaying it. Even when her purposes are laudable, they represent her in her efforts to realize them as artful, untruthful, diplomatic, never open, frank, straightforward, and honest. The whole plot of feminine novels turns usually on feminine dissimulations. The reader sees that a single word spoken when it might be and ought to be would prevent or clear up all misunderstanding, and make it all sunshine and fair weather for the lovers. The heroine sees it too, and would say it, but feminine modesty, feminine delicacy, or fear of misconstruction compels her to be silent and suffer, and so the plot thickens—misconstruction follows silence, complications of all sorts are created, distress caused and deepened to agony, till a happy accident near the end of the novel clears up the mystery, and ushers in a wedding and a honeymoon which might have come much sooner, if the lady had been frank, and had not insisted on being trusted on her bare word while shrouded in a very suspicious mystery, with all the appearances against her.

Women's novels are very damaging to our respect for woman by the recklessness with which they reveal the mysteries of the sex, expose all her little feminine arts and tricks, lay bare her most private thoughts and interior sentiments, rend from her the last shred of mystery, and expose her unveiled and unrobed to the gaze of the profane world, and leave nothing to the imagination. They divest her of the mystic veil with which man's chivalry covers her. There are passages in *Jane Eyre*, for instance, which show that woman can enter into and describe with minute accuracy the grossest passions of man's nature, and which men could not describe to their own sex without a blush. Men are naturally more modest than women. To every young man not yet corrupted by the sex, there is something mystic, almost divine, in womanhood, something that fills him with awe of woman, and makes him shrink from the bare thought of abusing her as a sacrilege. This awe is both his protection and hers. Your feminine novels dispel the illusion, and prove to him that there is nothing more mystic in woman's nature than in man's, that her supposed divinity is only the projection of his chivalric imagination, and that, after all, she is only ordinary flesh and blood, kneaded of no finer clay than himself. It is a sad day for her as well as for him when that illusion is dispelled, and man is, as the French say, *désillusioné*. Woman alone can dispel it, and make man henceforth regard her as a toy or a drudge. St. Paul knew what he did when he forbade women to teach, commanded them to be veiled and silent in public, and to stay at home and learn of their husbands.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton is a

woman, and is occasionally womanish, but her women do not make their toilette in public. She respects as far as a woman can the secrets of the sex. She escapes the chief faults of modern novels, whether written by men or women. She does not draw on the Old Bailey, nor employ the detective police to "work up" her case. We are not introduced, in *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, to a single downright villain or a single genuine coquette; and are not treated to a single case of seduction, adultery, bigamy, divorce, or even an incipient flirtation. We are not led to a single place of amusement and temptation. We are not required to associate with disreputable or even offensive characters, and the acquaintances we form are at least well-bred and respectable, and some of them distinguished for their intelligence, amiability, and eminent virtue. We renew, and are pleased to renew, our intimacy with some old friends from *Grantley Manor*. Edmund Neville, now a worthy Catholic priest, and the sister of his deceased wife, and her husband, Walter Sydney, become earnest and devoted Catholics. Among the new acquaintances we form, if two or three are a little below the average, they are never brought prominently forward, and are never associates dangerous to one's manners or morals. Throughout, the moral and religious tone is high, and the atmosphere the reader breathes is pure and invigorating. Lady Georgiana is a gifted and highly cultivated Christian lady, who knows and loves her religion, and whose very presence is a joy and a blessing.

The plot, if it can be called a plot, of *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, is not much, and the story, though a little improbable in parts, is simple, and apparently told not for its own sake, but as an occasion for the writer to introduce and develop the controversy between Catholics and the Catholicizing party in the Church of England, in which heart and soul are absorbed. Mrs. Gerald, whose husband died while she was still young, had an elder brother, Robert Derwent, the proprietor of Holmwood, one of the most beautiful places in England, whom she loved more than anything else on earth. This brother, who married late in life, was lost off the coast of the Riviera, by the colliding with another in a storm of the steamer on which he had embarked, with his young wife and infant daughter, at Leghorn for Genoa, on his return to England, and which went down at the entrance of the bay with all on board, as it was supposed, except a poor cabin-boy and a female infant, who were saved in a boat. Mrs. Gerald is very anxious to believe that this infant is Robert Derwent's daughter, her own niece, not only because of her great love for Robert, but also because, if so, she is the heiress of Holmwood, and would prevent it from going to her younger brother, Herbert, who has no attachment to the place, and whom she dislikes for his dissolute character, for having made what his family regard as an improper marriage, and who has threatened to sell Holmwood if he ever gets possession of it. It is not easy to identify an infant only four months old; but the rescued child was found wrapped in a night-gown which Mrs. Gerald recognizes as one that she had herself worked for her niece, little Annie Derwent, and marked with the letters A. D., the initials of her name. Two witnesses from Florence who knew the child swore, too, that it was the child of the Derwents, and further evidence was judged unnecessary, and Mrs. Gerald takes the child, brings her up as her niece and the heiress of Holmwood, and lavishes

upon her all the wealth of her affection, which the child seems to take as a matter of course, and for which no extraordinary return is needed.

One thing troubles Mrs. Gerald. As the little Annie grows up, though a very good child, she bears no resemblance to either Robert or his wife, or any one of the family, and appears much more like an Italian girl of Mentone than like an English girl. Could it be possible, after all, that she is not her niece? Might it not be that her great anxiety to find in her Robert's daughter had made her too ready to believe her so? Yet the proofs seemed conclusive—were thought so by others besides herself. So she stifles her doubts, cherishes her as her niece, and spares no pains with her education, till she is of age, and betrothed to Edgar Derwent, the only son and child of her brother Herbert, who had died a few months after his elder brother. Mrs. Gerald does not visit her dislike of the father upon the son. Edgar is almost brought up at Holmwood, and becomes nearly as great a favorite with his aunt as Annie herself. He is about four years older than Annie, and, as both grow up, Mrs. Gerald had nothing more at heart, though Edgar is poor and Annie a great heiress, than their marriage. Annie loves Edgar, and has loved him from a child, and he at least appears to be fond of her, and certainly is fond of Holmwood, and warmly admires its beauties. So by the aunt's consent and approval they are engaged to be married, and there seems no obstacle in the way of their union.

But before the wedding-day is fixed, Lady Emily Hendon, an invalid, and an acquaintance, returns to the neighborhood of Holmwood, from Mentone, where she has resided for thirty years or over, bringing with her an adopted daughter, Ita or Margaret Flower, a young lady of great vivacity and rare beauty, a foundling, picked up by a fisherman of Spedaletti floating in a boat at sea very near the spot where Annie herself had been rescued, and probably about the same time. She and Annie are apparently very nearly of the same age, and they become warm friends as soon as they meet; but Mrs. Gerald no sooner sees Ita than her trouble returns. Ita bears the most striking likeness to Robert Derwent's young wife, while Annie resembles her not in the least. When Mrs. Gerald learns the mystery that hangs over Ita's birth and parentage, and that she had also been picked up at sea on the coast of the Riviera, she is almost certain that she, not Annie, is her niece. But how can she bear to think of disinheriting Annie, and telling the girl she has brought up as her niece and the heiress of Holmwood that she is not her niece, is the child of nobody, and inherits nothing? Then, if Ita is her niece, she has a right to Annie's place, and cannot without great wrong be left out of it. Poor Aunt Gerald is greatly troubled, becomes nervous, irritable, and very capricious in her treatment of Ita, now showing her the most ardent affection and now repulsing her with aversion from her presence; falls seriously ill; and thinks it would be a great relief if she were a Catholic and could tell her troubles to a priest and ask his advice. She can place no confidence in her Protestant minister.

Edgar, who sides with the so-called Catholic party in the Establishment, and had taken Anglican orders before his engagement with Annie, in the meantime enters upon the great task of instructing and relieving the poor and of Catholicizing the Church of England, or developing the Catholic doctrines and church principles which he fancies she holds

without knowing it, and even while denying them. Annie did not much like his becoming a minister—priest, as she said; she had been trained by her Anglican pastor as Protestant, and believed nothing in the Catholicity of the Church of England, and indeed took no great interest in any of the religious questions of the day. She was not imaginative nor speculative, was not learned, but was straightforward and honest, with a large share of common sense. She had believed what her minister, the good old vicar, had taught her, and did not wish to be obliged to think out a religion for herself. But she loved Edgar, wished to see him happy, and was willing that he should be happy in his own way. She also recollected that she had the patronage of the living of Holmwood, and that on the death of Mr. Pratt, the present aged incumbent, she can confer it on Edgar. So it will do very well, and she will interpose no objection. In waiting for the vicarage of Holmwood, Edgar accepts from Lord Carsdale the living of Bramblemoor in the neighborhood, a poor living indeed, but affording ample opportunity for hard work among the poor and for carrying out "church principles."

But while Annie takes little interest in Edgar's labors and is not able to assist him in carrying out his church plans, Ita, who has been brought up among Catholics in Mentone and is rather partial to the Catholic service and Catholic usages, enters with spirit and ready sympathy into his plans, and becomes a zealous and efficient helper. What might easily be foreseen happens. Ita becomes more to Edgar than is Annie; she is constantly with him and aiding him. He has persuaded her that the Church of England is Catholic; their thoughts run in the same channel; their aspirations and hopes are the same; and he, though resolved as a man of honor to keep his engagement with Annie, whatever it may cost him, becomes aware that if he was free he could love Ita as he can never love Annie; and Ita finds that her love for him is becoming too strong to be resisted, except by flight. A terrible struggle between love and honor commences in the hearts of both, and threatens to make both miserable for life. Annie perceives it, and feeling certain that Ita has a power of making Edgar happy which she has not and never will have, and seeking only Edgar's happiness, she generously breaks off the engagement and leaves him free to love and marry Ita. She herself will never marry; during her life, she will provide amply for him and Ita; he shall have the living, be near her, and when she dies Holmwood will be his as next heir, or will go to his children. Edgar will be happy, and that is all she asks. Mr. Pratt opportunely dying, she gives him the living, surrounds him with all the comforts and luxuries of life her love can invent, and finds genuine pleasure in working in his garden, and seeing him happy in his love and unwearied efforts to bring the Church of England up to the Catholic standard.

Edgar is very devoted, and labors hard in his calling, loses his health, is in danger of losing his eyesight, and in about two years after his marriage with Ita is ordered by his physicians to seek a more southern climate. Ita takes him to Mentone, where she still retains the Villa Hendon, left her by Lady Emily, who had adopted her. Here and in its neighborhood Ita obtains a partial clue to her birth, loses all confidence in the Catholicity of the Church of England, and finds that, cost what it will, she must become a *real* Catholic.

Proofs seem to multiply that she, not Annie, is Robert Derwent's daughter and heiress of Holmwood. This gives her pleasure in so far as it clears up the mystery of her birth, but greatly distresses her for Annie, to whose generosity she owes her beloved husband and all her happiness. Dispossess her generous and noble benefactress! No; it is not to be thought of for a moment. She tries to call the attention of her husband to the discoveries she has made concerning her birth and to take his advice, but he will not listen to her, does not want to know anything of the matter, and is perfectly satisfied with his "pearl of the sea," without inquiring whether she is the child of somebody or of nobody. So she tells him nothing, and has a painful secret she cannot share with him.

The other matter she dares not broach with her husband. He calls himself indeed a Catholic, denounces Protestantism as a heresy, and mourns over its prevalence in his own church, but at the same time he cannot endure that any Anglo-Catholic should secede to the Church of Rome, or, as Ita expresses it, become "a *real* Catholic." It is not that he holds that the Church of Rome does not possess the character of the church of Christ, or that salvation is not attainable in her communion; but for Anglo-Catholics to secede and join the Church of Rome would be a great scandal, would discredit the Catholic movement in the Church of England, and tend to prove, what Protestants allege, that the movement is a movement toward Rome, and that those who are affected by it have no real belief in the Catholicity of the English national church. Although he looked forward to the union of the Church of England with the Church of Rome as the result of the movement, yet he regarded it as very improper and wrong for individual Anglicans to seek that union for themselves. They would be soldiers deserting their post. They would show a want of confidence in the Anglican position, of faith in the movement, and an inexcusable lack of patience and firmness under trial; they should stay in the church of their baptism, and labor to catholicize it, and prepare the way for a corporate union with Rome—a union to be effected not by submission to Rome, but on equal terms, or terms of mutual compromise. If he so felt about persons in general, what must he then feel to have his own darling wife desert him for Rome? She would thus show clearly her want of confidence not only in the movement, but even in him, her own dear husband, as a true Catholic priest, which, by the way, she never really believed him.

The bare hint that Ita one day gave him that her convictions were tending Romeward drove him almost beside himself and threw him into a rage. He forbade her to think of doing anything of the sort, and told her that if she ever became a Roman Catholic she would lose his love, that he would leave her, and no longer recognize her as his wife. He told her that such a step would be the ruin of all his hopes, of his life itself. He was terribly excited, suffered seriously in health, and for a time became actually blind, and could see only by the eyes of his wife. She was so far affected by his excitement as to resolve to delay her union with the church till their return to England; but at the same time resolves, let come what may, to be true to her conscience and to do what it was clear to her God required of her. They set out on their journey homeward, stop by the way to consult a famous German doctor, whose pre-

scriptions have a wonderful effect on Edgar's general health and through that on his eyes, and finally arrive in London, where he leaves her to carry out her intention of becoming a Catholic, if she persists in doing so, and returns himself alone to Holmwood, and throws up his living, very much to the wrath and grief of Annie, who sees in it the defeat of all her plans and sacrifices for Edgar's happiness.

Mrs. Gerald is more and more convinced that Ita is her niece, and that she had been too hasty in concluding the child she had brought up was Robert Derwent's daughter. Proofs accumulate in answer to her inquiries, till doubt is no longer possible. Her distress becomes agony, and she falls dangerously ill. Annie is inconsolable, and exceedingly angry at Ita, not for becoming a Catholic, but for not making Edgar happy, the only reason why she gave him up to her. His abandoning his living defeats all her plans, removes him from Holmwood, and leaves her no way of making him happy but by dying and leaving him to take possession of Holmwood as heir-at-law. Ita carries out her intention, and becomes a Catholic, which she had always wished to be, informs her husband of the fact, who tells her she may return to him if she is willing to do so. Aunt Gerald grows worse and dies, with her last look of love fixed on her true niece, much to Annie's wounded affection. Ita has satisfied herself, and even her husband, when she lays the proofs before him, that she is Robert Derwent's daughter, but they, like two simpletons, agree to keep the matter secret, out of regard to Annie. In making out who Ita is, they have cleared up the mystery also of Annie's birth, and found that she is the daughter of a poor Italian woman of Mentone, who was on board the steamer with her child when it went down with Robert Derwent and his young wife, and who is still living and longing for her lost child; but they dare not tell Annie, for fear that she will be deeply mortified to find a mother in humble life, although really refined and respectable. Annie is desolate. She will die by refusing to live. Holmwood will then be Edgar's, as it would have been if he had married her, and he will be happy, her only object in life.

When she is nearly dead, they venture to tell her the truth, that Ita, not she, is the heiress of Holmwood, which secures it to Edgar, and that she has a mother living in Mentone. This revived her, and as soon as able to travel she demands to be taken to her mother, whom she longs to see and embrace. Edgar and Ita take her to Ita's villa in Mentone, and bring her mother to see her, who recognizes her by a mark on her shoulder, and embraces her child after twenty-two or twenty-three years' separation. The mother, Mariana, is a pious and devoted Catholic; Annie, or rather Lucia Adorno, her true name, listens as a little child to the instructions of her poor but now happy mother, and soon returns to the church of her baptism. She is very happy; all has come out just as she wished it. Holmwood, through his wife, is Edgar's, and her cares for him are no longer needed. She is happy with her mother, offers up her life for Edgar's conversion, which is accepted. Hardly have Edgar and Ita reached Holmwood when a telegraphic despatch from Mariana informs them that Lucia Adorno, their beloved Annie, is dead.

Such is a brief outline of the story, and it is easy to see that it has capabilities of being moulded by the peculiar genius of Lady Georgiana into a very charming work of art. The cha-

racters are marked and truthful, stand out from the canvas with the distinctness and freshness of life. We much like dear Aunt Gerald, with her deep love for her niece, but the most lovable character to us is the generous, unselfish, and undemonstrative Annie, who is, in most respects, an exception to the heroines of feminine novels. She is, of course, very handsome, but not brilliant; has a good share of plain common sense, but no genius; she is very amiable, sweet-tempered, healthy, strong, self-poised, has a dislike of being pitied or petted, is free from vanity, is no coquette, no diplomate, is straightforward and honest. She loves Edgar, has loved him from her childhood, and has never sought even the admiration of another. She has always noted Edgar's fondness for Holmwood, and the strongest passion of her life has been to place him in possession of it; when, therefore, he asks her, with the approval of Aunt Gerald, her only guardian, to be his wife, her wishes are fulfilled, and she is happy. But when she perceives Edgar, if free, would love Ita as he does not and never will love her, and that Ita is far better fitted than she to make him happy, she at once, from her deep and unselfish love, gives him up to her rival, and exerts herself in the speediest and most straightforward way to bring about Edgar's and Ita's marriage, and to effect and provide for his happiness. Here, however, we think Lady Georgiana deviates not a little from the truth of nature, and ascribes to Annie a pure and disinterested love, of which boarding-school misses may dream, but which is seldom or never found in real life.

Ita is very beautiful, sprightly, charming, with firm principles and a delicate conscience, which she is able to obey, though it cost her her husband's love and all her earthly happiness. We should like Lady Georgiana's novels far better, however, if, in making converts, she dwelt less on the struggle certain natures, no doubt, experience in giving up the world for God, very unsatisfactory opinions for faith, or falsehood for truth. There is, very likely, in some cases a severe trial in leaving old associations and entering, as it were, into a new world; but, judging from our own experience, we do not believe the trial is so great or so severe as the conversions made in novels would lead one to think. In real life, there are no conversions to the Catholic faith without divine grace moving and assisting, and under the influence of that grace one is more deeply affected by what is to be gained than by what is to be lost. For ourselves, we know that with us there was nothing of the sort, and nothing could exceed the joy we felt as the truth flashed more and more clearly on us, and we saw that there was deliverance for us from the error and sin, the doubt and uncertainty, we had suffered from for more than forty years of a wearisome life. We were the wanderer returning home, the lost child returning to lay his head once more on his mother's bosom. Every step that brought us nearer to her was a new joy. And when we found ourselves in her embrace, our joy was unspeakable. We could not recall anything we had lost, or count anything we might yet have to endure; we could only sing the *Magnificat*, and we have done nothing since but sing in our heart the *Te Deum*.

Edgar, the Puseyite minister, so devotedly loved by both Ita and Annie, is by no means an elevated character. He is narrow-minded and cold-hearted, so wrapped up in his own theories and so engrossed with his own projects that he has no thought or consideration for anything

else. He takes himself as the centre of the universe, and sees all things from the point of view of his own *Ich*. Lady Georgiana does not quite understand him. She meant him to be a pure and noble-minded man, with high and generous aims, simply blinded by his prejudices, and held back from the church by his devotion to his own views of Anglicanism. But she has made him exacting and selfish, hard-hearted and despotic—a true Anglican, who claims to be a Catholic and priest without being even a Christian. Had he been a man of principle, he would never have suffered himself to have loved Ita while he was engaged to Annie; and if he had been a man of honor, he would never have accepted the sacrifice so generously offered by his betrothed. He could not have done it without ever after having despised himself. It is a great mistake in morals to assume that love is fatal, and that a man or a woman cannot control his or her affections, or prevent them from straying where they are forbidden. Satan has never broached a more damnable heresy than this of our sentimentalists, that love is fatal and uncontrollable.

The greater and the more important part of Lady Georgiana's novel is devoted to the question between Catholics and those who contend that the Church of England is Catholic, if she did but know and own it, and are trying to carry out "church principles" in its communion. The argument is conducted with spirit, courtesy, and ability, and the question is discussed under all its aspects in a manner that leaves little to be desired. All is said that needs to be said, and well said. Lady Georgiana, having been an Anglican, and probably a Puseyite, very naturally attaches more importance to the question than we do. For us, the Anglican Church is no church at all, but simply a Protestant sect or a national establishment. Anglicans are simply Protestants, and no more Catholics than Baptists, Presbyterians, or Methodists. The Anglo-Catholics, Puseyites, Ritualists, or whatever other name they are known by, are the most thoroughly Protestant section of the Anglican body, for they insist on following their own private judgment against the authorities of their own sect. Among them our Lord, we firmly believe, has many sheep which he will gather into the true fold; but while the great body of them are protesting, on the one hand, against the Protestantism of their own sect, and, on the other, against what they impiously call the "corruptions of Rome," then may be addressed in the words of our Lord: "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who build the sepulchres of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the just, and say: If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye are witnesses against yourselves, that ye are the children of them who slew the prophets" (St. Matt. xxiii. 29–31). What are ye better than your fathers, so long as ye do the deeds of your fathers, and adhere to the sect they founded?

Even if these people could bring the Church of England to accept in theory the whole teaching of the Catholic Church, to adopt in their belief all church principles and to carry them out in their worship, they would be as really outside of the church of Christ as they are now. They who adhered to the Church of England would not be Catholics, because the Church of England is not organically united to the Catholic Church, has no communion with her, and is not

the body or church of Christ at all. You may have faith so as to remove mountains, may have prophecy and know all mysteries, distribute all your goods to feed the poor, and even give your bodies to be burned (1 Cor. xiii. 1–3), it profits you nothing without charity; and charity, St. Augustine, even common sense, tells you, cannot be kept out of unity. If there is a Catholic Church, nothing is more certain than that the adherents of the Church of England do not belong to it; and it has always seemed to us that English-speaking Catholics are in the habit of touching Anglicanism with a consideration and a tenderness it does not deserve. They thus administer to the pride of Anglicans, already nearly satanic, and encourage them to believe that they are somebody, not as this Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, Dunker, or Muggletonian, but infinitely nearer and dearer to God. They may or may not be something more or better in relation to natural society, but not a whit more or better in relation to the kingdom of God on earth or the life to come. If we are in that kingdom, they are out of it. They are not one body with us—and that says everything it becomes us to say.

Lady Georgiana has certainly managed the controversial part of her book admirably well, and in its way *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* is all that could be reasonably desired. But this style of novel, half theology and half romance, is not to our minds the highest one. We do not place art on the same level with religion, but we love art, and would encourage every species of it that does not tend to corrupt morals or manners. The artist, whether painter or sculptor, poet or novelist, should be imbued heart and soul with the true faith and with true piety. He should live and move in a Catholic atmosphere, inspire and expire it as the very breath of his soul, and then create, so to speak, spontaneously out of his full mind and heart. His productions will then teach no particular doctrine, inculcate no special moral, but they will breathe a Catholic spirit, and tone the reader to faith and piety. We do not object to a novel simply because it contains a love story—for love holds and will always hold an important place in most people's lives —if it be a story of true love, and told in a true and earnest Catholic spirit. Let the mind, heart, and soul be Catholic, and what they speak out of their abundance will always accord with Catholic faith and morals, and will be unobjectionable on the score of either.

Grace does not suppress nature, and nature has always a great part to play; but the trouble with many of our Catholic popular writers is that they are not thoroughly Catholics in their minds, and nature and grace move separately in their works, in alternate chapters, so to speak, as the beautiful and the grotesque in Victor Hugo's romances, and sometimes in opposite directions. They love as the world loves from nature alone; and when they pray or adore they leave nature behind, and act from grace alone. They do not make grace supplement nature, blend it and nature, and obtain real unity of life and action. When natural, they lack grace, and when they act from grace they lack nature; while grace should elevate nature to her own plane, and sanctify love and romance, without their losing anything of their own proper nature or charms. When such is the case with our Catholic novel-writers, Christian faith and virtue, truth and sanctity, will inform their works, as the invisi-

ble soul informs the body. Then they will be able to write novels or romances as full of charm or interest, even more attractive than the popular novels and romances of the day, and sure, in the long run, to prove an antidote to their poison. Lady Georgiana, though she does not perfectly realize this ideal of a Catholic novel-writer, yet comes nearer to it than any other with whose works we are acquainted.

EPIPHANY.

"See how from far, upon the Eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet."

Epiphany, or "Little Christmas," as it is sometimes called, is to us "Gentiles" in one sense a greater religious feast than the Day itself; for as on Christmas the Saviour long promised to the Jews was born to them, and was unrecognized by them, notwithstanding the fulfilment of the prophecies so exactly under their very eyes; so on this day the three Gentile kings, in obedience to the mysterious leading of the star, though professing no belief in the God of the Jews, knelt before the crib, and offered to the infant "wrapped in swaddling-clothes" tributes, acknowledging his divinity, humanity, and sovereignty.

It was long ago the custom for kings, queens, and other royal personages to offer at the altar gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in commemoration of these three kings; a custom which is still continued in some Catholic countries.

At the time of our Saviour's birth, there was an expectancy of his appearance among many of the heathen nations. The initiated in the religious mysteries of the Persians, it is said, were acquainted with a secret handed down from the time of Zoroaster, that a divine prophet would be born of a virgin whose birth would be proclaimed by the appearance of a bright star. The celebrated prophecy of Balaam also made an impression on the surrounding nations: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Seth."

There are many histories of these three Magi (in Persian, signifying wise men) all agreeing that there were three, but differing as to the names.

Melchior, Jasper, and Balthasar are the names given by Bede, and are certainly preferable to Galagalath, Magalath, and Tharath. Venerable Bede describes Melchior as old, with gray hair and beard, offering gold to our Saviour as king; Jasper was young, without any beard, and offered frankincense in recognition of the divinity; and Balthasar was of a dark complexion, a Moor, with large flowing beard, and he offered our Saviour myrrh as man.

Sandys, the traveller, translates from the *Festa Anglo-Romana*:

"Three kings the King of kings three gifts did bring,
Myrrh, incense, gold, as Man, God, a King.
Three holy gifts be likewise given by thee
To Christ, even such as acceptable be:
For myrrha, tears; for frankincense, impart
Submissive prayers; for pure gold, a pure heart."

The journey from the "far east"

lasted twelve days (so the old chronicle says), during which the kings required no refreshment, it seeming to them one day.

After they had presented their gifts, the Blessed Virgin gave them one of the infant's swaddling-garments, which they treasured carefully.

In after-years, they were baptized by St. Thomas. In the fourth century, the Empress Helena had their bodies carried to Constantinople; thence they were removed to Milan; and when the city was taken by the Emperor Frederick, in 1164, he gave these relics to Reinaldus, Archbishop of Cologne. Hence they are commonly called the three kings of Cologne.

Picart tells us the feast of the Epiphany was established in the fourth century, though Brady says it was first celebrated as a separate feast in the year 813. It soon became very popular, and some of the most splendid entertainments were given on that day.

The choosing of the Twelfth-day king is a very early ceremony, and pertains to Germany, France, and England. The cake and the bean are inseparable from this feast. Herrick thus speaks of it:

"Now, now, the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know
The pea also
Must revel as queene in the court here.

"Begin, then, to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not,
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here."

The adoration of the Magi was a favorite subject in the early mystery plays. Marguerite de Valois, Queen of France, wrote one on it, as also on the nativity, the massacre of the innocents, and the flight into Egypt. There are said to have been representations of the Magi in French churches in the fifth century, and there are French mysteries relating to them in the eleventh.

The first feast of the three kings was celebrated at Milan in 1336, by the friar preachers, and was called the Feast of the Star; this festival was continued in Germany up to the end of the last century, and Hoffman gives the song of the star, which was the carol sung upon this occasion:

"We came walking with our staves
Wreathed with laurel;
We seek the Lord Jesus, and would wish
To put laurel on his knees."

The above refrain was repeated at the end of each line:

"We did come before Herod's door,
Herod the king came himself before;
Herod then spake with a false man's heart,
'Why is the youngest of these so swart?'
Altho' he is swart, he is well beknown,
In orient lands he has a throne;
We all came over the lofty hill,
And there we saw the star stand still.
O star! you must not stand still so,
But must with us to Bethlehem go—
To Bethlehem, the lovely town,
Where Mary and her child sit down.
How small the child, and how great the good,
A blessed new year that gives us God."

One of the legends is that Melchior offered a golden apple, said to have belonged to Alexander the Great, made from the tribute of the world, and also thirty pieces of gold.

The history of these thirty pieces of gold is curious, showing how the legends are connected.

They were first coined by Terah, the father of Abraham, and taken by the latter when he left the land of the Chaldees. By him they were paid away to Ephron as a part of the purchase-money for the field and cave of Machpelah.

The Israelites then paid them back, as the price of Joseph, to his brethren; and as that price was but twenty pieces, the other ten were, we will suppose, given for something else.

The money came back to Joseph

from his brethren in the time of the scarcity, and on the death of Jacob his son paid them into the royal treasury of Sheba for spices to embalm him. When the Queen of Sheba paid a visit to Solomon, the thirty pieces of gold were included in her other gifts.

When the king of Egypt spoiled the temple in the time of Solomon's son Roboam, the king of Arabia, who accompanied him, received these pieces of money as his share of the plunder, and they remained in his kingdom till Melchior presented them to the infant Saviour.

In the hurry of the flight into Egypt, the Blessed Virgin dropped these pieces of money and the other gifts, and they were found by a shepherd, who in after-years, being afflicted with an incurable disease, applied to our Saviour, who cured him, and he then offered these pieces at the altar.

They were afterward paid to Judas by the priests as his reward, and there are two reasons given for his requiring thirty pieces of money. One, that he would have stolen one-tenth of the price of the precious ointment which Mary Magdalene poured on the feet of Jesus, and which was worth about three hundred pence; the other, that, having been sent by our Saviour to provide for the Last Supper with this amount of money, he fell asleep by the way, and was robbed. In the midst of his distress, the rich Jew, Pilate, met him, and he then agreed to betray his Master for the sum he had lost. When, smitten by remorse, he returned the money to the priests and hung himself, they used one-half in purchasing the potter's field, and with the other half bribed the soldiers who guarded the sepulchre to say the Saviour's body had been stolen by the disciples.

After this all trace of them is lost. They were of pure gold, the thirty "pieces of silver" in the Bible being only a generic name for money, like *argent* in French: on one side was the king's head crowned, and on the other some unintelligible Chaldaic characters, and they were said to be worth three florins each.

The adoration of the Magi has been a favorite subject not only for poets, but for painters, from the earliest ages. It is found in bas-reliefs in the catacombs as early as the third and fourth centuries, and succeeding painters have chosen it in all ages. In these pictures the attitude of the child varies. In the finest, he is raising his little hand in benediction. This has been objected to because of his infancy. But the Divinity was always there; he was from his birth the Christ. In others, the Blessed Virgin is lifting a veil and showing him to the wise men, and this is beautifully emblematic of the epiphany, or manifestation of a divine humanity to sinful man. Other pictures have the shepherds on one side and the kings on the other, intending to express the manifestation to both Jews and Gentiles.

THE SOURCES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

When in the fulness of time the boundaries of our republic shall become coextensive with those of the North American continent, a consummation which, in the opinion of many, is not far distant from realization, the future historian of the then existing United States will be obliged to devote the initial chapter of his work to a consideration of the ancient chronicles of the countries which now lie between our southern border and the Isthmus of Panama. He will have to go far behind the landing of the Pilgrims, the Jesuit missions, the conquest of Mexico, and even the discovery of the New World by Columbus: all events in American history which are only ancient by comparison. Even the Northern *sagas* and the traditions of anterior European voyages to the Western continent, so general among the people of the occidental coast of Europe in the Middle Ages, from Ireland to Scandinavia, sink into insignificance before the well-authenticated and carefully preserved records of the people who formerly ruled over the territory which is now known as Mexico and Central America.

It may be said, to our shame, that we of this country know less of and care less to know the ancient history of our next neighbors, who in all probability are ere long to become our fellow-citizens, than we do of that of the Greeks, Romans, and other ancient races of the Old World, with whom we have very little affinity, and with whose descendants we are never likely to be brought into very close relationship. Much of this partiality, no doubt, is due to our earlier college studies; but for practical value, as well as for the insight afforded us of contemplating humanity in its least artificial forms, struggling in vain after true civilization, unenlightened and uncontrolled by divine faith, the history of the Aztecs is as fruitful of striking examples as is that of the Copts or Hellenes. Much of this indifference to so attractive a study is also owing to the fact that it is not an uncommon belief among us that the Aztec nations had no proper method of computing time, that they had transmitted no records of their migrations, settlements, laws, and systems of government, or, if they had, it was done in so rude and imperfect a manner that their claims to a high antiquity and an elaborate civil polity are mere fables, unworthy of serious consideration.

Nothing can be more erroneous than this supposition. We know from contemporary writers, and from those who wrote of the affairs of the country soon after, that the Mexicans at the time of the Spanish conquest had a most exact and correct manner of recording time, more complex, it is true, than our system, but agreeing with it in the most minute particulars, even to the allowance for the annual excess of some hours and minutes over the three hundred and sixty-five days of the solar year, which go to make our bissextile or leap-year. As late as 1790, while repairing the principal square of the city of Mexico, upon which the great temple formerly stood, two huge stones were dug up by the workmen, upon which was engraved the Indian or Mexican calendar, showing the method adopted by the Aztecs for the division of

time, and the regulation by certain engraved signs of the civil and the solar year, and upon which a treatise was written two years afterward by Don Antonio de Leon y Gama, a learned Mexican astronomer.* The Toltec and Aztec nations divided their time into days, weeks, months, years, epochs, cycles, and ages or centuries. Their day, like ours, consisted of twenty-four hours, but, like that of most Asiatic people, it commenced at the rising of the sun, which was originally their sole material object of worship, and was not divided into hours, but into eight irregular parts with four rests, nearly corresponding to our astronomical numbers 3, 9, 15, and 21. Their week was made up of five days, one of which was always set apart for their public fairs, and four weeks made a civil month of twenty days. Eighteen months composed a year of three hundred and sixty, to which were added, after the last month, five days called *memontemi*, or useless, because on these days the inhabitants did nothing but receive and return visits.† The epoch consisted of thirteen years, and the cycle of four epochs, with thirteen days added to correct the annual excess of the hours and minutes, thus bringing the cycle in complete conformity with fifty-two years, as marked on the Cæsarian calendar. In fact, so complete was their agreement, and so accurate was the astronomical knowledge possessed by these segregated people, that Clavigero, Gama, Humboldt, and the later chronologists found no difficulty in establishing the correspondence of the Mexican with the Gregorian method of computation, and thus, by the aid of the Aztec tables, easily fixed the dates of the most important incidents in the history of Anahuac according to our calendar.

But apart from the permanent records or annals which were kept with great care in the temples, every day, month, year, epoch, and cycle had its peculiar mark or sign, and its special religious or civic observance, which, with a race so superstitious and so methodical as the Mexicans, must have impressed them firmly in the traditional memory of the people beyond the probability of a mistake. The termination of a cycle, for example, was a period of great importance throughout Mexico, as the people were led to believe that the world would end with it, and, like some fanatics of our own day, they prepared to destroy their clothing, furniture, and household utensils. On the last day, we are told, they were accustomed to light fires, and when assured by their burning that their fears were unfounded, and the earth had yet another cycle to exist, they devoted the thirteen intercalary days to refitting their houses and renewing their garments, preparatory to the festivals that were to usher in the new cycle.

The Mexicans had no alphabet, nor any knowledge of numerals corresponding to our Arabic system. Their records were therefore necessarily a species of picture-writing, and their numbers a succession of dots or small circles. Their ignorance of letters, and the combination of syllables into words, which at first glance might seem a fatal objection to their ability to record past events, presented in reality no greater difficulties than did the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians, which, since the days of Champollion, are as legible to the antiquarian of our times as are the writings of authors of the black-letter period of our literature to ordinary readers.

* *Descripcion Historica y Cronologica, etc.* Mexico, 1832.

† *History of Mexico.* By the Abbé D. Francisco Saverio Clavigero.

With the Aztecs, the idea found expression in the portraiture of some familiar object, and a compound word or a sentence by two or more objects conjoined, something in the manner of our juvenile rebuses. Thus the month was represented by a circle divided into twenty equal parts, corresponding with the number of days, each part adorned by the figure of an animal, flower, or other object emblematic of the special religious ceremony to be observed, or the particular business usually transacted on that day. The year also was configured on a circle, the interior of which contained a profile of a human face, representing the moon in reflected solar light, the periphery being divided into six equal parts, each subdivision having three objects representing the seasons or the character of the public worship to be observed at such times, and corresponding, to a certain degree, with our zodiacal signs. So likewise with the cycle, which was a circle, with the sun in the centre, divided into fifty-two parts; but here only four absolute signs were used, with the addition of cardinal numbers or dots from one to thirteen, the end of the first epoch, when the second sign in order was taken up, and the third and fourth in rotation, the numbers still recommencing with each epoch. Thus the first day of the month was represented by a sea-animal (*cepactli*), the first month by a picture of water spread on a house (*acahualco*), and the first year of a cycle by a rabbit (*tochtli*), with the addition *ce* or one dot, consequently the beginning of a new cycle, or February 26, would be indicated by the hieroglyphs animal, water, and rabbit, with one dot; and the second day of the second month of the second year by the figures of wind, or a human head expirating (*ehecatl*), a pavilion (*hucaxipehualitzli*), and a cane or reed (*acatl*), with *ome* or two dots. The signs for days, months, and years varied among different nations, but the order of division and computation was always the same.*

In this manner, the people of Mexico and Central America were enabled to keep an accurate record of the passage of time, and to hand down to their posterity the exact year and date of the occurrence of any interesting event in their history, with what we must concede was marvellous accuracy when we consider how completely they were shut in from all knowledge of the astronomical observations and discoveries of the old continent—discoveries which required so many centuries of labor, and so much close and patient observation by men of various nations, to develop and reduce to a perfect system. Those records of the flight of time were generally engraven on stone, as being more permanent in its nature for the preservation of such important data, though the Mexicans and their neighbors were also accustomed to brand on wood, paint on cloth made of the thread of the maguey plant or the palm-leaf, on dressed skins, and on a kind of paper made of the ma-

* M. de Humboldt has compared at some length the Asiatic and American systems for computing time, and he arrived at the conclusion that it is singularly probable that the zodiacs of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, the Moguls, and the Thibetans, and many other nations now separated by a vast extent of country, originated on the same point of the Asiatic continent. One of the stones described by Gama, upon which the Mexican calendar was displayed in *bas-relief*, was nearly fourteen feet square and forty inches thick, but the circle surrounding the sculpture is somewhat less than ten feet in diameter. It is, according to Humboldt, a blackish-gray trappean porphyry, with bases of basaltic *wacke*, and weighs more than twenty-four tons. The sculpture upon it is well polished, and the concentric circles and the divisions and subdivisions are traced with mathematical precision. It is a monument which contains the periods of a great part of the Mexican festivals, and served to indicate precisely the seasons for their proper celebration, with the course of the sun during the two hundred and sixty days of the lunar year, the interval between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, etc.—Clavigero, *His. Mex.*, abridged.

guey or other species of aloe. They had, besides, colleges and public schools, in which the older men were employed to recite for the benefit of their pupils the speeches of deceased orators, and to recount such of the deeds of their warriors as had not been perpetuated by the annalists, taking great care that the younger students should learn them by heart.*

That the Mexicans and other Aztec nations availed themselves of those advantages to preserve the history of their race intact, there can be little doubt. Las Casas, the benign and illustrious bishop, worthily called the Apostle to the West Indians, who had travelled not only among the islands of the Antilles, but had visited New Spain and other parts of the mainland, in speaking of the preservation of historical records among those people, says: "Among the professors were those who were particularly charged with the care and custody of chronicles and histories. They had a knowledge of all things touching religion, of gods and their worship, as also the founders of towns and villages. They knew who had commenced to govern, kings as well as nobles, their domains, their modes of election and succession, the number and merits of the princes who had departed this life, their labors, acts, and memorable deeds, good and bad, whether they had governed well or ill, who were virtuous and who were heroes, what wars they had had to sustain and how they were signalized, what had been their ancient customs and their first settlements, the changes, fortunate or disastrous, to which they had to submit—in fact, all that appertains to history, in order that there should be proof and proper recollection of past events." The good bishop, while averring that not only had he examined some of these records personally, but that his clergy had also seen them, expresses his regret that a mistaken zeal on the part of some of the missionaries had led, in his own day, to the destruction of some of them. Torquemada, who wrote between the years 1592 and 1614, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the Mexican language and literature, gives an interesting description of the ingenious manner in which the early converts to Christianity contrived to fix in their memory and represent to others the prayers taught by the missionaries. "Others," he says, "render the Latin by words of their own language of somewhat similar pronunciation, but represent them not by letters but by figures denoting familiar objects, because they have no letters but paintings, and it is by these characters they understand it. For example, the word nearest the sound of *Pater* is *pantli*, a sort of flag serving to represent the number 20, and thus they place this guidon or little flag for *Pater*. In the place of *noster*, a word that to them resembles *nochtli*, they painted the figure of an Indian or Luna, of which the name, *nochtli*, recalled the Latin word *noster*, and they continued so to the end of the prayer. It was by this process and by like characters that they noted what they wanted to learn by heart, and this continued till their thorough conversion." *

It is to be regretted that so many of the original records of the ancient settlements of those countries are for ever lost to us, but even still there are hundreds of ruins in Mexico, Yucatan, Tobasco, and other states that not only attest the skilfulness of the

* Torquemada, *Monarquia Ind.* lib. ix. c. 8; *Acosta Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias Occ.* lib. vi. c. 7.

* *Monarquia Ind.* lib. xiv. c. 36.

aboriginal artists in sculpture and mosaic work, but inscriptions on obelisks, tombs, pyramids, and temples which, if we could decipher them, would furnish us with the muniments at least of their claims to antiquity. In addition to those mute evidences of past greatness, we have yet remaining a large number of manuscripts scattered in various parts of the globe, some in the original *nahuatl*, or Mexican language, some partly in hieroglyphs and partly in the prose of that tongue in Roman characters, and others translated into Spanish by the missionaries. And here it may be well to remark, that whatever blame may, from an antiquarian point of view, be attached to some ecclesiastics for the destruction of many monuments and records of the Aztec nations which were considered to have a bad effect on the faith or morals of the neophytes, it is to the missionaries, and to them almost without exception, that we are indebted for all our knowledge or attainable sources of information we still possess of that singular people. The Franciscans and Dominicans, fired by an ardent zeal for our holy religion and an irrepressible desire to propagate it, quickly mastered the ungrammatical and unwritten dialects of the Indians, first from a love of their Creator, and next for the benefit of science and the cause of literature. While the soldier of fortune or the bankrupt hidalgo contented himself with subduing his enemy and appropriating his treasure, the soldier of the cross was among the ignorant and afflicted, speaking to them in their own vernacular and leading them in the ways of salvation. Consequently, nearly every printed book on the ancient history of Mexico and Central America bears unmistakable marks on its title-page of having been written or translated by an ecclesiastic, and nearly all the unpublished documents existing on the same subject have been rescued from destruction, and in most cases annotated or translated, by those devoted men.

A list of some of these invaluable manuscripts, which we regret to say are at present beyond the reach of the ordinary student, is given by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, in the introduction to his history, of which they partly form the basis.* Those in the Royal Library of Spain are :

Codex Letellier, being a Mexican MS. in folio, with figures and explanations in Spanish, descriptive of the periodical feasts of the people of Mexico, as prescribed by their ritual, with the genealogy of the kings of that country, from the foundation of the monarchy to the conquest, and a later continuation to the end of the sixteenth century.

MS. of *San Juan Huexotzinco*, in folio of about three hundred pages, containing a list of the nobles and principal inhabitants of the towns and villages of the republic of Huexotzinco, near Tlaxcallan. It is written on European paper, and is very valuable on account of the multitude of figurative Mexican names written over the heads of numerous portraits of historical characters mentioned on the roll. It is also accompanied by letters and documents in Spanish, relating to the local divisions of the republic, and at its head is placed a tree, with the name of the author thereon, supported by an eagle and a tiger, meaning *quach-tli-ocolotl*, a symbol of the people.

Las Casas' Historia Apologetica, in five volumes.

MS. of the *Historia Antiqua*, by the Rev. Brother Diego Duran, a

* *Histoire des Nations civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale, etc.*, par M. l'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. 4 vols. Paris, 1857.

Dominican, written in three volumes, A.D. 1588.

Relaciones, etc., of Michuacan, an anonymous MS., which bears evidence of having been written by one of the early missionary fathers.

In the national archives of Mexico are still preserved some of the primitive records of that people, but so carelessly that Humboldt, who visited them many years ago, says that not an eighth of those catalogued by Boturini less than half a century previously were to be found, the most important remaining being the *Relacion de Ixtlilochitl.* The most valuable, however, are in France, whither they were taken by M. Aubin for the purpose of examination and translation.* These are :

Historia Tolteca, annals painted and written in the vernacular, covering fifty sheets, and ornamented with figures representing the important deeds, expeditions, and battles, and the leading actors therein, with symbols indicating the days and years upon which the events happened.

Memorial de Culhuacan, containing different original histories of the kingdoms of Culhuacan, Mexico, and other provinces, from the earliest ages of barbarism down to 1591, in the *nahuatl*, by Domingo Chimalplain. "They are written year by year," says Aubin, "from the year 4 of the Christian era, but do not in reality commence till A.D. 49, the time of the arrival by sea of the Chichimecs† at Aztlan, with a considerable hiatus about the year 669." There is also an essay on Mexico in the same language by this author, embracing the history of the period between the years 1064 and 1521, which by Gama and others is attributed to Tezozomoc, but Aubin is of opinion that it is made up of fragments only of that writer and of Alonzo Franco, and annotated by Chimalplain, whose name is attached to it.

Historical Annals of Mexico, an original MS. dated 1520, commencing from the earliest times down to the conquest, the probable period, says Boturini, of the author's death. It is written on Indian paper in the Mexican language, and is ornamented with *cordelettes* of *ichtli.* It is supposed by Gama to have been composed by one of the Mexican soldiers who was engaged in the siege of the city. "This," says Aubin, "is also the opinion of an anonymous annotator, and it is difficult to form any other opinion from the peculiarities noticed in its composition. From a very old copy with interesting additions and narratives, we judge that the original was written in 1528, and consequently only seven years after the capture of the city of Mexico."

History of the Kings and sovereign states of Alcolhuacan, with a map on prepared skin, representing the genealogy of the Chichimeque rulers, from Tlotzin to the last king, Fernando Cortez Ixtlilxochitzin. It contains many lines in *nahuatl.*

History of Mexico, partly in figures and characters and partly in *nahuatl*, written by an anonymous author in 1576, and continued in the same manner by others down to 1608.

Besides these, we have the private

* M. Aubin, a French *savant*, left Paris for Mexico in 1830, under the auspices of Arago and Thenard, for the purpose of making observations on the physical and astronomical features of that country, but having unfortunately lost his instruments, shortly after his arrival, he occupied his time in studying the ancient languages and monuments, in the course of which he discovered a number of unedited documents and other records, "which," he says, "entirely changed his ideas of the history and geography of Mexico."

† The word Chichimeque, so frequently used in Mexican history, must not be understood as indicating any particular nation or tribe. In its original signification it meant foreigner, stranger, or last-comer, but it was afterward applied as a term of distinction, or as implying a superior race, as the appellation Norman was formerly used in England and Magyar is still in Hungary.

collection of the Abbé de Bourbourg, which contains many original documents and copies of historical records, written both before and after the conquest, and which throw much light on the earlier periods of the history of Mexico and Central America, particularly the latter. One of these is a copy of a work in the *nahuatl* language, entitled *Historia de los Reynos de Culhuacan*, found by the abbé in the college library of San Gregorio, Mexico, and called by him *Codex de Chimalpopoca*. It was compiled between 1563 and 1579, and gives a history of Culhuacan from the earliest period to, at least, A.D. 751, for after that date the translations of Gama and Picardo are imperfect and unreliable. Another is a copy of the first volume of a *Historia del Cielo y de la Tierra*, etc., by Don Ramon de Ordoñez y Aquiar, with other historical fragments by the same author, the original of which was formerly in the National Museum, Mexico. But the most important of this collection is the Quiché MS. *De Chichicastenango*, containing the history and origin of the Indians of the province of Guatemala, translated from the original Quiché into Spanish, for the accommodation and instruction of the clergy, "*del santo evangelio.*" It appears to have been composed partly as a memoir after the ancient original, and partly copied from the sacred books of the Quichés, to which they had given the title of Popo-wuh, or Book of Princes. It consists of four distinct parts, the first having for its subject the history of the creation, the appearance on the shores of the Mexican Gulf of the first civilizers or lawgivers, and an account of a previous general inundation, resulting in the destruction of nearly the entire human race, in which, though distorted by grotesque fables, we can easily trace the recollection of the deluge of Mosaic history, so generally found in the traditions of the remotest and most barbarous races. The second part contains the historical epic romance of Hunahpu and Exbalanc, preceded by the relation of the pride and chastisement of Wucub Caquix; the third describes the original immigration, and dispersion of the newly arrived tribes in America; and the fourth is an abridgment of the history of the kings of Quiché, with a chronology of the members of the three royal dynasties, an explanation of the various titles of the nobility, and their duties at court. This MS., the most precious of those relating to Central America of which we have any knowledge, is said to be written with great elegance in the vernacular by a member of the royal family, and bears evidence of having been compiled a few years after the arrival of the Spaniards. It was first discovered about the beginning of the seventeenth century at Santo Tomas, Chichicastenango, a town where at that time were to be found in great numbers the descendants of the ancient Quiché aristocracy. Padre Fr. Francisco Ximines, provincial of the Dominicans, the discoverer and translator, was also the author of several valuable works on the same subject, though de Bourbourg complains that this book has suffered much in the translation by the persistent attempt of the pious Dominican to discover in the Aztec fables and traditions a similitude to the truths of revelation and the Christian idea of the attributes of the Deity.

The religious enthusiasm of Ximines might have led him too far in that direction, but there certainly are many very striking points of resemblance between some of the Aztec traditions and the Biblical account of the creation of matter. "When all things else were created," says the

sacred book of the Quichés, "the sky and the earth were finished, the sky was formed, its angles measured and aligned, its limits were fixed, the lines and parallels were placed on the sky and on the earth, the sky recognized it was made, and the heaven was named by the creator and maker—by the mother and father of life and existence—by whom and by which all act and breathe—the father and preserver of the peace of the people—the father of vessels—the master of thoughts and of wisdom—the excellence of all that is in the heavens or on the earth, in the lakes or on the sea. So it was he that named them when all was tranquil and calm, when all was peaceful and silent, when nothing yet had movement in the vault of heaven." * The account of the creation given in the *Codex Chimalpopoca* in the Mexican language, is nearly the same, though more circumstantial, and fixes the creation of man on the seventh day. But in addition to this involuntary homage to the one true God, the people of Mexico and Central America in course of time adopted for themselves numerous false gods, whom they worshipped in their temples under the form of idols. These represented the sun and moon, the seasons, war, peace, and physical objects which were supposed to have the powers of governing men's passions and affections, and controlling human destiny in a variety of ways as infinite as we find them described in the mythology of the Greeks. Their legislators and heroes, too, after the lapse of years, were accorded divine honors, in gratitude for the benefits they had conferred on their race. Votan, who is said to have been their first lawgiver and the founder of the ancient city of Palenque in Tobasco, held the first place in their Pantheon, and the successive kings of his dynasty took rank according to their respective merits. Still, under one name or another, the people of those southern countries internally adored the unknown God. "But," says the history of the Chichimeques, "he had no temples or altars, because perhaps they did not know how to represent him, and it was only in the last days of the Aztec monarchy that the king of Telzcuco dedicated to him a *teo-calli* or temple, with statues placed on nine courses of stone, under the invocation of the 'Unknown God.'" * The successors of Votan had also retained their original idea of the existence of the Supreme Being, and an indefinite conception of his attributes. "They did not pay tribute," says the Quiché MS., "and all spoke the same language; they worshipped neither sticks nor stones, they contented themselves with elevating their eyes to heaven and observing the laws of their creator; they watched with reverence the rising of the sun, and saluted with invocations the morning star, and their hearts were filled with love and obedience." Thus it seems that idolatry was unknown among the ancient civilizers of America, and was only introduced when centuries had elapsed, and their descendants, corrupted by luxury and debased by perpetual warfare, had begun to forget the pure and wise teachings of their fathers; then also do we begin to hear of the introduction of the horrible custom of human sacrifices which disgraced their superstitious rites and eventually led to the utter overthrow of their empire and the destruction of their nation.†

* Translated literally by De Bourbourg from the Quiché MS.

* Ixtlilxochtl.
† Clavigero.

Following the authority of the documents above-mentioned, the ancient history of the Aztec nations may be divided into four great periods, the first beginning from the arrival of Votan, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era and ending in the first century; the second, from that time when the Nahuas or Toltecans overran Central America and the valley of Mexico, and subdued by force or superior address the descendants of his followers; the third, commencing with the invasion of the northern tribes of Mexico and the surrounding nations in the seventh century; and the fourth extending from the building of the city of Mexico in 1325 to the Spanish conquest in 1521.

If we except the remnants of sculpture and bas-relief inscriptions found on the remains of the temples of Palenque and other places in Central America, the history of the first period rests entirely upon the traditions of the people, which, though of great antiquity and generally uniform, afford us no certain data, and very little information other than the names of the most prominent rulers, who, becoming endeared to the populace by their wisdom or bravery, were transferred from the domain of profane to that of sacred history. It is generally admitted that before the arrival of Votan, calculated to have been about 955 B.C., the aborigines, known as Quinames, were in a state of absolute barbarism, subsisting on the spontaneous products of the land or by hunting and fishing. This Votan, or Valum-Votan, who is known in some Atzec countries by the name of Quetzalcohualt, Gucumatz, and other appellations, is described as coming from the east, "from the rising sun," and as bringing with him a number of companions clothed in long robes, and well acquainted with all arts, laws, and sciences. Though few in numbers, their superior knowledge soon gained them the mastery over the ignorant natives, whose friendship they also acquired, and with whom eventually they intermarried. They built numerous towns and cities, taught the Quinames the art of agriculture and manufactures, and by a wise code of laws, impartially administered, they extended their empire over a vast extent of country, including what is now known as Yucatan, Tobasco, Chipas, Oxaca, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, which lasted for nearly ten centuries. Those civilizers are supposed to have landed on the lower side of the peninsula of Yucatan, and following up the course of the river Uzumacenta, made their first halt at the spot which is now marked by the ruins of their great city, Palenque.* A second and similar immigration followed soon after under the leadership of Zama, and landed at Poutouchan, or Champoton, where they built the city of Mayapan. It was these later arrivals of whom tradition says "God had delivered from their enemies by making a road for them over the sea," that gave Yucatan the name of Maayha, signifying a land without water, a characteristic of that state at the present day.† The aborigines had been known as Quinames, but after the advent of Votan and Zama they took their distinctive names from the respective capitals of these adventurers, and their language became that of their conquerors, *maya* or *tzendal*, probably the former, though the latter is still more generally spoken in Yucatan.

In the course of time the descendants of Votan, both princes and peo-

* Known also as *Na-chan*, town of serpents, and *Otolum*, that is, land of fallen stones.

† Herera, *His. Occid.* liber x. c. 2.

ple, lost much of the knowledge and morality of their progenitors, religion degenerated into the grossest forms of superstition, constant wars destroyed the love of industry, and luxury begot indolence and effeminacy, and the countries that were the first propagators of civilization began to degenerate into their pristine state of barbarism. It was at this period that the Toltecas arrived, also, as their traditions assert, from the east. They were contained in seven vessels, under an equal number of chiefs clothed in flowing robes and wearing long beards. These new adventurers are said to have first appeared some time during the first century at Panuco, near Tampico, and from thence followed the coast line till they reached Yucatan or Campeachy, where they landed. The Abbé de Bourbourg, in speaking of this locality, the fertility of its soil and the remarkable salubrity of its climate, says: "These details present valuable evidence of its being the region that tradition assigns as the place where the first lawgivers of Northern America landed, which was the original cradle of primitive civilization, and which accords admirably with that of the provinces of Mexico and Central America bordering on the Atlantic." They were also called Nahoas, and their language *nahualt*, or "know-all," from their superior intelligence and knowledge of the arts. But even with these superior advantages it was not till after many years of warfare that they were able to establish their dominion over the Palenques and Mayas. They did succeed, however, and thenceforth their civilization and laws became those of the vanquished, and their language spread rapidly from the Gila to Panama, and is still a living, spoken language in several parts of that extensive region.

Though the incidents of the appearance and progress of this people are more authentically recorded than those of the preceding race, the records are so meagre that they present little more than the names of the rulers and short accounts of the leading events of their history. If, as is not improbable, the extent of their empire corresponded with that of their language, they must have governed at some time or another many tribes and nations. We know that at the time of the irruption of the northern Chichimeques into the valley of Mexico they found there comparatively civilized communities, one of whose principal cities, called Teo-Culhuacan, was built by some Toltec colonists. They are said also to have invented judicial astrology, the art of interpreting dreams, of regulating the computation of days, nights, and hours, and they were wont to call together at stated periods their principal astronomers to regulate their calendar.

But the great evil of the people of the southern part of our continent, like that of so many nations of antiquity, was the multiplicity of their independent states, which, though of the same race, seldom acted in concert or acknowledged a general authority, and, consequently, fell an easy prey in detail to any adventurous invader. When the Chichimeques of the far north made their entry into the valley of Mexico in the seventh century, they met but a feeble resistance, the Culhuans, the advance-guard of the Aztec hordes, sweeping through it with the velocity and destructiveness of a whirlwind; and it was only after completely subduing the inhabitants that they quietly settled down on the lands so rudely won, and built the celebrated city of Tetzcuco. The next tribe of the race was equally fortunate. It appeared in the plain of Xocotitlan, and

after a six years' siege captured the city of Mamhemi, thenceforth called Tollan, where the seat of government was established. These latter invaders are also known in history as Toltecas, either from the name of their capital, or assumed in a spirit of self-laudation, which at first they were far from deserving, for, says one of their own historians, "they lived by the chase, they had neither houses nor lands, nor decent garments, nor other covering but the skins of wild beasts, and their food was nothing but the fruit of the *napal*, wild corn, and sour figs." They were a different race from the Toltecas of Yucatan, as they came from the north and not from the east, and, instead of conferring enlightenment on the vanquished, they seem to have adopted the laws, language, and civilization of the people among whom they came.

Up to the taking of Tollan, the government of the Toltecs was a mixture of the theocratic and feudal systems; there was only one caste of nobility, and none but the descendants of the seven chiefs had legislative power. Soon after the establishment of their power, an assembly was held, which proceeded to the election of a king. The crown was successively offered to the two leading chiefs, representing the two branches into which the Toltec family was divided, but was modestly declined by both. On the suggestion of their sage, Hueman, a solemn embassy was sent to the king of a neighboring nation, requesting him to give them a ruler, which he did in the person of his second son, Tlatonac. According to some native historians, the kings of Tollan were seven in number, and each reigned in peace and happiness for fifty-two years. "It is, however, certain," says the Abbé de Bourbourg, "that the princes who reigned in Tollan, far from passing a peaceful life on the throne, surrounded by reverential and sympathizing subjects, were too often engaged in the horrors of civil and religious strife. The annals of the Aztec plateau were more often stained with blood through the jealousy of rival altars than for the faith. In the person of Hueman, the wisest of their guides for nearly two centuries, we recognize the symbol of religious authority to which the chiefs submitted. It is the priesthood who directs still in a special manner the supreme government, and who presided at its head till the moment when it became necessary to separate the two authorities, and when the prince, impatient of their yoke, thought to subordinate them to royalty by vesting the exercise of their supreme functions in a member of his family. The epoch of the death or disappearance of Hueman corresponds in a most exact manner with that of the flight of Topiltzin, the king-pontiff of Tollan, as we find it recounted in the chronicles of the valley. It was the moment when the priesthood, isolated from civil and military powers, began to form a separate caste solely devoted to divine worship, and it was then that royal despotism sought to wrest the sceptre from the feudal aristocracy that had reigned in Anahuac from the invasion of the Mixcohuas."*

The Culhuacs also consolidated their authority, and established a government similar in form to that of the Toltecas, and for many centuries divided with them the sovereignty of what we will now call Anahuac, or the country lying between the 14th and 21st degrees of northern latitude and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; for, though the word was originally applied to the towns bordering on the lakes, it was eventually applied to all that territory. With the establishment

* *Histoire de Mexique*, p. 217.

of those two kingdoms, the historian finds himself entering the region of dates; events commence to be chronologically classified, some hiatus present themselves occasionally, but from the eighth century they continue to march with order until the time of the conquest. The Toltec monarchy lasted till 1062, and then fell through the vice of its ruler and the general demoralization of the people; that of Culhuac lasted longer, but was ultimately destined to be eclipsed by the superior splendor of the Mexican empire.

The city of Mexico and the empire of that name were of as humble an origin and of as doubtful a character as those of Rome itself. Like the Eternal City, their roots were planted in an unpromising soil by outcasts and bondmen, and, like it, their walls were cemented, if not with fraternal blood, at least with that of near kindred, taken in battle and wantonly slain as a holocaust to false gods. It grew in power and opulence by the same means—unscrupulous appropriation of contiguous territory, united to great bravery and an aptitude for adopting and improving on the superior knowledge of the conquered.

About the year 1160, there departed from the primitive home in Aztlan, "far north of the Gulf of California," the last and most remarkable of the Aztec tribes, called Tenochas, which, with six others, under a chieftain named Huitziton, set out on the track taken by their countrymen five centuries before. Having no settled plan or guidance, their wanderings were devious and of long duration, and their route can only be traced at this late day by the ruins of temples and mounds scattered on the way by those nomads, who were the original "mound-builders" of our continent. Having crossed the Colorado River, they proceeded south-east to the Gila, where they remained for some years, and then, advancing still in a southerly direction, they reached Culiacan, on the California Gulf, where they dwelt about three years. We next find traces of them at Chemoztoc, where, the other tribes having separated from them, they remained some nine years, and, afterwards journeying through Amica, Cohula, Sayula, Colina, Zacatula, and Toleuca, they finally arrived at Tollan in 1196, where they rested. But their wanderings were not yet ended. After twenty years spent in that city, they entered the valley of Mexico, and from that time till 1245 led a migratory life, occupying in succession several unappropriated positions on the borders of the lake Tezcuco; but, fearing the hostility of a neighboring tribe, they were at length forced to seek refuge on a group of small islets in the southern extremity of the lake, called Ocololco, where for more than half a century they lived in the greatest destitution. But their poverty and isolation were no safeguards, for, about A.D. 1300, they were allured to the mainland by a chief of the Colhuas, and by him reduced to slavery. Their new master soon becoming engaged in a war with an adjacent nation, the Mexicans armed themselves in a rude fashion, and by their resolute bravery materially contributed to the total defeat of the enemy. Their courage on this occasion, and their subsequent cruelty in sacrificing their prisoners in honor of the victory, made them objects of fear and abhorrence to the Colhuas, who lost no time in liberating and expelling them from their country. Once more free, they wandered about the valley for several years, till at the dictation of an oracle, say their traditions, they at length found a permanent settlement on the island of Tenochtitlan in the lake of Tezcuco, and

laid the foundation of a city called after their tutelary deity, the god of war, *Mexitli*, one hundred and sixty-five years after their departure from Aztlan.

From such small beginnings sprang the great Mexican empire, which, at the time of the Spanish invasion, only two hundred years after, ruled over all Anahuac, containing within its boundaries four tributary kingdoms, four republics, and a great many minor states and quasi-independent tribes. From thence also arose a city which in less than a century rivalled in extent and population, but more particularly in wealth and splendor, in arts and arms, many of the most famous cities of the Old World. The lake which surrounded and circumscribed their limits was quickly covered with floating gardens of rare beauty, and was united to the mainland by causeways and bridges; the rude wattle-huts of the first settlers soon gave place to solidly built and commodious dwellings; and temples, palaces, colleges, gardens, menageries, and markets, of almost incredible extent and magnificence, were called into existence, as if by the power of magic.* One after another the neighboring nations were forced to submit to the Mexican yoke, and what bravery won diplomacy retained. Those who submitted cheerfully were treated with consideration; those who resisted were mercilessly slain in battle, or even more ruthlessly slaughtered on the altars. Their government, from being a sort of theocratic oligarchy, was in 1352 changed into a monarchy, and finally into a religious despotism closely resembling that of Tollan; and we cannot convey better an idea of the height to which the empire had attained in pomp and display, than by quoting the following passage, from the abridged history of the Abbé Clavigero, descriptive of the ill-fated Montezuma when he ascended the throne in 1502:

"The audience-hall served also for the king's dining-room. His table was a large pillow, and his seat a low chair. The table-cover and napkins were of fine cotton cloth, brilliantly white and scrupulously clean; and the dinner service for ordinary use was of the earthenware of Cholula, which was changed for gold plate on festive occasions. The cups containing his chocolate and other beverages were of gold, or some beautiful sea-shell, or the rind of a fruit curiously varnished and adorned. The number and variety of the dishes amazed the Spaniards. Cortez says that they covered the floor of the hall, and consisted of various kinds of game, fish, fruit, and herbs of the country; and, that the meats might not grow cold, each plate was accompanied by its chafing-dish. Several hundred noble pages carried the dishes in procession before the king, whilst he sat at table, who indicated with a rod such as he chose; the rest were distributed among the nobles of the ante-chamber. Before he began to eat, four of the most beautiful women of his seraglio served him with water to wash his hands, and, together with the six principal ministers and his carver, waited during the meal. When he went abroad he was carried on the shoulders of his nobles in a litter, covered with a rich canopy, attended by a numerous retinue; and, whenever he passed, all persons closed their eyes, as if dazzled with the splendor of his presence. If he alighted from the litter to walk, carpets were spread, that he might not touch the earth with his feet."

The magnificence of the sovereign

* "The grandeur of his [Montezuma's] palaces, gardens, and pleasure-grounds corresponded with the magnificence of his court. His usual residence was a vast edifice of stone, which had twenty entrances from the public squares and streets; three spacious courts, in one of which was a beautiful fountain; several halls, and more than a hundred chambers. So great was its extent, that a companion of Cortez says that he went four times to view it, and ranged over it until he was fatigued, but could not observe it all. He describes one hall as sufficiently capacious to contain three thousand persons. The walls of some of the apartments were of marble, and others of precious stones. The beams were of cedar, cypress, and other odoriferous woods, smoothly finished and elaborately carved."—Clavigero, *His. Mex.*

was nearly equalled by that of the hierarchy, who, besides the number of splendid temples and dwellings assigned for their use, revelled in all the luxuries which can gratify animal nature, and enjoyed political privileges and immunities inferior only to those of the emperor and his immediate relatives. Commerce extended her wings to either ocean, and the arts, particularly those of sculpture, painting in mosaic with the bright plumage of birds, metallurgy, and lapidary work, were brought to a state of perfection unsurpassed even in our day in any country.

But with all this outward show of power and prosperity, the empire, containing in itself the latent seeds of dissolution, was fast hastening to decay. The enormous tributes which the conquered provinces were repeatedly called upon to pay to support this extravagance, and the cruelty with which they were exacted, produced a deep-seated hatred of the Mexican name throughout all Anahuac, that only awaited such an event as the landing of Cortez and his handful of followers to burst into a flame, while the horrible custom of human sacrifice, by which they hoped not only to propitiate their gods, but to terrify their enemies and intimidate their refractory subjects, proved in the end a fruitful source of woe to their own country. It is not therefore to be wondered at that, surrounded by such hosts of implacable foes, Mexico, in the apparent plenitude of her power, should have fallen before the energy and genius of one great soldier and his resolute band of adventurers, and that the ancient history of the Toltecs and Aztecs, begun under such favorable auspices, but too often stained with crime and treachery, should have ended in the blood of their children and the ruin of their common country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. New York: P. O'Shea. 1871. Pp. 125.

Life of Bartholomew de Las Casas. P. O'Shea. 1871. Pp. 120.

These biographies can scarcely claim to be original, but they are not for that reason less valuable. The life of Columbus is drawn chiefly from the writings of Lamartine. In these days the world is not familiar with the private character of this great man. They do not know that he was a man of remarkable holiness. This little biography will, therefore, supply a real want of our time and country. The very opening chapter places Columbus before us in a Franciscan convent, telling his story to the prior of the monks, Everywhere we see the influence of the Catholic religion upon his gifted mind. The prayer which he uttered when he knelt upon the newly discovered land is couched in language of most fervent piety. He did not forget God in the hour of his most glorious triumph. And Columbus remained the same devout Catholic in every situation of life. He was not unduly elated by success, nor embittered by jealousy and persecution, nor was he overcome by adversity. His checkered career is well described in this biography.

The life of Las Casas is scarcely less eventful and interesting. Las Casas was the first bishop of Chiapa, in Mexico, and probably the first priest ordained on the American continent. He was one of those Spaniards who labored sincerely for the welfare of the Indians. Nearly fifty years he spent in advancing the spiritual and temporal interests of this rude and savage people. He wrote several works exposing the cruelties and injustice of the Spaniards toward them. He crossed the ocean five times to plead their cause before the Spanish court. At that time many Spaniards wished to reduce the natives of the West Indies to slavery. Las Casas once argued this question before the royal council, and, in spite of the eloquence of Sepulveda, the Spanish Cicero, he gained his point. The subjects of Spain were forbidden to make slaves of the Indians, or to retain those in slavery of whom they then held possession. Even in the history of the church, there have been few so untiring as Las Casas in their devotion to a noble object. Charlevoix said of him that he "had an excess of virtue." He died in Madrid at the advanced age of ninety-two. He was a priest for forty-two years, a bishop for twenty-four years, and a missionary among the Indians for nearly half a century.

Both of these books are suitable for holiday presents. They are well written and handsomely printed.

God. Conferences by Lacordaire. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1870. Pp. 260.

Jesus Christ. Conferences by Lacordaire. New York: P. O'Shea. 1871. Pp. 301.

The power of the great Dominican orator is shown by the increasing desire to know more of his life and his works. These two volumes will give the American reader a very fair idea of the character of his preaching in Notre Dame. The conferences upon God, and, indeed, those upon Jesus Christ, are intended to meet the objections of Parisian atheists and infidels. In these conferences he proves the existence and inner life of God; man's relations to the Creator; and he refutes the efforts of rationalism to deny, pervert, or explain the life of our Blessed Redeemer. As oratorical compositions, the conferences upon Jesus Christ are considered the finest given by Lacordaire. Their perusal would do a great deal toward counteracting the infidel and materialistic tendencies of our country.

Songs of Home. Selected from Many Sources, with Numerous Illustrations from Original Designs. 1 vol. 4to. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

A beautiful volume containing selections from different poets, edited with judgment and taste, and elegantly illustrated. Nothing could be more appropriate for a holiday gift.

Rosa Abbott Stories. The Pinks and Blues; or, The Orphan Asylum. By Rosa Abbott, author of "Jack of All Trades," "The Young Detective," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

A very pleasant, lively story, and nicely illustrated.

The Helping Hand Series. The Little Maid of Oxbow. By May Manning, author of "Climbing the Rope," "The little Spaniard," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

The story of a very lovable little girl, well written and finely illustrated.

The Proverb Series. A Wrong Confessed is Half-Redressed. By Mrs. Bradley, author of "Birds of a Feather," etc.—One Good Turn deserves Another.—Actions speak Louder than Words. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

These books are great favorites with the young folks, and deserve to

be. They are well written, full of interest, and teach many excellent lessons.

LITTLE PRUDY'S FLYAWAY SERIES. Little Folks Astray. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy Stories," etc. Illustrated. Prudy Keeping House. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

It is not necessary to say one word in praise of Sophie May's books. The children know what they are, and prefer the company of Prudy Parlin, Dotty Dimple, and Little Flyaway to all their innumerable book friends.

CHARLEY ROBERTS SERIES. Charley and Eva Roberts' Home in the West. By the author of "How Charley Roberts became a Man," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.

An excellent story. The characters are full of life, and Kiss and Leland are real children.

HAMLET. By George H. Miles. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1870. Pp. 88.

This essay was first published in the *Southern Review*. It opens a new epoch in the literature of *Hamlet*. Some of the most distinguished Shakespearean scholars of this city pronounce this review the finest conception of Hamlet's character ever written. A series of essays upon the leading characters of Shakespeare equal to this one on *Hamlet* would alone give Mr. Miles a permanent place in English literature.

THE GREEN ISLAND. A Tale for Youth. By Alfred F. P. Kirby. The Maltese Cross and other Tales. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

Two excellent little volumes for youth. Simple tales, yet how impressive, of dangers bravely encountered and overcome, and of temptations successfully resisted by an abiding trust in God, and a filial devotion to Mary, Mother of Mercy.

IRISH FIRESIDE TALES. By Robert D. Joyce, M.D. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

We originally made the acquaintance of these tales in Irish periodical literature. They seem to have improved with age. They are very neatly got up, and they will doubtless long continue to enliven many a fireside.

THE PATRANAS LIBRARY. Spanish Stories, Legendary and Traditional. Four volumes, illustrated. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

A beautiful little series which is no less instructive than entertaining. Nations in their legends and traditions more than aught else hold the mirror up to nature, and pervading these quaint tales we behold the noble spirit of Old Spain, her spotless chivalry, her unstained loyalty, and her heroic and indomitable Catholicity.

THE BLACK PROPHET. A Tale of the Irish Famine. By William Carleton. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

As a delineator of the lights and shadows of Irish life, Carleton has few equals, and perhaps no superior. Such being the verdict alike of reader and critic, there is no necessity for an elaborate notice of the volume before us.

CORNELL'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY: accompanied with nineteen pages of maps, a great variety of map questions, and one hundred and thirty diagrams and pictorial illustrations; and embracing a detailed description of the physical features of the United States. By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This completes the well-known and popular "Cornell's Series of Geographies." As a text-book, we have no doubt it will prove attractive to the pupil and satisfactory to the teacher.

Wonderful Balloon Ascents; or, The Conquest of the Skies. A History of Balloons and Balloon Voyages. From the French of F. Marion, with Illustrations. — Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill in all Ages and all Countries. Translated and enlarged from the French. By Charles Russel. Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

We have here two new volumes of the "Library of Wonders." The one on *Balloons* is most interesting, as showing that, notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made for the last seventy years to navigate the air, human invention in that department has not advanced. A complete history of such attempts are given. The work on *Bodily Strength and Skill* takes up a wider and more extensive range, and goes into the history of such feats in all ages and centuries.

Dick Massey. A Tale of the Irish Evictions. By T. O'Neill Russell.

Glenveigh; or, The Victims of Vengeance. A Tale of Irish Peasant Life in the Present. By Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Irish evictions — individual and wholesale ejectments—the iniquities of the landlord, the brutality of the bailiff, the sufferings of families thrown homeless and, humanly speaking, helpless on the cold charities of the world, will, we trust, soon be numbered with things past and forgotten. Full of this hope, and anxious for its speedy realization, as one great stride toward the permanent prosperity of Ireland, we need hardly say that we derived greater pleasure from our perusal of *Dick Massey*, the author's object being, while deploring, to allay the strifes and distractions of his native land, than from the sad tale of *Glenveigh*, the author of which tells his countrymen "to blow out the brains of every whining knave who presents himself as a fit and proper person to be your representative beggar at the gates of the brutal British parliament." Yielding to none in love for and sympathy with "Old Ireland," we unhesitatingly pronounce such friends as the author of *Glenveigh* her real enemies.

Piano and Musical Matter. By G. de la Motte. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A glance at the contents of this work will astonish any one. The amount of "musical matter" there promised at least a partial notice or treatment in a volume of less than 150 pages is prodigious. We do not say that each subject is fully treated, but we do say that in no work of this kind with which we have any acquaintance can one gain a more concise and intelligible explanation of which it behooves a musician to know than in this deservedly popular book. It is a most useful compendium of musical science, arranged in a masterly progressive order of instruction.

Leandro; or, The Sign of the Cross. Philadelphia: Peter Cunningham. 1870.

The religious sentiments put forth in this book are unexceptionable; the explanations and illustrations of the use of the sign of the cross are instructive, and will serve to imbue the minds of youth with a thorough knowledge of the design of the church in her frequent use of this precious symbol of our holy faith.

The delusions of "modern spiritism" are here accounted for in the only way in which a Christian can look upon them (in so far as they have a supernatural origin) as the work of the evil one.

The story, however, has a feeble plot, and strikes the reader as a kind of clothes-press, in which are hung the best sentiments and opinions of the author; yet there are doubtless minds who would receive the truths contained in this volume and profit by them, even through so defective a medium as a story without grace of style or special interest.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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SIXTUS THE FIFTH.*

APOCRYPHAL HISTORY.

THE name of this distinguished pontiff and great sovereign is in English literature popularly associated with the romantic story of a cardinal who throughout long years affected retirement and profound humility, feigned extreme old age and physical weakness, and, racked with a hollow cough, appeared to be fast sinking into the grave. Even crutches were necessary for his support as he tottered along. But these props were thrown aside, and he intoned the Te Deum in a rich, full voice the instant his election to the papal throne was announced. The story, it is hardly necessary to say, is pure fiction, and was never heard of until more than half a century after the death of Sixtus V., who was made its hero.

The Protestant historian of the popes—Professor Ranke—long ago had the good sense to reject it along with other like inventions. More than this, he declares that, so far from any apparent feebleness of Cardinal Montalto being an inducement to his election, "his comparatively vigorous years were taken into account, he being then sixty-four; for all were persuaded that a man of unimpaired energies, whether physical or mental, was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times."

Baron Hübner disposes of the fables referred to even more thoroughly than Professor Ranke, and shows that they all had their common origin in a book *(History of Sixtus V.)* written by one Gregorio Leti, an apostate priest, sixty years after the death of that pope.

What is known as the *Picaresque* style of literature, introduced in Spain by the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of Mendoza and the *Guzman de Alfaraché* of Mateo Aleman, and followed by Le Sage in his *Gil Blas*—an imitation far more brilliant than any of its originals—was then in vogue; and the hero of every novel was made a smart Macchiavellian rogue, full of expedients, demonstrative show of honesty and even of

* *Sixte-Quint.* Par M. le Baron De Hübner, ancien ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris et à Rome. D'après des Correspondances diplomatiques inédites tirées des Archives d'Etat du Vatican, de Simancas, Venise, Paris, Vienne et Florence. Paris. 1870. 3 vols. in-8vo.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by REV. I. T. HECKER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

piety, and great capacity for rascality. This fashion infected English literature to some extent, as may be seen in the productions of Fielding and Smollett, and was imitated by Leti, who strove to make of Felice Peretti a cunning adventurer seeking through discreditable means to attain the object of his ambition. Leti was not without talent, and wielded what is nowadays called a wonderfully facile pen. After his apostasy, he lived successively in Geneva, Paris, London, and Amsterdam, pouring forth books in surprising quantity. He wrote histories of England, of Oliver Cromwell, of Queen Elizabeth, *e tutti quanti*. Leti threw into his writings a great deal of imagination, was eagerly and immensely read in his day, and in these and in other respects was the worthy predecessor of the latest historian of England, who, yet more widely read than Leti, is destined like him first to be found entirely untrustworthy, and then to be cast aside and totally forgotten.

Leti's history of Sixtus V. was simply a work of fiction, from which, unfortunately for truth, the grotesque mask made for the great Sixtus has been by too many accepted as a portrait.

With commendable candor, even Ranke rejects Leti as unworthy of credit.

HISTORIC MATERIAL.

For the life of Felice Peretti down to the period of his accession to the throne of St. Peter, the German Protestant historian and Baron Hübner refer to and work up almost the same historical documents. Tempesti's reliable history of Sixtus V., and the diplomatic records in Rome, Paris, and Venice, to which both these writers had access, form the main body of this material.

But when Professor Ranke wrote his *History of the Popes*, the archives of Simancas were not yet opened to scientific research. For the history of Sixtus V. the value and importance of the Simancas papers lie herein: the leading political movements in which Sixtus V. was an actor were necessarily to great extent treated by him with Spain, then the leading power of Europe. Now, Sixtus V. had no minister of foreign affairs. With all the ambassadors accredited to his court he negotiated personally, alone, and *vivâ voce*. All he wished to say he said in plain terms, and often in the most undiplomatic phrase.

Of all these negotiations, there never was any record in the archives of the Vatican. The foreign ambassadors with whom he treated in all cases made immediate report to their several sovereigns not only of the tenor and substance of the pope's discourse, but of his manner, intonations of voice, gesture, etc., so that many despatches gave, as it were, a living portrait of the great pontiff.

Although, personally, the Venetian ambassadors were more acceptable to Sixtus V. and possessed his confidence and friendship, yet, politically, the influence of Spain was stronger with him, and his secret negotiations with the latter were on the most important questions of the day. Of these negotiations the only record exists in the despatches of the Spanish ambassadors at Rome to Philip II. Hence the importance of the archives of Simancas, the admirable use of which by Baron Hübner gives his work an incontestable superiority. By way of showing the estimate in which Baron Hübner's history is held in the Protestant literary world, we may mention that

the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of it as "very various, instructive, and agreeable reading, and a valuable addition to sound historical literature," and "one of the most valuable productions of an age rich in historical biography."

Measured by the substantial merit of Baron Hübner's production, this favorable opinion may be looked upon as very moderate praise indeed.

THE BOY FELICE PERETTI.

When, after the capture of Constantinople, the Turks devastated Illyria and threatened Dalmatia with fire and sword, thousands of its unfortunate inhabitants crossed the Adriatic Sea in miserable barks and sought refuge in Italy. The largest number settled at various points of the coast from Ancona to Otranto. Among these last was one Zanetto Peretti, who took up his abode at Montalto, near Grottamare, a rural hamlet on a spur of the Apennines, near the sea, and some fifty miles south of Ancona. His children intermarried with respectable families of the neighborhood. Some of them filled municipal offices of responsibility, and became persons of—according to the Italian expression—*civil condition.*

Piergentile Peretti, the fourth descendant of the Dalmatian refugee, was in excellent circumstances at the period of the taking and sack of Montalto, in 1518, when he lost everything. He sought shelter at Grottamare, and, leasing a tract of land, supported his family by his labor as a farmer and gardener. While busy among his orange-trees, he nourished strange visions arising from a dream that his first-born child should be a boy and become pope. On the 13th of December, 1521, a son was born to him, and, accepting the augury, he named him Felix. The father's prophecy was received by the family as the announcement of an event which would certainly come to pass, and it was settled among them that the little Felix was some day to wear the tiara.

For many historical writers the temptation of antithesis is very strong, and, copying Leti, biographers of Sixtus are fond of telling us that the great pope was once a swineherd.* The truth is that the little Felix was never, according to a common expression, "hired out." At home he was doubtless made useful to the extent of his small abilities—watched his father's fruit-trees, and probably looked to the pigs and the poultry, precisely as did Arthur Tappan, Daniel Webster, and the sons of our sturdy New England farmers generally, down to the beginning of the present century.

But, after all, the highest proof of the genuine respectability of the Peretti family is found in the fact that in their fallen fortunes they had the good sense and the true Christianity to seek the preservation of their gentility not in dangerous idleness and vain repining, but in labor, honest labor and hard labor. Therein lies true dignity.

Meantime, the position of a brother of Piergentile, Fra Salvador, a monk of the order of Minorite Friars, had not been affected by the worldly reverses of his family, and he was in a condition to aid them by giving the young Felix an education. At the early age of nine, the boy entered the convent, and soon surprised the monks by his intelligence and talent. When twelve years old, he became a novice of the order, and, pursuing his studies with application and success, entered

*Even Moreri writes, "Il gardait les cochons lorsqu'un cordelier le trouvant à la campagne dans ce vil exercise, le prit pour être son guide."

minor orders, and became widely known as a preacher of renown by the time he had reached his nineteenth year.

THE PREACHER FRA FELICE.

His first sermon in Rome was delivered in 1552, and people asked one another who was this young monk to whose pulpit they saw flocking as anxious listeners great theologians, distinguished scholars, high dignitaries, and such personages as Cardinal Carpi, Cardinal Caraffa (afterwards Pius IV.), Cardinal Ghislieri (afterwards St. Pius V.), Ignatius Loyola, and Philip Neri, the two last already canonized in public estimation. To these auditors the attraction of the young monk's sermons was not so much their true fire of eloquence, grace of gesture, and magnificence of diction,* as their solidity of science, purity of doctrine, and fervor of piety—all proclaiming him a grand instrument of the great interior reform in which they recognized him as a co-worker.

As regent of the convents of his order at Sienna, Naples, and Venice, he distinguished himself by his purity of conduct, zeal, and severity. His task at Venice was a difficult one. The recalcitrant and tepid set intrigues on foot against him, and procured his recall.

Returning to Rome, he was made adviser of the Holy Office, and had the extreme generosity to propose for the vacant place of superior of his order the monk who had been his most active and pitiless antagonist at Venice. This was much remarked at the time, and still more so when, soon afterwards, the new superior, condemned for various offences, and summoned to Rome to undergo his punishment, Fra Felice interceded for him, and obtained from the Holy Father his pardon. This act of Christian heroism was specially noticed and appreciated by Cardinal Ghislieri. Ranke is in error when he speaks of Fra Felice's labors as a theologian at the Council of Trent. He received the appointment, but was retained in Rome.

Soon after the accession of Cardinal Ghislieri as Pius V., Fra Felice was made Bishop of Fermo, and, later (1570),

CARDINAL MONTALTO.

Honored with the confidence of Pius V., Cardinal Montalto was, during his pontificate, consulted on all important questions, and as an intimate friend of the holy Pius was present at that grandest and most impressive of all earthly spectacles—the death of a saint.

The successor of Pius V. was Cardinal Buoncompagni, Gregory XIII. As Fra Felice and theologian of the embassy, Cardinal Montalto had some years previous accompanied Cardinal Buoncompagni to Spain. Their relations were not personally friendly, and the new pope suppressed a small income which had been conferred by his predecessor upon Cardinal Montalto.

Released from active attendance at the Vatican, the cardinal gave his leisure hours to sacred literature, the arts, and architecture. For many years he had devoted much time to a revision of the works of the fathers. This labor of love he now continued with more energy than ever, and in 1580 published his edition of the works of St. Ambrose. By way of recreation, he gave active supervision to the establishment of a vineyard and the erection of a villa on the Es-

*Six of his sermons are still preserved. Baron Hübner speaks of them as "écrits dans une langue vraiment magnifique."

quiline Hill, not far from Santa Maria Maggiore. The traveller of to-day arriving in Rome by the railroad may have the villa pointed out to him (now Villa Massimi). Long rows of magnificent trees around it, planted by the hand of Sixtus V. on these grounds, have only within a few years yielded to the invasion of modern improvement and disappeared for ever.

And now for thirteen years leading a life of almost exclusive retirement, and occupied with his religious duties, his books, and his vines, Cardinal Montalto was soon lost sight of.

The generation which had listened with admiration to the sermons of Fra Felice was gradually dying out, and but few people knew much of the Cardinal Montalto.

But in this retirement there was no affectation of secrecy or silence. He spoke his mind freely, and put but little restraint on his speech in his caustic criticism of public measures and the temporal policy of the reigning pontiff. Indeed, his freedom in this respect verged on imprudence. This, however, was known to a very small circle of personal acquaintances. He was rarely seen outside his own residence, except when duty required his presence in consistory or at the ceremonial solemnities of the church. For all the rest of the outside world, he was dead. His historian finds in the story of the crutches the symbol of the chains which during all these years bound him in forced inaction, and which, on his election, he broke and cast from him.

As the consecrated servant of God, Cardinal Montalto was deeply interested in the work of regeneration of the church and in the expulsion and extirpation of heresy, so admirably enforced by Paul III., Paul IV., Paul V., and Gregory XIII. Catholicity, in a merely human point of view, had renewed youth and strength in her wonderful uprising of the sixteenth century against apparently victorious error. At the moment when triumphant heresy had surrounded and appeared about to crush her, an army of saints and holy men arose almost miraculously from all ranks of society and from all countries, and, bearing the banner of the cross, drove the powers of heresy and paganism before them like chaff. This wonderful uprising is clearly shown by the simple chronicle of the dates of the births and deaths of the great saints of the period:

St. Ignatius	1491—1556.
St. John of God	1495—1550.
Father John of Avila	—1569.
St. Peter of Alcantara	1499—1562.
St. Francis Xavier	1506—1552.
St. Francis Borgia	1510—1572.
St. Theresa	1515—1582.
St. Philip Neri	1513—1595.
St. Charles Borromeo	1538—1584.
St. John of the Cross	1542—1591.
The Venerable John Leonardi	1543—1609.
St. Francis Solano	1549—1610.
Blessed John Baptist of the Conception	1561—1613.
St. Francis Carraciolo	1563—1608.

POPE SIXTUS V.

The conclave in which Cardinal Montalto was elected pope was of very short duration, and the comparative obscurity in which he had so long lived cannot be better described than by the despatch of the French ambassador informing the king that "a friar named Montalto had been elected."

During the last years of the reign of Gregory XIII., the Roman territory was scourged by the presence of hordes of armed banditti, estimated as varying from twelve to twenty-seven thousand men. Naples was also full of them, and all Italy suffered from their presence. This terrible suffering and scandal was a matter to which the newly elected pontiff had long given serious thought; and in

his very first address in the consistory he named two things that engaged his attention—the administration of justice and the securing of abundance for his people. "To these he resolved to give his utmost care, trusting that God would send him legions of angels, if his own strength and the aid of others should not suffice to punish the malefactors and reprobates." He also exhorted the cardinals not to use their privileges for the shelter of criminals.

On the day following the accession of the newly elected pontiff, the conservators of the city presented him an address, demanding at his hands for the people justice, peace, and abundance. His holiness replied that his people should have justice, and that they should not suffer famine.

He then added that he specially recommended to the conservators the enforcement of the laws, and that they might count upon his aid if they performed their duty. If they did not, they might rest assured he would have their heads taken off!

And now the Roman people and the world were to see what could be effected by an inflexible will, strong in indignation against wrong, and armor-clad in its sense of justice.

The city of Rome itself was not exempt from a species of brigandage.

The nobles fought out their quarrels in the streets, and the municipal police was at the mercy of the armed followers of the lawless barons. The new sovereign was firmly resolved to make an example of the first offender upon whom he could lay his hand. The carrying of arms was made a penal offence. On the fourth day of his reign, four young brothers were arrested bearing arquebuses. These young men were of good character and well connected. Several cardinals threw themselves at the feet of Sixtus, asking for their pardon, and reminding his holiness that an execution had never taken place in Rome between the accession and the coronation of a pope. In vain!* The next morning, at six o'clock, the young men were publicly hung. Meantime,

THE BANDITTI

were masters of the country, and it was not easy to expel them. Under the previous reign, so great was the terror they inspired, that the authorities thought it best to admit them into the city on "safe-conducts," in the hope of conciliating them. This, as the Venetian ambassador remarked, was no palliative, but rather a slow poison.

So emboldened had these robbers become that there were sure indications of a plot to seize and sack the city. But Sixtus had made up his mind to employ no half-way measures and to recognize these outlaws only as criminals. With his own hand he wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany: "Aid me to root out these bandits, who, to the great injury of the people and the scandal of the Holy See, ravage the country." The existence of these brigands was one of the results of long years of feudal disorder and civil war. Guelphs and Ghibellines, the struggles of free cities with princes, and the military system of paid *condottieri*, had created a race of men who lived arms in hand. True, Guelphs and Ghibellines no longer existed, the *condottieri* were no more, and free cities and absolute tyrants of small territories had passed away. But the traditions of that period survived, and it was thought that the man exiled for crime, in be-

* "While I live," said Sixtus, "every criminal must die."

coming a bandit, only vindicated freedom against tyranny. Old rallying-cries were adopted, and with a slight amount of good-will these outlaws found it easy to persuade themselves and the peasantry, whom they always sought to conciliate, that they were simply defending some right and resisting some oppression. Wherein lay the right and existed the oppression could not of course be very satisfactorily explained.

Public opinion, unfortunately, aided this miserable sophistry by attaching only a qualified disgrace to a life of scoundrelism. A bandit was not, for the reason that he had been a robber, necessarily and for ever disqualified from re-entering society. Instances to the contrary were numerous. Ludovico Orsini, banished from Rome for an act of *vendetta*, joined the banditti, for years led their life, and was, nevertheless, afterward received into the Venetian service, and honored with the important command of Corfu.

The most formidable of the robber bands which infested the States of the Church during the reign of Gregory XIII., and which Sixtus V. had now to deal with, were those of Alphonso Piccolomini, Lambert Malatesta, and Guercino.

The history of brigandage is the same everywhere. An organized band, if successful, soon attracts the vicious element of the population, and every town and village furnishes its contingent of men of evil habits and ruined fortunes. The lawless and adventurous life of the banditti strikes the vulgar imagination. They gain the sympathy of the peasant population, to whom they appear as heroes, and who, by connivance and succor, as well as by the obstacles they contrive to throw in the way of pursuit or surprise by the authorities, make themselves in fact the allies and associates of the robbers.

From his stronghold at Pitigliano, in Tuscany, Piccolomini made raids into the Pontifical States whenever it suited him, sometimes pushing as far as the gates of Rome. On one occasion he defeated a large body of troops sent against him, and finally became so powerful that the government of Gregory XIII. had the weakness to treat with him, and make important concessions in order to purchase his inactivity.

Sixtus V. increased the number of troops, and sent them out against the band of Guercino, the most insolent and cruel of the robber chiefs. The expedition was successful, the band defeated, and Guercino killed. Meantime, the pope pushed the necessary reforms in Rome. Finding the governor of the city not sufficiently resolute for his position, he was set aside and an abler man put in his place. The most stringent orders as to the preservation of the morals and public peace of Rome were now issued, and put in force with the last severity.

Neither wealth, high birth, powerful connections, nor even the ecclesiastical character, afforded any impunity. Young men bearing the most illustrious names in Rome, the Sforza, the Orsini, and others, suffered imprisonment and degrading punishments.

For disobedience, the Cardinal Guastavillani was placed under arrest. Cardinal de Medicis remonstrated, and was answered by his holiness: "Your language surprises us. We intend to be obeyed here."

For some criminal offence, the imprisonment of a domestic of Cardinal Sforza had been ordered, but the officers of the law reported that the arrest could not be made, because the man was protected by his master. Sixtus V. sent word that, if the man was not

instantly surrendered, he would send him (the cardinal) to St. Angelo. The man was given up.

Count Attilio Braschi, of Bologna, was known to have committed the crime of parricide forty years previously. The pope ordered his arrest and trial, and he was found guilty and executed.

These and many other similar acts of energetic severity filled the Roman people with amazement and terror. They dared not openly complain, but, like true children of Marforio and Pasquin, could only give expression to their feelings by such pasquinades as the following, which was one morning found written on the noble statues of St. Peter and St. Paul which may be still admired at the entrance of the Bridge of St. Angelo:

"Why," says St. Paul to St. Peter—"why have you your travelling wallet on your back?"

"Because," replies St. Peter, "I must get away from this place, or I shall be arrested for cutting off the ear of that fellow Malchus."

Passing over numerous other instances of the bold resolution of the pope in enforcement of the law, the case of Count Pepoli may be mentioned as furnishing the last proof, if any were needed, of the undaunted firmness and unshaken courage of the new sovereign of Rome.

Count Giovanni Pepoli, of Bologna, was the head of the Pepoli family, one of the most powerful of Northern Italy. An outlawed bandit had found refuge in one of his castles. The apostolic legate demanded his surrender; Pepoli refused. An armed force was then ordered to take the man, and the attempt to carry out the order was successfully resisted by the count's retainers.

The legate then had Pepoli arrested, and the arrest was approved by the pope. The count was ordered, under pain of death and confiscation of his estates, to surrender the robber, and again refused. The Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal D'Este, both closely connected with the Pepoli, brought every possible influence to bear upon the pope in favor of the noble prisoner. Sixtus replied by reminding them that he had once before released Count Pepoli, who had been arrested under his predecessor's reign for protecting banditti, and, as this was a second offence, the law must take its course. Este immediately despatched a courier to Bologna, advising Pepoli of his danger and conjuring him to yield. But the unfortunate count not only had the imprudence to resist the papal authority, on the ground that his castle was a fief of the empire, but wrote to invoke the protection of the emperor, expressing the hope that he should soon be released from the power of "the tyrant monk." He was immediately condemned to death and executed, and his estates were confiscated. This was an act of terrible severity, but it was justice; for Pepoli was a subject of the pope, and by the law had incurred the penalty he suffered. People were not so much amazed at the extreme rigor of the sentence as at the temerity of its execution.

The timid feared that it would lead to public disturbance and civil war. There was deep muttering and some indignation among the Bolognese and even in Rome, but people knew full well with whom they had to deal, and no louder words were spoken than the harmless sarcasm of Marforio's questions and Pasquin's replies. But discreet statesmen judged matters differently. The Tuscan secretary, Babbi, wrote: "With the pope, one must not only weigh well his words, but have eyes at his fingers' ends. He is not easy to get along

with, but he does no man injustice."

The ambassador of Venice at Rome wrote to the Doge:

"It is judged that this severity will greatly benefit public tranquillity, for every one now has fair warning that he must live peaceably and obey the laws."

The fate of Pepoli caused profound sensation not only in Italy but throughout Europe.

Announcing the principle that a class is not dishonored by the punishment and degradation of those who show themselves unworthy of belonging to it, Sixtus V. had no more consideration for the ecclesiastical habit or the monk's robe on a criminal than for the gilt armor of the barons or the purple of a cardinal. And this principle was carried out with the last severity. Some religious charlatan was caught imposing upon the pious credulity of the people with pretended miracles wrought by an image of Santa Maria del Popolo. He was whipped from one end of the Corso to the other. A Franciscan convicted of several crimes was hung at the St. Angelo bridge. Two Transpontine brothers were sent to the galleys. An ecclesiastic, Don Annibal Capello, convicted, with other crimes, of being an English spy, had his tongue and right hand cut off, and was then executed on a gibbet. A mother who had sold the honor of her daughter was hung. Law and order at length ruled. The malefactor stayed his hand, and combatants could instantly be separated by the reminder of any passer-by, "Sixtus V. reigns."

VENICE AND TUSCANY PROTECT THE BANDITTI.

The action of the government of Venice greatly embarrassed Sixtus V. in his measures for the arrest and punishment of bandits.

From the earliest period of the Republic the right of asylum within its territory had been maintained. At the period we treat of no distinction was made, in the case of an exile, between ordinary crimes and political offences. But Sixtus demanded of the Venetian senate a public declaration to the effect that criminals outlawed in Rome could not receive shelter and protection within the territory of Venice, at the same time offering a similar declaration on his part as to Venetian fugitives in the Pontifical States. What he demanded was, in fact, a modern extradition treaty, and by the exercise of admirable logic and (in him) yet more admirable patience, he finally succeeded in his object. Sixtus had been assured that he might count with certainty on the co-operation of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, against the robbers, but was disappointed. Francis continued to tolerate the robbers within his territory, and toleration was impunity. Personally attached to Francis, it was repugnant to the pontiff to take measures that might alienate him, but he had a great duty to perform, and motives merely personal could not be allowed to have any weight. With admirable combination of appeal to his manhood and of distinct intimation that force, if necessary, should be used, Sixtus forced Francis to do justice. Malatesta was delivered and beheaded at Rome.

This was in the autumn of 1587. Two years and a few months previous, twenty-seven thousand armed banditti were masters of the country outside the walls of Rome. Now, not one was left.

The severities by which Sixtus repressed brigandage and disorder are perhaps repugnant to our ideas of today, but were justified by the customs

of the period and the exceptional position in which he found the territory committed to his charge. His was not the severity of a sovereign to his people. His enemies were the enemies of society; not political refugees, but men outside the pale of the law by their crimes. They were simply robbers, who arrayed themselves against law and government, demoralized the public, broke up commerce, and who were ready to become the tools of the stranger, the Protestant, or the Turk, and make themselves the instrument of the ruin of both papacy and the pope. Their life was his death, and the death of society.

Once victorious on this ground, severity disappeared.

TREASURY AND FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

On his accession, Sixtus V. found an empty treasury, and he set out with the principle of reduction of expenses and augmentation of revenue. Personally frugal and systematically economical, he brought these qualities to bear on the public finances. When he was a poor monk, he kept a memorandum-book, in which he entered all his temporal incidents, his appointments for preaching, commissions, books purchased, how they were bound, their price, and all the details of his expenditure. The memorandum-book here referred to still exists, and is in possession of the Chigi family in Rome.

At the close of the first year of his pontificate, the balance in the public treasury was a million of scudi in gold. In six months more another million was added, and yet another million by the end of the second year. Soon there were four millions and a half of specie within the walls of St. Angelo.

According to our modern ideas, this was a very poor system of finance, because the immense sum thus amassed was so much dead and useless capital drawn away from public circulation, and consequently from commerce, manufactures, and public wealth. In the year 1870, such simplicity provokes the smile of the unthinking, and modern writers have severely criticised the really able financial system of Sixtus V. from their own modern standpoint. But their criticism is unenlightened and flippant. When we look at the subject from the proper point of view—that is to say, the contemporary—the system was reasonable and even wise. Finance was not then reduced to a science. The wisest financier or statesman of that day was profoundly ignorant of the fact that national wealth increases proportionally with the circulation of capital, which creates new values, quickens and sustains public activity, and, properly administered, spreads its benefits among all classes of the population. But circulation of capital implies *credit*, and credit at that period scarcely existed. Money could then only be borrowed on the most onerous conditions, and at a moment of political complications would not be lent at any price—that is to say, it could not be obtained precisely at the moment when governments most needed it.

In all Europe there were at that time but two banks—those of Venice and Genoa; and these banks opened no credits. Their operations were strictly confined to the facilitation of the commercial transactions of those who deposited with them. Hence the necessity that a government should have a treasury for the moment of need, just as it had a granary for the eventuality of famine.

The hoarded treasury of Sixtus V. was thus a necessity, and an intelligent one.

AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE

also received his enlightened attention and encouragement. While all his energies appeared to be concentrated on the extirpation of the warlike brigands, he was then deeply preoccupied with the triumphs of peace. He undertook to drain the great swamp of Orvieto and the Pontine Marshes, and cut across the latter the *fiume Sisto* (river Sixtus), up to that time the most effectual attempt at drainage that had been made.

He encouraged the establishment of silk manufactories, and for that purpose accorded large privileges to Peter of Valencia, a Roman citizen, and to a Jew named Main. Ranke relates that he commanded that mulberry-trees should be planted throughout the States of the Church in all gardens and vineyards, in every field and wood, over all hills, and in every valley; wherever no corn was grown, these trees were to find place; for it was ordered that five of them should be planted on every *rubbio* of land, and the communes were threatened with heavy fines in case of neglect.

The woollen manufactures, also, he sought earnestly to promote, "in order," as he says, "that the poor may have some means of earning their bread." To the first person who undertook this business he advanced funds from the treasury, accepting a certain number of pieces of cloth in return.

Sixtus accorded the Jews of the Ghetto many facilities, and positively forbade the perpetration of the insults to which they were subjected if seen out of their quarter. The order was no idle warning, and astounded Rome actually saw Christians whipped on the Corso for insulting a Jew! It would have been to the credit of Christianity if other sovereigns, both Catholic and Protestant, had followed the example of Sixtus V.

ECCLESIASTICAL ADMINISTRATION.

Human ability and effort have their limits, and it might be supposed that even extraordinary mental and physical endurance could be capable of effecting no more than Sixtus V. achieved in the gigantic temporal labors of which we have here given but a mere sketch.

But this was not the measure of the ability of this wonderful man. It is above all things in the reorganization of the ecclesiastical administration of the Holy See that the wisdom and foresight of Sixtus V. shine with the highest lustre. His celebrated bull, *Immensa æterna Dei*, the production of his own pen, would alone suffice to preserve his name among the greatest of pontiffs; and almost as much may be said of the bull, *Postquam verus ille*, fixing the number of cardinals at seventy—a provision never since departed from.

The personal participation of Sixtus V. in the revision of the Vulgate edition of the Scriptures was at one time the subject of long controversies with Protestant theologians. These controversies are fully described in Tempesti's *Life of Sixtus V.* Baron Hübner cites from the archives of Venice a despatch of the Venetian ambassador (Badoer) at Rome, which gives us an authentic statement as to the share of Sixtus in that great work, and in the words of his holiness himself. It should be premised that the revision of the Vulgate decreed by the Council of Trent had been entrusted by Pius IV. to a convocation of cardinals, was continued under Pius V., suspended under Gregory XIII., but recommenced by Sixtus V., who gave it his personal attention and, aided

by Father Toledo * and other learned religious, labored upon it with so much success that the beginning was sent to press during the last year of his life.†

Walking one day in his vineyard with the ambassador—so runs Badoer's despatch of June 3, 1589—he related to him that, notwithstanding the dispositions of the council, the revision had not been sufficiently forwarded; that he had charged several cardinals with the labor, and finding they did not advance with sufficient speed, he went to work at it himself; that his labor was nearly complete, having reached the Apocalypse; and that the Book of Wisdom was then in press. He added that when the ambassador was announced he was then occupied with it, and that it had grown to be a labor of love with him; "that his method was to transmit the revision as soon as he had completed it page by page to Father Toledo and some Augustine fathers learned in the Scriptures, who revised his work and sent it to the printer."

ST. PETER'S, THE OBELISK, AND THE AQUEDUCT.

But none of the great qualities and triumphs of Sixtus V. so much impressed his contemporaries and posterity as the immense mass of architectural constructions with which he endowed and embellished the city of Rome. What he accomplished within the short period of a five years' reign was, in the opinion of that day, something verging on the supernatural. Men of reflection could comprehend the possibility of executing these works within that period if they had been conceived, planned, and arranged for years beforehand; but for them, too, the conception, maturity, and realization of these bold projects, amid so many engrossing occupations, appeared nothing less than miraculous.

The truth is that there was no more of miracle in what excited the wonder of men, than the result of the combination of genius and a powerful will.

In his long years of retirement, Cardinal Montalto had studied Rome and its surroundings, saw the ameliorations sorely needed, reflected upon the means of attaining them, and gradually matured the projects he afterwards put in execution. When in his carriage he descended the Esquiline Hill, and only reached St. Peter's after a hundred turnings and windings by rough and broken ways, he had already mentally traced the direction and lines of long avenues absolutely necessary to render the great basilicas of Rome accessible. When, in passing by, he saw the obelisk of Nero half-buried in the earth, he recalled the desire expressed by so many of his predecessors to disinter and elevate it permanently in front of St. Peter's. When told it was impossible, he said nothing, but a slight smile of disdain passed over his features.

Returning to his vineyard through large tracts of deserted land—deserted because there was no water—he could see from his windows the Latin mountains full of living springs of pure water. Long aqueducts formerly brought these waters to Rome, but they had fallen to ruin, and no one thought of repairing or replacing them. Why could not these waters again be brought to

* "Cet homme très rare," says Montaigne, "en profondeur de savoir, en pertinence et disposition."

† The work was only terminated during the pontificate of Clement VIII. under the title: *Biblia sacra Vulgatæ editionis Sixti V. pont. max. jussu, recognita et Clementis VIII. auctoritate edita.*

Rome? Impossible! he was told. There is no money to do it with, and, moreover, the country belongs to the brigands. Impossibility was the ready objection everywhere met with.

The work on St. Peter's had been continued almost without interruption since the pontificate of Julius II. Bramante's pillars, erected to support the cupola, already required staying and strengthening. After the death of Michael Angelo, the gallery had been built on his designs. But the cupola? The risk and expense of completing it alarmed every one. The cost was estimated at a million golden crowns, and the time requisite at not less than ten years. Public opinion began to settle down resignedly to the certainty that St. Peter's would never be completed.

All these questions, the necessity of new streets, the absolute need of water, the completion of the cupola, the raising of the obelisk, were to some extent subjects of Roman remark and discussion, with but barren result.

When Cardinal Montalto began the construction of his little villa, he employed a journeyman stone-mason, recently arrived in Rome, from his mountain home near Como, who sadly needed work. The young mechanic was grateful for the patronage and kindness he received, and when the cardinal's limited means became yet more contracted by the withdrawal of the small pension accorded by Pius IV., the mason insisted on continuing the work with his small savings. This young mechanic was the afterwards celebrated engineer, Domenico Fontana. He soon gave evidence of capacity beyond his station, and, aided and encouraged by his patron, applied himself in his intervals of labor to the study of the higher branches of his art. With Fontana the cardinal would for long hours discuss all these questions touching the improvement of Rome, proposing plans, and prolonging consultations as to the best method of carrying them out.

Thus it was that when he became pope he had nothing to learn, nothing to discuss concerning them. The preliminary arrangements were completed, his plans were perfected, and nothing remained but to give orders for their execution.

Remarkably enough, all these great projects became accomplished facts. The elevation of the obelisk before St. Peter's was the event of the day for all Europe, although in point of fact it was not so great a work as the completion of the dome, nor a greater than that of piercing Rome with two grand arteries, one of which was two and a half miles long, nor than that of furnishing the city with an abundant supply of fresh water. In five years Sixtus accomplished what for fifty years had been declared impossible. None of these triumphs so forcibly impressed the imagination of the Roman people as the removal of the obelisk. Paul III. had conceived the project of raising it. He consulted Michael Angelo, Antonio de Sangallo, and the first architects of the epoch, who unanimously declared it impracticable. Their decision was final, and the idea was abandoned.

But Sixtus V. had satisfied himself that the immense Egyptian stone monument could be raised, and was determined that it should be. Four months after his accession he committed the project to the consideration of a commission. Plans were called for and received from every part of Italy, and even Sicily and Greece.

That of Fontana was adopted, but as objection was made to the youth

of the architect, the commission decided that its execution should be confided to two distinguished Florentine architects. Fontana remonstrated and complained to the pope. No one, he said, can better execute a plan than its originator, for no one else can adequately grasp his whole project. Sixtus was struck with the justice of his protest, and confided the task to his former mason. Rome was scandalized, and failure predicted. The task to be accomplished was to raise the enormous mass of stone from where it stood erect and half buried in the earth, place it on a sled or platform, transport it to the centre of the place, and there elevate it on a pedestal. The boldness of the undertaking excited an admiration which was increased by the grandeur of the preparations, and the rapidity with which they were pushed on.

The requisite iron machinery weighed 40,000 pounds, and employed all the foundries of Rome, Subiaco, and Ronciglione. The Nettuno pine forests furnished beams of enormous size, each one requiring a draught of fourteen oxen. Commenced in October, the preparations were completed by the following 7th of May.

The first portion of the task—the raising of the obelisk and placing it on the sled, was the most difficult. An immense crowd assembled to see it. All the cardinals, prelates, and nobility of Rome were present. An edict of the governor of the city prescribed absolute silence—a precaution essentially necessary in order that the large bodies of laborers should distinctly hear the orders given. Fontana began his day's eventful work by asking the blessing of his holiness, and the story is commonly related that, when it was given, Sixtus encouraged him by the assurance that his head should be cut off if he failed, and that Fontana, frightened at the threat, placed horses ready saddled at all the gates of Rome. Further—so runs the amusing legend—a large number of scaffolds were erected facing the spectators, with headsmen upon them ready for work. These fables were all invented long after the death of Sixtus V., and were all of the manufacture of Gregorio Leti.

With the aid of an immense number of horses and nine hundred men, the work rapidly advanced amid profound silence. Suddenly this silence was broken by a shrill voice crying out—"Wet the ropes." Smoke had been perceived issuing from them, and they were about to take fire when the timely warning came. Protestant English literature has long credited "an English sailor" with the warning. An Englishman not an ecclesiastic was a rare visitor in Rome at that time, and the idea of a common English sailor drifting about the interior of Italy in the days of the *lucus a non lucendo* Virgin Queen, is simply absurd. English sailors were not then so very numerous, and Queen Elizabeth needed them all in her piratical ventures with Drake and her profitable commercial transactions with Hawkins in the African slave trade. The English sailor is here a myth. The true history of the rope-wetting is matter of record. The warning cry was uttered by a Genoese woman named Bresca, whose presence of mind was equalled by her courage, for the threatened penalty of breaking silence was death. As a recompense for her timely warning, she obtained for herself and her descendants the privilege of furnishing the palms used at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, and her family preserve the monopoly to this day.

By the 13th of June, the raising

and removal were safely effected, and the obelisk was laid horizontally in the centre of the place. The work of elevating it was postponed on account of the summer heats until the 10th September following. On that day it was commenced before daybreak, and the rays of the setting sun gilded the obelisk of Nero on the spot where we now see it.

Near Palestrina and twenty miles southwest of Rome, there was a large and abundant spring of water on the lands of Marzio Colonna. Sixtus spent five days in examining it and in visiting the neighborhood, and purchased the spring for the sum of 25,000 crowns. Fontana was immediately set to work on the aqueduct which to this day supplies Rome.

This was done, as Sixtus himself said, "that these hills, adorned in early Christian times with basilicas, renowned for the salubrity of the air, the pleasantness of their situations, and the beauty of their prospects, might again become inhabited by man. Therefore we have suffered ourselves to be alarmed by no difficulty, and deterred by no cost." Well might he call the fountain that gave forth its happy stream *Aqua Felice*.

Meantime, the grand avenues opening communication across Rome were pursued with activity, and woe to vineyards, houses, churches, or monuments of antiquity that came in their way; they were pitilessly swept off. As usual in such cases, there was loud discontent, and we find the echo of contemporaneous complaint, in a letter written by Monsignore Gerino to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. He concludes by saying that "not only architects and intelligent men, but the Sacred College itself, protests, and Castle St Angelo is the only gainer, for his holiness fills it with gold in exchange for stones."

The grand arteries spoken of traversed the least inhabited and most hilly part of Rome. Houses and palaces soon sprang up on their line (among the last that of the Mattei, still standing), and a carriage could now go in a straight line from Trinitá de' Monti to Santa Maria Maggiore, thence to the Place St. Mark, from the St. Laurent gate to Sta. Maria Maggiore and to the Baths of Diocletian, from the Lateran to the Coliseum, and from the Salara gate to the Strada Pia. Heavy grading facilitated the access to Santa Maria Maggiore, and the long avenue connecting it with St. John Lateran was elevated. The heretofore valueless land in the quarters was now sold at good prices, and represented the "stones exchanged for gold."

In our day we have seen greater works, but if their impulsion came from the government it was by means of credit, speculation, and capital seeking investment that they were executed. This was not possible in the time of Sixtus. He alone conceived, planned, directed, and paid for them. When we consider that the mechanical sciences were then in their infancy, that such a motive power as steam was undreamt of, that means of transport were rude and ineffective, and that, so far from having railways, even passable roads were rare, we need not be surprised that all Europe then wondered in admiration at what this aged pope had effected. Volumes have been filled with descriptions of the grand works and noble monuments of Sixtus V. We have not space here for their mere enumeration. Shortly after the death of Sixtus, the renowned Benedictine abbot, Don Angelo Grillo, returned to Rome after an absence of ten years, and wrote to a friend:

"I am in Rome, but I hardly recognize it. Everything appears new to me. Were I a poet, I should say that, at the imperious sound of the trumpet of this magnanimous pontiff, the resuscitated remains of the vast body of ancient Rome, scattered and buried in the Latin Campagna, had answered his call,* and, thanks to his fervent spirit, a new Rome had arisen from its ashes."

THE STATESMAN.

As to the tests of talent, originality, strength of will, and mental power, all that we have thus far recounted of this great pontiff falls into insignificance when we contemplate his political labors and responsibilities, for the politics of that day were intimately connected in all their ramifications with the safety of the church and the preservation of the faith. Among the contemporaries of the pope were Philip II. of Spain, Henry III., the League, and Henry IV. of France, and Elizabeth of England. It was the period of the assassination of the Duke and the Cardinal of Guise, of the murder of Mary Stuart with mockery of judicial form, of the martyrdom of a band of noble young English priests, and of the Spanish Armada. War, revolution, and anarchy were everywhere. The pope was still the father of the faithful. In all their troubles, they turned to him for counsel and succor, and he looked upon Protestants as heretics who might yet be reclaimed. Political ambition he always refused to aid, and any nation imposed upon by a powerful neighbor always found in him a friend. No modern statesman ever had a clearer idea of the necessity of a balance of power than Sixtus V. "The great Christian princes," he said, "have each need of a counterpoise, for, if one of them should get the upper hand, all the others would run the risk of being imposed upon." On his accession, it was supposed that the old friar, totally ignorant of diplomacy and public affairs, could be easily managed. Those who thought so found themselves grievously mistaken, and among them none more than Olivarez, the Spanish ambassador, who had spent his life as a diplomat. The old friar was more than a match for them all.

In his development—with the aid of valuable official correspondence, now first brought to light—of the political complications of that eventful period, Baron Hübner has made an admirable contribution to historical science, the more so as he strictly follows the scientific and conscientious method of basing his statements exclusively upon well-authenticated contemporaneous documents, leaving fiction for writers of romance.

Our limits will not, of course, permit us to follow Sixtus V. through these labors. It would be giving the history of Europe at that day. Baron Hübner admirably traces the end of his pontificate in these few lines. "Sixtus V. came out victorious. His stand was taken. People appreciate him. The papacy shall not be made the instrument of political ambitions. Neither to Philip nor to the League will the pontiff lend the treasures of St. Angelo nor the thunders of the Vatican. They shall serve only the cause of religion, which is at the same time and always the cause of society. The equilibrium of Europe shall be maintained. Such is the issue of the crisis which for eighteen months has held every one in suspense. It is Sixtus's last word. His task is accomplished. He is ready to die."*

* Of the twelve obelisks now in Rome, the first four, namely, those at St. Peter's, the Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Piazza del Popolo, were erected by Sixtus V.

* Pope Sixtus V. expired August 27, 1590.

In summing up the character of this noble pontiff, the *Edinburgh Review* is of opinion that "impartial history must determine that Sixtus V. was a great pope, and that, on a consideration of the whole results of his pontificate, posterity owes him a debt of gratitude."

THE BELL OF THE WANDERERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"At a short distance from the village of Sart, amid the surrounding moors, stood a hospital, founded for the relief of travellers who had had the misfortune to lose their way or to be overtaken by night in that foggy and desolate region where so many persons have perished during winter, for want of assistance.

"Every day, toward nightfall, a bell was rung, in order that those within hearing might be guided by its sound toward that charitable refuge. There they were carefully furnished with everything necessary. That bell was likewise rung occasionally during the day, when the air was obscured either by the driving snow or by the thick fogs which are so frequent in those parts.

"That foundation is attributed to a very wealthy merchant of Sart, who . . ."

I suddenly stopped on reading this passage from the good old historian of Verviers, Remacleus de Trooz. In fact, it reminded me that there was a portion of the Ardennes which I had not as yet fully explored; namely, the eastern part of the ancient marquisate of Franchimont, which contains pretty villages, vestiges of former industry, forests, and vast moors broken by a number of valleys watered by charming little streams, one of which, the Hoëgue, is the most curious river of the land, because of its high banks, its wild scenery, and especially by reason of the numerous cascades which it forms by leaping down a series of elevated steps. I therefore resolved to set out at once in that direction, and to collect, upon the spot itself, all the desired information regarding the species of Little St. Bernard of which there was question in the lines quoted at the opening of my story.

I started one fine morning from Verviers, and soon reached the village of Sternbert, memorable for the battle gained in 1678 over the German army commanded by the Count of Salm, to which is attached an amusing legend. During the action, a crowd of females, uneasy regarding the fate of their husbands, their fathers, and their brothers, had grouped together in a spot whence they could see all without being seen themselves. But a troop of fugitive Germans, closely pressed, passing near, seized them and placed them behind upon their saddles, so that their pursuers dared not fire upon them. Most of these unwilling Amazons returned shortly after, others later; some never reappeared.

A mile further across a forest brought me to Jalhay, a large village which owes its name (frost) to the excessive cold felt there during the winter. The inhabitants are, notwithstanding, very hot-blooded and of an exceedingly belligerent nature, as is attested by various documents preserved among the archives setting forth the numerous privileges they have gained for various services ren-

dered their sovereigns under diverse circumstances. Comines describes them as "a nation of capital fighters;" and Olivier de la Marche as "strong and robust men, difficult to conquer." There I visited a famous mill the proprietor of which was formerly subjected to a singular presentation. He was obliged to give every year, on March 17, the Feast of St. Gertrude, to the justiciaries of the neighborhood, a dinner, the bill of fare being specified in an act dating back several centuries. The absence of a single dish involved the obligation of repeating the banquet within the week. Therefore, the guests were required, on rising from table, to sign a discharge in full. The mayor alone had the right of drinking wine; furthermore, he could bring with him his wife, his man-servant, and two *white* harriers. Why that color, I cannot tell.

"Since you are in search of antiquities," I was told upon quitting Jalhay, "do not fail to visit the *Table of the Four Sovereigns*." The stone in question, now considerably worn, has a large square surface, supported by three thick blocks of quartz, precisely like a dolmen. The manner in which it lay placed its four corners in the provinces of Liege, Luxemburg, Limburg, and Stavelot. The legend attached to it purports that the sovereigns of these countries met there under a tent, at certain times, and dined fraternally, each seated upon his own territory. It is added that the meal was always of game slain by their princely hands.

I finally reached Sart, a village dating from the fifteenth century, the history of which is a veritable martyrology: four times annihilated, it has always, like the phœnix, arisen from its ashes: "Fate of iron, soil of iron, heads of iron," says a local proverb.

But I constantly kept in view the aim of my pilgrimage in visiting the marquisate of Franchimont, namely, to trace out the legend alluded to by Remacleus de Trooz, and I eagerly sought information. I found an old game-keeper who willingly served as my guide, and who, from his fifty years' experience of those forests and moors, was well qualified for that office.

We ascended the Hoëgue, which we left at the spot where it forms an angle toward the north-east. After walking rather more than half a league through an apparently endless moor, my conductor pointed out an old stone cross surrounded by rubbish, and said to me:

"Thence sounded the Bell of the Wanderers, and there was the scene of the marvellous and terrible events which you are about to hear."

I.

About two hundred and fifty years since, there dwelt in the village of Sart one Gerard Helman, who carried on an extensive iron business, which obliged him frequently to absent himself from home. He had married the previous year a young girl from Theux, to whom he was devotedly attached. His wife was about rendering him a father, when an important business affair summoned him to a distant part of the province. He would have greatly preferred not to make the journey, as it was then the month of January; the cold was extremely bitter, a dense snow covered the ground, and occasionally whirled about in blinding eddies. It was actually dangerous to travel at such times. Probably he could not defer so doing, for he started one morning on horseback. He intended returning the next day but one, but he was detained two days longer than he had purposed. Dur-

ing that interval, the weather, far from clearing up, had become much worse, and he was entreated to delay his departure. The desire of rejoining his wife, however, induced him to brave everything to return homeward.

Behold him once more *en route*, having to make a journey of six leagues across a solitary waste, a trackless moor, presenting nothing to the eye save an immense plain covered with snow hardened by the icy north-wind. He, however, took confidence in the thought that he had very frequently, at all seasons of the year, made the same journey without the slightest mishap, and he relied upon his steed, his warm cloak, upon the weapons wherewith he had provided himself, and his knowledge of the country, to arrive safe and sound at his destination. This was great presumption; for, even in our own day, we should pity the imprudent traveller who ventures to wander about the country during winter, losing sight of the main road bordered with trees to serve as a landmark. There are plenty of crosses around us which are sufficiently eloquent upon the subject, and fresh memorials are planted yearly.

Helman journeyed all the day without meeting with either habitation or guide-post. He felt, however, quite certain that he had followed the direct road. Night closed in with a sky dark as a death-pall, the earth white as a winding-sheet, and everywhere a most lugubrious silence, interrupted only by some sudden wind-squall or by the howling of the famished wolves.

To crown his misfortune, the ground, thitherto uniform, suddenly became uneven. His horse stumbled and fell. The man arose unhurt, but the poor beast was helpless, for it had broken its leg.

Gerard felt deeply grieved to be forced to abandon to his fate his old travelling companion, who looked imploringly at him, licking his hand and neighing mournfully, as if entreating him not to leave him to so miserable a death. After caressing him, speaking to him as if the animal could understand what he said, and promising to return at any risk in search of him once he should have found a human dwelling, the traveller summoned courage and resumed his journey.

He walked for several hours longer without meeting a vestige of life. Exhausted with fatigue, and stiffened with cold, he halted, with a feeling of bitter discouragement.

To his great surprise, he perceived at a short distance a dark mass lying upon the ground. He made a great effort to approach it, and when the poor wanderer reached the mysterious object, the form of which had been undistinguishable from afar, he was spell-bound to find himself before his horse, stretched out at full length upon the ground and stone-dead.

He at first fancied that the unfortunate animal had succeeded in moving and had followed him unperceived; but he quickly realized that he had not changed his place, so that he himself had merely made a circle and returned to his point of departure.

Utter despair took possession of him and he resolved to remain there until daylight. He therefore laid himself upon the body of his horse, which still retained some little warmth; but he felt that the cold which had stiffened his extremities was gradually invading his entire being. Realizing that the approaching stupor would be fatal to him, he thought it best to walk about.

After a few steps, he found it impossible to go further. His feelings were such as cannot well be expressed. Death was before him in its

most terrible form. To increase his misery, the picture of his past happiness presented itself to his mind: he fancied himself once more beside his young wife in his warm, comfortable home: he even saw himself the father of a fair little babe, who smilingly held out his arms to him.

But now other ideas presented themselves and changed the current of his thoughts.

II.

Glancing over the vast and silent desert which surrounded him, Gerard Helman asked himself why it was that no charitable soul had ever thought of establishing therein a refuge for lost travellers—a tower with a light to serve as a beacon, and a bell to inform them that there was a living being.

Suddenly a thought struck him: raising his benumbed hands toward heaven, he vowed to God to consecrate the half of his fortune to a foundation of that nature, should he succeed in escaping from the threatened danger.

Scarcely had he uttered his promise when he perceived in the distance a light similar to a will-o'-the-wisp.

Can that be an *ignis-fatuus*, thought he, or is it a lamp lighting some neighboring dwelling?

Just then the sound of a bell struck his ear.

He fancied it a deception of his senses, and listened more attentively: he had not been mistaken, and the sound of the bell even reminded him of that of his own village.

Safety was therefore not very far distant; but the thought served only to sadden him, since the paralysis of his limbs had been all the time increasing. Was that light merely to illumine his death-agony? Was that sound to be his passing-bell? Under the influence of these terrible reflections, he made a final attempt to move.

To his great astonishment, he felt the sense of numbness gradually diminish; he advanced further and further, with increasing ease.

The light continued to shine before him with increasing brilliancy; the bell did not cease tolling. Finally, he reached a deep ravine, from the bottom of which arose a low murmur. Certainly—there could be no doubt—he was on the banks of the Hoëgue, at a spot familiar to him; he knew now where he was—he was saved! The light immediately disappeared, and the bell ceased to sound, but a faint glimmering appeared in the east, and announced the near approach of day.

An hour afterward, the honest merchant stood before the door of his own dwelling. To his great surprise he heard, inside, a confused noise of steps, and a sound of strange voices mingled with wailings. Agitated and troubled, he knocked loudly, pushed by the servant who opened the door, and rushed to his wife's room.

He found her in bed, holding in her arms a little infant born during that very night wherein his father had so narrowly escaped death.

Gerard's first thought was to ask why the village bell had rung so long during the night. His wife and his domestics answered him that they had heard nothing, although they had all been awake. The next day he questioned many of the villagers: no one understood to what he referred. However, it was impossible for him to doubt of the fact: his ears still retained the remembrance of the sound which had guided his steps, and which had been familiar to him from childhood. He was forced to believe that Heaven had performed a miracle in his favor, to reward him for

his vow and to impress it firmly upon his memory.

Immediately after he had recovered from his fatigue, he set out one morning, accompanied by several persons, in search of the place where the prodigy had taken place. The body of his horse was to serve as his landmark. He finally found it, although it had been partly devoured by the wolves.

Once the season permitted, materials were transported to the spot fixed upon; numbers of workmen were employed; and in less than a month the solitary waste was embellished with a solid yet elegant structure, a portion of which formed a small chapel, surmounted by a tower containing an excellent bell, which could be heard for several leagues around, on that high land where the air is so rarefied.

But that was but the beginning of the work. To whom should he confide the mission of completing it? Where was the soul sufficiently detached from the world, or so filled with love of his neighbor, as to consent to dwell in that frightful solitude, and to pass without sleep the long nights of winter, in the sole occupation of disputing with death the harvest of victims which he gathered there yearly? He realized that religion alone could inspire such devotion, and he sought among those consecrated exclusively to the service of God for the one destined to serve the new asylum which he intended opening to charity. He found him at the hospital for travellers at Verviers, in the person of Father Hadelin, who had a great reputation for sanctity.

The good monk, therefore, was installed in the Helman refuge, having for company only two strong dogs, imported at great expense from the Alps, where they had been trained to the duties which they would have to perform.

The author here remembers that he stopped short in the midst of a quotation from Remacleus de Trooz. He will now complete the unfinished passage:

"That foundation is attributed to a very wealthy merchant of Sart, who, having lost his way during a snow-storm in those desert wilds, is said to have escaped death miraculously, in consequence of a vow which he made at the moment of greatest danger to build a refuge for the succor of travellers, should his life be saved. How many useful things are due to similar vows!" (*History of the Marquisate of Franchimont*, p. 56.)

III.

To depict the manner of life which Father Hadelin led during winter in that scene of desolation, to enumerate the services which he rendered, would be to enter into interminable details. At nightfall, the tower was lighted, the bell rung at short intervals, the dogs were unchained; not once were any of these precautions neglected.

It would be difficult to give the number of poor wretches saved from certain death. When they arrived, exhausted by fatigue, frozen with cold and sometimes half-dead, they were sure to find a good fire, a warm bed, comfortable meals, encouraging words, and active, helpful care. Therefore the holy man was an object of veneration throughout the whole country, and popular belief had encircled his brow with the aureola of the heroes of faith and of humanity. They came from afar to consult him upon maladies both of soul and of body. In short, the humble chapel, dedicated to St. Julian the Pauper, became during fine weather a place of regular pilgri-

mage for all persons whose professions obliged them to frequent journeys.

This state of things had long existed, thanks to the munificence of Gerard Helman, who, become a widower, divided his solicitude between his only son, Godfrey, and the charitable establishment which he had founded. The merchant of Sart had reached a good old age, and Father Hadelin was by no means young, when the Little St. Bernard des Fauges, as it was designated by some people, was the scene of a curious occurrence, witnessed by an inhabitant of Baronheid, which gave rise to conjectures and even to fears for the life of the solitary.

Early one night, when the weather was excessively stormy, a voice sounded without. The door was immediately opened, and a tall, spare man, very well dressed, demanded hospitality in a rather sharp tone, and without raising his broad-rimmed hat.

The hermit welcomed him with his usual kindness, gave him his own seat near the fire, and began preparations for his supper. The dogs, who should have gone out to make their rounds, seemed unwilling to leave the room, and growled in a threatening manner, quite different from their customary caressing attitude toward travellers.

The good monk closely scrutinized his guest, whose face bespoke constraint; then, as if suddenly inspired, he abruptly raised the curtain which concealed the entrance into the chapel, and invited the stranger to enter.

The latter rose, but instead of following him hurried to the door, uttering menaces and blasphemies, and withdrew with rapid steps, in spite of the snow, which fell in thick flakes, and the wind, which howled in a fearful manner

IV.

Several days had elapsed since the strange occurrence just related when Father Hadelin was informed that the merchant was dying and desired his immediate presence. He was received at the house by Godfrey, who was pursuing his studies in one of the German cities, but had returned home on account of his father's illness. The transformation which had taken place in the young man was nowise in his favor; his dress was fastidiously elegant; his language, his bearing, and his manners evinced that presumption which mars the best qualities of youth.

After a prolonged interview with the hermit, the dying man summoned his son to his bedside. Then, after reminding him of the circumstances under which he had founded the refuge on the moor, and the services which that institution had rendered, he said to Godfrey:

"I could perpetuate my foundation by means of certain legal measures, and thus secure it against the capricious will of men; but that would be depriving you of merit which I wish you to gain, that Heaven may reward you accordingly. You must, therefore, promise me to maintain it always upon the footing whereon I have established it, so long as Father Hadelin shall live, and to neglect no means of worthily replacing him when God shall see fit to call him to himself. If you have children, you will repeat to them the directions I give you; should you die childless, you will take proper measures to ensure the existence of an establishment which will be a source of honor to our family, and will call down upon it the blessings of heaven."

Godfrey swore punctually to observe his father's wishes.

Shortly after, Gerard Helman peacefully expired. Toward midnight, as the hermit and the young student were praying beside the death-bed, the door opened gently, and footsteps were heard. The old man turned his head, and what was his surprise to see the stranger who had lately presented himself at the refuge, and had behaved in so singular a manner. The latter immediately retired, after making a sign to the young man, who suddenly rose and followed him.

An hour after, Godfrey reappeared; his reeling step, his flushed features, his wandering eyes, showed that he had drunk deeply, and he quickly fell asleep. When he awoke, the monk called him into an adjoining room, and enquired the name of the person who had come to summon him from his filial duty to plunge him into doubly culpable drunkenness. He answered that he was one of his best friends, a German gentleman named Reinhold Rauhhart, who belonged to the city where he was pursuing his studies. He greatly lauded the learning, the character, the virtues of the stranger, and especially his devotion toward him, Godfrey; he added that, in inviting him to drink, his friend had had a praiseworthy motive, that of "drowning his grief." At these words, the aged man fixed his piercing eyes upon the youth, shook his head, and departed without uttering a word.

V.

The next day the funeral of Gerard Helman took place, at which an immense crowd assisted. Godfrey walked beside Reinhold; but the latter, upon reaching the door of the church, stopped to decipher the inscriptions upon the tombstones, and awaited in the cemetery the reappearance of the procession.

Gerard, besides a large fortune, had bequeathed to his son a most flourishing business. Great therefore was the general surprise when it was made known that the latter had determined to retire from trade, and live upon his income. He expended large sums in transforming the paternal mansion into a species of chateau, wherein he led a life of pleasure and dissipation, under the direction of Reinhold, who appeared to be the real master of the house. At the approach of winter the two friends quitted the town of Sart for one of the large cities. Wise men sighed over Godfrey's conduct, and predicted an evil end for the young madman.

Indignation was at its height when it was discovered that, at several different times, Father Hadelin had been forced to repair to young Helman, not only to reprove him for his scandalous manner of life, but to remind him of the promise made to his dying father. In fact, he had utterly neglected to provide the hermit with the means necessary to enable him to perform his duties. One day, even, he had been heard to say publicly:

"That refuge costs me my very eyes; the time will come when I shall decline to provide for it. My father may have had some reason for doing so; he believed in that silly vision, but I do not believe in it, and I do not see why I should exhaust my purse to keep up a monument of superstition for the benefit of people who are nothing to me."

"But your oath!" he was answered.

"Bah! it amounts to nothing in my eyes. One might swear under similar circumstances to drink all the

water in the Hoëgue. Must he therefore do so?"

Although Godfrey was deemed capable of many things, no one seriously believed his abominable threats. They were, however, quickly carried into effect.

At the approach of the following winter, Father Hadelin was seen going through the neighboring villages, a staff in his hand and a wallet upon his shoulders. He told the people that, Godfrey having signified that he would give him no more assistance, he was forced to have recourse to begging to provide for the needs of the refuge.

He made quite a satisfactory collection, and the bad season passed very much like the preceding ones. But in the month of February of 1651, a French officer, the Count of Grandpré, commanding a body of horse, committed frightful depredations in that part of the country. The village of Sart, amongst others, was pillaged and burned. The misery resulting therefrom was so great that the good monk collected almost nothing on his second round. He once more made a touching appeal to Godfrey, who pitilessly drove him off.

The winter meanwhile promised to be terrible. From the end of November a deep fall of snow covered the ground, and so much fell during the following months that the country was overspread to the average depth of eight feet. It had become impossible to cross the moor, and the refuge was utterly unapproachable. Some charitable souls were greatly concerned as to the fate of Father Hadelin. Remembering the small sum he had collected in money, provisions, oil, and firewood, they were in doubt if he had got together even sufficient to provide for his own wants, and for the nourishment of the two dogs which had succeeded to the former pair and walked worthily in the traces of their predecessors. However, as they occasionally heard the sound of the Wanderers' Bell, they felt somewhat reassured.

But an entire week passed, and the silvery metal remained silent. Then uneasiness became general, and several courageous men resolved, at any risk, to repair to the Helman refuge. They reached there after the most heroic efforts, through drifts of snow which formed alternate hills and valleys, where they were in danger of being buried. It surrounded the building in such quantities that the tower alone remained visible. They shouted; no voice answered; but deep howlings greeted their ears. They cleared a passage, and succeeded in reaching the door, which they opened, filled with gloomy forebodings.

There, a sad spectacle met their eyes; before the hearth containing a few cold ashes sat the noble old man, motionless and frozen; beside him, looking at him with humid eyes and licking his hands, were the two dogs, reduced almost to skeletons.

The house presented an aspect of the utmost destitution. There was not the slightest vestige of provision or fuel; so that it was nowise doubtful that Father Hadelin, buried in that living tomb, had died of cold and hunger. Upon a table beside him lay a prayer-book and a paper, on which were some nearly illegible characters. The martyr of charity had written that he died praying for the son of Gerard Helman—for the poor misguided soul whom all should pity and not curse.

VI.

TEN years had elapsed since that sad event, which caused a great out-

cry in the marquisate of Franchimont and even in the neighboring provinces.

All expected that Godfrey, seized with remorse, would hasten to seek a substitute for Father Hadelin, and would largely endow the refuge, were it only to redeem himself in public opinion. At first, under the impression made upon him, as upon everybody else, by the fearful death of the solitary, he seemed to have the most generous intentions. About this time, however, he received a visit from Reinhold, and not only did he change his mind, but the hermit of Farnière-en-Salm having offered to support the refuge by means of private resources, he rejected his proposition, declaring that he would never permit any one to dwell in a building which he wished to see destroyed and nevermore to hear its name mentioned.

That guilty desire was at last realized: the refuge, completely abandoned, fell into ruin, and served as an asylum for wild beasts and malefactors.

Godfrey's fortune followed the same bent, and those who were acquainted with his affairs pronounced him nearly ruined, although he continued to indulge in every species of prodigality, especially at the times when Reinhold, after a longer or shorter absence, came to resume his inexplicable empire over him.

Young Helman, after having sold his last remaining possessions, disappeared once again with the money which he had thus obtained. Another year passed without tidings of him, when the village notary received a letter from Godfrey, directing him to sell at auction the final remnant of the inheritance left him by his father—the house in which he was born! He announced, at the same time, his approaching return. In fact, the next day but one a peasant of Sart met him at Malmedy with his sinister companion.

All were therefore greatly surprised when, upon the day fixed for the sale, he was not to be found. As the weather was very stormy, they attributed his absence to that cause, and awaited his arrival. However, two months passed away without bringing any tidings.

In the month of April, after the melting of the snow, a shepherd one day sought shelter amid the ruins of the old refuge. His dog began to howl piteously at a short distance from him. He went to discover the cause, and perceived a human body stripped of its flesh, but still covered by scraps of clothing. He hastened to convey the news to Sart; the magistrates hurried to the spot, and recognized the corpse as that of Godfrey Helman.

The unfortunate man, having doubtless lost his way on the moor, had thus met his death on the very spot where he would have found a comfortable welcome had he fulfilled the duty imposed upon him by his father's dying request.

"That was a curious chance!" I exclaimed.

"There is no such thing as chance, sir," gravely objected the old gamekeeper. "Everything here below is foreseen, and happens for either trial, punishment, or recompense. Godfrey had fully realized this at the moment of death, for he had written some lines in his pocket-book; but they could only decipher these words: 'Violated oath . . . evil genius . . . just punishment . . .'

"With regard to Reinhold, who was nevermore seen, it is needless to say that he was generally looked upon as an agent of hell, interested in the destruction of an establishment which had saved the lives of so many

miserable beings destined otherwise to perish without having made their peace with God or man. If such was his design, it has been fully realized; for the Helman refuge has never been rebuilt, and these stones and that cross are all that remain of it."

DR. NEWMAN'S *GRAMMAR OF ASSENT.*

THE illustrious author of the *Grammar of Assent* has poured into this, his latest work, the treasures of thought and observation which a whole lifetime has gathered together. Here he has summed up, explained, and corrected the lessons of his former writings. Here he has given the last touches to the *Apologia* by supplying the philosophy of its history. It would be a mistake to seek to express in a word the scope of a work which is the result of so much toil and the prolonged effort of so great a mind. Yet we have no difficulty in declaring its scope to be mainly philosophical. It aims at giving a specimen of true philosophy, the rules of which are applicable to many kinds of reasoning. But as the whole life of the author has witnessed his devotion to truth, and as, since his conversion more than twenty-four years ago, his heart and mind have rested without wavering in the Catholic faith, it is only natural that the philosophical doctrine should be largely illustrated in its bearings upon religion and theology. No less illustration could have supplied an adequate object; no topic of less absorbing interest would have been worth the trouble. This, then, is our account of the book: it is a philosophical treatise upon the nature and grounds of Assent and Inference in general, considered with especial reference to religious and theological assents and inferences.

The author has excluded the word Inference from his title, and he declares at the outset that he is concerned with inference only in its relations to assent. But though inference is placed in this subordinate position, nearly half the book (pp. 252–485) is devoted to the treatment of it; and few persons, we imagine, will find this last half less interesting than the first. If we were not restrained by the judgment of the author, we should rather be inclined to reverse his statement, and to consider his treatment of assent as subordinate and merely preliminary to his treatment of inference. For, different as the book is from all logical treatises, we think that its true kin is to be found in logic, and that the author has for his precursors no less persons than Aristotle and Lord Bacon. The problem with which it deals has implicitly occupied the human intellect ever since speculation began. Aristotle and Bacon may be regarded as two great types illustrating its treatment; each of them attempted its solution; and Aristotle missed the mark at the end of his flight, but Bacon missed it at the beginning. The Aristotelian logic was the result of a real attempt to portray the processes of the living and acting reason, but it fell short of depicting the con-

crete, and resulted only in a logic of notions. The value of this notional or formal logic, which is very great, and the reverence due to the genius of Aristotle, caused formal logic to be regarded during the Middle Ages as the true organon of concrete reasoning. This mistake explains the controversies about the proper domain of logic; for the proper domain of formal logic can easily be pointed out; and by wandering out of this domain, and surrounding formal logic with numerous psychological and metaphysical accretions, the logicians showed that mere formal logic was not their real aim, but that they sought to bring it into effectual contact with the needs and realities of life, and so to turn it into the true organon. Much waste of speculative power was the result of this error and confusion, for natural ability was warped and hampered by the instruments meant to help it on. Much was accomplished, no doubt; and none but the ignorant now look with the old confident disdain upon the Schoolmen. But it is thus that the amount gathered in seems ill-proportioned to the greatness of the efforts spent upon it; and to us, who look on after the event, it seems as though more might have been done without leaving anything undone. In men of illustrious genius, like St. Thomas Aquinas, genius had then the power, which it has now, of lifting its possessor above the accidents of his time; and we may safely prophesy that the *Summa Theologiæ* will instruct the church to the end of the world. But there were many men, without genius but with great ability, who suffered much from the prevalent error which confounded formal logic with the true organon. Some fruits of this confusion remain in the modern contempt for logic-choppers and splitters of straws.

This was what Bacon saw; and his perception of the need of a freer range in speculation is perhaps the cause of the praises which he so oddly lavishes upon Democritus and the "more ancient Greeks." He saw that the current logic did not bring men into contact with facts, but rather with notions, and that its processes could be applied more successfully to symbols than to concrete realities. This turned his mind towards physical researches, and his inductive philosophy was intended as an analysis of the rules to which the mind conforms during such pursuits. As to the formal statement of these rules, the task was too difficult to be done at the first attempt, and we know that Bacon did not succeed in laying them down with precision. But even if he had succeeded in producing a perfect statement of them, he would have failed to reach his end. Men had always followed the method which he tried to point out. They did not need to be taught how to investigate; they only needed to feel a strong interest in the investigation. A man can no more be made a good natural philosopher by studying treatises on induction, than he can be made a good reasoner by studying treatises on logic. Both these faculties are natural gifts, possessed in some degree by all men; and in order to gain more, we must seek to improve what we have by assiduous practice, not by analyzing the mode of its operation. The most illustrious discoverers in physical science have been notoriously unacquainted with any formal statement of the procedure to be followed, being guided entirely by the light of nature. Nor does Bacon himself exhibit the least aptitude for the practical investigation. His accounts of his own experiments, even after allowance has been made for the time and place in which he lived, have an irresistibly

ludicrous appearance. And this is what was meant when it was said above that Aristotle missed his mark at the end of his flight, but that Bacon missed it at the beginning. If Aristotle had succeeded in his attempt, he would have found the true organon of concrete reasoning; but if the success of Bacon had been perfect, it would have led to nothing in the end, because the world already possessed in effect everything which he sought to give it.

In the popular mind, Bacon and Aristotle are regarded as the representatives of two different faculties—the capacity to acquire premisses, and the capacity to argue well about them when acquired. It is evident that the former faculty is no less necessary to the philosopher than the latter; and it is by much the rarer gift of the two. Every man, of course, must possess both these gifts in some degree; but in common men the faculty of acquiring premisses means only a faculty of imbibing that stock of ideas which is forced upon their notice by common talk and experience. In a few men it takes the higher form of a power to collect much from sources which to common men would supply little or nothing. Such men do not easily accommodate their minds to the quiet reception of stereotyped opinions. As they meet with new things, they do not suffer them to pass by without comparing them with the old and settling the relations between them. Where actual experience is wanting, they have a certain sense of unrealized possibilities, which prevents them from settling into a conviction that they have the whole when they have only a part. Of this faculty Dr. Newman has a great share; but something more was needed to produce the *Grammar of Assent*—namely, the power to analyze and give exact account of thoughts and feelings which are peculiarly apt to defy analysis. This gift of expression is by no means always found along with the capacity to seize hold upon the truth; and we may find among the poets examples of their separation. One man struggles almost in vain to express great thoughts; while another, with surprising glibness of speech, succeeds only in showing how little he has to express. Hence the truth of Wordsworth's remark, that every great poet must, to some extent, create not only his vehicle, but also the taste by which he is to be enjoyed; for the thoughts of a great poet are, at first sight, strange both to common speech and to common understanding.

But it is the great triumph of the *Grammar of Assent* that its thoughts are not strange. What is strange does not readily carry conviction, and in the region of philosophy strange thoughts are synonymous, for the most part, with vagaries. We do not find strange thoughts in Aristotle or in Butler. And in the *Grammar* it is not the thoughts that are strange, but the fact of their statement. The result of the statement is to enable us to reflect upon, and to contemplate *ab extra*, mental phases which drop out of notice so soon as their function is fulfilled, and which are the hardest to describe of all mental facts, because their operation resembles that of instinct. We see here, brought out into tangible forms, those instinctive principles which guide us in our reasoning upon the affairs of every-day life; those principles which, whether we will or no, do actually guide us to those beliefs which are common to all men. So long as we are occupied upon matters with which frequent experience has qualified us to deal, we keep faithfully to those principles of reasoning, nor could we

help keeping to them. And, therefore, in such matters different men arrive at the same conclusions, which they all hold with the same certainty. But there are some departments of thought which offer no opportunity for that frequent experience and appeal to matter-of-fact which keep us straight when dealing with the affairs of common life. In these departments, we find that the common instinctive principles of reasoning have been often deserted, and that others have been set up in their place. We might, therefore, expect to find men (as we do find them) no longer agreeing about the conclusions to be drawn or the certainty with which they are to be held. It is one of the objects of the *Grammar* to correct this error; and we attribute the exceeding interest of that portion which treats of inference to the part which it plays in this discussion.

We now turn our attention towards giving some account of the work; and in doing this, it will not be our object to criticise, but rather to confine ourselves, for the present, to simple explanation. The *Grammar* begins with the statement of a psychological doctrine; and as this is the foundation of the whole building, too much pains cannot be spent in mastering it. The author considers that there are three principal attitudes of the mind with respect to propositions, viz., doubt, inference, and assent.

"A question is the expression of a doubt; a conclusion is the expression of an act of inference; and an assertion is the expression of an act of assent. To doubt, for instance, is not to see one's way to hold that free-trade is or is not a benefit; to infer, is to hold on sufficient grounds that free-trade may, must, or should be a benefit; to assent to the proposition, is to hold that free-trade is a benefit." (P. 3.)

Under one or another of these three heads may be placed every act of the mind, whereby it in any sense holds (or rejects—for rejection is assent to the contradictory) a proposition which it apprehends. But in order to hold a proposition in any sense, we must first apprehend its meaning; and this leads us to consider the various ways in which propositions may be apprehended.

Thus we are introduced to the distinction between real and notional apprehension; and this distinction, upon which a great deal depends, is difficult to convey in a single definition, and may be gathered much better from a comparison of examples. Indeed, we think that the sense in which the author uses the terms is somewhat wider than that in which he has defined them; and, therefore, that his meaning is rather to be sought in his examples than in his definition. Perhaps the following is a safe account of the distinction between real and notional apprehension: We apprehend, *really*, propositions which express an individual fact of our own experience; we apprehend, *notionally*, propositions which express not individual facts, but the results of generalization. The meaning of this may be thus further explained. The terms used in common speech sometimes denote individual objects, and are called singular terms; and sometimes they are styled general terms, and are said to refer not to things, but to notions, under each of which is classed an indefinite number of individuals. Thus, to take an example: This man, John or Thomas, whom we know, is presented to our mind as an individual; and we apprehend him as being of such a height, complexion, and so forth. But the general term man is presented to our mind in quite another manner; and we apprehend the proposition, All men are mortal, in quite another

way than that in which we apprehend the proposition, This man, John or Thomas, my friend, has a Roman nose, or is of a dark complexion. The latter apprehension is real, being founded on personal experience, and referring to the individual; the former apprehension is notional, referring to every individual comprised in the class "man," and not referring to one individual more than to any other.

It cannot be doubted by any one who has read the book, that this distinction between real and notional apprehension, as laid down by the author, serves well to discriminate between two great varieties of mental phenomena; and, as we said, too much pains cannot be taken in order to understand exactly what is meant by it. The following points must be carefully considered and borne in mind: I. Real apprehension is not only of material objects, such as "this tree" or "this man"; it also applies to mental states, provided that these are the result of actual experience. Thus, the lover apprehends the tender passion in a very different way to that of Sydney Smith's Scotchman, who spoke of "love in the abstract." The latter apprehension would be notional, and its object would be generalized from what he had read about Petrarch and Laura, Abelard and Heloise, and so forth. But in the former case the apprehension would be real, being founded upon individual experience of a feeling actually felt.

"I can understand the *rabbia* of a native of Southern Europe, if I am of a passionate temper myself; and the taste for speculation or betting found in great traders or on the turf, if I am fond of enterprise or games of chance; but, on the other hand, not all the possible descriptions of headlong love will make me comprehend the *delirium*, if I have never had a fit of it; nor will ever so many sermons about the inward satisfaction of strict conscientiousness create the image of a virtuous action in my mind, if I have been brought up to lie, thieve, and indulge my appetites. Thus we meet with men of the world who cannot enter into the very idea of devotion, and think, for instance, that, from the nature of the case, a life of religious seclusion must be either one of unutterable dreariness or abandoned sensuality, because they know of no exercise of the affections but what is merely human; and with others again, who, living in the home of their own selfishness, ridicule as something fanatical and pitiable the self-sacrifices of generous high-mindedness and chivalrous honors." (P. 27.)

This illustrates the difference between the real and notional apprehension of mental states.

II. The second point to be noticed is this, that real apprehension applies not only to things, but also to images of things as represented in memory, or even by imagination. In order that an image may be apprehended really, it is necessary that it shall be the image of an individual object. Now, the representations of memory are no less individual than the actual things perceived by the senses; and therefore these representations are apprehended really and not notionally. But the author extends this to the imagination as well as to the memory. He holds that we may not only recollect to have seen a particular tree on some former occasion, and thus really apprehended its image in memory; but also that we may construct by imagination an image of something never actually seen, which may be sufficiently vivid to be styled an image, and thus to be apprehended really.

"Thus I may never have seen a palm or a banana, but I have conversed with those who have, or I have read graphic accounts of it, and, from my own previous knowledge of other trees, have been able, with so ready an intelligence, to interpret their language, and to light up

such an image of it in my thoughts, that, were it not that I never was in the countries where the tree is found, I should fancy that I had actually seen it." (P. 25.)

In the words which immediately follow those just cited, the author carries this doctrine still further:

"Hence, again, it is the very praise which we give to the characters of some great poet or historian, that they are so individual. I am able, as it were, to gaze on Tiberius, as Tacitus draws him, and to figure to myself our James the First, as he is painted in Scott's Romance."

And, returning to the former kind of illustration, he says:

"The assassination of Cæsar, his 'Et tu, Brute?' his collecting his robes about him, and his fall under Pompey's statue, all this becomes a fact to me, and are object of real apprehension."

But the possibility of so constructing an image will in any case depend upon individual temperament. Many of us, no doubt, have imaginations too sluggish to rise in this way to real apprehension. But it seems to be beyond doubt that we may all of us recollect images, if we cannot construct them, with sufficient clearness for the purpose.

III. The third point to be remembered is of the highest importance; and the statement of it is one of the most striking exhibitions of metaphysical genius which the book contains. The same proposition may be apprehended by one man really, and by another man notionally, at the same time. When we utter a proposition, it will commonly depend upon the state of the hearer's mind whether he apprehends us really or notionally; for, "Words which are used by an eye-witness to express things, unless he be especially eloquent, will only convey general notions." (P. 31.) In this gift of "especial eloquence," which makes all the difference between the great orator and the dull speaker, lies the κίνησις of Demosthenes—it is the power to make one's hearers affix a real, not a mere notional, sense to the words uttered. This phenomenon of the various apprehension of the same proposition is equally well shown when the same man apprehends it differently at different times.

"Thus a schoolboy may perfectly apprehend, and construe with spirit, the poet's words, 'Dum Capitolium scandet cum tacita Virgine Pontifex;' he has seen steep hills, flights of steps, and processions; he knows what enforced silence is; also he knows all about the Pontifex Maximus and the Vestal Virgins; he has an abstract hold upon every word of the description, yet without the words therefore bringing before him at all the living image which they would light up in the mind of a contemporary of the poet, who had seen the fact described, or of a modern historian who had duly informed himself in the religious phenomena, and by meditation had realized the religious ceremonial, of the age of Augustus. Again, 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,' is a mere commonplace, a terse expression of abstractions in the mind of the poet himself, if Philippi is to be the index of his patriotism; whereas it would be the record of experiences, a sovereign dogma, a grand aspiration, inflaming the imagination, piercing the heart, of a Wallace or a Tell." (P. 8.)

The following example is of a graver kind. The author speaks of

"the unworthy use made of the more solemn parts of the sacred volume by the mere popular preacher. His very mode of reading, whether warnings or prayers, is as if he thought them to be little more than fine writing, poetical in sense, musical in sound, and worthy of inspiration. The most awful truths are to him but sublime or beautiful conceptions, and are adduced and used by him, in season and out of season, for his own purposes, for embellishing his style or rounding his periods. But let his heart at length be ploughed by some keen

grief or deep anxiety, and Scripture is a new book to him. This is the change which so often takes place in what is called religious conversion, and it is a change so far simply for the better, by whatever infirmity or error it is in the particular case accompanied. And it is strikingly suggested to us, to take a saintly example, in the confession of the patriarch Job, when he contrasts his apprehension of the Almighty before and after his afflictions. He says he had indeed a true apprehension of the divine attributes before them as well as after; but with the trial came a great change in that apprehension: 'With the hearing of the ear,' he says, 'I have heard thee, but now mine eye seeth thee; therefore I reprehend myself, and do penance in dust and ashes.'" (Pp. 76, 77.)

"In this essay," says the author, in a passage (p. 5) to which we have referred above, "I treat of propositions only in their bearing upon concrete matter, and I am mainly concerned with assent; with inference, in its relation to assent, and only such inference as is not demonstration." The importance of a clear understanding of the difference between real and notional *apprehension* lies in the relation of these to real and notional *assent*. For, when we do assent at all, we assent to propositions which we apprehend really, in a different way to that in which we assent to propositions which we apprehend notionally. Accordingly, the former kind of assent is styled "real," the latter is styled "notional." Some examples, which we gather from different parts of the volume, will serve to illustrate this distinction: 1. The author accounts for the contrast between the state of religious feeling in thoroughly Catholic countries and its state among the common run of Englishmen.

"As to Catholic populations, such as those of mediæval Europe, or the Spain of this day, or quasi-Catholic as those of Russia, among them assent to religious objects is real, not notional. To them the Supreme Being, our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, angels and saints, heaven and hell, are as present as if they were objects of sight; but such a faith does not suit the genius of modern England. There is in the literary world just now an affectation of calling religion a 'sentiment;' and it must be confessed that usually it is nothing more with our own people, educated or rude. . . . 'Bible religion' is both the recognized title and the best description of English religion. . . . It is not a religion of persons and things, of acts of faith and of direct devotion; but of sacred scenes and pious sentiments. . . . What Scripture especially illustrates, from its first page to its last, is God's providence; and that is nearly the only doctrine held with a real assent by the mass of religious Englishmen." (Pp. 53–55.)

And to this their one real assent the author traces the fact that in times of trial and suffering they find a solace and a refuge in reading the sacred text; for its words bring before them, as nothing else does, those vivid images which are the life of their real apprehension of God's providence.

2. The next example which we cite will also serve to illustrate what we were just now noticing, the fact that the same proposition may be apprehended both notionally and really.

"Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace, passages which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation,

for thousands of years, with a power over the mind and a charm which the current literature of our own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival." (P. 75.)

The following example contains a lesson which is peculiarly applicable to these times:

"Many a disciple of a philosophical school, who talks fluently, does but assert, when he seems to assent to the dicta of his master, little as he may be aware of it. Nor is he secured against this self-deception by knowing the arguments on which those dicta rest; for he may learn the arguments by heart, as a careless school-boy gets up his Euclid. This practice of asserting simply on authority, with the pretence and without the reality of assent, is what is meant by formalism. To say 'I do not understand a proposition, but I accept it on authority' is not formalism; it is not a direct assent to the proposition, still it *is* an assent to the authority which enunciates it; but what I here speak of is professing to understand without understanding. It is thus that political and religious watchwords are created; first one man of name and then another adopts them, till their use becomes popular, and then every one professes them, because every one else does. Such words are 'liberality,' 'progress,' 'light,' 'civilization;' such are 'justification by faith only,' 'vital religion,' 'private judgment,' 'the Bible and nothing but the Bible;" such, again, are 'Rationalism,' 'Gallicanism,' 'Jesuitism,' 'Ultramontanism'—all of which, in the mouths of conscientious thinkers, have a definite meaning, but are used by the multitude as war-cries, nicknames, and shibboleths, with scarcely enough of the scantiest grammatical apprehension of them to allow of their being considered really more than assertions." (Pp. 41, 42.)

We may apply this philosophy to solve a question which will serve to illustrate its power. Few, we suppose, of those who have been struck with the charm of Plato, would be able to account for his influence over their minds and imagination. Why is Plato so much read and admired, when so little of what he wrote can be made an object of belief? Perhaps it will be said that in reading Plato we stand upon the verge of poetry; and, therefore, that we read him not so much to acquire a knowledge of truth as to admire and enjoy the play of his poetical fancy. But there are many ancient authors who seem likely to keep for ever their place in literature, while modern improved treatises, written upon the same subjects, are ephemeral, one quickly dying out and another springing up to succeed it; and many of them are as far as possible from being poetical in their matter or treatment. No modern treatise has ever been able to oust Euclid's *Elements* from its place; and Newton's *Principia*, though perhaps not often studied, is acknowledged, by those who are acquainted with it, to be an everlasting monument of genius, by comparison with which the modern text-books serve only to display their own insignificance. The explanation of this is to be found in the distinction which we have been just now led to consider—the distinction between real and notional apprehension and assent. The works of a great genius, who has laid the foundation of a science, or reduced it to orderly arrangement, or given it a new aspect, are necessarily the productions of a man with a living grasp upon the things of which he wrote. Such men were placed in circumstances under which none but a great genius could apprehend those things at all; and they apprehended them really because notional apprehension was not yet made possible. Notional apprehension of them was made possible to us by means of the labors of the men who first put into words the result of their own apprehension. And in these days, when knowledge is cut into squares and mapped out, though real apprehension is not impossible, yet

notional apprehension is made so easy, that the student can jump to it without passing through much individual experience of the facts with which the science deals. And as a great show can be made with the notions so acquired, and as in these times the chief end of study is to impress the minds of examiners, it follows that students will usually rush at once to a notional apprehension, founded as little as possible upon their own experience of facts. Modern chemical treatises, which classify (the prime condition of notional apprehension) compounds and elements according to their common qualities and reactions, teach a knowledge of chemistry very different from that of Sir Humphry Davy, to whom each salt and metal was an individual object, apprehended by his own personal observation and experiment. Hence it is that modern treatises, tending to become notional, have usually so little flavor of the individual author in their composition. And hence, too, it happens that the author of the *Grammar of Assent*, who, among living men, is perhaps the most illustrious example of a mind freed from the prevailing tendency, displays in all his writings a certain charming individuality of character, to which he owes that influence by which so many are impressed whom he never saw, and with whom he never exchanged a word.

But we shall best conclude our remarks about the distinction between real assents and notional by quoting what the author himself says of the influence of real assents upon character and practice:

"They are sometimes called beliefs, convictions, certainties; and, as given to moral objects, they are perhaps as rare as they are powerful. Till we have them, in spite of a full apprehension and assent in the field of notions, we have no intellectual movings, and are at the mercy of impulses, fancies, and wandering lights, whether as regards personal conduct, social and political action, or religion. These beliefs, be they true or false in the particular case, form the mind out of which they grow, and impart to it a seriousness and manliness which inspires in other minds a confidence in its views, and is one secret of persuasiveness and influence in the public stage of the world. They create, as the case may be, heroes and saints, great leaders, statesmen, preachers, and reformers, the pioneers of discovery in science, visionaries, fanatics, knights-errant, demagogues, and adventurers. They have given to the world men of one idea, of immense energy, of adamantine will, of revolutionary power. They kindle sympathies between man and man, and knit together the innumerable units which constitute a race and a nation. They become the principle of its political existence; they impart to it homogeneity of thought and fellowship of purpose. They have given form to the mediæval theocracy and to the Mohammedan superstition; they are now the life both of Holy Russia, and of that freedom of speech and action which is the especial boast of Englishmen." (P. 85.)

So much for the difference between real and notional assent. Here the author is naturally led to consider a question which to Catholics is of vital importance: whether the assent given to facts and objects of religion is real or notional. He maintains, of course, that it can be real, and that it is the duty of every one to qualify himself to make such acts of real assent. Real assent is what separates the province of religion from the province of theology. Theology is the explicit enunciation of dogmas, which religion seizes with a lively and real apprehension, living in them, and making them its own. Not, of course, that the theologian cannot also be pious and religious, but that, while, as a theologian, he enunciates dogmas, the predicates of which are always general terms, he demands, as a theologian, only a notional apprehension of, and assent to, what he

says. For it is the very aim of a dogma to establish what the author elsewhere (p. 80) calls a "common measure between mind and mind;" and this is done by general terms, or notions, which can be common to many minds, not by singular terms expressing particular facts of experience, which are peculiar to the individual and are the basis of real apprehension and assent. Hence is explained the often-noticed fact, that the church has been accustomed to define a dogma only when there was pressing need for its definition; that is, when belief was waxing faint and partial, when assent was ceasing to be real, and either vanishing altogether in some places, or else being transformed into that mere notional assent which is itself the preliminary to its own disappearance. It would seldom be useful to embody in a formal dogma a truth which is generally held by Christians with a real assent—a truth which each grasps as a fact, standing in a close and personal relation to his own consciousness and individual being. For example, there would have been no meaning to Christians of the apostolic age in definitions against Arianism, for the error could only have been foreseen by the gift of prophecy, and any attempt to meet it beforehand would only, in the ordinary course of nature, have opened the door to it by anticipation. But when this state of lively faith begins to fall away, then the formal enunciation of the dogma serves to arrest the progress of the mischief. Every dogma must, at the least, be received with notional assent; and this notional assent is itself nearer to the truth than mere negation, and also secures a groundwork for the operation of religious influences, which may turn the notional into a real assent. This may suffice to explain what is meant by saying that theology, as such, is concerned with notional assent, and that religion, as such, is concerned with real.

With reference to the question about the reality of religious assents, the author especially considers two particular cases: the one, belief in one God, belonging to natural religion; the other, belief in the Holy Trinity, belonging only to revealed. It is his object, by alleging definite examples, to illustrate the position, that we may hold religious truths with a real assent. First, then, he recapitulates the steps by which he considers that we may and do rise to a real apprehension of the being of God, followed, of course, by a real assent to the doctrine. The meaning of this enquiry may be serviceably illustrated by alleging a kindred example. We believe that there is a King of Prussia, but to many of us this belief cannot be more than a notional assent. There is nothing to discriminate the King of Prussia in our minds from another king, and he will be to our minds only the member of a class, and will, therefore, be presented only under the notion or general term. Therefore, we give only a notional assent to his existence, however firmly we may believe it, and however ridiculous its denial may appear. But, if we spent some time at Berlin, our idea of the King of Prussia would be no longer general, but particular—the result of our personal experience of him. Thenceforth we should assent to the fact of his existence in a different way to that in which we did before, and the difference is expressed by saying that our assent was notional and has become real. Now, the question before us is, whether we may not assent to the being of God with the same kind of assent as this last. It is far from being denied that many persons do assent with a notional assent. This

is only too obvious; but it is maintained that the real assent is possible, though all do not rise to it, and that every religious Catholic is bound in duty to fit himself for such real assent, which he may do by using the appropriate means. The author details the steps through which the mind rises to this result. In order that we may rise to the real assent, it is necessary that God shall be brought into personal relation to us and shall be revealed to us a Person. The author considers that conscience is the instrument which God uses as the means to this revelation of himself. Conscience, which appears as an order to do or to abstain from doing, contains within it the presentiment of a Person ordering what it orders.

"If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being. We are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law; yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope which there is no earthly object to elicit. 'The wicked flees, when no one pursueth;' then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine; and thus the phenomena of conscience, as a dictate, avail to impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principle of religion, as the moral sense is the principle of ethics." (Pp. 106, 107.)

The rest of the argument can neither be cited nor abridged, but must be sought in the author's own pages. One passage we select, because it contains the refutation of a popular error, mischievous and very common

"Here we have the solution of the common mistake of supposing that there is a contrariety and antagonism between a dogmatic creed and vital religion. People urge that salvation consists, not in believing the propositions that there is a God, that there is a Saviour, that our Lord is God, that there is a Trinity, but in believing in God, in a Saviour, in a Sanctifier; and they object that such propositions are but a formal and human medium, destroying all true reception of the Gospel, and making religion a matter of words or of logic, instead of having its seat in the heart. They are right so far as this, that men may and sometimes do rest in the proposition themselves as expressing intellectual notions; they are wrong when they maintain that men need do so, or always do so. The propositions may and must be used, and can easily be used, as the expression of facts, not notions, and they are necessary to the mind in the same way that language is ever necessary for denoting facts, both for ourselves as individuals and for our intercourse with others. . . . The formula, which embodies a dogma for the theologian, readily suggests an object for the worshipper." (Pp. 116, 117.)

Here we bring our remarks to a close for the present. But we have already advanced far enough to be able to explain the author's general design more clearly than

when we began. He treats, as he says, of assent, and of inference in its relation to assent, excluding such inference as is demonstrative, like mathematical inference. Now, the salient distinction between assent and inference lies in this: that assent is in its nature absolute, while inference is conditional. All assents are not equally firmly fixed in the mind—that is to say, some might be shaken more easily than others. But, so long as we do assent at all, the act is absolute, and entirely precludes all suspicion of a doubt; or, if the phrase be preferred, the least doubt precludes assent. On the other hand, inference is not absolute and self-contained as an act, but it depends always from premisses. We are sure of what we infer, provided we are sure of the premisses from which we infer it; but when we assent, we simply state that we are sure. Inference, therefore, admits of degrees of a more and a less, but assent does not. Now, the passage from inference to assent presents no difficulty in the case of mathematics, where the inference is demonstrative; but this kind of inference is expressly excluded by the author. He is concerned to determine how the mind passes, as it undoubtedly often does pass, to assent, which is absolute, by means of a process of inference, which is itself not absolute, and which, regarded in a logical light, therefore warrants something short of assent. The mind does this so spontaneously, and all attempts to hold it back are so utterly in vain, that we must suppose the process to be natural. But, if it is natural, then it must be right in itself, although, on given occasions, it may be wrongly done. What, then, is the right method, and what are the fitting conditions, for its exercise? To reply to these questions is to lay down the true relations between inference and assent. We shall resume this discussion in another article.

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY next morning Velleius Paterculus was in his garden, seated under a fig-tree, with his writing tablets in his hand, when a slave approached and told him that an old man and young girl, in the attire of the *despicatissima servorum pars* (the Jewish race) craved permission to speak to him in private. Habitually accessible and affable, as we have described him, he ordered the slave to show the strangers the way to where he was then seated. Josiah Maccabeus, with his daughter Esther, having been accordingly introduced, the slave withdrew. During Esther's tale, Paterculus changed color, but preserved otherwise a singularly cold and grave demeanor. He wrote in his pugillaria the particulars of the place (the street, number, and house) where Agatha was confined; but, with the wariness of a courtier, professed some surprise that his present

visitors should apply at all to him, who was not a prætor nor a judge. Esther said she only obeyed in this the request of Agatha herself, who deemed him to be not only a sincere friend to her mother, her brother, and herself, but also cognizant in some way of the quarter whence the present trouble and danger emanated.

Having said this, she stopped suddenly, and looked him full in the face. He replied in a quiet, cautious way: "You have done well to obey such a request." She then showed him the locket, desiring him to open it, and remarking that the contents of the locket, according to Agatha's expectation, would authenticate the various statements which she, Esther, was now making. Paterculus opened the locket, and, taking out the rings it contained, looked at them with an air of indifference at first. Suddenly he started, exclaiming: "How comes the signet of Augustus among these trinkets?"

In fact, Paterculus, though he knew only the latest of them in date, held three signets of Augustus in his hand. Esther could not inform him. He reflected a little while, and inquired whether she felt authorized to entrust him with one of those rings for a few days. Esther felt not the smallest scruple or doubt about assenting to this at once; whereupon the prætorian tribune thanked her with a smile, and said, in an emphatic manner, that she could not better serve her fair young friend than by hastening to apprise Paulus of his sister's situation.

News, he added, had been received that Paulus (entirely recovered from his wounds) had set out for Rome with a body of troops, and ought even then to be somewhere on the *Nomentana Via*, not far north or north-east of the capital. "Dionysius, the Athenian," concluded Paterculus, "is with this travelling party, in which, by the bye, you will find also the damsel's mother, the Lady Aglais; and, in my opinion, it is nearly as important (if not more important) to let Dionysius know what has occurred, as it is to inform Paulus of it. Dionysius will convey the truth to Augustus himself."

Hearing this, Esther and Josiah thanked the prætorian tribune, took leave of him respectfully, and being guided back through the garden by the same slave who had introduced them, hastened away upon their new errand.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was the first fresh hour after sunrise, about ten miles north of Rome. Thellus had taken the bridle of the Sejan steed from Philip the freedman, declaring he felt disposed for a ride, only he feared, upon that beast's back, it would be a short one, when Paulus himself, who had made his litter-bearers stand and let him out, overtook them, and, pointing to the white arches of an aqueduct which spanned the road a little way in front, exclaimed:

"Friend Thellus, I feel as though I were stronger than before my wounds. I will mount my tawny slave here, the Sejan horse. You see we are close to Rome; gather all these fine fellows, these brave soldiers, in order of march, who so faithfully stood by me in the hours of suffering; we will enter the city in military fashion."

Mounting the bank at the roadside, he leapt from it upon Sejanus. The great steed, after his wont, stood still, as if electrified, and then bounded into the air. This was enough to tell him who the rider was; and, thereafter, he paced forward with a

grave, steady, and mighty stride—perfectly docile, and proud of what he carried. In front, moving at an easy pace, was the carriage of Dionysius, in which the Lady Aglais travelled; and ahead of this again was the smaller vehicle containing Dionysius himself. Paulus rode for a while by the side of his mother's carriage, conversing about Agatha, and arranging that, the very moment he should have reported himself to Germanicus, they would start together for Monte Circello, and joyfully surprise Agatha by appearing unannounced. He then spurred forward, and in like manner accompanied the vehicle of Dionysius, expatiating on this pleasant little plan with immense zest, and urging the Athenian to come with them.

Dionysius, however, entertained certain fears and anxieties concerning Agatha which, at such a moment especially, he could not find it in his heart to mention to so affectionate a brother. This was the fairest and happiest time Paulus had ever known; a single word, a mere hint, would suffice to change all that mental sunshine into darkness and storms. The Greek affected to consider the invitation; and Paulus, reining in his horse, waited for his mother's carriage in order to inform her; but when it rolled abreast of him, he caught her in tears.

She had been musing over those words of the sibyl—"*The lioness has lost her whelp, and not all the power of Cæsar can keep the prey*"—and, remembering the venerable woman's command to haste to Rome, and her prediction that on the way thither more would be learnt, not a bird had flown by without startling the lady, until, at last, her concealed anxiety overcame her firmness. At Paulus's look of astonishment and distress she smiled, and made some excuse. Paulus determined to call a halt of half an hour or more, and take breakfast in a neighboring grove of elms and sycamore trees not far from the highway, in the very centre of which grove was a well, overflowing into a tiny brook upon a gravelly bed. It was a pretty place, with a fretwork of shade and morning light adorning the turf under the boughs. Cushions were soon arranged by the soldiers, who, retiring to the roadside, imitated the example of their superiors in a ruder fashion, and partook of less delicate fare.

Thus were they engaged, when, along the straight road, looking small in the distance, some sort of conveyance was seen approaching. There are queries which seem too trivial to be asked in words by any person of any other person, but which each person asks himself in thought: such as was the query which the soldiers by the wayside, now lazily watching this vehicle rolling toward them, were all propounding mentally: "Who comes yonder, I should like to know?"

Yonder came one whom a Roman soldier had not seen for forty years, but who, in the generation preceding that of the legionaries at this moment listlessly watching his vehicle, had been the master of armies, and a sovereign among the sovereigns of the world. Arriving where Thellus and a group of the escort were waiting for the party in the grove, the vehicle stopped, and an old man of stately presence descended from it and said:

"Decurion, I have learnt in Rome that the new military tribune, Paulus Æmilius, had not yet returned from the north, but was on his way; doubtless you can tell me where I shall find him."

"Sir," said Thellus, "I am more than a decurion, though still wearing

the dress. Yonder stands the young tribune Paulus, under the sycamore tree."

Meanwhile, the party in the grove had recognized Marcus Lepidus, the ex-triumvir; and his nephew, hearing Aglais and Dionysius pronounce the name (for, as the reader will remember, Paulus himself had never seen him), ran to meet and salute his uncle, and led him to the place where Aglais and the Greek were. In answer to immediate inquiries about Agatha, Lepidus told, at great length, and in all its details, a catastrophe which we will recount merely in outline and in its issue.

Under a cliff, about a mile north of Lepidus's castle, a little creek ran into the shore out of the Tyrrhenian Sea. The beach here was rich in shells, which Agatha took delight in gathering. One day, at noon, he had accompanied her to this favorite resort, and while she amused herself in picking and sorting her treasures, he sat down in the shade with his back to the rock, and awaited her fatigue, while he took out Livy's *History*, of which he was in the habit of perusing a chapter every day, and began to read. Thus seated and moving respectively, sheltered from the whole world, the cliff behind and the sea before, they were so placed that his niece, as she explored the shingles hither and thither, was sometimes in view, sometimes not. He had no suspicion of danger, and least of all of the particular danger which was impending. Once or twice, a considerable interval—say ten minutes—having passed without seeing her, he had turned his head, not from uneasiness, but curiosity, and had each time found that she was busy at her innocent work, only she had shifted the ground of her explorations a little. At last, when a quarter of an hour had intervened since he had seen her, he looked round and discovered her nowhere.

He called, and she answered not.

Ascending the small cliff, he failed to see her anywhere on land, but he beheld a boat of six oars at some distance up the coast, pulling swiftly north along shore, and in the boat he thought he could discern a female figure. Agatha and he had stayed so long at the little creek, that the short winter daylight was now waning. There was no shore road by which, even were he young and vigorous, he could have run; the ground, on the contrary, was rough, the sea line was curved, several little inlets indenting the shore; and, finally, could he even have overtaken the boat, he was alone. He was obliged to return to the castle, and, by means of his slaves, to cause inquiries along the roads and cross-roads to be made, going forth himself that evening and all night in a carriage. He spent the next day similarly. All his efforts were fruitless. No trace, no news of his niece could be obtained. He, therefore, knew nothing better, and nothing else to do, than to hasten with his melancholy tidings to Aglais and Paulus.

As the four persons present agreed, after a short discussion, in a complete certainty that this was the work of Tiberius, Dionysius was asked whether he could not lay the facts before Augustus, and secure his intervention. He replied at once that, while there was no proof which he would not give them of his zeal in such a cause, all hope from the plan suggested must be thrown aside. First, whatever their own moral certainty might be, to advance such a charge against Tiberius Cæsar, without having the smallest chance of making it good, would not only fail to work Agatha's deliverance, but would ensure the death of every one

taking part in the accusation; secondly, Augustus was now sick, and not to be approached.

"Well, Germanicus, then?" said Paulus.

"A comparatively mean person, an ordinary knight," said the ex-triumvir, "could compel Tiberius to surrender the damsel if that knight could clearly show to the people, and to the soldiers, that Tiberius knew where she was, and had her in his power. Failing the means to show this, and to show it in a plain and patent way, Augustus himself, not to talk of Germanicus, would be unable to assist us."

Paulus took Thellus into the secret, and Thellus swore a voluntary, solemn oath that, if they could once learn where Paulus's sister was immured, he would raise all the gladiators in Rome, and follow Paulus with them whithersoever he should lead, and, if they had to burn the whole capitol to do it, would rescue his sister.

"Flames shall not stay us," he cried; "by such acts fell the kings of Rome in former times, and by the same this tyrant shall come down too. Nay," continued he, "it is not the gladiators alone whom we can call to the doing; let the troops who know you, know this. Why, Germanicus could now become master of the world. But, enough; I wander beyond what touches us. Let us try, however, young tribune, what effect this tale is likely to have upon the hearts of valiant men; tell it to Longinus and to Chærias."

"Think you?" asked Paulus.

"Yes," replied Thellus; "they will both follow you to death—Longinus, because he hates villany in itself; and Chærias, because he hates tyrants."

Paulus made the experiment. It proved Thellus to be right. Thellus was indeed a man who, however lowly placed, would, by his valor, eloquence, natural genius, and capacity for influencing masses of human beings, but for that child of his poor Alba, but for his Prudentia making home bright and the world distasteful, have been the leader of some grand uprising; military at first, political in the end.

"Surely," said Thellus, "we shall quickly learn where your dear sister lies cruelly hidden among her enemies from all her friends."

"And how, dear friend?" asked Paulus, resting his clinched right hand upon the mighty shoulder of the former arena-king.

"You remember Claudius, the freedman of Tiberius, who, thanks to you, instead of rotting now in the earth, after a horrible death, is about to marry Benigna: *he* will tell us."

"Let us then hasten to Rome," said Paulus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT night, when his mother, with her faithful old slave, Melena, had been comfortably lodged in a house of Thellus's selection, the following slight but formidable steps were taken:

First, Cassius Chærias and Longinus went forth to visit various military posts throughout the city, and disseminate news of the heart-moving tragedy in which Paulus's beautiful young sister was to be the innocent chief sufferer, and of which Tiberius Cæsar had begun to enact the cruel reality. Secondly, Dionysius proceeded to the palace of Germanicus Cæsar (to whom Paulus had duly reported his arrival) to disclose to that able, powerful, and well-disposed prince the dark story of Agatha; and to represent that the popularity of young Paulus, and the general hatred

and fear felt for Tiberius; the excitement of a recent victory, to which no "triumph" had been awarded; the beauty and innocence of the youthful lady against whom a Tarquinian outrage so audacious had been perpetrated; the intrinsic atrocity and heinousness of the whole affair: the indirect insult to Germanicus himself, involved in affronting and oppressing the last representatives of a noble line known to be under his protection; the glory acquired by the noble youth, his staff-officer, of whose absence in battle so vile an advantage had been taken by the remorseless and shameless tyrant —were all combining to agitate the army in Rome, and to work up the soldiery into a state of indignation truly dangerous, in which a single word from an influential man, or but a clinched hand lifted on high, would create a volcanic uprising that would shatter the whole frame of the Roman empire into dust.

"Mind," observed Dionysius to his friends, when undertaking this momentous mission, "were Tiberius in Germanicus's place, and Germanicus in his, I would not adopt this measure, because worse pretexts, and worse opportunities, are sufficient to produce revolutions and civil wars, for the furtherance of base personal ambition; and whereas Tiberius would not scruple to use for such ends the explosive elements accidentally collected around us, Germanicus *will*. He shrinks from sovereign power, but will put such a transient pressure upon the tyrant as will secure the deliverance of your daughter and sister, dear friends."

Thirdly, Thellus with Paulus went forth to find Claudius the freedman; and, on the way, Thellus was to call at various centres, and resorts of gladiators, and by trusty adherents of his own to prepare that most redoubtable, lawless, desperate class for an organized attack upon some given house, palace, or place, afterward to be designated.

The two former undertakings were accomplished with all the success that could be expected.

As Thellus and Paulus were returning to the lodgings of the Lady Aglais after having conferred with Claudius at Tiberius's own palace, and after having called at the various centres or *families* of gladiators (where Thellus effected fully the purpose for which he went), they had arrived close to Aglais's lodgings, in a narrow street, badly lighted by a single oil-lamp, suspended upon a cord which ran from house to house at the middle point of the street's length, when—being now far from the lamp in question, and the night being dark—Paulus accidentally brushed somewhat roughly against the figure of a girl, who clung to the arm of a tall man, and who was, with him, going in the contrary direction. He apologized, and the girl returned some mild reply in a sweet voice, which he fancied not unknown to him. In doing so, she had thrown back the hood of her ricinium, but the night was too dark to allow recognition. Paulus remarked to his friend, as they went on, that he had somewhere heard the girl's voice ere now. Thellus also had, he said. They found Aglais waiting up for them, and stated to her that the freedman Claudius was not yet apprised where Mistress Agatha might be detained, but would quickly and privately inform them when he discovered the place.

"But I know it already," said Aglais, who looked pale and haggard, but full of lion-like wrath and courage. She then related that a reverend old man, with a most beautiful girl, had ascertained, at one of

the military posts, Paulus's residence, and, on calling and being informed that he was out, had asked for Aglais; that she, Aglais, had only just then seen them; that they had given her all those particulars which Lepidus, the triumvir, was unable to furnish concerning Aglais's ulterior fate; and had positively stated that her principal captor, being tipsy, had referred to Cneius Piso and to Sejanus as the persons under whose authority he was acting.

"*Tiberius's confidential officer*, and private assassin (*sicarius*)," said Thellus. "We can prove *now* who is the criminal. Well, they said where your daughter is?"

"In a house on the Viminal Hill, surrounded by willows and beeches."

"I know it well," cried Thellus. "Why, it is the Calpurnian house, the house of Cneius Piso's wife, the Lady Plancina."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aglais, bitterly; "do you remember, my Paulus, at Crispus's Inn one morning, our darling telling us that she had received an invitation from a dreadful, pale-faced, black-eyed woman, to just this very description of house in Rome?"

"Distinctly," replied Paulus.

"The invitation, it seems, has been renewed," remarked Thellus with equal bitterness. "By the way, my young tribune, we can guess *who the old man and beautiful girl are*. You brushed by her in the street."

"Yes," answered Paulus, "Josiah Maccabeus, and his bewitching and noble little daughter. I met her just now in reality; I meet her often in my dreams."

At this moment, some distant shouts, and one long shriek (very faintly heard, however), disturbed the nightly quiet of that great city.

They listened; but, except a much lower, confused, vague, ominous murmur, far away, could distinguish nothing.

"Has Longinus or Chærias returned?" asked Thellus.

"No."

"Well, to-morrow nothing can be done. One more day we are compelled to give to the wicked man; the gladiators and my preparations require no less. Be here, Tribune Paulus, as the shades of evening begin to rush down to-morrow. I am glad it is the Calpurnian—a detached dwelling.

"We will burn it, and through the flames carry Agatha away, dead or alive. If alive, well; if dead, down goes Tiberius Cæsar; *for that I'll answer*. It is not certain that men eat bread and not stones, if my certainty of this be not a true one."

He took up his brass helmet to leave, when steps were heard in the passage leading to the *conclavium*, or inner room, where they conferred. (It was a rude kind of *triclinium*.) Knocking at the door, and being told to enter, Chærias appeared, followed by Longinus.

"Work done?" asked Thellus, in a low voice.

"Overdone," replied Chærias. "The news flew like fire in dry grass among the troops just come from the Rhætian valleys and Venetia. It is exactly that kind of Tarquinian tale which would madden them if touching themselves, and every man among them really makes the case of their young tribune his own. Three hours ago, some of them assembled in a thermopolium, and began to drink and discuss the story. Who will henceforth, asked one, go to a distance from wife, or sister, or sweetheart, or even mother, if, while he is fighting for Cæsar, Cæsar himself makes this infernal use of his very absence? They worked themselves into such a frenzy (while we were

elsewhere, kindling the like fury far and near) that, without concert or forethought, out they marched straight to the palace of Tiberius, and demanded the immediate liberation of Agatha, daughter of the Æmilians. Being told that no one knew what they meant, or to what they alluded, and being ordered to disperse quietly, they resisted the guard.

"Thereupon, not half an hour ago, the Prætorians were set like dogs upon the poor drunken brawlers, and some half-dozen of them were slaughtered. The rest fled."

"We heard just now a strange sound," said Thellus. "Well, let this be known in addition. *It serves.*"

And, taking leave, he and the two who had last come went away together. Truly a little yeast, capable of leavening the whole mass, had suddenly been cast into Rome.

CHAPTER XIX.

At this period of the reign of Augustus, there were in his court several great parties, or rather several other courts; for each party had a court of its own. We have alluded to some of them already—that of Antonia, that of Germanicus, that of Julia; and there were yet others. The most powerful of them was the party of Tiberius, who certainly may be said to have kept a very magnificent court before he was sole sovereign.

In this court, the prime favorite, the confidant of the next emperor, both before and after he ascended the throne, the depositary of all his secrets (if any man then alive ever knew them all), was the smooth and polished, but stern, impenetrable, and subtle Sejanus, commander of all the Prætorian guards.

Velleius Paterculus was numbered with, and certainly belonged to, the same party. He owed his promotion to Sejanus, who, for some reason or other, was very fond of him; and it is most singular that, while this circumstance was not only known to Tiberius, but had opened for Paterculus the way into that prince's favor, yet Velleius contrived to remain to the last a friend of Sejanus, without either sharing his ruin or even incurring the suspicion of his master—a master who was nevertheless, perhaps, the most suspicious tyrant that ever vexed mankind.

Striking differences of character often subsist between men who entertain a strong friendship for each other. Velleius's history (although frequently apologetic rather than impartial) discloses the writer to us as a man who, for a pagan, had no mean notions of what honor and morality prescribe. On the other hand, the single fact we have mentioned is sufficient to prove that he was a consummate master of all the wary precautions, the quick contrivances, and the supple dexterities by which alone an actor in such a sphere could at once continue to hold high office and yet keep his head upon his shoulders. One Englishman and two Scotchmen out of every three, would infer that such a head must have been worth keeping—either a good one, or good for nothing; and classic scholars know which.

A third remarkable personage, as the reader is aware, then in the court of Tiberius, was the physician whom Tacitus mentions as being signally eminent in his profession, and who so uninterruptedly maintained the confidence of his employer that, long afterwards, the same historian tells us he was at that sovereign's death-bed. We mean Charicles.

Shortly after noon the day succeeding the events related in our last chapter, Velleius Paterculus sat work-

ing in his own private *triclinium* at his quarters in Rome, when a slave announced Charicles, who was at once admitted. The door being closed, Paterculus perceived that the Greek doctor was unusually discomposed.

"There has just been held a council," said he, "at the palace of Tiberius, about this slaughter of the troops yesterday, these cries for the liberation of the young Athenian lady, the mysterious movements of gladiators in the city, the disaffection of the army, the known fact that Germanicus Cæsar believes that Tiberius is the contriver of the abduction, the appeal to Augustus which Germanicus declares he will make—"

"But *is* there any young lady abducted?" interrupted Paterculus.

"My friend," said Charicles, impressively, "in a case like this a doctor in my position knows *everything*. Such hypocrisy ill becomes you; it would suit a stupid man. Do you suppose I come here to betray you? What service could that render me? What motives govern me in the present matter, think you? The family now in such dire affliction is Greek—nay, Athenian, and I too am an Athenian. The Lady Aglais and I have been friends these five-and-twenty years. We played together as children on the banks of the Ilissus. Do you think I am a man made of steel springs and lambskin by a Rhodian machinist? Of that lady's son, the heroic, the glorious youth, Paulus, I have saved the life. I left Rome and travelled night and day to North Italy to wait upon him. Of his beautiful, interesting, lovely, and lovable sister I have also saved the life; and, by all that is sacred, I hesitated whether I should not poison her instead, and end her woes."

Paterculus rose, and paced the room in grievous agitation. Charicles added:

"Dionysius, my friend and fellow-townsman, of whose fame I am more proud than I am to be Cæsar's physician, would lay that Phœbus-like head of his under the executioner's axe to save any member of this dear and sorrowing family from harm; and yet I, his friend and their friend—I, an Athenian, who have already saved both the brother's and the sister's lives—am so mistrusted by you, that you dare not show before me the interest you really feel for them."

"You wrong me," said Paterculus; "but, without meaning harm, men sometimes repeat."

"Bah!" cried the Athenian; "this case is far too serious and terrible for idle gossip on my part. Besides, whose discretion need be less doubted than that of a doctor of my standing?"

"Well, then," said Paterculus, "let us sit down and consult. Take that cushion. We will hold a council as well as Tiberius; and to prove I do not misdoubt you, I will begin it by confessing that I love this very damsel Agatha, and if she can be extricated from her present horrible position, I mean to ask her to be my wife."

"I guessed it," observed Charicles, "for in her ravings she called your name. Tiberius, learning that, after being lodged in Piso's house and visited by that infernal Dame Plancina (to soothe her), she had fallen from fit into fit, and paroxysm into paroxysm, and would surely die if not succored, commanded me forthwith to attend her. I went. Revived by me from a swoon, and hearing who I was, she clung to me, she kissed me, she called me her mother's friend, called me countryman, townsman, and prayed and adjured me to save her. I sent everybody away, and, as deli-

cately as I could, made her understand that, although I might have the courage, I had not physically the power, to take her at once out of that place and restore her to her mother and brother. But I told her I had just returned from Paulus, and had saved his life; that he had acquired imperishable glory; that he and the Lady Aglais were coming straight to Rome, and twenty other things by which I cheered the poor child. She actually laughed and clapped her hands, till I could have wept to see her. Dionysius has suggested to me that I might save her by applying something to her face which would destroy her beauty, if she would agree to it; and I know she would, and joyfully."

Paterculus winced, but said:

"Better even that than—"

"*Too late*," exclaimed Charicles, shaking his head; "you have not yet heard what to-day's council at Tiberius's has decided."

"And, pray, what?"

"That no young lady has been brought into the Calpurnian house at all, as those ignorant soldiers, merely to injure Tiberius, have, by some designing and ambitious man (say Germanicus), been taught to believe; and to prove this, any respectable person is to be admitted to explore the house to-morrow."

"And where will Agatha be?"

"Where, indeed?" echoed Charicles; "where my remedies won't avail her, I fear. The Tiber hides much."

"Who formed the council?" asked Velleius, his face ashy pale. "Was Sejanus there?"

"Perhaps he was," answered Charicles, "and perhaps he was not; but I'll tell you who was for certain there—the base-born slave Lygdus, who would cut a man's throat for a *nummus aureus*, a woman's for a *scrupulum*, and a child's for a *denarius*."

"Have you told all this to Dionysius?" asked the Prætorian tribune.

"No, and I would not be so cruel as to tell him. He has already, through Germanicus, appealed to Augustus; but you know the emperor: and now age every day augments his habits of delaying at first, temporizing afterward, and forgetting in the end. No hope, no hope, no hope," cried the Athenian.

"But hope there *is!*" retorted Paterculus, whose peculiar gifts made him a pilot in extremity. "Dionysius has appealed to Augustus; and not knowing all *you* know, naturally trusts that some notice may be taken of his appeal. At least, mark you, it would not surprise him if there were."

"I miss your meaning," said the Greek.

"No matter," returned Paterculus; "you'll understand it to-morrow. I once wrote a comedy which failed upon the stage; but I will turn this tragedy into as amusing a comedy as ever was acted in real life."

"You will!"

"As surely as I am speaking. Does Sejanus know that Dionysius has made some communication, through Germanicus Cæsar, to Augustus?"

"I should think he must; in fact, I happen to know he does."

"Then forgive me for asking you to leave me now, and bear a good heart."

When Charicles had gone, Paterculus summoned a trusty slave called Ergasilus, who could write, but whom he never before had employed as his secretary, and, ordering him to sit at a table where all the necessary materials were laid out, dictated the following letter, to be indited upon a peculiar and unusual species of paper, which he selected:

"*Blank* to *Blank* greeting:—

"You know the enclosed signet. Let it be your warrant to bring with you, the moment you receive this, all necessary force of that special force which is under your authority, and to go immediately to *Blank*, and, there taking into your charge *Blank*, deliver the same, together with the enclosed signet, to *Blank*.

"Farewell."

This being written by Ergasilus, Paterculus ordered him to be ready within two hours to take a long journey on horseback, and bear this letter to Naples. He designated the particular horse in his stables to be saddled and ridden by the slave. The man retired to obey these commands; upon which Paterculus wrote another note on the same peculiar species of paper, to a friend of his, a quæstor named Hegio, at Naples, and enclosed an order for a sum of money upon a money-dealer at Naples in favor of Hegio. In this letter Paterculus requested Hegio to detain the slave Ergasilus till a vessel should be sailing for some port in Africa, and then to despatch the slave thither, to buy a horse for Velleius Paterculus, appropriating the money enclosed for the expense of that transaction, including something for Hegio's own trouble. He folded in this letter his own signet-ring. He next filled up the five blanks in the letter written by Ergasilus, after the following manner; taking care to make the handwriting as similar to that of Ergasilus as possible. (If the reader will glance again at that document, and insert, as we give them, the missing words, he will see into what kind of instrument the letter was converted.)

Blank number one had in it, "Augustus Cæsar."

Blank number two, "Sejanus, prefect."

Blank number three, "the Calpurnian house."

Blank number four, "the damsel Agatha."

And blank number five, "Paulus, tribune of soldiers."

When both letters were folded and ready, Paterculus again summoned the slave Ergasilus, and giving him —not the letter which he had copied, and which Paterculus had safely deposited in a pocket of his own tunic —but the other, told him to sit down and complete his previous task, by adding the superscription, namely, "*V. Paterculus* to *Hegio the Quæstor*," etc.

Ergasilus having done this, and being cautioned to be careful with the document, as he might feel that it contained his master's signet-ring (in saying which Paterculus held out his left hand to show the servant that he no longer wore the ornament in question), Velleius dismissed him with some ready money, and a renewed order to start upon his errand within one hour.

Ergasilus retired, promising punctual obedience, and then Paterculus went forth in a palanquin, and was borne at once by his own directions to the address (taken by him, of course, the morning they called upon him in his garden) of Josiah Maccabeus and Esther. He found them at home, and gave them the other letter, sealed and folded, exacting a promise that they never would say from whom they received it. He merely added (speaking here to Josiah):

"If you desire the deliverance of little Agatha of the Æmilians, go at once to the house occupied by Dionysius the Athenian, give him this letter, and tell him that not a moment must be lost in handing it personally to Sejanus, the prefect of the Prætorians."

"What will be the effect—the result?" asked Josiah.

"Sejanus will himself forthwith deliver Agatha to her brother Paulus," replied their visitor.

"What Augustus commands," added he prevaricatingly, "Sejanus will at once execute. Nevertheless," he quickly subjoined, "so intertangled are Roman affairs that, should it ever become known that I had any part in this, I should perish, the victim of revenge."

"They may saw me in two before they learn it from me," cried Josiah.

Esther said nothing, but tears streamed from her beautiful eyes.

"I know it well; I know human nature; I understand with whom I have to deal at one moment, with whom at another," said Paterculus, taking a cordial leave of them.

That evening, in a luxurious apartment at the Prætorian quarters, the soft-mannered but dreaded commander of that force was finishing the current business of the day, seated before a table. Pacing the room was his subordinate, Velleius Paterculus. Both were in full military costume, as we described them at the opening of this tale. Soldiers came and went from time to time, bearing messages and receiving orders.

"Rome," said Sejanus, "is in a wonderfully agitated state for such a trifle; but by this time to-morrow, when it is known that this story of some lovely young kinswoman of a favorite among the troops having been carried away and concealed somewhere (they have a rumor now of the very place, that it is in the Calpurnian house—how circumstantial we are getting!)—when it is known that this pretty tale, I say, *is all a myth*, the disturbance will settle down."

Here Lygdus entered and whispered to Sejanus, who replied aloud:

"Not to be thought of! What do you want with soldiers? It would look exceedingly ill."

"I assure you, sir," replied the caitiff, the professional *sicarius*, "very suspicious-looking groups swarm round the place, and all the approaches are watched in a manner which seems exceedingly like method and plan. As the thing cannot be done *there*, and I must take the person away, I fear what may occur."

"Nonsense!" returned Sejanus. "At all events, I can't help you further; it would betray everything—it would defeat your own business. Better not employ you at all than that. Why, it would just give a color to all these silly reports. Begone! you command your own dozen of amiable characters in plain clothes, who have long knives, if they have not short swords."

Lygdus retired, with a look of fright in his ferocious lineaments.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sejanus, softly; "that is the fellow who loves to be deemed afraid of nothing. My Velleius," added he, "this is an ugly business. It would never do to let our master go down. But, by the bye, you are too squeamish; one cannot take you always into the details of indispensable transactions."

"I am content to be ignorant of them," replied the literary soldier. "But I am told there is something so serious pending, that Dionysius, the Athenian, has gone to Augustus himself."

"May all Greeks perish!" said Sejanus in a bland voice; and just then an orderly entered, and announced that a messenger from the palace of Augustus Cæsar demanded to see the Prætorian prefect. "Admit him," quoth the Prætorian prefect; and Dionysius, entering silently and gravely, with a stiff and some-

what disdainful bow, handed to Sejanus a large letter, written upon the paper used only by the highest officials, and waited for Sejanus to open and read it. As the prefect opened it, he held to the light a seal-ring which had been enclosed; and at sight of it he rose from his seat at once, and perused the communication standing. He then returned Dionysius's salutation with a slight touch of the Athenian's own distance and loftiness, and said:

"My august master shall be obeyed!" upon which the Greek withdrew without uttering a word. When he had gone, Sejanus sneered. "Augustus is *too late*," he said; "Lygdus is prompt, especially when frightened."

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMMON LODGING-HOUSES OF NEW YORK.

But little public attention has been given to the condition of the common lodging-houses of this city. The majority of them are found in cellars along the river fronts, and in the basements of Cherry, Worth, Rivington, and other narrow streets in the lower part of the city.

Every metropolis possesses a migratory class of vagrants, attracted for various reasons to the centres of trade and commerce. Some come in search of employment; some for the purpose of preying on the charitable public as beggars; some, exiled from home, desire to lose their identity in the vast sea of humanity, and thus evade offended justice; others, who are too indolent to work regularly, here find occasional employment, which enables them to obtain whatever is absolutely necessary for their subsistence; and, lastly, large numbers of thieves and villains of every description, who think the city offers greater opportunity for the commission of crimes, and, at the same time, immunity from detection. These people make up to a great extent what is known as the common lodging-house class or cellar population. It is estimated by the Health Board authorities that nearly twenty thousand human beings live in these underground abodes; and here undoubtedly are found the worst forms of crime, immorality, drunkenness, and misery that the city can show. The entire cellar of a house, formed into one and occasionally more apartments, answers for the purposes of a lodging-house. Placed against each wall is a row of double bedsteads, and somewhere about the centre of the room a cooking-stove may be seen. The beds are of straw, and are generally filthy in the extreme, and overrun with vermin. When business is particularly good and the beds are all filled, the extra lodgers are accommodated by placing shake-downs upon the floor at a decreased price. We found one place kept by a soldier who had lost an arm during the late war. He had managed to economize space, to his great pecuniary advantage, by having a double row of bunks, one placed above the other, so that the side of the wall presented in the rough the general appearance of the emigrant beds in steamships. In these places men, women, and

children sleep indiscriminately together, without the slightest regard to modesty or decency. As a general rule, the proprietor keeps a jug of poisonous liquor, which is retailed out to the lodgers at from three to five cents a glass (the price, of course, being based upon the particular vintage or advanced age of the benzine). Many of these places have absolutely no ventilation but that obtained through the doors by which you enter them. We have frequently, in walking on the rotten boards forming the floor, felt them bend under our weight, and splash against water beneath them; this is particularly the case with those along the river front, where at times the floor of the cellars will be inundated to the depth of several feet, and the wretched inmates be obliged to keep in their beds until the water subsides. It will be seen at a glance, then, that we have included in each of these dens a gin-shop, an immoral house, a rendezvous for cut-throats and criminals from every portion of the known world, and, lastly, a chemical laboratory for the decomposition of natural and human material—the pestilential air from which is sufficient to sow the seeds of disease and death throughout an entire neighborhood. The epidemic of relapsing fever through which we have just passed was first discovered in one of these houses, and from the migratory character of the inmates, it was rapidly spread to a large number of them, so that the disease has been confined almost exclusively to this class of the population. Fortunately for the public, the attention of the Board of Health has been called during the past year to these places by the fearful list of mortality they constantly exhibited. The result has been that Dr. Harris had each place inspected, and those totally unfit for habitation the Board caused to be closed, and positively prohibited the owners from again leasing them as dwellings. In this way, some two hundred of these dark, noisome dens have been shut up, we hope, for ever. To show the condition presented to the sanitary inspectors who examined the condemned cellars, we will cite the following extracts from their reports to Dr. Harris, as found in the last *Journal of Social Science:*

Of the cellar of No. 63 James Street, the inspector says:

"The cellar is used as a lodging-house. The measurement from floor to ceiling is six and a half feet. In this cellar the ceiling is six inches below the level of the sidewalk. No windows of any kind in front or rear; a lamp was necessary to make the inspection. The cubical space of cellar is 2,700 feet. It is not ventilated in any manner. The floor is in a very bad condition, the boards rotten and covered with filth and dirt, and very damp. There is no area in front or rear, and no drainage. The atmosphere was so offensive that the door had to be held open while the inspection was made. The floor, walls, beds, and bedding very filthy, stinking and reeking with the most unwholesome emanations and odors. There are six double beds and one single one in this cellar. I consider it dangerous to the life of the people who live in it."

Of the cellar of No. 64 Cherry Street, he says:

"The cellar is used as a lodging-house. It is but six feet from floor to ceiling, and the latter is on a level with the sidewalk. There are no windows in front or rear of any kind. There are 1,800 cubic feet of air-space in cellar. There is no ventilation whatever. Floor was damp and very dirty. There is no excavated area in front or rear. There is no drain under floor. The cellar walls were very dirty from smoke and grease. There are ten double beds in this cellar; the occupants are transient lodgers."

By order of the health authorities, these caverns were at once vacated,

cleaned, and disinfected, and not again occupied as habitations.

To the question, What means can be employed to palliate this evil? we would suggest, first, judicious legislation, such as has been adopted already in the large capitals of Europe; and, secondly, the establishment by capitalists, in different sections of the city, of public lodging-houses; which, with lodgers taken at the rate they now pay for the companionship of filth and vermin in miserable cellars, would yield a fair interest on the amount invested, and, at the same time, give these wandering tramps the benefit of contact with cleanliness and pure air.

The following extracts from the law at present in force in London, which is designed to control this class, will at once demonstrate how the worst features of these houses can be destroyed and others much ameliorated. And all this may be done without one cent of expense to the taxpayers of our city. These extracts are from "an act for the well-ordering of common lodging-houses" (July 24, 1851):

"The keeper of any common lodging-house, or any other person, shall not receive any lodger in such house until the same has been inspected and approved for that purpose by some officer, appointed in that behalf by the local authority, and has been registered, as by this act provided."

By the public health act of 1848, the local authority is authorized to make by-laws for the well-ordering of such houses, and for the separation of the sexes therein:

"The keeper of such house shall, when a person in such house is ill with fever or other infectious or contagious disease, give immediate notice thereof to the local authority. The keeper of such house shall thoroughly cleanse all the rooms, passages, stairs, floors, windows, doors, walls, ceilings, privies, cesspools, and drains thereof, to the satisfaction of, and so often as shall be required by or in accordance with any regulation or by-laws of, the local authority, and shall well and sufficiently, and to the like satisfaction, limewash the walls and ceilings thereof in the first week of April and October in every year. The government official is to have admittance at any time to make his inspection."

The act also provides severe penalties for those who offend against any of its provisions. Why cannot this law be established here; and, if necessary, regular inspections of these houses be made by our sanitary force, who pass by them every day in the discharge of their various duties?

At No. 45 Elizabeth Street is an institution called the "Woman's Boarding House." It has been in operation between two and three years, and is already a marked success. It is a large fire-proof building, containing every possible comfort for the well-being of its inmates. The front part of the first floor forms an office for the transaction of business. Back of this is a commodious, well-ventilated parlor or public sitting-room; here are several sewing-machines, the daily papers and magazines, musical instruments, and, in fact, everything necessary to employ and divert the boarders. In addition to this, several baskets containing evergreens and flowers hang from the ceiling and in the windows, giving a home-like and inviting air to the apartment. Still back of this sitting-room we find a restaurant, with plain tables and crockery; but everything as clean and comfortable as possible. Above are the sleeping apartments; each of which is divided by curtains into five or six smaller rooms, with a square space at one end for the general use of the occu-

pants. This house can accommodate about three hundred and twenty persons, and has at present two hundred and fifty-two boarders. Now, these women pay for the use of bedroom, gas, use of sitting-room and bath-room, one dollar a week, or between fourteen and fifteen cents for each night's lodging—*the same amount charged for a bed in a cellar den.* In addition, a boarder has her washing of eight pieces a week done for twenty-five cents. And she can procure her meals in the restaurant at extremely moderate prices. *The lady in charge stated that the house was not a charitable institution, that each inmate paid for what she received, and that the establishment was fully self-supporting.* This being the case, one that could accommodate five hundred lodgers, with an economical administration, would pay a good profit on the investment. Would that one such building could be established in every ward of this city, under proper moral influence, for the benefit of those who are so unfortunate as to require protection and shelter!

EARLY MISSIONS IN ACADIA.

On a clear night in the middle of November, A.D. 1613, three English ships, under the command of the bold freebooter, Captain Samuel Argall, of Virginia, weathered Brier Island in the Bay of Fundy, and, sailing through the narrow channel, now called Digby Gut, came to anchor in the basin of Port Royal. The moon was nearly at full, and the shores of the basin could be distinctly seen on all sides, at a distance of more than two leagues. At the head of the bay, in the open meadow or sea-marsh fronting the river L'Equille—so named by Champlain on his first voyage to Acadia, nine years before—the forts and dwellings erected by De Monts and Pontrincourt, in 1605, could be plainly seen standing out black and shadowy in the moonlight, and apparently tenantless and deserted. No signs of alarm were visible in the settlement. The silence of night reigned over the great marsh meadows on either side of the river—broken only by the faint rumble of distant waterfalls, and the mournful hooting of the great horned owl on the edge of the woods. Biencourt, the French governor, and his companions in the little colony, slept soundly under the shadow of the fort, unconscious of the strange sail lying in the bay; or were stretched out before the brush-fires in the woods, dreaming, perhaps, of the arrival of the long-expected store-ship from Dieppe.

On board Argall's squadron was a motley company, such as the circumstances only of that adventurous age could have made shipmates together; freebooter, Jesuit, Puritan, cadets of impoverished Cavalier families, seeking to mend their fortunes in the New World; Abenakis, fur-traders, licensed by the London Company of Adventurers, and French prisoners from St. Sauveur; their hopes and feelings with regard to the object of the expedition

as diverse as their race and creed.

To understand the situation, it will be necessary to go back, for a moment, to the events that had occurred in the spring of that year. On the 12th March, 1613, M. de Saussaye, who had been appointed governor of Acadia, sailed from Honfleur in Normandy to found a new settlement in the territory.* Two Jesuit fathers, Gilbert du Thet and Father Quentin, accompanied the expedition. Two years before, Father Pierre Biard, a Jesuit, professor of theology at the University of Lyons, and Father Enemond Masse, of the same order, had sailed from Dieppe for the newly-founded colony at Port Royal, there to establish the first Jesuit mission in New France. They carried with them the prayers of the whole court. The young king, Louis XIII., gave them five hundred crowns; the Marchioness de Verneuil presented them with vestments and the sacred vessels for saying Mass; Madame de Sourdis furnished them with linen; and Madame de Guercheville, with whatever else they required for the voyage. No news had been received from them for many a day; and it was believed that they were dead. Fathers Quentin and Du Thet were to replace them if they had perished; otherwise to return to France. De Saussaye arrived at Port Royal in May, and found Biard and Masse alive, and working courageously; instructing the Indians, and cheering their companions in the little colony with the hope of succor from France. They had suffered greatly, however, during the winter, living on acorns and roots, and the fish they caught in the river; but their faith was unshaken, and the good disposition shown by the Indians gave the Jesuit fathers sincere hopes of their conversion when they had mastered their language. De Saussaye took Father Biard and Father Masse on board, and, sailing along the coast of Maine, chose a site for the new settlement near the mouth of the river Penobscot. All the people of the colony, being about thirty in number, and the crew of the ship, set to work at putting up buildings and clearing ground.

Argall was on the coast with an armed vessel, convoying a fleet of Virginian fishing-craft; and hearing from the Indians of the landing of the French at St. Sauveur—as they had named the new colony—sailed for the Penobscot, and attacked De Saussaye by surprise. His victory was complete; he captured the French ship, pillaged the settlement, and, having sent De Saussaye and Father Masse with fifteen others adrift in an open shallop, carried off the remainder, including Fathers Biard and Quentin, prisoners to Virginia. Father Masse and his companions crossed the Bay of Fundy in their open boat, and, coasting along the eastern shore, were picked up off Sesumbre (Sambro) by a French fishing-vessel from St. Malo; and half of their number having been put on board another ship from the same port, they were all carried back to France, landing at St. Malo, where they were received with great joy by the magistrates and people.

When Argall returned to Jamestown with his prisoners, bringing the news of the establishment of the French settlements in Acadia, the colony was thrown into a ferment at the supposed encroachment upon English territory. It was a time of

* Acadia, La Cadia, or Acadie, was bounded on the north by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the south by the river Kennebec, and on the west by Canada. The territory included the present British Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and a large part of the State of Maine.

profound peace between the French and English crowns; but Sir Thomas Dale, the governor of Virginia, gave Argall a commission to return north, and destroy all the French settlements he might find on the coast as far as Cape Breton, that is, as far as forty-six degrees and a half, north, the limits of the English patents.* The French crown maintained a rival claim to the territory. In 1603, Henry IV. of France had appointed De Monts his lieutenant-general "in all the countries, coasts, and confines of La Cadia (Acadia), to begin from the fortieth degree to the forty-sixth; and in the same distance to make known and establish his name and authority."† Acting under this charter, De Monts had founded the settlements of St. Croix and Port Royal in 1604–5. But it was an age that did not seek to inquire too closely into the rights of prior discovery or occupation where the claims of rival companies clashed together in the New World. By the end of October, Argall had burned down the deserted fortifications of St. Sauveur, and destroyed the remains of De Monts' settlement at St. Croix. He captured an Abenaki chief on the coast, and, compelling the Indian to pilot his ships to Port Royal, was now lying in the bay, waiting for the first streak of dawn over the hills, to complete the destruction of the last French settlement in Acadia. His sailors were flushed with the hope of a rich booty in the spoil of a colony on which, according to Charlevoix, a sum of one hundred thousand crowns had been already expended. The work promised a finer harvest of prize-money than pillaging St. Malo fishermen on the Grand Banks; and the fact of the victims being not only French, but Jesuits, gave a keener zest to the enterprise.

The two Jesuit fathers, Biard and Quentin, were on board of one of the smaller vessels of the squadron, commanded by Lieutenant Turnel. They had narrowly escaped being hanged at Jamestown by Sir Thomas Dale, as alleged pirates and trespassers on English territory; but, finally, Argall had been directed to carry them north, and send them back to France by any French fishing-vessel he happened to fall in with on the coast. Biard's fortune had been a singular one. On the day of Pentecost, two years before, he had landed at Port Royal, full of hope and energy, believing, as he touched the shores of the New World for the first time, that Providence had chosen him—an unworthy servant of the Lord—to plant the first seeds of the faith that should afterward spread over the whole of the continent. He was now a prisoner in the hands of his bitterest enemies; the French settlements had been destroyed; his brethren were scattered or dead; and, after sufferings and disasters that would have broken the spirit of any man not upheld by a generous and living faith—famine, illness, toilsome journeys, the sickness of hope deferred, the jealous tyranny of the French traders and the sword of English pirates—he found himself at last an unwilling witness from the deck of an armed enemy of the expected ruin of his mission. The prospect was a gloomy one; the conversion

* "Jusques au 46 degré et demy; parcequ'ils pretendent à tout tant de pays."—Biard, *Relation*. Parkman says more correctly: "James I., by the patents of 1606, had granted all North America, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, to the two companies of London and Plymouth; Virginia being assigned to the former, while to the latter were given Maine and Acadia, with adjacent regions. Over these, though as yet the claimants had not taken possession of them, the authorities of Virginia had no color of jurisdiction."—*Pioneers of France*, 285.

† Charter of De Monts; given in Churchill's *Voyages*, 796–8.—*Nova Francia*.

of the Indians more distant than ever!

Morning broke at last, and the Jesuits were awakened by the hoarse cry of the mate of Turnel's ship calling the watch to heave anchor, and move the ship up stream to attack the fort. The anchor was lifted over the bows, and the drowsy crew shook out the damp sails to the light puffs of air that rippled the surface of the basin. An unexpected delay took place; the great tide of the Bay of Fundy was sweeping out of the river like a mill-course; and it was not until ten or eleven o'clock that the ships were slowly warped up within close range of the fort. Such an air of stillness hung about the settlement that Argall feared an ambuscade; but as his men rushed into the fort —with swords drawn and arquebuses levelled—a joyful surprise awaited them. Not a French settler was to be seen; the fort and dwellings were deserted; shoes and other goods lying about, indicating recent occupancy. Biencourt and his companions were in the woods trading with the Indians; and the colony fell an unresisting prey to the English. Argall pillaged the settlement of every movable article, even to the locks on the doors; killed and carried off the live-stock; and then set fire to the buildings—"a thing truly pitiable," says Biard; "for in a few hours one saw reduced to ashes the labors of many years and many persons of merit."* The English then destroyed every mark of French sovereignty they could find, using even the hammer and chisel on a large and massive stone, on which were engraved the names of De Monts, Pontrincourt, and other captains, with the *fleur-de-lis*. The ruin of the first Jesuit mission in the New World, north of Florida, was complete.

The scene was an impressive one, and fruitful of reflection to any eyes but those inflamed by sectarian bigotry and the lust of rapine.

From the basin of Port Royal, where the English ships rode at anchor, to St. Augustine in Florida, the continent stretched out, west and south, a vast and solitary wilderness, unbroken by any European settlement except the infant colony at Jamestown, planted five years before;* the wash of the western ocean beat in sullen surges on the naked beach around Plymouth Rock, as yet untrodden by the feet of the fathers of New England. In the northwest, Champlain, soldier, navigator, missionary,† the greatest hero, perhaps, in that age of wonderful adventure and heroic men, was bearing the cross and civilization up the St. Lawrence and along the shores of the Great Lakes; while to the north the fir forests, ever growing more gloomy, stunted, and monotonous, extended to the confines of Hudson's Bay, unrelieved by any trace of civilized life except the little chapel at the French trading-post of Tadoussac.

The basin of Port Royal was distinguished by a picturesque and diversified beauty — ill suited to the scene of piracy that was being enacted on its shores—and which had attracted the admiration of all the early adventurers to these coasts. Lescarbot, describing his arrival there on

* Biard, *Relation*, c. xxix.

* In the spring of 1605, De Monts had gone as far south as 41 degrees north (near the present city of New York), and at that time there was not one European along the coast to Florida. Dr. O'Callaghan states, however, that the Dutch had four houses at Manhattan in 1613.

† *Le salut d'une seule ame vaut mieux que la conquête d'une empire*—these are the first words in Champlain's *Voyages*—"The salvation of a single soul is of more consequence than the conquest of an empire."

the 27th of July, seven years before, says:

"Finally, being in the port, it was a thing marvellous to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and I wondered how so fair a place did remain desert, being all filled with woods, seeing that so many pine away in the world which might make good of this land, if only they had a chief governor to lead them thither. At the very beginning, we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually above twelve leagues of ground; among which do run brooks without number, which come from the hills and mountains adjoining. Yea, even in the passage to come forth from the said fort for to go to sea, there is a brook that falleth from the high rocks down, and in falling disperseth itself into a small rain, which is very delightful in summer." *

"It was our harvest time," says Biard, in words penetrated with a regret the tone of which seems to reach us even at this distant day—"our season of fruit. We had composed our catechism in the savage tongue, and commenced to be able to speak to our catechumens, and behold! at this moment comes the enemy of all good to put the torch to our labors and carry us out of the field. May the victorious Jesus, of his powerful hand and invincible wisdom, set his plans at naught! Amen." So the Jesuit missionary closes each chapter of his curious narrative.† The words of a recent Protestant writer, describing the same scene, are somewhat different: "In a semi-piratical descent," says Parkman, "an obscure stroke of lawless violence began the strife of England and France, of Protestantism and Rome, which for a century and a half shook the struggling communities of the New World, and closed at last in the memorable triumph on the Plains of Abraham." *

The strife has not closed; the prayer of the persecuted missionary has been heard. In the busy cities of the Atlantic seaboard, along the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and among the great lakes and unexplored rivers of Manitoba and the Northwest, the successors of Biard are laboring in their glorious mission to-day; filled with the same ardent zeal that stirred the hearts of the pioneers of his order, toiling through the depths of the wilderness on the stormy days of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. And in the ancient town of Port Royal the little Catholic Church of a new mission—where the people of another race no less zealous in the faith mingle in prayer with the descendants of the followers of Biencourt and Latour—may still be seen by the tourist, pointing its rustic wooden steeple to the sky, over the shores of that beautiful basin on which the Jesuit Biard looked with regretful eyes for the last time on the 19th day of November, 1613.†

For a period of fifty years after the date of Argall's expedition, the materials for any notes on the missions of Acadia are scanty and fragmentary. Biencourt and a scattered remnant of the first French colonists still clung to the ruins of Port Royal, living, however, for the greater part of the year, with the Indians, fishing and fur-trading. St. Malo, Dieppe, Honfleur, and Rochelle sent out yearly, in the spring, their fleets of fisher-

* *Nova Francia;* trans. in *Churchill's Coll.* 2d vol.

† Biard, *Relation*, chap. xxxiv.

* *Pioneers of France*, 295.

† The Jesuit fathers, Biard and Quentin, reached France at last after many strange adventures on their way. A storm befel them on their return. Argall got back to Virginia in safety, but one of his vessels, with six English on board, was lost; and the ship commanded by Turnel, on board of which were the Jesuits, was driven across to the Azores, whence the priests got to England, and thence across the Channel to their homes in France.

men to reap the rich harvest of these seas; but the jealousy of the New England colonies was always on the alert against any encroachment upon their claims to the territory; no durable settlement appears to have been made for nearly twenty years; and there was no priest resident on these coasts. Parcelled out by the sovereigns of Spain, England, and France into huge monopolies, the limits of whose patents were only bounded by the arbitrary division of degrees of latitude north and south, North America, at that day, with an extent of territory large enough to settle uncounted millions at peace with each other, was the disputed prize, with varying fortune, of a handful of merchants and adventurers, who planted a few sparse colonies on the thin edge of the Atlantic seaboard. The Jesuits had transferred their missions to the country of the Hurons on the Great Lakes; and the words of Biard and Masse were become only a tradition among the Sourignois (Micmacs) and Abenakis of Acadia. "*Niscaminou hignemoüy ninem marcodam*"—"Our Sun, or our God, gives us something to eat," * was the only prayer that ever rose from the lips of these wandering savages, scattered in shifting tribes at the mouths of the rivers that emptied into the Bay of Fundy, or living in isolated families under the shadow of the granite hills on the eastern shore of the peninsula, where the rolling surf of the wintry ocean dashed for ever in furious white breakers on the iron-bound coast. The superstitions of these Indians were of a character singular and grotesque. They believed in certain spirits, whom they called Cudoüagni, and with whom they often conversed in a familiar tone, telling them the kind of weather they wanted. If the spirit was angry with them, he threw dust in their eyes. Sagard, the Franciscan historian, writing of the Sourignois in 1636, relates this tradition, told by one of their sagamores to the Sieur Lescot:

> "Once upon a time," said the chief, "there was a man who had a great deal of tobacco; and God spoke to the man, and asked him where was his pipe. The man took it and gave it to God, who smoked a great deal; and after he had smoked enough, he broke it into a great many pieces. The man asked him, 'Why have you broken my pipe? don't you see that I have no other?' And God took one that he had, and gave it to him, saying, 'Here is one that I will give you; take it to your great sagamore, and let him take care of it; and if he takes good care of it, neither he nor all his people shall ever want for anything whatever.' The man took the pipe and gave it to his great sagamore, and while he kept it the Indians never wanted for anything in the world. One day, however, the sagamore happened to break the pipe, and since that time they had famine often among them. That was the reason, he said, that they didn't think a great deal of God, because he made all their abundance depend on a little clay pipe (*un calumet de terre fragile*); and when he might often help them, he let them suffer more than all the other tribes."*

The Recollets, a reformed branch of that great Franciscan order whose missionaries had already penetrated into every quarter of the world, east and west, where European adventure had gained even the most precarious foothold, were destined, under Providence, to be the first apostles and missionaries of those Indians. It was an age of great religious enthusiasm; the attention of the great missionary orders of Europe was strongly directed to the wide field of labor opened to their zeal by the settlement of North America; and although the violence of English aggression had compelled the Jesuits

* Biard, *Relation*, c. viii.

* Sagard, *Ed. Tross*, 451.

to abandon for a time the missions of Acadia, other laborers were soon found to enter the field.

In 1619, certain associations of French merchants, formed to carry on the shore fishery and fur trade in Acadia, applied to the Recollet friars for priests to attend to the religious wants of the men whom they employed in those coasts; holding out, as a more brilliant inducement, the conversion of the Indians of the country. The proposal was gladly accepted. The conversion of the savages from the darkness of heathenism was the most glorious work of that age; and the means that the Recollets themselves were too poor to supply were placed in their hands. It seemed almost a direct interposition of Providence to grant them the earnest of their prayers! Three of the fathers, belonging to the Province of Aquitaine, embarked with joyful hearts for a mission so fruitful of difficulties and peril, but which promised so rich harvest for their labors. They fixed their chief residence on the river St. John, where the company had established a trading-post; making frequent journeys from that mission to supply the spiritual wants of the struggling colony at Port Royal, as well as of the Indians on the Bay of Fundy and the southern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are also said to have commenced some Indian mission on the isthmus of Bay Verte.

In the autumn of 1610, Port Royal presented a busy and animated scene, and the good Recollet fathers had some difficulty in keeping in order the wild spirits whom the fortunes of the war had brought into the settlement. The king's ship, the *Venus*, had arrived from France, and three French privateers were lying in the river. Nearly five hundred prisoners from New England were under guard in the fort. The trade of Boston was nearly ruined by the privateers. Subercase, writing to the French minister of marine at this time, says:

> "The privateers have desolated Boston, having captured and destroyed thirty-five vessels. If we had had the *Venus*, Boston would have been ruined, for very certainly their trade would have been entirely interrupted. They have had during the whole year a scarcity of provisions, because our corsairs and others from the islands" (West Indies) "captured from them six barques, most of which were laden with cargoes." *

Another privateer arrived from St. Domingo, commanded by Morpain, one of the boldest and most noted corsairs in the war. Morpain sailed from Port Royal, and returned after ten days' absence, having made nine prizes and destroyed four more; his prisoners numbered one hundred. But the prisoners had ominous news to bring for the colony. Nine ships-of-war and twenty transports were lying in Boston Harbor; nearly three thousand men from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire were encamped on an island in the harbor; and the armament only waited for a fair wind to set sail for the conquest of Acadia.

On the 18th of September, the expedition sailed from Nantasket in Boston Bay, under the command of General Nicholson; and on the 24th of the month the fleet reached the entrance of Port Royal basin. The English forces landed on the 6th of October, and invested the fort. De Subercase capitulated on the 16th of the same month, and for the sixth and last time Acadia passed under the English flag. On the 28th of October, General Nicholson, having left a strong garrison at Port Royal—now named Annapolis Royal in honor of Queen Anne—sailed with the

* Letter of Subercase, Murd. i. 307. Boston had a population at this time of about 10,000.

men-of-war and transports for Boston, bringing the news of his victory and the establishment of English power in Acadia. The conquest was destined to be a permanent one; after a century of nearly ceaseless war, the patient, vigilant, and united action of New England triumphed at last over the supineness of its own home government and the armed resistance of France; the first decisive blow was struck at the security of French power on the continent; and although many efforts were made to regain possession of the territory, they were in vain, and only served to bring closer to the unhappy French Acadians the pitiful doom of expulsion from their country, which has made their fate the saddest chapter, perhaps, in the history of North America.

With the fall of Port Royal ends the first chapter in the history of the missions of Acadia. The missionaries now found themselves called upon to meet the demands incident to the altered and difficult position in which they found themselves placed; entrusted, on the one hand, with the care of the spiritual and even temporal interests of a people entirely devoted to them, and who found themselves aliens in the land that their fathers had reclaimed from the sea and cultivated for a century, and oppressed, on the other hand, by the jealous tyranny of a power hostile to their race and inimical to their creed. How bravely and unflinchingly they devoted themselves to the welfare of the unhappy Acadians, the history of those times sufficiently proves; the record of their devotion is not unworthy of men who labored in the scenes consecrated by the sufferings of Biard and Masse, of Sebastian and Fontinier.

These Recollets were also driven out of the country at the second capture of Port Royal and the other French settlements, by Kirk, in 1628, sharing the fate of the Jesuits at Argall's hands in 1613. Other brethren of the order were sent out by the Company of New France in 1630, and joined Latour's settlement at St. John; and, in 1633, De Ragilly, who had founded a settlement at Lahève, invited the Recollets to return to their old missions. Shea states, on the authority of Le Clerc, *Etab. de Foi*, that the Recollets, James de la Foyer, Louis Fontinier, and James Cardou, abandoned their mission in 1624, and retired to Quebec.*

But the zeal of the missionaries was unconquerable; the brethren of a third order left their peaceful monastery in France to take up their residence on those inhospitable shores. In 1644, the Capuchins had established a hospice at Pentagöet (Penobscot), under the powerful protection of the Sieur D'Aulnay, lieutenant-general of the territory. There they labored in peace for several years, performing the functions of curés for the settlement. D'Aulnay afterwards transferred his chief residence to Port Royal, and built there a new hospice for the Capuchin fathers, who followed the fortunes of their flock; and in 1653, we find the names of Père St. Leonard de Chartres, vice-prefect of the mission, and Frère Desnoase, witnesses to the marriage articles between De la Tour and Madame Jeanne Motin, the widow of D'Aulnay.†

Nor was the indefatigable ardor of the Jesuits easily repulsed. Fa-

* Shea, *Hist. U. S. Missions*, 135.

† D'Aulnay died in 1650.—*Eng. and Fr. Comm.* 118. He is stated to have built five fortresses, churches, and two seminaries, and to have established a mission in Acadia. *Vide* copy of marriage articles between De la Tour and D'Aulnay's widow, given in Murdoch.—*Hist. Nova Scotia*, i. 120.

ther Enemond Masse had twice returned to New France—his Rachel, as he called the country for which he had suffered so much—but his missions now lay in the country of the Algonquins and Montaignais. Other brethren of the order had, however, established themselves at St. Anne's, in Cape Breton, and at Miscou, on the Gulf, about 1640; and from these missions the fathers extended their labors along the northern coast of New Brunswick and the eastern shore of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. A solitary Jesuit, Gabriel Dreuillettes, set out on the 29th of August, 1647, from the residence of Sillery, near Quebec, to found the mission of the Assumption among the Abenakis of Maine. "I shall say nothing," writes Father Lalemant, the superior of the Jesuits in New France, in his yearly *Relation* addressed to the provincial of his order at Paris, describing Father Dreuillettes' mission in 1647—

"I shall say nothing of the difficulties he had to undergo in a journey of nine or ten months, where one meets rivers paved with rocks, where the boats that carry you are made only of bark; where the dangers to one's life succeed each other more quickly than the days and nights; where the frosts of winter change the whole face of the country into a sheet of snow and ice; where one has to carry on his shoulders his dwelling, his provisions, and his supplies; where you have no other company than that of savages, as far removed from our ways of living as the earth is removed from the skies; where the strength of body with which these savages are abundantly supplied far excels all the beauties of the spirit; where one finds neither bread nor wine, nor any kind of food that one is used to in Europe; where one would say that all the roads led to the abyss, so frightful are they, and yet they lead to Paradise those who love the crosses with which they are strewn: it was in his sufferings that the father found repose, meeting more often mountains like those of Tabor and Olivet than that of Calvary."*

Father Dreuillettes descended the river Kennebec to the sea; and his Indian guide, after reaching the Bay of Fundy,† conducted the father to Pentagöet, where he was hospitably entertained at the little hospice of the Capuchins who were still resident there. Father Ignatius de Paris, their superior, gave the Jesuit father a warm welcome;‡ and Father Dreuillettes, having rested and recruited himself,§ again ascended the river into the interior of the country, where he commenced his first mission among the Abenakis, which God afterwards blessed with a wonderful increase.‖

Such was the position of the missions in Acadia toward the end of the first half of the seventeenth century: The Capuchins were at Port Royal; a few scattered missionaries, Jesuits and Recollets, along the eastern shore of the peninsula, at Canseau, Lahève, and Cape Sable, where the French had established trading-posts; the Recollets on the St. John River, with Latour, extending their missions to the isthmus at Bay Verte and the eastern part of New Brunswick; and Father Dreuillettes commencing his missions in Maine.

The treaty of St. Germain-au-Laye had restored Acadia to the French crown in 1632; but New England had always secretly resented that agreement and never relinquished its

* *Relation des Jésuites*, 1647, c. x.

† "Sur les rives de la mer de l'Acadie."—*Ibid.*

‡ "Qui l'embrasserent avec l'amour."—*Ibid.*

§ "Après s'estre rafraîchir quelque temps avec ces bons pères."—*Ibid.*

‖ Mr. John Gilmary Shea gives an excellent summary of the Abenaki missions in Maine, in his valuable work on the *History of the Catholic Missions in the United States*. The design of the writer of this article has been to confine his remarks as much as possible to the missions in that part of the old territory of Acadia now forming the British Province of Nova Scotia, and which still popularly retains the name.

intention of regaining possession of the territory. The lax interpretation of international obligations that distinguished the protectorate of Cromwell, gave the English colonists the opportunity they desired. In 1653, Cromwell fitted out an expedition designed to attack the Dutch colony of Manhadoes (New York). The English ships did not, however, arrive at Boston until June, 1654. On the ninth of the month, the General Court passed resolutions for enlisting five hundred men, to be commanded by Major Robert Sedgwick of Charlestown, "a man of popular manners and military talents," who had once been a member of the Artillery Company of London, and Captain John Leverett of Boston; this force was to aid the English squadron in the expedition against the Dutch. Ten days later, the news reached Boston that a treaty of peace had been signed between the Protector and the Dutch Republic. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected! The English and French governments were at peace; but the General Court counted upon the acquiescence of Cromwell—not without some previous informal assurances to that effect—and it was determined to employ the force that had been raised by the colony, and the English ships then lying in the harbor of Boston, in the reduction of the French settlements of Acadia.*

On the morning of the 15th of August, 1654, the Capuchin fathers, looking from the windows of their hospice up the river, saw the English squadron sailing up the basin of Port Royal for the third time in forty years. All was hurry and confusion in the settlement. The fort was well garrisoned and provisioned, and with a capable commander might have made a stout resistance; but Le Borgne, who had obtained possession of Port Royal under an *arrêt du jugement* against the estate of the late Sieur D'Aulnay, was a man without military knowledge or experience; and, after a faint show of resistance, he capitulated next day to the English on favorable terms. The other settlements submitted without resistance. Thus for the third time Acadia was lost to Catholicity and New France, and handed over to the sway of Puritanism and New England.

Liberty of conscience had been guaranteed in the capitulation; but the provincial act of 1647 against the Jesuit order, who were to be banished if found in the country, and on return from banishment to suffer death, was revived and extended to priests of other orders; the Capuchins were compelled to abandon their hospice and retire to France; the missions were broken up; and for the next twelve years the English held undisputed possession of Acadia. Sir Thomas Temple, the English governor, was, however, a man of humane and generous temper and tolerant disposition; and the French Acadians who remained in the country were allowed to follow, quietly, the worship of their fathers. The only priest of whom any mention is made as resident in the country at this time was Père Laurent Molin, *cordelier religieux*, who performed the functions of curé at Port Royal.

Plans for English colonization of the territory now occupied the attention of the home government. Sir Thomas Temple urged the advantage of settlement, pointing out in his letters to the Lords of the Council the great value of the fisheries, mines, and timber of the country.

* *Hutch.*, Mass. i. 182; *Williamson*, Maine, i. 360.

"Nova Scotia,"* he says, "is the first colony which England has possessed in all America of which the limits have been fixed, being bounded on the north by the great rivers of Canada, and on the west by New England. It contains the two great provinces of Alexandria and Caledonia, established and confirmed by divers acts of the parliament of Scotland, and annexed to that crown, the records whereof are kept in the Castle of Edinburgh to this day."

But the plans for English settlement were frustrated by the treaty of Breda, 1667, which again restored Acadia to the French crown, notwithstanding the remonstrances of New England. On the 6th of July, 1670, the Chevalier Grand Fontaine delivered to Sir Thomas Temple, at Boston, the order of Charles II., directing him to deliver up possession of Acadia, and at the same time exhibited to him his commission from the French king empowering Grand Fontaine to receive the cession of the territory. The formal surrender of the forts and settlements of Pentagöet, St. John, Port Royal, Lahève, and Cape Sable was made before the end of the year, and the country was opened once more to the labors of the missionaries.

We have seen the Jesuits, Recollets, and Capuchins successively entering upon the missions of Acadia; the field was large, their difficulties extreme; the violence of English aggression always imminent, and ceaselessly overturning the foundations laid with much labor and zeal. A new organization of the forces of the church was now about to send its missionaries into the field. The Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec, founded in 1663 by the illustrious Mgr. Laval, the first bishop consecrated for New France, was already training up a body of native ecclesiastics, who joined to the ardent zeal of the first missionaries a knowledge of the country more intimate and profound. In 1687, the priests of the seminary entered upon the missions of Acadia with an energy redoubled by the knowledge of the difficulties that had beset the labors of their predecessors. After the restoration of the territory to France by the treaty of Breda, it was included within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec; and in the instructions given by Louis XIV. to De Menual, appointed governor in 1687, the king declares the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith to be his chief object, and refers him for assistance in procuring missionaries for the country to Mgr. St. Valier, who had succeeded Mgr. Laval.* The diocese of Quebec could hardly, at that time, supply priests sufficient for the wants of its own missions; but the necessity was great, the harvest of souls promised to be abundant; and Mgr. St. Valier, casting his eyes around for laborers worthy of the field, found willing volunteers in the priests of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. M. Petit was appointed grand vicar and curé at Port Royal; M. Trouvé took charge of the missions up the river and at Minas; and Father Thury commenced his heroic labors among the Abenakis and Canibats, which were destined with the aid of the Jesuits to achieve a brilliant success in the entire conversion of these tribes. The two Jesuit fathers, James and Vincent Bigot, brothers belonging to one of the noble families of France, and Father Gassot, of the

* Acadia; not the present British province of Nova Scotia. The grant to Sir William Alexander, 1621, gives the name of Nova Scotia to the territory; a copy in the original Latin is given in the *Memorials of the Eng. and Fr. Comm.* The early English writers give either, indifferently, to the territory.

* Mgr. St. Valier was not consecrated bishop until 1688; but he had administered the diocese for two years previously.

same order, joined with ardor in the work of converting and restoring the faith among the Indians; and the Recollet Father Simon governed a devoted mission at Medoktek, near the mouth of the river St. John. The teachings of the missionaries, and the examples of unselfish devotion that their lives continually presented, inspired the Indians with a lasting attachment to France and French interests and institutions, which made them the most effective allies of that power in the disastrous warfare that never ceased on the borders. The Indian policy of New England, on the contrary—if, indeed, it could be called a policy the only object of which was to plunder and destroy—cost the English colonists a deplorable loss of blood and treasure, that a more humane and generous treatment of these savages might easily have averted. With the single exception of the missionary Eliot, no effort was ever sought to be made by the English to christianize the Indians within their borders; the traders plundered them, and the war parties shot them down like wild beasts whenever they surprised an Indian village; and it can hardly excite surprise that the Indian reprisals proved as merciless and relentless as the melancholy history of those times proves them to have been.*

Acadia was the border-ground on which New England and New France contended for the possession of North America. Sometimes the wave of English conquest swept up the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the walls of the citadel of Quebec; then the returning tide would carry the French soldiers and their Indian allies bearing fire and sword through the settlements of Maine, New Hampshire, and Northern New York—almost within sound of the alarm-bells of Boston. The contest appears to us now to have been a very unequal one, and in the light of later events we are able to see that the final preponderance of New England was inevitable; but to the English colonist of the seventeenth century, harassed by the constant dread of vigilant, ceaseless, and relentless Indian warfare upon the scattered settlements; encircled by a chain of fortified posts from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi; and threatened by powerful French fleets upon the coast, the struggle appeared to be one for the security of his very foothold upon the continent. The conquest of Acadia had always been regarded by the commonwealth of Massachusetts as essential to the continuance of a durable peace; but the importance of the possession of the territory seems to have been better recognized by the French than the English government of that day; and the various treaties between the two powers always included a clause providing for its restoration to the French crown.

For twenty years after the treaty of Breda the French settlements in Acadia had enjoyed comparative peace. The missions were prosperous, although the want of priests was severely felt in the outlying districts.

* New England writers have given so high a color to their accounts of the cruelties practised by the French Indians in these wars, that a just estimate of the situation of those times cannot be obtained from their writings. There is no doubt that both the French and English were guilty of atrocities that put to shame the savage nature of their Indian allies. The cruelties of the Iroquois and other Indian allies of the English (unreclaimed from heathenism) in their attacks upon the French settlements were unspeakable. The influence of the French missionaries was always used to soften the fierce nature of the Indians, whom they frequently accompanied upon their war parties. The conduct of Fathers Thury, Simon, and Baudoin in saving the lives of the English prisoners at the capture of Fort William Henry at Pemaquid, in 1697, was most praiseworthy.

The subject of the English treatment of the Indians is too extensive a one, however, to be discussed in this article.

One of the periodical invasions of the English had taken place in 1680; Port Royal had been again captured; but the occupation had been only of short duration, and the Acadians were once more left in peace to dike in the great marsh meadows from the sea, and sing their Norman and Breton songs under the willows along the banks of the Dauphin and Gaspereaux. But a storm-cloud was now gathering in the English colonies that threatened to sweep the French power from the continent. On the 1st of May, 1690, New York witnessed the spectacle, hitherto unknown in American annals, of a national congress.* The idea had been inspired by the commonwealth of Massachusetts; the General Court having sent letters to all the other colonies as far as Maryland, urging the necessity of united action against the French. The congress of New York decided upon the conquest of Canada by means of an army that should march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, while Boston was to send a fleet to attack the settlements in Acadia, and then lay siege to Quebec. The first expedition was directed against Port Royal. On the 20th May, Sir William Phipps, with a squadron of one frigate of 40 guns, two sloops-of-war of 16 and 8 guns, and four smaller vessels, anchored within half a league of the fort. His land force consisted of 700 men. The French governor, De Menneval, was totally unprepared for resistance; he had under him only an insignificant garrison of eighty-six men; the fortifications were not completed, and the battery of eighteen guns not even mounted. The English commander sent a trumpeter to demand the unconditional surrender of the fort. De Menneval retained the trumpeter; and sent Father Petit, who acted as his almoner, to obtain reasonable terms of capitulation. After some difficulty, Sir William Phipps agreed; 1. That the governor and soldiers should go out with arms and baggage, and be transported to Quebec; 2. That the inhabitants should remain in peaceable possession of their property, and that the honor of the females should be protected; 3. That they should have the free exercise of their religion, and that the church should not be injured. With these terms, Father Petit returned to the fort, and the capitulation was agreed upon. The English forces landed, and as soon as Phipps had received the surrender of the fort, he disarmed the French garrison, and the settlement was given up to indiscriminate pillage and the license of his troops. The church was plundered of the sacred vessels; the priest's house burned down; the houses of the inhabitants sacked; and De Menneval and Father Petit and Father Trouvé taken prisoners and carried on board the English ships. Such was the faith observed by the English commander at the surrender of Port Royal! Sir William Phipps, having left a small garrison in the fort, carried back with him to Boston the French governor, the priests, and his plunder; and was received with great rejoicings in the colony.*

The misfortunes of the inhabitants of Port Royal were not yet complete. Scarcely had the New Eng-

* Bancroft, iii.

* Sir William Phipps sailed again from Boston 9th Aug., 1690, O.S., 19th Aug. N.S., in command of a second expedition designed to attack Quebec. He had thirty-two ships and ten tenders. The chief or admiral ship was called the *Six Friends*, of 44 guns and 200 men, Gregory Sugars, commander. The land forces consisted of 2,000 men. He was repulsed by De Frontenac, and forced to abandon the siege and return to Boston. A descendant of Sir William Phipps, the present Marquis of Normanby (then Earl of Mulgrave), was afterward governor of the British Province of Nova Scotia.

land squadron left the coast than two English pirate-ships, with ninety men on board, which had pillaged the island of Mariegalante, in the West Indies, in the spring of that year, appeared off the river. The pirates landed; burned down the church and twenty-eight houses, killed the cattle, hanged two of the inhabitants, and burned a woman and her children in ner own house. The successors of Argall were even more merciless than himself!*

The government of Massachusetts, after Phipps's capture of Port Royal, considered Acadia as a dependency of that province by right of conquest; and in the charter of William and Mary to Massachusetts, brought out to Boston in 1692 by Sir William Phipps, "the territory called Accada or Nova Scotia" is united to and incorporated in the province of "the Massachusetts Bay in New England." But despite the wishes of the colonists, and the costly expenditure of blood and treasure which the several expeditions had occasioned New England, the territory was again restored to France by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. For ten years after the sack of Port Royal in 1690, an incessant border warfare was kept up between New England and New France; but the settlements on the peninsula (Nova Scotia) were left comparatively undisturbed, and the natural fertility of the alluvial lands, the extensive fisheries, and the value of the timber trade,† combined to maintain them in moderate prosperity. Resident curés were stationed at the principal settlements; Père Mandoux at Port Royal, Père St. Cosmé at Minas, and Père Felix Palm at Beaubassin; and the activity of the Indian missionaries in Maine was incessant, instructing their neophytes and checking the inroads of the English. In 1695, the celebrated Father Rale had established his mission at Norridgewock, where he labored with indefatigable energy, until his death finally satisfied the hatred of his enemies.* Fathers Thury, Des Chambault, Simon, and Baudoin devoted themselves with marvellous energy to the task of strengthening the faith among these Indian tribes; and the unquestioning devotion that rewarded their labors compensated them for all the sufferings of their arduous lives. From a memoir dated 5th of February, 1691, it appears that, at that date, there were nine missionaries in the country, five secular priests and four Friars Penitent, who received a yearly stipend from the French king, the priests 300 livres a year, and the friars 200 livres.† Father Thury established a mission at Mouscoudabout, on the eastern shore of the peninsula, but afterward returned to his mission at Panawaniské, on the Penobscot, where he died in 1699. He was succeeded by Pères Gaulin and Rageot, of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. These fathers transferred their missions to the Jesuits in 1703.

A glance at the missions of Acadia during the last half of the century which was now drawing to a close will show three great orders of religious confraternities striving in emulous rivalry within the territory "for the conquest of souls and the salvation of the Indians." The blood of Gilbert du Thet had not been spilled on barren ground. His words still

* For the events of this year *vide Hutch.* i.; *Charles*, iii.; *Murdoch*, i.

† During the reign of Louis XIV., the French navy was supplied with masts chiefly from the forests of Acadia. Four cargoes of masts were sent home each year.

* The barbarous murder of Father Rale by the English, and the destruction of his mission at Norridgewock, are well known. No other scene is darker in the annals of New England.

† Memoire of M. Perrot, given in Murdoch, i. 207.

echoed in the hearts of his brethren in New France; the Recollets occupied the whole territory within the old limits of De la Tour's lieutenant-generalship, their missions extending from Cape Sable to the river St. John, with resident curés at the Acadian settlements near the head of the Bay of Fundy; the priests of the Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec, vying with their brethren of the older religious houses of Europe in the fervor of their charity, were on the Penobscot and along the coast of Maine to the St. John's River; and a little later, as we have seen, had established Fathers Petit and Trouvé at Port Royal; while the black-coated army of the Jesuits, those invincible soldiers of the cross, were regaining the ground lost in 1613, and had entrenched themselves at St. Anne's in Cape Breton, at Miscou on the gulf, and at Norridgewock in Maine, their missions forming a triangle on the confines of the territory, objective points from which they penetrated into the heart of the country.

Few memorials remain to testify to the heroic ardor and generous charity which impelled these undaunted missionaries to devote themselves, without question and without complaint, to the salvation of souls otherwise cast adrift without spiritual consolation, on the bleak shores of the Bay of Fundy and Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the first struggling efforts for the settlement of this continent. Even their names hardly survive; but it is still the glory of the church to cherish the distant memory of these heroic men, who were the pioneers in the wilderness, making straight the ways of the Lord.

The world grows more grasping and selfish, more exacting in its demands for material development, less curious in things of the spirit, with the increasing rationalism of the age. There is no want of generous sentiment among the men and women of to-day; but its manifestation is stifled and deadened by the narrowness and hardness of modern life. The tendency of modern civilization is levelling and repressive; the struggle of daily life is more monotonous and confined within narrower limits; the age has lost in individualism, but its egotism is even more intense. The greed for money, luxury, and comfort grows with the increased facilities for securing these necessary conditions of modern life, and blunts the more generous emotions of the soul. Self-abnegation is unknown. It is a prosaic age—an age of eminent shopkeepers—that sneers at miracles, apostles, and missionaries; these belong to the past; the sciolism of the nineteenth century consigns those marvels of faith to the rude ages of which they form a part, they have no place in the active business of modern life. The world runs more evenly, but we fail in some way to reach the highest level of an earlier age. How far we have gained or lost, who shall pretend to judge? But it reassures us at least to know that the Catholic Church still keeps alive within her sanctuary the memory and example of men who followed with clearer vision the immortal desires of the soul, and leavened with their holy charity the sordid selfishness of the world.

With the end of the century, French rule in Acadia drew rapidly to a close. The English attacks upon settlements grew more incessant and determined. In 1796, Colonel Benjamin Church, the famous partisan commander in King Philip's war, ravaged the settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, burning down the church at Beaubassin and driving the inhabitants into the woods.

Eight years later, Church again left Boston, on what he terms his fifth and last expedition east, and destroyed and wasted all the settlements that fell into his power, cutting the dikes so as to overflow the meadows, and in that way ruining the patient labors of nearly a century. The stormy government of the Gascon, De Brouillant, came to a close in October, 1705; he died at sea, on his return from France to Port Royal, near the entrance of Chibouctou Bay (Halifax), on board the king's ship *Profond;* his body was buried in the sea, but his heart was taken out, and interred near the cross on the cape at Port Royal. Father Justinien Durand had succeeded Père Mandoux as curé, and Father Felix Palm was almoner of the fort.* M. de Subercase, the last French governor of the territory, arrived at Port Royal in 1706. The missions were desolate, the churches burned by the English, and the sacred vessels carried off as plunder to Boston. Under the government of Subercase, a last effort was made to retain the territory under the authority of the French crown. The fortifications of Port Royal were strengthened; a larger garrison was sent out from France, and the French ships-of-war and the privateers harassed the trade of New England. The New England militia twice laid siege to Port Royal in 1707, but were repulsed on each occasion with considerable loss. Father Patrice was appointed superior of the mission in this year, and a priest was stationed at Chibouctou, where the fishery was extensively carried on.

THE HEMLOCKS.

I SAT beneath the hemlocks, one burning summer day,
When the lands beyond their shadows in thirst and fever lay;
But on their leaves no traces of languishing were seen;
Heavenward they towered majestic, a wall of living green.
The suffering dumb creatures sought refuge from the heat
Among the solemn shadows that clustered round their feet.

I came unto the hemlocks, one mournful autumn morn;
The frost was on the nut-trees, the sickle in the corn;
In golden flames the maples were burning fast away,
And earth and air were laden with tokens of decay;
But changeless stood the hemlocks, untouched by fire or frost,
In all their strength unbroken, without a leaflet lost.

Again unto the hemlocks I came when winds were high,
When sullen clouds were sweeping across a winter sky:

* He succeeded Father Guay, a Recollet whom De Brouillant, the French governor, brought with him from Placentia, Newfoundland.

The snow lay in the valleys, the hills were clothed in sheen;
Still towered the dauntless hemlocks, in robes of changeless green.
The timid rabbit 'neath them had made his winter home,
And the little chirping snowbird for shelter here had come.

Once more I sought the hemlocks: 'twas in the spring-time bright,
Green were the waving maples, the orchards bloomed in white;
But though from off the hemlocks no leaf had dropped, I ween,
Tipped were their slender branches with tufts of fairer green;
When winds were blowing softly, and April skies were blue,
They woke to fuller beauty—'twas all the change they knew.

O brave, unchanging hemlocks! a type ye seem to me
Of the mighty Church, the mother, the Christian's sheltering tree.
In heats of persecution her broad arms shrink nor fade,
The autumn wane of nations no change in her has made;
Faith's winter cannot vanquish, nor icy breath of foes;
Greener, for ever greener—'tis all the change she knows.

The weakest of God's children a shelter safe may find
Beneath her changeless branches from earthly storm and wind;
She reaches o'er the mighty, nor knows their high estate,
Alike in all her beauty to lowly and to great;
There all may rest securely, and fear no change or loss,
In the everlasting shadow—the shadow of the cross.

OUR WINTER EVENINGS.

IV.

THE RECLUSE OF THE CANTON.

At our next meeting after Christmas, when Hobart Selden entered, a student in the office of our host, who was accounted the wit of "the rooms," assailed him with questions concerning a party given by Mrs. B——, the evening before, which none of Mrs. D——'s set, to which he belonged, had attended, though they were all invited.

"I say, Selden," said he, "how were you entertained, last evening? Come, tell us all about it. Did you have prayers and piety in the place of coffee and cold tongue, and the Council of Trent instead of ice-cream and lemonade? In good faith, I think the pietistic repast with which you were doubtless regaled among these newly fledged saints must have been an intolerable bore! And our quondam senior student, now an advocate—he of the lofty brow and flashing eye,

> 'By education formed to shine
> Conspicuous in the pleading line'—

was he there? I noticed he was not in his office, last evening."

"He was there," Selden replied; "and we had a most delightful entertainment."

"He was there, you say," rejoined the other, in a lower voice and with a clouded brow. "And with the 'Rose of the Manse,' I warrant you! I am told she is amusing herself among the *novelties of the season*. It needs no wizard to guess what drew him there! By my word as a gentleman, now, if I were only entered to practice, I would just step into the arena, and try with him which should win this rose for his parterre! Talk not of your lilies and violets, our Rose outshines them all."

His remarks were interrupted for a moment by the entrance of Edward and Katie B——, but were soon resumed in a low voice, while the brother and sister were greeted with cordial acknowledgments of the pleasure their friends had enjoyed at their elegant entertainment of the evening before.

"We only regretted," said Edward, bowing to our young hostess, "that our gentle friend could not be prevailed upon to break through her rule for once, and grace the circle with her presence."

"I assure you," she replied, "if anything could have tempted me to break that rule, it would have been set aside with unfeigned pleasure upon this occasion."

"Ned," said Selden's companion in a low voice, "Selden has been telling me what you had and what you had not, and I am quite astounded, yet half-incredulous, at his account. He says you had splendid music and dancing in those spacious parlors, with superb refreshment tables, and not a word of religion or praying the whole evening! Now this is too much for human belief, as I tell Selden; but, if true, it is certainly the greatest wonder of the season. I supposed your people could do nothing or think of nothing but pious exercises."

"Our people," Ned replied rather tartly, "like good Catholics, know that there is a fitting time and place for every occupation under the sun—'a time to pray and a time to dance,' as the wise man says, and their religion teaches them to arrange matters accordingly. If you had been in Canada as much as I have, you would know more about the ways of Catholics."

"By the way, Ned," said Selden, "speaking of Canada reminds me I have some news for you. I received a letter to-day from that hare-brained reckless fellow, George Herbert, who was at Chambly learning French when we were with the good Father Mignault there. He was a day-scholar at Father Mignault's French College. You remember George? ah! yes, of course you do!" he added in a lower voice and with a slightly startled look, as an expression of mingled sadness and anger passed over the features of his friend. "I had forgotten, of course you do! Well, you wouldn't believe the news his letter contained. Guess now!"

"Well, he has become pious, and is going to be a priest; I have noticed such kind of fellows sometimes take short turns. 'The greater sinner, the greater saint,' you know."

"No, nothing of that. Guess again."

"He has run through all the property his father left him, like the spendthrift he is, and is now going soberly about earning more."

"No! I see you will never guess; and no wonder. He is married! Think of that, now! Such an unconscionable flirt as he was, who thought of nothing but to turn the head of every girl he met, and, one

could have averred, would never think seriously of any one long enough to seek the priest for the knot-tying. He is married! And to whom do you think?—that is the strangest part of the story."

"I am too entirely dumbfoundered to venture any more conjectures," replied Ned.

"To whom but our demure little 'recluse,' our Chambly pet! Ah! Ned, I had forgotten that she was even more than that to your imagination! No wonder you look amazed; I was myself, though I had watched matters rather more closely than you had, yet I never dreamed of this finale. 'A long road will have its turning, and a long story its changes,' they say, but I did not look for this!"

"Let us have the story!" we all exclaimed.

"I will, with Ned's leave," he replied.

Edward bowed his assent, and he introduced to our notice, as his subject:

THE RECLUSE OF THE CANTON.

Five years ago last spring, I entered Father Mignault's college at Chambly, for the purpose of acquiring the French language. I boarded with the good father, for whom all the pupils who were ever with him from the "States," Protestant though they might be—and they are a host, scattered over every part of our Union from Maine to California—entertained a love and veneration not to be exceeded by those of his own faith, but still inadequate to all he so richly merits. His home was an antique stone cottage near the church, in the most cosy spot imaginable, overhung with clustering vines and surrounded by well-kept grounds abounding in shrubbery, and interspersed with parterres containing all varieties of flowers that thrive in our climate. Every part of the place displayed the exquisite taste and skill of the occupant, and aided in giving to the whole the finished expression of unpretending elegance and comfort.

The reverend father was very young when his mother escaped, with a few others, from ill-fated Acadie, the story of which has been embalmed in Longfellow's immortal *Evangeline*. No doubt she retained, and imparted to her son, the glowing ideas of pastoral beauty which distinguished its simple inhabitants, and his home was the very embodiment of them.

In the August of that year, my friend Ned came also to Chambly, with a purpose similar to my own, sharing my room and home under Father Mignault's hospitable roof. About the same time George Herbert, who was older than either of us, arrived. He boarded with a French merchant in the village, and was a day-scholar at the college.

It would be impossible to analyze and describe the contradictory and capricious qualities which combined to make him singularly fascinating to old and young. He possessed splendid abilities, and was a fine scholar. Generous to a fault, he seemed wholly self-forgetful in his kindness to others. In person he was tall, in his carriage erect and graceful. His face was almost perfect in manly beauty, and its expression changeful as an April day. His manners wore the European ease and polish, with a slight dash of American audacity, which served to make him acceptable and at home wherever he appeared, and quite irresistible among the ladies. The most reserved could hardly resist the honeyed tones of a voice absolutely musical in its modulations. He, on his part, was a general ad-

mirer of them in such a fashion that each one to whom he addressed himself fancied that she alone was the particular object of his worshipful regard.

His character was unblemished by any positive moral taint, nor was it sullied by any propensity for low vices; yet such was his utter recklessness, his careless contempt for all restraining principles, that his best friends would not have been surprised to hear any day that he had fallen carelessly into vice and become the abject thing himself would have despised more heartily than any other. A Catholic by name, and from an excellent and pious family, his religion was worn so loosely as to serve rather to display his faults than to correct or conceal them. One talisman he carried always with him, which was undoubtedly a potent shield against the allurements of dissipation. It was an affectionate veneration for the memory of his saintly mother, who implanted the germs of piety in his young heart, but was called away before they had taken root. He never alluded to her without the deepest emotion, which was the more striking from its contrast with his accustomed heedlessness.

Chambly is one of the most picturesque of Canadian villages. It is situated upon the west side of a placid basin formed by the widening of the Richelieu River, which mirrors in its tranquil bosom the fairy islands that seem to have been dropped from the hand of nature to enjoy in dreamy repose the beauty they serve to perfect and complete. On the opposite side of the basin Belœil Mountain rears its lofty head, brooding complacently, as it were, over the quiet landscape at its feet. Passing up the basin, the ear soon catches the sound of rushing waters, and, before proceeding a mile, the foaming and surging rapids of the Richelieu flash upon the eye. At the point where these subside into the basin is situated a British military establishment called by the Canadians the "Canton." At the time when we were there, it was inhabited chiefly by retired officers and their families, who lived in the elegant privacy so dear to Englishmen, holding little intercourse with the world outside the Canton, none at all with the villagers. Sometimes, indeed, parties from Quebec or Montreal would visit them, and rumors would be rife in the village, on these occasions, of their gay festivities; the truth of which would be proved by equestrian parties of officers in uniform, and superbly dressed ladies on their splendid horses dashing at full speed through the quiet street, and setting the simple *habitans* in as great a flutter and commotion as they caused among the flocks of ducks and geese which abounded in that primitive hamlet.

The gregarious habits of the French *habitans* of Canada are well known. Nothing can be more charming than the easy unceremonious politeness of daily social intercourse among the cultivated classes.

Every summer evening was enlivened by some pleasant scheme for diversion; often a stroll along the romantic banks of the basin, or a loitering ramble through the precincts of the Canton. Assemblies were frequent at one house and another during winter and summer, where there was seldom lacking an individual who could furnish music from a violin for the merry dance, within doors in the winter, on the lawn under the shade of the trees in summer. An occasional picnic in canoes, of a fine day, to one of the islands in the basin, varied the round of pastimes most agreeably. We once made a summer day's excursion to the summit of Bel-

œil, which is a small island in the centre of a miniature lake whose waters slumber as peacefully in the bowl scooped out for them on the mountain top as they could in the most sequestered valley. The view was magnificent, the weather delightful, and our enjoyment of the whole too complete to be soon forgotten.

For my part, I entered with the most entire satisfaction into all these recreations, and desired nothing—could conceive of nothing—more delectable. The novelty of partaking with such glee as was enjoyed by that light-hearted and happy people in the innocent frolic and merriment of the hour, possessed ever-increasing charms for one accustomed to the staid and thoroughly decorous reserve of the Yankee, whose manner becomes the more quiet and subdued in proportion as he waxes merry, and who keeps all the bliss and light of gayety hoarded within the recesses of his bosom to warm and illuminate his own heart. So I gave myself up to the influence of the careless and oftentimes rather boisterous though never rude mirth which prevailed. Not so with my friend Ned. All this was pleasant enough; but, alas! there was the unapproachable Canton with its mysterious enchantments and aristocratic refinements before his brilliant imaginings of which these lesser lights were wholly obscured! Then there was the lovely Recluse of the Canton!—a volume of mysteries in herself, since, being the only daughter of a haughty old colonel (how Ned came by this information I never knew), and he a stanch high churchman of the Establishment, she was yet so devout a Catholic that never a morning, in rain or sunshine, mud or snow, failed to find her at the church-door in time for the early Mass, all aglow with the exercise of the long walk—for her father's elegant residence was situated on the farther limits of the Canton, at the very point where the rapids pour their dancing waters into the basin—and her countenance illuminated with youthful devotion as by a ray from heaven. She little dreamed—the artless, pious maiden, so carefully secluded within the shelter of her father's spacious mansion and a doting heart—what a wealth of silent worship was lavished upon her on the part of her unknown devotee in consequence of these, her sole flittings beyond that shelter.

When we were first established at Chambly, Father Mignault told us it was his wish that all the young people under his care should be present at the daily Mass, as the boys at the college were required to be; but at our age, he would leave the matter to our own choice, not insisting upon compliance with the rule.

Father Mignault's wish! Was there ever a pupil of his, whatever his previous recklessness and folly might have been, who could refuse to comply with its faintest expression? It could hardly be deemed freedom of choice, since compliance was inevitable. So we went as regularly on our marrow-bones every morning as any devout Catholic of them all.

At first Ned was apt to be tardy, and pronounced it a decided bore, for he liked to hug the pillow for a morning nap, but after a while he began to mend his pace, until at length his alacrity quite outstripped mine, and I was no laggard. He was so sure to be among the first at the church-door that I was both mystified and amazed at the change. I soon conjectured, however, that his accession of zeal and diligence was owing to devotion of an earthly rather than a celestial nature. My conjectures met with a sudden and unexpected confirmation. "Confound that George Herbert!" he exclaimed,

bursting into our room in a state of great excitement, one fine autumnal afternoon—"confound that fellow, he's always in luck! He has kept me in misery by boasting many times that he would get acquainted with my Recluse, and gain admittance to her father's house; and I knew, if she had once seen him, I should not stand the ghost of a chance with her! Well, what do you think, but he was off this afternoon for a stroll to the Canton (I do believe the fellow has been hanging around there all along in quest of a chance to fulfil his threat), and just as he was in front of the colonel's mansion, up dashes the Recluse, on a superb white horse, accompanied by a gay young officer—who is no other than Sir Charles Sinclair, of whose accomplishments and valor we have heard such fabulous reports. As they approached the gate, where her father and mother were awaiting their return, her horse must of course take it into his head to shy suddenly at something, and spring so far to the side of the road on the river-bank that the sand caved away with his weight, and, despite his frantic efforts to regain a foothold, he toppled over with his lovely burden into the river. In a moment Herbert was struggling madly with the rushing waters, and soon succeeded in getting the frail form of the maiden in his grasp. The long skirt of her habit so entangled and embarrassed him in the swift current that for some time it was a life-and-death grapple, in which he was at length victorious, and bore the precious prize to her agonized parents, so much more dead than alive that it was for a considerable interval a torturing question whether the rescue was not, after all, too late. Here again George was in luck. His fertile brain and ready hand devised and applied the very remedies needed, with the coolness and self-possession that never forsake him, while all around were too much distracted to render any aid. When she began to revive, the gratitude of the parents was boundless. They could find no words in which to express it, and as sure as you're a living man, that stern old hero of a hundred battles caught George in his arms and embraced him, gasping something like 'Preserver of my child,' as if the words choked him, and making him welcome to his house as a son while he should remain in Chambly! I had the story from Joe Larue, who witnessed the whole. It's all up with me now! George is in for luck everywhere." And he sank despondingly into a chair.

I saw consoling measures would be wholly unavailing, so, thinking I would try what a little reason would do, I ventured to say: "After all, I do not see clearly how you are any the worse for his 'luck,' as you call it. If he had not rescued her, she would doubtless have been drowned, and how would that have helped you? If he had not gained access to her father's house, it is against all human probabilities that you would, and, if you did, she, being so devout a Catholic as she is, would not have received your addresses. If Sir Charles Sinclair, with his splendid position, and all the influence of her father, brothers, and friends to aid his suit, has failed, as it is said he has, on account of their difference in religion, what, I would like to know, had you to expect? Besides, I cannot for the life of me see what so fascinates you! The girl is well enough, to be sure—a fine, sensible face, and very graceful manner—but as for beauty, it would be easy to find many in a summer's day's ramble who far surpass her."

"Don't say that! I'll not hear you

talk so!" he exclaimed vehemently. "I grant you my case was hopeless enough all along—I was a fool to dream otherwise; but when you talk of beauty, what can be found this side of heaven sweeter than the expression of her face as we have seen it in church—the only place where it could be seen unveiled? It is not the wax-doll beauty of complexion and features, I admit; but it is the shining emanation of all that we shall admire and love in the angels, and her every motion is a manifestation of their artless grace and purity!"

As reason proved powerless to divert the course of his thoughts, I refrained from saying more, and we dropped the subject from that time. But I saw that Ned's unfortunate *penchant* had dashed the pleasure out of everything in Chambly for him.

I inquired as I had opportunity, and found that the name of the Recluse—as we had called her, for lack of any other—was Agnes Bolton. A nephew of Father Mignault told me what he knew of her history. She was the only daughter and youngest child of the colonel. Her two brothers were married and lived at the Canton. Having been sent to a convent in Quebec for her education, she became a Catholic, much to the grief of her parents, especially as they feared it would thwart their cherished hope of seeing her united to Sir Charles Sinclair, the son of a distant relative and dear friend in England. She was so amiable and yielding in all other matters, so anxious to comply entirely with their every wish, that her pertinacity in this instance was a constant surprise to them.

"How is it?" said the colonel to Father Mignault, at the dinner-table (in the presence of this nephew), as they lingered over the desert—"how is it that my daughter is so obstinate in this affair? Sir Charles is a splendid fellow, of a fine family, highly accomplished, brilliant, and fascinating. He has good looks, wealth, character, everything to recommend him, yet she is entirely unmoved. Catholics do sometimes marry Protestants, and, if there ever was a case where such an union might be expected, it is this. I do believe converts are more stubborn in these matters than those born and reared in your church."

"Undoubtedly," replied the good father. "Having passed, by the aid of divine grace, over the chasm that separates the two systems, they are more fully conscious than those who remain on either side of its immeasurable extent and depth, and of the utter impossibility of bridging it by any subterfuge, as may be done with the slight boundaries between conflicting sects, so that one may pass to and fro, or stop half-way between. They know the separation is not in name merely or degree, but wide as eternity, and that union is impossible."

After the event related by Ned, the visits of Herbert to the Canton were unremitting. He was frequently seen in company with Miss Bolton, and openly acknowledged as her accepted lover. They came to church and approached the sacraments together; not without provoking a smile among the incredulous Yankee boys, on the score of his newly acquired stock of piety and devotion. But they were as fine a looking pair as one could wish to see—her slight, graceful form beside his tall, erect figure; his countenance beaming with tenderness over the prize he had snatched from a watery grave; hers borrowing a new illumination from a heart full of warm and holy affection. As I had said, she was not beautiful as the world accounts beauty, but there was a depth of emotional expression in her dark

eyes and playing continually over her changeful countenance that was more winning than mere personal beauty.

Thus did matters pass along until the spring was well advanced, when all at once Herbert disappeared, no one knew whither. He took no leave of any one, and left no clue to his destination. The solitary diamond of the engagement ring — as all supposed it to be—still sparkled on the finger of Agnes, but where was her truant lover?

After a few weeks, it was noticed that she looked thin and pale; a hectic flush on her cheek betokened some lurking grief. Her step lost its elastic buoyancy, and became languid and faltering. If Herbert was alluded to in her presence, or his name mentioned, the color would forsake her cheek. And these were all the indications upon which the rumors that soon prevailed were based, that Herbert, in one of those sudden and unaccountable freaks of caprice to which he was the very slave, had forsaken her, and all the bright prospects that were dawning upon him and gone beyond the reach of conjecture.

After some time Agnes regained her accustomed health, and became once more the sunshine of her home and the joy of her old father's heart. She no longer wore the ring, and it was thought matters had not been so serious between the young people, after all, as was supposed. Sir Charles reappeared at Chambly, but did not remain long, and has not since revisited the place.

Last night, I received a letter, the handwriting of which was familiar to me, yet I could not recall the writer until I opened it and found the signature of Herbert. As it will explain all better than I can, I will close my narrative by reading it.

"CHAMBLY, Dec. —, 18—.

"You will be astonished, my dear old fellow, to get a letter from me. Probably you fancy I have been amusing myself these years past among the Esquimaux, at or near the North Pole; or with scientific investigations in equatorial Africa; or in playing the munificent 'howadji' and scattering 'backsheesh' for the pleasure and profit of plundering Bedouins; or in floating like an interesting Yankee lotus on the Nile waters, and pitching my tent on the summit of the great pyramid. No such thing! Your conjectures are all wrong.

"Stung to the quick by the haughty assumption and satirical politeness of a certain aristocratic family, whom I need not name to you, I flew off in a tangent of most inconsequential indignation, determined that the world should know I was in it before they saw me again. I sought a city—no matter where—and applied myself with all diligence to the study of the law, of which I soon acquired sufficient knowledge to serve present purposes, and went into practice. Toiling and studying early and late, I speedily achieved a success in business far beyond my expectations or deserts, and the reputation among my compeers of a man who never was young, but began life the same old professional pack-horse which they had known me. Think of that for a character of your obedient servant! You would hardly recognize me in that description, eh?

"But I must, in justice to myself, explain some matters and in few words. Soon after my engagement with Agnes, I found her brothers were violently opposed to my interest with her, and busy in their efforts to lead her and her parents into suspicion and distrust of me and my motives. Every rumor they could gath-

er to my prejudice from those who disliked me—and so reckless a fellow as I was must always have more enemies than friends, you know—they reported and exaggerated, accompanying their communications with sneering remarks to Agnes about her 'Yankee lover;' 'Such a pious Catholic! But he could swear as well as any sinner of them all, and perhaps do worse, upon occasion, pious as he was!'

"She was so accustomed to their sneers at her religion, and had so long endured without noticing them, that she gave no more heed to these. Not so with her father and mother. I could see they were influenced, and regarded me with increasing coldness, and that they would much prefer Sir Charles for a son-in-law. So I took a sudden resolve to give Sir Charles a wide berth, a fair field, and a long probation; for I could not brook the thought of intruding where I was not welcome.

"I did as you know, never reflecting upon the cruel wrong I was inflicting upon my artless, gentle, true-hearted, and confiding Agnes!

"Not long since it became necessary for me to make a business excursion to this vicinity, and I debated with myself whether I would revisit Chambly. I had decided the question in the negative, and was dashing through the country as fast as steam and iron could carry me, when there was a sudden crash, and—I did not know what happened. When I came to my senses, I found myself among strangers, and, in reply to my questions, I was told that I was near Chambly, and seriously injured by a railroad accident. 'Dangerously?' I asked. The physician shook his head so dubiously, without saying anything, that I understood he had little hope of my recovery. 'Well, then,' said I, 'send for Father Mignault; I must see him.' They did so without delay, and in a short time our reverend friend was by my bedside, and promised to stay with me. I made my confession, and prepared for the great change which was staring me in the face. I can tell you, my old friend, that such a peep into eternity as I was forced to take wonderfully transforms our views with regard to the affairs of time.

"After a considerable interval of rest, I ventured to ask about Agnes. I found she was still at home, the idol of her father, and greatly beloved by the villagers, with whom she mingled more freely than formerly, especially with those who were afflicted or needed her assistance.

"'Oh! that I could see her once again,' I exclaimed, 'to acknowledge the great wrong I so unreflectingly committed, and to entreat her forgiveness!'

"Father Mignault said he would persuade her, if possible, to come. He set off on his errand, and when he returned she was with him. The physician said there must be no excitement, and she was calm as an angel. The light of that childlike innocence still shone in her face, now more spiritual than ever from its extreme pallor. As I looked into the pure depths of her dark eyes, the flood of old affection for my own and only love came back upon me more fervently than ever, with the assurance they conveyed that her heart had never for a moment wavered in its fidelity to the bond which united us for time and eternity. She forgave all. In a week I began to improve, and a few days later Father Mignault was permitted to remove me to his house.

"The colonel called upon me immediately, confessed his regret at the injustice of his conduct towards me, and had no reproaches for mine,

'which was such,' he was pleased to say, 'as might have been expected from any high-spirited young man under such circumstances.'

"I am now at his house, and almost restored to health, and—to make a long story short—our beloved Father Mignault solemnized the sacred rite, on yesterday morning, which unites my gentle Agnes for ever with your unworthy friend,

"GEORGE HERBERT."

"A singular sequel to a story that was strange enough throughout for a romance!" Edward remarked: "but it is pleasant to think how gratified the good Father Mignault must be at this happy termination of an affair which has cost him much anxiety and chagrin. What a kind paternal interest he takes in all the boys entrusted to his care!—an interest that does not cease when their connection with him closes, but follows them out into the rough highways and by-ways of the world, to which he sends them forth at parting with his benediction upon their heads, and the assurance in their hearts that the prevailing power of his holy prayers will attend them through life."

I close reluctantly these glimpses of other years which have thrown their transient light around a darksome path. They have touched the cloud over the silent chamber of the invalid with silvery sheen, and cheered the loneliness of many solitary hours by winning back bright forms, even from the dark and pitiless grave, to people many a vacant nook with living images of the loved and lost.

Most reluctantly do I approach—yet why should I?—that closing Wednesday evening of March 2, 18—, the saddest of all evenings for her devoted friends, the most triumphant for her, our light, our joy, our dove, to whom the shadows of twilight brought the fadeless wreath of glorious immortality won by her patient sufferings.

Serene the passage—joyous her exchange of the cross for the crown—as befitting the close of such a life.

> "Like a shadow thrown
> Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
> Death fell upon her"

—leaving his signet of peace in the smile of innocent rapture that lingered like a ray from heaven upon the sweet face, scarcely more pale under his cold touch than it had been in life.

How consoling, in the anguish of that hour, to reflect, that for each sharp pang so cheerfully borne, for each youthful pleasure and earthly hope so serenely relinquished at the high behest of faith, an added jewel would shine in her radiant diadem eternally!

If the bereavement which quenched for ever the light of the household her presence had illumined fell with darkening gloom and crushing weight upon the neighbors, and the large circle of young friends, to whom she was endeared by the blessings and sympathies that distilled daily from her quiet life, to descend like heavenly dews upon all around her—how useless the attempt to measure what it must have been to those nearer and dearer still!

Unutterable, indeed, the sorrow that parting brought to the cherished objects of her warmest filial and sisterly affection, the sharers of her boundless confidence, of her earliest and her latest prayer! Happy for them that they had learned long before, through God's blessing on the lesson her unflinching patience taught, that, though the darts of anguish may pierce, they cannot fix and rankle in the heart which has been tho-

roughly fortified by acquiescence with the Supreme Will for time and for eternity!

And now, my friends, survivors of the band who gathered around that winter's evening fireside, and you who have so patiently followed me while gleaning these few imperfect memorials of its social cheer, come with me to a little mound in the village graveyard, where a simple white cross lifts the *Requiescat in pace* for our dove—and let our parting be, in accordance with the destiny of earth's wayfarers, over a grave.

While we stand—

> "Amid the quiet of this holy ground,
> And breathe its soothing air, oh! let us hide
> The lingering gleam of her departed life
> In the recesses of our loving hearts,
> Depository faithful; and more kind
> Than fondest epitaphs!"

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

The life of Alphonse de Lamartine—the man whom the caprices of fate raised suddenly to the highest pinnacle of human greatness, and then almost as suddenly restored to his former estate and surroundings—was as full of strange vicissitude and change as that of the Prince of Ithaca, and will perhaps appear equally mythical to some future age.

The birth of this highly-favored individual occurred during the stormy period of 1790. But, unless we assume that the political atmosphere affected its mother's milk, the infant must have been happily unconscious of the trials and dangers by which its parents and kindred were surrounded. Lamartine had not yet completed his fourth year when Tallien and his friends brought about the sanguinary reaction of the 9th Thermidor. To his father, grandparents, and uncles, the execution of Robespierre was the signal of liberation from the prison to which they had been consigned as avowed adherents of the monarchy. After this favorable change, the Lamartine family retired to its estate at Milly, where its remaining days passed in idyllic seclusion and happiness. Even after the fall of the republican chiefs, when the war of the factions raged all around them (the persecuted having now in turn become the persecutors), young Alphonse and his mother were never molested in their quiet home. It is in this picture of peaceful life that we meet with the Royaumont Bible and its illustrations from which the bright boy learnt to read.

When the boy had sufficiently matured to understand the political and social questions at issue, and to discriminate between the contending parties, Napoleon's grenadiers had enacted the *coup* of the 18th Brumaire, and made themselves masters of the situation. This explains why young Lamartine, sympathizing by birth and education with the cause of the nobility, should have seen in the republic which overthrew his order rather a fellow-sufferer than an enemy, and that the new ruler should have incurred his strong dislike. When the mind resents the excesses

of power, it soon finds grounds for complaint, and readily espouses "advanced" theories of human rights. Such was the case with the scion of the royalist family of Mâcon, and the convictions thus forced on Lamartine in his early youth were never obliterated afterwards. When the poet, therefore, confessed later in life that his heart was legitimist, but his head republican, he only expressed the general uncertainty or indecision which was one of his peculiarities. Lamartine was never able to reconcile this antagonism of heart and head; he never had the strength to evolve a distinct system out of the elements of his will and wishes. The ingredients of his character were utterly wanting in the affinity indispensable to form a solid individuality. In spite of his successes, his life and works, his actions and thoughts, remained for this reason as incomplete as his personality. It would be unjust to accuse Lamartine of having deliberately changed his colors; he was by nature prismatic, and appeared always in accordance with the standpoint from which he was viewed. He was not fickle, but versatile. He proved himself to be both strong and weak, manly and childish; now haughty and dignified, then degrading and exposing himself to humiliations which few ordinary men would have incurred at any price. He was at one and the same time lavish and miserly, obstinate and vacillating, independent and subservient, brave and timid. He electrified mankind by the heroism with which he confronted death, and disgusted it by the cowardice with which he bent his neck to the tyranny of habit, and suffered the necessity of a Sybarite life to ruin him morally and materially. The hero of the Hôtel de Ville, the undaunted agitator of the reform banquets, the head of the provisional government, stooped to accept alms from the hands of Louis Napoleon, though he possessed at the time an annual income of over 100,000 francs. When he died, the expenses of his funeral were, like those of Trolony, defrayed from the imperial purse. The Sybarite who could sacrifice his independence for the sake of having a few more guests at his dinners or a few more horses in his stables well deserved this indignity.

With a small volume of lyrical poems (for which he was long finding a publisher) Lamartine won for himself, in 1820, not only a European reputation, but the rank and prestige of a great poet among his own countrymen. We, on this side of the Atlantic, can perhaps hardly understand the extent of the triumph which Lamartine's *Méditations* achieved in France. With this volume in hand, he was enabled to command promotion and distinction in any pursuit. He aspired to diplomatic honors, and his sonorous verses aided him to gratify this wish. The government of Louis XVIII. found employment for the lyric diplomatist.

Before the poet gave to the public his feelings and moods in ear-tickling verse, he had tried dramatic composition, and submitted the result of his labors to the actor Talma, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his day. With genuine French politeness, the great tragedian did not discourage the tyro, but he would not have been the judge of dramatic laws that his contemporaries justly considered him, had he failed to discover the poet's unfitness for dramatic authorship. Without clearness of understanding, vigor of logic, and the power of critical analysis, it may be possible to make poems which will please sensitive minds; but the drama requires an intimate acquaintance with the

secrets of the human heart, the workings of the passions, and the capacity to delineate character. That Lamartine was deficient in these qualities became later plainly apparent. In spite of the halo which surrounded his name, in spite of the respect for the patriot, his *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, though written before his popularity was on the wane, turned out a complete failure. The piece was declined by the theatres, and we question whether anybody now remembers a single line of it. The poet must himself have discovered that his wings were not strong enough for dramatic flight; for, in all his frequent pecuniary embarrassments, he never attempted to replenish his exchequer by wooing the tragic muse.

The extraordinary enthusiasm with which the *Méditations* were received can not, if subjected to the searching test which they obviously challenge, be ascribed to their poetical merits. Even in these lyrical effusions the shortcomings which characterize the poet and disqualify him for dramatic success make themselves painfully felt. The sense can only be slowly and imperfectly eliminated from the mass of sounding expressions and pathetic verbiage. The ideas pale behind the perpetually shifting melancholy mood. The phrase is all; the musical, the declamatory, preponderate, and rule at the expense of all genuine expression of feeling. There is not one true fresh natural note in Lamartine's utterances. We try in vain to trace the consecutive train of thought that should run through these poems. Even the most popular of the *Méditations*, "La Lac," is barren in design and affected in execution when we take away the images, similes, sounds, and other surplusage that make up its bulk. We involuntarily wish that the thought might have a tighter-fitting dress.

In his *Confidences*, written twenty years after the *Méditations*, Lamartine has unconsciously passed judgment on himself by the following disparaging remarks on a certain kind of poetry:

"It has lately seemed to me that there is something childishly degrading in that studied fall of rhythm and mechanical consonance of verse which solely touch the ear, and superadd a purely sensual gratification to the moral grandeur of the thought. Verse appears to him (the Abbé Dumont) the language of a people's infancy, prose the language of its maturity. I now agree with this. It is not in the empty melody of verse that poetry consists, but in the thought, the feeling, the picture of the lingual trinity which transforms it into the human word. The versifiers will say that I blaspheme: the true poets will say that I am right. To transmute speech into music is not to perfect, but to sensualize it. The simple, proper, suitable word to convey a lucid thought or definite sentiment, without regard to sound or material form—this is style, expression, language. All the rest is nothing: '*nugæ canoræ*.' If you doubt me, make one man out of Rossini and Plato, and what will be the result? Rossini will be magnified, but Plato belittled."

No one has hit himself harder than the writer of the above lines with that part of his own theory which remains over after the untenable is subtracted. It is Lamartine to whom we must deny the capacity to express a thought or sentiment naturally. It is he who has never been able to describe a person or object without artificial lights and effects. In his impressions of travel, in his historical delineations, even in his own reminiscences (*Les Confidences*), we meet more fiction than reality, more sonorous oratory and fantastic imagery than sober truth. "M. de Lamartine," observes George Sand, "has the phrase always ready: ideas he finds afterward." M. Vaulabel expressed the same sentiment still more perti-

nently when he saw on a lady's table the *History of the Restoration* by the author of *Méditations Poétiques:* "There," said he with an ironical smile, "is my *History of the Restoration* set to music by M. de Lamartine."

Among the most decisive proofs of the extent to which unmeaning sounds flatter the ear in Lamartine's verses may be mentioned the circumstance that of all the great French poets his works have been least extensively translated into other languages. The music of the sentence, or verse, affects the Frenchman before he looks for the sense; the foreigner cares more for the latter than the former. In this difference of receiving expressed results consists the material distinction of taste which we notice on the two sides of the Rhine. What most attracts the French in their Racine and Molière is lost upon most foreigners. They have no partiality for the harmony of endless Alexandrines, of tedious tirades, which rather bore than amuse them. The dramatic versatility and sprightliness of Beaumarchais please them better than the amusing loquacity with which Molière impersonifies human weaknesses, follies, and crimes. Indeed, we find more pleasure in the dialogue of *Figaro's Marriage* than in the elaborate conversations of Tartuffe. Lamartine owed much of the unprecedented success of his early poems to the acoustic properties of his verse, and the breath of elegiac mourning that permeated his lyrics. The country had become heartily tired of war pæans and hymns to victory, of odes and cantatas in honor of the army; it yearned for other strains, and therefore welcomed the lyrics of Lamartine, as the inmates of Noah's ark must have greeted the dove with the olive-branch after the deluge.

The manner in which Lamartine turned the unexpected popularity of his poems to account throws an unfavorable light upon his poetical mission. Instead of devoting himself permanently to the service of the muses, he merely used their favor as a stepping-stone to diplomatic preferment. He tried to combine an embassy with a place in Parnassus, but, as it is not easy to serve two masters, he remained—however his admirers may protest against the verdict—only half a poet and half a statesman.

After the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons and the advent of the July monarchy, Lamartine's attachment to the exiled princes induced him to abandon the public service, and he resigned his diplomatic post. "The past," he said, "may be deplored, but it should not be wasted in vain tears; no one should voluntarily assume the responsibilities of an error which he has committed; we must return to the ranks of the people, think, act, speak, and fight with the family of families—the country." He offered himself, accordingly, as a candidate for the chamber of deputies, first at Toulon, then at Dunkirk, but the electors of both localities rejected him. For a time he abandoned all political aspirations, and amused himself in a truly princely style, for which the large fortune of his wife and the sale of his works furnished him ample means. He visited the East—the land of fable—in a state of fabulous splendor and magnificence. Elected during his Eastern journey deputy for Bergues, the beginning of 1834 saw him utter language from the tribune which must have sounded strangely out of place in orthodox legislative ears. The ecstasy of the poet, the declamations of the dreamer, contrasted oddly with the lucid propositions, the practical explanations, of a Thiers, a Casimir Perier, a Jacques Lafitte, and even the speeches of Royer-Col-

lard, whom Lamartine adopted for his model, but whom he never equalled. Many a face assumed a derisive expression, many a lip broke out into a sardonic smile, when the poet, instead of dealing with some timely political question, indulged in rhetorical commonplaces about love, justice, God, and man. But notwithstanding the large discount on an eloquence so little adapted to parliamentary purposes, all, even the most matter-of-fact politicians, liked to hear this "spoken music." "A speech by M. de Lamartine is soothing," was the general verdict of the chamber on the lyrical addresses of the new deputy. Nobody could have anticipated that the man who appeared so devoid of all practical sense, whose views moved either intentionally or intuitively in grooves which had nothing in common with ordinary affairs, would ever play a leading *rôle* in the state, and wield an authority in his hands which had eluded the sober wisdom of trained statesmen. The political prophet who would have ventured such a prediction would have been covered with ridicule, and lost all credit. But when France soon after desired to realize an idle dream, to accomplish the impossible, it was fit and logical that a poet should be intrusted with the direction of public affairs. Lamartine exercised for a time unlimited power. His *Méditations Poétiques* had helped him to diplomatic honors, and brought him into closer relations with Talleyrand, Broglie, Lamé, etc. His *History of the Girondists* (strictly speaking, also poetry) made him the central figure of the revolution, the soul of the administration, because it inspired the women and the youth of the schools, rejoiced the men of moderate progress who either shouted or whispered "Vive la reforme," and pleased even the republicans without giving offence to the opposite wing. This book had further the rare good fortune to hit the prevailing taste and to satisfy the wants of the hour. By the leniency of its judgments and the music of its language, it recommended itself as much to the head as the heart of the public. Vicomte de Lannay was, however, mistaken in his estimate of the political significance of the work when he wrote in the *Presse*, *Ce livre est une revolution*—"This book is a revolution."

The most characteristic trait of Lamartine is no doubt the unvarying leniency with which he judges men of all classes, all parties, all degrees of intelligence—their faults, foibles, and errors. We would search the pages of Lamartine in vain for an expression of anger or hatred, no matter against whom levelled. Moral indignation has no place among his passions. His lips bless where others curse. A rich sentimentality combined with manners acquired in constant intercourse with the best society, makes him eschew every coarse expression or rude word. Lamartine united in his own person the extremes of French gallantry, Parisian courtesy, and Academic propriety. He never represents the appearance of women otherwise than winning and attractive; a troubadour of the old school, he finds every lady, even though she be not the chosen one of his heart, beautiful and enchanting; and, what is rarer still, he discovers in every man whom he describes, not excepting Marat, some redeeming points. It attracted no little comment that the *History of the Girondists* should have to say so much that is favorable of Danton, and that even Maximilian Robespierre should have been treated with so much forbearance. But this did the author no harm. The republicans were satisfied, while the constitutional bour-

geoisie forgave this leniency on account of the moderation and evident dislike to brute force which were revealed in every line.

At the Hôtel de Ville, shortly after the flight of Louis Philippe, Lamartine turned the popular frenzy into mirth by the only jest he is said to have made in the course of his whole life. While the provisional government was deliberating, word was brought that excited crowds were assembling in the Place de Grêve, and Lamartine left his colleagues to see what the people wanted. On the stairway leading to the gate of Henry IV., he met the mob coming to take forcible possession of the building. The moment he was seen, cries of "Down with Lamartine! Down with the humbug! Off with his head!" were heard, and uplifted weapons flashed in the lamplight. "Lamartine," relates an eye-witness of the scene, "paused on the steps, calmly looked round, and exclaimed with a smile: 'You wish my head, citizens? Would to God that each one of you had it on his shoulders at this moment! You would be calmer and wiser, and the work of the revolution would get on better.'" Shouts of laughter rewarded this happy retort, and the crowd respectfully opened a lane for the speaker. Only one man seemed bent upon mischief, and shouted, "You're nothing but a poet! Go write your verses!" but he was hustled aside. After a speech from Lamartine, the people dispersed quietly.

On the day succeeding that on which the July monarchy was overthrown, Lamartine was placed in a still more critical position, whence he again extricated himself and colleagues by his presence of mind. Freed from the restraints of authority, and elated by their recent victory, over forty thousand of the inhabitants of the faubourgs besieged the Hôtel de Ville with the demand that the red flag should be substituted for the tricolor, and a policy in accordance with this change adopted by the provisional government. Lamartine's answer was: "I would resist even to death this hateful ensign, and you should detest it equally; for the red flag which you carry has been borne only through the Champ de Mars trailed in the blood of the people in 1791 and in 1793; while the tricolor has been borne through the world with the name, the glory, and the liberty of our country." The effect of these noble sentiments was magical. The tricolor was sustained by the vivas of thousands and thousands of throats.

Hardly had the revolutionary fever subsided, however, when Lamartine's popularity began to decline. When the constituent assembly met at the Palais Bourbon, the establishment of a supreme executive authority in place of the provisional government being under consideration, Lamartine strongly urged the claims of Ledru-Rollin, his late colleague in office, to that position. Considering the important services which Rollin had rendered to the country in reconciling the parties and maintaining harmony, he thought it unjust to exclude him from the new government. But Lamartine's advocacy was regarded with general disfavor and suspicion by the majority of the deputies. He was openly accused of being secretly leagued with Ledru-Rollin and his associates. "Yes," retorted Lamartine, "I league with the socialists, as the lightning-rod with the lightning." This happy answer was loudly applauded, but it did not remove the suspicions which Lamartine's disinterested support of a rival had awakened. His name as a member of the supreme executive

committee came out fourth from the ballot-box, and from that moment his popularity declined, to disappear entirely in the confusion and tumult of the June events. On the 27th of April, 1848, ten departments had elected Lamartine to represent them in the constituent assembly. Two and a half millions of French voters had declared their confidence in his honesty and patriotism. One twelve-month more (May, 1849), and the same people entirely ignored him at the general elections. It was not until a few months later that the city of Orleans, at a secondary election, sent him to the assembly. Lamartine's public career had now drawn to a close. The remainder of his days were spent in Sybaritic retirement, and he was morally dead long before the grave had received his mortal remains.

MYSTICAL NUMBERS.

"They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death."—*Shakespeare.*

THE NUMBER THREE.

Those who have examined the sacred writings of all religions must have been struck with the repetition of certain numbers in their rituals. The number three is one of the most prominent—a number especially sacred to all believers in the triune God—one God in three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. There are some who find a trinity throughout nature, as St. Patrick did in the shamrock. Father Faber says: "The inanimate and irrational creations glorify God by bearing on themselves the seal and signet of his divinity, and even of his trinity in unity." And again: "Perhaps all the works of God have this mark of his triune majesty upon them, this perpetual forthshadowing of *the generation of the Son* and *the procession of the Spirit*, which have and are *the life of God* from all eternity." "A triple cord of his presence is bound round all things, and penetrates through their substance by essence, by presence, and by power."

This trinity in nature is beautifully expressed by the poet:

"The threefold heavens of glorious height
Are made one dwelling for thy might,
Set upon pillars of the light.

"The earth, and sea, and blue-arch'd air
Do form below one temple fair,
Thy footstool 'neath the heavenly stair.

"Sun, moon, and stars in heaven's great deep
Their living watch obedient keep,
Moving as one, and never sleep.

"Angels and men and brutes beneath
Make up creation's triple wreath,
Which only liveth in thy breath.

"In fish, and birds, and beasts around
One wondrous character is found,
The skirt which doth thy mantle bound.

"And nature's three fair realms convey
One note through this our earthly day,
Dying in distance far away.

"With three arch'd roofs thy temple springs,
Where music spreads melodious wings,
And all around one glory brings.

"And future, past, and present time
Together build one shrine sublime,
That doth prolong the ample chime:

"While spirit, soul, and clay-born seat,
Warm'd by the living Paraclete,
Shall be thy threefold mansion meet."

No number is repeated oftener in the Holy Scriptures than the number

three. There have been three dispensations of truth: the Patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian. There are three grand divisions in the Old Testament: the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. St. Paul mentions three heavens and three states of the soul. Adam and Noe each had three sons. There were three great patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Three angels visited Abraham in the plains of Mamre. The famous dreams of the chief baker and butler were to come to pass in three days.

There were three grand divisions in Moses's life, of forty years each. The commandments were delivered on the third day. The camp of the Israelites was threefold. The tribes were marshalled in subdivisions of three. Moses appointed three cities of refuge. The use of fruit from the young trees was forbidden till they were three years old. Three witnesses were required to establish every fact in which life or property were in question. The form of benediction was tripartite.

The length of Solomon's temple was three times its breadth. It had three courts, and the body of the temple had three parts: the portico, the sanctuary, and the most holy place. In the sanctuary there were three sacred utensils: the candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the altar of incense. There were three hallowed articles in the ark of the covenant, namely, the tables of the law, Aaron's rod, and the pot of manna. The golden candlestick had three branches on each side, with three bowls like unto almonds. The curtains in the temple were of three colors. Three orders served in the temple: high-priests, priests, and Levites. The Levites were of three classes: the Kohathites served the holy of holies, the Gershomites served the tabernacle, and the Merarites served the outer temple. The high-priest wore a triple crown. There were three stones in each row of the high-priest's breastplate. The altar of burnt-offering was three cubits high. The oxen which supported the molten sea were arranged in threes, and the vessel was large enough to contain three thousand baths. The Israelites had to assemble in the temple three times a year. Solomon offered sacrifices three times a year. There were three great religious festivals: the Passover, Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles.

Hannah offered a sacrifice of three bullocks when she dedicated her son Samuel to the service of the temple. Samuel was called three times. He gave a sign to Saul consisting of a succession of triads. Balaam's ass spoke after being struck three times. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. Elijah stretched himself three times upon the widow's child before bringing him to life. The prophet conferred on Israel three blessings. David bowed three times before Jonathan. He had three mighty men of valor. After numbering the people, he was offered three means of expiation, namely, three years of famine, to be three years at the mercy of his foes, or suffer a three days' pestilence. The ark was in the house of Obed Edom three months. The Jews fasted three days and nights, by command of Esther, before their triumph over Haman. Samaria sustained a siege of three years. Some kings of Israel reigned three years, some three months, and some three days. Roboam served God three years before apostatizing. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions. He prayed three times a day. The three, Shadrach, Mesech, and Abednego, were saved from the fire. Isaiah walked uncovered and bare-

foot three years for a sign. Jonah was in the whale's belly three days.

In the New Testament, three wise men came from the East to adore the infant Jesus, bringing with them three offerings. The child Jesus was found after three days in the temple. Three apostles were with our Saviour at the Transfiguration, and three in the Garden of Olives. Our Lord asked Peter three times: "Lovest thou me?" St. Peter denied his Master three times. Our Lord found the disciples sleeping three times in the garden. He hung three hours on the cross. He rose again on the third day.

The vision of the beasts appeared to St. Peter three times. St. Paul was blind three days. He spoke boldly in the synagogue three months. He abode in Greece three months. The heavenly Jerusalem has three gates in each of its quarters. There are three that give testimony in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. And there are three that give testimony on earth: the spirit, the water, and the blood, and these three are one. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Three is an emblem of strength: a threefold cord is not easily broken. The roots of the Hebrew words are with few exceptions composed of three letters. The Mount of Olives has three summits.

There are three theological virtues: faith, hope, and charity. There are three great duties for Christians: to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. There are three eminent good works: alms-deeds, prayer, and fasting. There are three evangelical counsels: poverty, chastity, and obedience. Three masses are said on Christmas-day, in honor of the eternal generation of Christ, his being born of the Virgin Mary, and his birth in our hearts.

At the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the officiating priest smites his breast three times at three different times: at the Confiteor, the Agnus Dei, and the Domine non sum dignus. He repeats the Kyrie eleison three times, also the Christe eleison. He incenses the missal three times, and says the Sanctus three times. On Holy Saturday the priest, in blessing water for the administration of baptism, signs it three times with the sign of the cross, and breathes upon it three times in the form of a cross. In baptizing he pours water upon the head three times. He plunges the Paschal Candle into the blessed water three times. A triangular candle is lighted at the office of the Tenebræ, which is continued three days. There are three Ember-days. The sacred letters are I. H. S. In the Christian church

> "Three solemn parts together twine
> In harmony's mysterious line;
> Three solemn aisles approach the shrine.
>
> "Yet all are one—together all
> In thoughts that awe, but not appall,
> Teach the adoring heart to fall."

The poets take cognizance of this number. In Dante's *Inferno*, Satan is represented with three faces; tears flow from his six eyes mingling with bloody foam on his three chins—blood that flows from three traitors whom he is crushing in his engine-like jaws. So, too, Milton, deriving his idea from the great Italian poet, depicts the fiend:

> "Each passion dimm'd his face,
> Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair."

Satan in his fall

> "Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons."

Thrice he essayed to speak,

> "And thrice, in spite of scorn,
> Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth;"

and

> "Thrice the equinoctial line
> He circled."

The gates of hell were thrice threefold:

> "Three folds were brass,
> Three iron, three of adamantine rock
> Impenetrable."

Milton speaks of "three-bolted thunder," and his expression, "thrice happy," has a superlative meaning.

> "The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
> Insensibly three different motions move."

The triangle is of the utmost importance in mathematics. Think of the power of the wedge. In every syllogism there are three parts. That "three is a lucky number" is a common saying. Franklin says, "Three removes are as bad as a fire."

The Greeks had a veneration for odd numbers, particularly for the number three. Miss Hosmer, travelling to Switzerland with the sculptor Gibson, took charge (in compassion for his helplessness out of his studio) of him and of his luggage, which consisted of three pieces, one of which was a hat-box. She noticed that this box was never opened. After their return to Rome, she asked what was the object of taking the hat-box on a tour and giving her the trouble of looking after it. Gibson calmly replied, "The Greeks had a great respect for the number three—yes, the Greeks for the number three," and that was all the explanation she ever received.

Gibson was right. The Greeks divided their deities into three classes: celestial, terrestrial, and infernal. Oracles were delivered from a tripod. Pythagoras said all things are governed by harmony—a system of three concords. Aristotle held that all things are terminated by three. Democritus wrote a book to prove that all things spring from the number three. The Greeks used this number as a charm for the dead. They wished to be buried in their own country. If they died in foreign lands, the friends at home, not being able to procure the body, would invoke the soul, believing it would come to them if they named him thrice at each time. Pindar says that Phrixus, when dying at Colchis, desired Pelias to see this office was performed for him. Ulysses, after losing threescore and twelve of his company among the Cicones, gave a shout for every one three times. In the *Ranæ* of Aristophanes it is said, "They are gone so far you cannot reach them at thrice calling." When the Greeks took an oath, they sacrificed one of these three beasts, a boar, ram, or goat, and sometimes all three. In their mythology, many animals had three heads, as the Chimæra, Geryon, and Cerberus.

Sheridan says: "You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"

There were three Graces, three Parcæ, and three Eumenides. The three daughters of Hesperus were appointed to guard the golden apples of Juno—the

> "Daughters three
> That sing round the golden tree."

There were three Gorgons, three Harpylæ, three Horæ, and three Syrens.

> "His mother Circe and the Syrens three,
> Amid the flowery kirtled Naiades,
> Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
> And lap it in Elysium!"

Neptune held a three-pronged staff. There were three inflexible judges in hell. The river Styx flowed nine (a multiple of three) times around hell.

The Romans used to sacrifice three pigs at the confirmation of leagues and truces.

Nearly all the pagan nations acknowledged a kind of trinity in the divine nature. Zoroaster says: "A triad of Deity shines throughout the world, of which a monad is the head."

The divine triad of the Persians was represented by a large circle, in the centre of which was the upper part of the human figure joined to the body and wings of a dove. The circle, emblem of eternity, represented Zarouan, their supreme being; the human figure, Ormuz, and the dove, Mithra—thought, word, and action. A similar representation is found among the bas-reliefs at Nimroud, near Nineveh, as well as among the ruins of ancient Babylon and Phœnicia.

In India is Brahm, the creative power, and the triad—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. In remembrance of this triad, they wore a sacred cord of three threads, called the Zennar, next their bodies.

The Celts and Goths had their triads of deities. The Druids found the trinity in the mistletoe, because its leaves and berries were formed in clusters of three united in one stalk. The processions of Druids were formed three times round—invocations were thrice repeated—their songs were in triads. Gaul was divided into three provinces; its people into three classes; the hierarchy of Druids into three gradations. The number one hundred and forty-seven (a multiple of three, seven square, multiplied by three) was a magical number with the Druids. They cut one hundred and forty-seven shoots from an apple-tree with many superstitious ceremonies.

The Chinese attach a mystical importance to the number three. They have a triad society, the sacred triad being heaven, earth, and man, to whom adoration is given, man being venerated (as ancestors) after death. Heaven and earth are the father and mother of man. Three is the number of officials; of the drops of blood shed during the inaugural rites; of their days of meeting during the month; of the prescribed prostrations before the idol; the grand day being the ninth (three times three) of the moon. The secret manual signs are made with three fingers. The characters on some of the mystical seals are grouped in threes—one in the form of a triangle.

The Scandinavian sacrifices were conducted on a principle of veneration for the numbers three and nine. For every three times three months, three times three victims (many of them human) were offered, on each of the thrice three days of the festival's continuance, as a sacrifice to their triune deity. The number nine is held in great respect among the Tartars. All presents to their princes are generally nine in number. At all their feasts this number and its combinations regulate the number of their dishes, kinds of wines, etc. At one entertainment given by a Tartar king, Abulgazi Khan, there were nine thousand sheep, nine hundred horses, ninety-nine vessels of brandy, etc. The roving Tartars rob caravans by this rule. They would rather take nine of anything than a greater number. Abulgazi Khan says, in the preface of a work by him: "I have divided it into nine parts, to comform to the custom of other writers, who all have this number in particular esteem."

The number twelve, a multiple of

three, is reckoned among the sacred numbers. In the Scriptures, there are the twelve sons of Jacob, twelve tribes of Israel, twelve stones of the altar, and twelve apostles.

There were twelve stones in the Urim and Thummim, twelve loaves of shew-bread, and twelve miles each side of the encampment of the Israelites.

The New Jerusalem has twelve gates and twelve foundations. There are four-and-twenty elders and one hundred and forty-four thousand of the redeemed, both combinations of the number three. The woman in the Apocalypse has twelve stars in her crown. There are twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost.

There are twelve superior gods in the old mythology. Eurystheus imposed twelve labors on Hercules. There are twelve months in the year, and twelve signs of the zodiac. There are twelve jurymen. Lord Brougham says: "We see about us kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box."

And Shakespeare:

> "The jury passing on the prisoner's life
> May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
> Guiltier than him they try."

The number twelve being considered a complete number, thirteen indicated the commencement of a new course of life; hence it became the emblem of death, and was considered unlucky.

THE NUMBER FOUR.

The Tetrad was anciently esteemed the most perfect number, being the arithmetical mean between one and seven. It wants three of seven, and exceeds one by three. It was so venerated by the Pythagoreans that they swore by it.

Omar, the second caliph, said: "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity."

In the sacred Scriptures there are four rivers of Paradise, and four artificial ones around the tabernacle, the services of which were conducted by four priests. There are four chariots and four angelic messengers in the vision of Zacharias. Four winds strove upon the sea, and four beasts came up, which are four kings. There are the four visions and four beasts of Daniel. The elect are to be gathered from the four winds. The Apocalypse also contains four visions. There are four beasts around the throne full of eyes, four angels who are bound in the river Euphrates, and four angels standing on the four corners of the earth.

There are four cardinal virtues, four sins crying to heaven for vengeance, four last things to be remembered. There are four times two beatitudes.

In nature, there are four seasons, the four points of the compass.

Milton says:

> "Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
> Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy."

The chariot of the Eternal Father was convoyed

> "By four cherubic shapes: four faces each
> Had wondrous."

Forty, a multiple of four by ten (both perfect numbers), is also one of the sacred numbers.

The probation of our first parents in the Garden of Eden is supposed by some to have been forty years. The rain fell at the deluge forty days and nights, and the water remained on the earth forty days. The days of embalming the dead were forty.

Moses was forty years old when he fled into the land of Midian, where he dwelt forty years. And he was forty years in the wilderness. He was on Mount Sinai forty days and forty nights. The expedition of the spies into the promised land lasted forty days, and the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness lasted forty years.

Solomon's temple was forty cubits long. In it were ten lavers, each four cubits long, and containing forty baths.

Elijah's journey to Horeb was forty days. Ezekiel bore the iniquity of Judah forty days. The judgment of God upon Egypt was that it should be waste and desolate forty years. God gave forty days of grace to the Ninevites. Our Saviour fasted forty days and nights before entering upon his public life. The same time elapsed between the Resurrection and the Ascension.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

That the number seven conveys the idea of completeness and perfection to some is perhaps owing to the fact that the Creator finished his work and rested on the seventh day. And its frequent use in the Scriptures may be to recall to our minds the creation and him who made all things.

Vengeance was to be taken sevenfold upon the slayer of Cain. Noah was warned of the approach of the deluge seven days previously. He selected the clean beasts and the fowls by sevens to go into the ark.

> "Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
> Came sevens and pairs."

On the seventh month the ark rested on Mount Ararat. Noe despatched a dove after an interval of seven days each time. Jacob served seven years each for Leah and Rachel. Jacob bowed before Esau seven times. In Pharaoh's dream, the seven fat and seven lean kine, and the seven ears of good and seven ears of blighted corn, denoted seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Jacob mourned seven days for Rachel, and so did Joseph for Jacob. The same time was decreed for Saul.

Much of the Jewish ritual was governed by the number seven. The seventh day was the Sabbath. The seventh year was one of rest and called the Sabbatical year, and the grand jubilee was at the end of seven times seven years. The slaves of the Hebrews were to be freed the seventh year. The land was to rest the seventh year. The consecration of the priest lasted seven days. The high-priest wore seven things: a robe, an embroidered coat, a breastplate, an ephod, a mitre, a girdle, and a plate of gold. At the Passover the Israelites were to eat unleavened bread seven days. The blood of the sacrifice for a sin-offering for the cleansing of a leper, etc., was to be sprinkled before the Lord seven times. The house of a leper was closed for seven days and afterward sprinkled seven times. The priest was to sprinkle the oil seven times. The golden candlestick had seven branches supporting seven burning lamps. Festivals were celebrated seven days in succession, as the Feast of Tabernacles. The sacrifices were seven or twice seven lambs. When the ark was brought from Obed Edom to Jerusalem, seven bullocks and seven rams were sacrificed.

Seven nations were to be delivered into the hands of the Israelites before they could possess the land of Canaan. They were seven years in conquering that land. At the destruction of Jericho the city was compassed seven days in succession, the seven priests bearing seven rams'

horns, and on the seventh day they compassed the city seven times, when the walls fell.

Balaam, by the express command of God, offered seven bullocks and seven rams in sacrifice upon seven altars. The sacrifice of Asa was seven hundred oxen and seven hundred sheep. Hezekiah, when he cleansed the house of the Lord of its abominations, sacrificed seven bullocks and seven rams. And God commanded the friends of Job to purify themselves by the same offering. A bullock seven years old was sacrificed after the destruction of the altar of Baal and the holy groves. The number of Passovers referred to in the Old Testament is seven: one in Egypt, in the wilderness, at Jericho, in the time of Samuel at Mizpeh, during the reign of Hezekiah and that of Josiah, and the seventh in the time of Ezra.

Seven restorations of life are mentioned in the Bible: of the widow's son by Elijah, the son of the Shunammite by Elisha, the dead body that came in contact with the bones of Elisha, the daughter of Jairus by our Lord, the widow's son of Nain, Lazarus, and the glorious resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Samson was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were woven with the web. The Gibeonites demanded of David seven of Saul's descendants as an atonement. Solomon was seven years in building the temple, which was dedicated in the seventh month, and the festival lasted seven days.

Bilhah had seven sons; so had Job; so had Sceva, the high-priest. Jethro, priest of Midian, had seven daughters. The king of Persia had seven counsellors.

Namaan, for the cure of his leprosy, was directed to bathe seven times in the Jordan. Nebuchadnezzar was banished from his fellowmen seven years.

Seven holy angels are mentioned in the sacred Scriptures as the eyes of the Lord, that run to and fro on the face of the earth.

Milton says:

> "The Archangel Uriel, one of the seven
> Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
> Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
> That run through all the heavens or down to the earth,
> Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
> O'er sea and land."

These seven angels are named in Holy Writ or by tradition as: Sts. Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Sealtiel, Jehudiel, and Barachiel.

We read in the Book of Proverbs that Wisdom hath builded her a house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars.

Also, that there are seven abominations in the heart of the tale-bearer. The thief should restore sevenfold.

Asmodeus, the evil spirit, killed the seven husbands of Sarah, daughter of Raguel. Tobias's wedding was kept seven days.

Seventy souls sprang from the loins of Jacob. Jerubbaal had seventy sons. Our Lord had seventy disciples. We are to forgive seventy times seven.

The genealogy of our Saviour is summed up in divisions of fourteen generations each, that is, twice seven: from Abraham to David, fourteen; from David to the Babylonian captivity, fourteen; and from that time till Christ, fourteen.

In the New Testament, we have also the seven loaves and seven baskets of fragments. Our Lord spake seven times on the cross.

The Apocalyptic vision seems based upon the number seven. In it are the seven churches in Asia greeted by seven spirits. Seven golden candlesticks, seven stars, the book

sealed with seven seals, seven angels with the seven trumpets, seven thousand men destroyed, seven plagues in seven golden vials, the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, the scarlet-colored beast having seven heads, the seven thunders, and the dragon with seven heads and seven crowns. Seven lamps burn before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God. The witnesses prophesy in sackcloth the half of seven years, and lie unburied the half of seven years.

There are seven gifts of the Holy Ghost; seven spiritual works of mercy; seven corporeal works of mercy, seven sacraments, seven deadly sins, and seven contrary virtues, seven dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her seven joys. There are seven holy orders, seven canonical hours which divide the ecclesiastical day into seven parts, seven Penitential Psalms, and seven divisions of the Lord's Prayer. At the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the priest says "Dominus vobiscum" seven times.

In the *Divina Commedia* there are seven circles each in hell and purgatory, corresponding to the seven deadly sins. Virgil delivered Dante from seven perils. The most consummate wickedness is expressed by mentioning the seven vices or the habitation of "seven devils." The complete refining of metals is expressed by the phrase "purified seven times." There are the seven champions of Christendom and the seven sleepers of Ephesus, whose nap lasted two hundred and twenty-nine years.

Seven gates of hell are mentioned in the Koran, being seven places of punishment: the first for sinful Mussulmans, the second for Christians, the third for Jews, the fourth for Sabeans, the fifth for fire-worshippers, the sixth for idolaters, and the seventh for hypocrites of all religions. The pilgrims to Mecca, in imitation of Hagar when she was suffering from thirst, still run seven times from Mount Susa to Marwa, looking around and stooping down to imitate her when she was hunting for water. The pilgrims also have a ceremony of throwing seven pebbles, from the number thrown by Abraham at Eblis when he tempted him on his way to sacrifice Isaac.

There is a curious legend which says that the punishment of Cain for killing his brother Abel consisted in carrying the dead body for the space of five hundred years and then to bury it in a certain place. He marked the grave by setting up his staff on it, and from the staff grew up seven oak-trees which stand in a line in the holy land of Palestine.

The number seven was considered by the Persians as a lucky number.

There were seven vases in the temple of the sun, near Babian in Upper Egypt; seven altars burned continually before the god Mithras in many of his temples; seven holy fanes of the Arabians; seven Gothic deities; seven wise men of Greece; seven wonders of the world; seven leaders against Thebes; seven gates of Thebes; seven bulls' hides in the shield of Achilles; the sevenfold shield of Ajax.

"Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head."

There are also the seven Pleiades and seven Hyades, seven Titans and seven Titanides, seven Atlantides, seven heads of Hydra, and the seven Tripods of Agamemnon. Niobe had seven sons and seven daughters.

There are seven prismatic colors, seven liberal arts, seven sciences, seven notes in music, sèven days in the week, and the seventh son, who is always a wonder, as everybody knows, and possesses some magical power.

In some parts of France this seventh son, called a Marcou, is supposed to be marked with a fleur-de-lis, and to possess the royal prerogative of curing the king's evil. And the healing powers of the seventh son of a seventh son are still more wonderful—quite approaching the marvellous, in fact, according to the popular belief.

Ingpen, who lived in the seventeenth century, thus establishes the superiority of the number seven: "It is compounded of one and six, two and five, three and four. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves, how can this number but be far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues?" There are seven ages of man:

"At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice.
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

THE NUMBER TEN.

The sum of the first four digits being ten, ten is considered a perfect number.

God promised to spare Sodom if ten righteous men were found in it. When Abraham sent a steward to fetch a wife for his son, he took ten camels and gold bracelets of ten shekels for presents. In the construction of the tabernacle the boards were ten cubits in length, the pillars on each side were ten, the sockets ten, the curtains ten. There are ten commandments. In the temple the cherubim were ten cubits high, the molten sea ten cubits in diameter. There were also ten golden candlesticks, ten tables, and ten vases of brass.

Our Saviour also used this number, as in the parable of the ten talents, the ten lepers, ten virgins, etc.

Five, a division of ten, is with us all associated with the five sacred wounds of our Lord.

There are five grains of incense in the Paschal candle.

There are five joyful, five sorrowful, and five glorious mysteries in the rosary.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LASSERRE.

XII.

During the period of the apparitions, magnificent weather had favored the popular movement. There had been such a series of fine days as the land had not seen for many a year. After the fifth of March the weather changed and a heavy snow fell. The rigor of the season naturally interrupted for some days the concourse at the grotto.

Miraculous cures continued to be worked.

Benoite Cazeaux, a woman of Lourdes, who had been for three years bedridden with a slow fever, had vainly sought medical aid. All the attempts of the physicians to cure her had failed. The baths of Gazost, where she had undergone treatment, had proved powerless. Repeated failures had so baffled the doctors that they considered her incurable and had ceased to visit her. In this desperate condition the poor woman had recourse to our Lady of Lourdes, and her incurable disease disappeared immediately after drinking one or two glasses of the water and using it as a lotion.*

Another woman, Blaisette Soupenne, living at Lourdes and aged about fifty years, had been for several years afflicted with a chronic affection of the eyes, and her case was very grave. It was what is technically termed a blepharitis, accompanied by atrophy. There was a continual flow of tears, and sharp pains, sometimes in one eye, sometimes in both; the lids were sore, turned inside out, and without lashes; the lower ones covered with large excrescences; such was the miserable state of this unfortunate woman. She was vainly bathing her eyes several times a day with cold water and using other remedies prescribed by the doctors, and had endeavored, to no purpose, to obtain some relief at the springs of Barèges, Cauterets, and Gazost. Given over by human skill, she now turned to the divine goodness manifested at the grotto. Declared incurable by science, she had recourse to faith, and besought the miraculous Lady to relieve her of this cruel disease, against which human learning and natural agents had proved powerless. At the first application of the water she felt great relief, and at the second, which took place on the following day, the cure was complete. The eyes ceased to run with tears, the lids returned to their proper places, and the excrescences disappeared. From that day also the lashes began to grow again.

According to the report of the physicians called in to examine the case, the supernatural effect was the more manifest in this wonderful cure inasmuch as "the material lesion was so evident, and because the rapid restoration of the tissues to the normal organic and vital conditions was accompanied by the replacement of the lids. The significance of this is the greater from the fact that the disease in question was a most obstinate one, and at the stage which it had reached in the case of Blaisette Soupenne, it absolutely required the intervention of surgery to cut the membrane, or at least to remove by

* *Procès-verbaux* of the committee of inquiry appointed by the bishop, Number 22. All the statements before this committee were made under oath and were verified by physicians.

a powerful cauterization the sores which had formed upon it: "*

Miraculous cures were becoming frequent, God was doing his work, and the power of the Blessed Virgin was being manifested.

XIII.

SINCE the last day of the fortnight, Bernadette had returned several times to the grotto, but somewhat like other people, that is, without hearing the interior voice which had previously called her irresistibly.

She heard it, however, once more on the morning of the 25th of March, and immediately set out for the Massabielle rocks, her face beaming with hope. She felt that she was again to see the apparition, and that Paradise would for an instant once more open its eternal gates before her charmed eyes.

As will readily be supposed, she had become the object of general attention at Lourdes, and could not take a step without being observed by all eyes.

"Bernadette is going to the grotto," all said to each other on seeing her pass; and immediately the crowd, coming out of the houses, and following different ways, rushed in the same direction, arriving at the same time with the child.

The snow had already been melted for several days in the valley, but it still lay upon the surrounding peaks. The weather was clear and beautiful; the blue and peaceful sky was without a cloud; and the royal sun seemed at this moment to be born in the midst of the white summits, and to throw a splendor upon his cradle of snow.

It was the anniversary of the day on which the angel Gabriel descended to the most pure Virgin of Nazareth, and saluted her in the name of the Lord. The church was celebrating the feast of the Annunciation.

While this multitude, among whom were most of those who had been cured, Louis Bourriette, the widow Crozat, Blaisette Soupenne, Benoite Cazeaux, Auguste Bordes, and many others, were running to the grotto, the Catholic Church, at the end of the matins of the day, was singing the wonderful words: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free: for waters are broken out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness." (Isaias xxxv.)

The joyous presentiment which Bernadette had felt had not been a delusion. The voice which had called her was indeed that of the "Virgin most faithful."

As soon as the child was on her knees, the vision appeared. An indescribable halo of unsurpassed splendor, expressive of eternal glory and absolute peace, floated around her. Her veil and flowing robe had the whiteness of driven snow, and the roses which bloomed at her feet were of the golden color which the horizon often has at the first light of dawn. Her girdle was blue as the heavens.

Bernadette in ecstasy had forgotten the earth, in presence of this spotless beauty.

"O Lady!" said she, "please tell me who you are and what is your name!"

The royal apparition smiled, but said nothing. But at that moment, the Universal Church, reciting the solemn prayers of the office, was say-

* Extract from the report of Dr. Vergez, professor of the Faculty of Montpellier, to the episcopal commission.

ing, "Holy and immaculate Virginity, I know not how to praise thee; for thou hast borne in thy bosom him whom the heavens cannot contain." *

Bernadette, however, did not hear these distant voices, and could not suspect their profound significance. As the vision remained silent, she repeated the question in the same words.

The apparition appeared yet more radiant, as if with increasing joy, but still did not comply with the child's request. But the church throughout Christendom, continuing its prayers and anthems, was pronouncing these words, "Congratulate me, all ye who love the Lord, because, from the time when I was a child, I have pleased the Most High. And from my womb have I brought forth him who is God and man. All generations shall call me Blessed, because God hath regarded his humble handmaid, and from my womb have I brought forth him who is God and man." †

Bernadette renewed her entreaty, and pronounced for a third time the words, "O Lady! please be so good as to tell me what is your name."

The apparition seemed to enter more and more into the glory of the blessed; and, as if absorbed in its happiness, still did not reply. But by an extraordinary coincidence, the universal heart of the church sent up at that moment a song of gladness, and itself gave the earthly name of the wonderful vision: "Hail, MARY, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." *

Bernadette once more repeated her supplication.

The hands of the apparition were clasped with fervor, and the face shone with the glory of eternal beatitude. It was humility glorified. As Bernadette gazed upon the vision, the vision, no doubt, was contemplating the Persons of the eternal Trinity, of whom she was the daughter, mother, and spouse.

At the last question of the child, she separated her hands, and, slipping over her right arm the chaplet whose alabaster beads were strung on a golden thread, she inclined both arms downward, as if to show the earth those virginal hands full of blessings for it. Then, raising them toward the eternal abode whence long ago on this day the angelic messenger of the Annunciation had descended, she joined them again as before, and, looking to heaven with unspeakable gratitude, pronounced these words:

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

Having thus spoken, she disappeared, and the child found herself, like the rest of the multitude, before only a desolate rock.

The miraculous stream, flowing through its wooden channel into its simple receptacle, gently murmured at her side.

It was the day and hour in which the Holy Church was intoning in the office the magnificent hymn:

"O Gloriosa Virginum,
Sublimis inter sidera."

XIV.

THE Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ had not said, "I am Mary

* "Sancta et immaculata Virginitas, quibus te laudibus efferam, nescio; quia quem cœli capere non poterant, tuo gremio contulisti."—*Brev. Rom.* March 25, Feast of the Annunciation.

† "Congratulamini mihi omnes qui diligitis Dominum, quia cum essem parvula, placui Altissimo. Et de meis visceribus genui Deum et hominem. Beatam me dicent omnes generationes, quia ancillam humilem respexit Deus, et de meis visceribus genui Deum et hominem."—*Brev. Rom.* March 25.

* "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus."

immaculate," but, "I am the Immaculate Conception," as if to mark the absolute and, as it were, substantial character of the divine privilege which she alone has enjoyed since Adam and Eve were created. It is as if she had said not "I am pure," but "I am purity itself;" not "I am a virgin," but "I am the incarnate and living virginity;" not "I am white," but "I am whiteness."

A white object may cease to be so; but whiteness is always white. It is its essence, not its quality.

Mary is more than conceived without sin, she is the Immaculate Conception itself; that is, the essential and superior type, the archetype of pure humanity, of humanity as it came from the hands of God unstained by original sin, by the impure element which the fault of our first parents mixed in the very source of this immense river which has flowed for six thousand years, and of which each one of us is a little drop.

When we wish to obtain clear water from a muddy stream, what do we do? We take a filter, and free the water from the grosser admixtures. We pass it then through a second, then through a third, and so on. At last we have a vessel of absolutely pure water, like a liquid diamond. Thus did God act when the original stream of humanity was disturbed. He chose out a family, and guided it through the world, from century to century, from Seth to Noe, from Sem to David, from David to St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of the Blessed Virgin. And when the blood of man had been thus filtered, as it were, through fifty generations, consisting with some few exceptions of patriarchs and just men, there came into the world an absolutely pure creature, a perfectly immaculate daughter of Adam. She was called Mary, and her fruitful virginity brought forth Jesus Christ.

The Blessed Virgin at this time wished to attest by her presence and by miracles the last dogma defined by the church, and proclaimed by St. Peter speaking by the voice of Pius IX.

The little shepherdess, to whom she had just appeared, had never before heard the words "Immaculate Conception;" and, not understanding them, she made great efforts on the way back to Lourdes to remember them. "I repeated them to myself all the way, so as not to forget them," she told us one day, "and up to the door of the curé's house I kept saying, 'Immaculate Conception, Immaculate Conception,' at every step, because I wished to repeat to him the exact words of the vision, so that the chapel might be built without fail."

PART V.

I.

THE question which M. Jacomet had sent up to the prefect continued its ascent, and at last reached the minister. On the 12th and 26th of March, the prefect made official reports to his excellency, and, awaiting a reply from the latter, confined himself to the measures which we have already noticed. The ministry of public worship was not then, as it is now, attached to the department of justice, but to that of public instruction. M. Rouland was minister. Formerly *procureur-général*, and at this time minister of public instruction, M. Rouland held at once to the traditional and suspicious formalism of the old parliamentarians and the current notions of the university. Dogmatic, convinced of his own importance, his very philosophy tinged

with sectarianism, fanatical on the score of his own wisdom, and implacable towards everything that did not square with his systematic ideas, M. Rouland could not for an instant admit the reality of the visions and miracles at Lourdes. Hence, at the distance of a hundred and fifty leagues, without any documents save the two letters from the prefect, he cut short the whole matter with that decisive tone which lays down an ultimatum without vouchsafing any discussion. Despite the prudent counsel which he gave the prefect, it was easy for the latter to seize the cue of his future part, to wit, no toleration of miracles or apparitions. Of course, the minister assumed the attitude of a defender of religion. The following is his letter to M. Massy, dated April 12:

"MONSIEUR LE PREFET: I have examined the two reports which you were kind enough to address to me on the 12th and 26th of March, respecting a pretended apparition of the Virgin, supposed to have taken place in a grotto near the town of Lourdes. In my judgment, it is necessary to put a stop to acts which will end by compromising the interests of Catholicity and weakening the religious sentiment of the people. *According to law, no one can found an oratory or place of public worship without the twofold authorization of the civil and ecclesiastical powers.*

"It would therefore be justifiable on strict principles to close the grotto at once, since it has been transformed into a species of chapel.

"Nevertheless, it seems likely that grave troubles would ensue from a too rough and hasty application of this law. It will be enough if the young visionary be hindered from returning to the grotto, and measures taken to turn public attention from the spot, and render visits to it less frequent. I cannot at present give you, *M. le Préfet*, more precise instruction. It is, above all, a question of tact, prudence, and firmness, and here my suggestions would be useless. It will be indispensable that you act in concert with the clergy, but I leave you to treat directly with the Bishop of Tarbes on this delicate affair, and authorize you to say in my name to the prelate, that *I am decidedly of the opinion that a free course should not be permitted to a state of things which will not fail to serve as a pretext for new attacks upon the clergy and religion.*"

II.

ON the receipt of this letter, M. Massy addressed the bishop to beg him to prohibit Bernadette formally from going at all to the grotto. He naturally put forward how the interests of religion would be compromised by these hallucinations and frauds, and the deplorable effect which such things would produce upon serious minds seeking in good faith to reconcile Catholicity with sound philosophy and modern ideas. M. Massy no more than M. Rouland deigned to pause at the hypothesis that the apparitions might be real. The prefect and the minister had equal scorn for such superstitions.

The prefect was clever, but the bishop was wise, and it would have been hard to disguise the truth from him. Mgr. Laurence clearly detected two things:

First, that the government (and by this we mean the prefect and the minister who happened then to be in office) would be much pleased to put the clergy prominently forward, and yet dictate its decisions. Mgr. Laurence, however, had too high a sense of his episcopal duty to become a tool.

Secondly, that perhaps the minister, and certainly the prefect, were tempted to have recourse to violence, that is to say, to oppose force to faith. Now, Mgr. Laurence was too prudent not to use all his efforts to avert such an evil. He was obliged, on the one hand, to resist strongly the pressure brought to bear by the civil

power; on the other hand, not to irritate it, to repel its inadmissible exactions, and still to preserve harmony. Mgr. Laurence knew how to steer clear of these opposite difficulties. Just as he resisted the popular enthusiasm which pressed him to declare the miracle officially, so he resisted the minister and prefect who urged him to condemn it without examination. Impassible amid the agitation of the multitude and the part taken by the civil power, he determined not to pronounce judgment without a full knowledge of the case, to refrain from any premature decision, and to leave his future course free. However, perceiving the openly hostile disposition of the government, he saw that he must exert all permissible means to deter the civil authority from deplorable acts of violence. He must remove every pretext. Since the temporal power inclined toward rash measures, the spiritual power must have moderation enough for both. Since the prefect had not sufficient prudence, the bishop must have more than sufficient, for this, in his opinion, was the only means of getting enough.

III.

Mgr. Laurence, as we have already noticed, was still undecided as to the judgment which he ought to render regarding the occurrences at Lourdes. Not being on the spot, nor witnessing the marvels which were there occurring, learning the facts only from the accounts of clergymen who in turn were not eye-witnesses, he had not yet made up his mind. He was waiting. Under such circumstances, to prohibit Bernadette from going to the grotto when she felt herself called by a voice from on high would be to violate the holiest liberty the soul can enjoy, and which churchmen know how to respect even in a child; but to use words of counsel and to keep Bernadette from visiting the cliffs of Massabielle without a heavenly impulse, this the bishop thought he might prudently order the curé of Lourdes to do, and thus prevent the civil power from entering on the dangerous course of persecution, toward which he saw it inclining.

That which deterred the prefect was less a question of principle than of personal considerations. With a prelate so universally beloved and venerated as Mgr. Laurence, and after having lived so long in perfect harmony with his lordship, it was necessary to think twice before venturing a religious *coup d'état*. Baron Massy was too much of a politician not to hesitate before breaking this *entente cordiale*, and making a violent invasion in a region which belonged to the bishop, and the bishop alone.

IV.

Easter came. Despite the pious apprehensions of the minister of public worship, the wonders accomplished at Lourdes had by no means "weakened the religious sentiment of the people." Numberless conversions had taken place, and the confessionals were literally besieged. Usurers and robbers made restitution. The faithful crowded to the Holy Table.

On Easter Monday, April 5th, the very day on which the prefect visited the bishop, the Mother of God again called interiorly to the miller's little daughter, and the child, followed by an immense throng, betook herself to the grotto, where, as formerly, the heavens were opened and displayed the Virgin-Mother in her glory.

On this occasion, a marvellous event took place in sight of the entire multitude. The taper which Bernadette had herself brought, or which had been given her by somebody,

was very large, and she rested it on the ground, supporting the upper end by the fingers of her partially clasped hands. The Blessed Virgin appeared, and at once the maiden, falling into ecstasy, raised her hands a little and rested them, without thinking, on the lighted end of the taper. The flame began to pass between her fingers, and moved from side to side with the fitful breeze. Bernadette still remained motionless and engrossed by heavenly contemplation, not observing the phenomenon which caused such stupefying wonder among the throng around her. Those present crowded close to see the wonder better. Messrs. Jean-Louis Fourcade, Martinou, Estrade, Callet the forest-keeper, the Misses Tard'hivail, and a hundred other persons, were spectators of this strange occurrence. Doctor Dozous had taken out his watch at the very first moment; the extraordinary sight lasted a little over a quarter of an hour.

All at once a faint tremor passed over the frame of Bernadette. Her countenance fell. The vision had departed, and the child returned to her natural state. They seized her hand; but it presented no unusual appearance. The flame had respected the flesh of one who knelt in ecstasy before Mary. Not without reason was it that the multitude cried "A miracle!" One of the spectators, nevertheless, wished to make a further experiment, and, taking the lighted taper, touched the hand of Bernadette.

"Ah! sir," she cried, drawing back, "you are burning me."*

The events at Lourdes had produced such a commotion in the country, and the concourse of strangers was so great, that, on this day, although it was not announced beforehand as in the fortnight, nevertheless the number of persons collected around Bernadette was estimated at about ten thousand.*

V.

Several young women of Lourdes, of exemplary virtue, among whom we may mention Marie Courrège, a pious servant respected by everybody, had visions, it appears, at the grotto which resembled those of Bernadette. The reports of these were but vaguely circulated, however, and never exerted any influence on the public. Little children also had visions of a far different and frightful character. Where the divinely preternatural appears, the diabolically preternatural strives to mingle with it. The history of the fathers of the desert, and of the mystics, gives page after page in proof of this. The abyss was troubled, and the angel of darkness had recourse to his counterfeits to disturb believing souls.

To these various facts, ill observed at the time of their occurrence, and of which memory has forgotten many details, we cannot open the gates of history; we merely mention, in order not to have wholly neglected, them. The true visions were of importance only to individuals; the others died away of themselves.

* This incident of the taper made a great stir. The *Lavedan* could not long refrain from noticing it. "Since the famous 4th of March," it remarks, "Bernadette has been moderate in her visits to the grotto. She has only been there twice or thrice. On one of these occasions an *eye-witness* informs us that during her ecstasy she exposed her hands for some time to the flame of a candle without experiencing the slightest pain. Of course they cried out, 'A miracle!'" This last is a most naïve reflection. Does the editor, after all, consider the fact a perfectly natural one?

* Having received timely notice, the mayor had stationed persons on all the roads and paths to reckon the numbers. According to the report which he sent in that evening to the prefect, they reached the number of 9,060 persons, of whom 4,822 were citizens of Lourdes, and 4,238 strangers.—*Archives of Lourdes—Letter of the Mayor to the Prefect*, *No.* 86.

VI.

THE crowd increased on the road to the Massabielle rocks. Not one disorderly cry escaped from the throng; not one unseemly agitation arose in this great tide whose waves rolled incessantly on. Litanies, canticles, and *vivats* in honor of the Blessed Virgin could alone be heard, and were all that M. Jacomet and his police could record in their reports. It was more than good order; it was pious recollection.

The mechanics of Lourdes had enlarged the path made some days previously by the quarrymen down the steep of Massabielle. They had blasted the rock in several places, so as to make a fair road over the hitherto impracticable hillside. It was quite a serious undertaking, and had cost much time and money. These good men had performed their task in the evening when on their way home from work. They rested from the fatigues of their toilsome day by working on a road which led them to God: *In labore requies.* At nightfall they could be seen like so many ants on the steep mountain-side, digging, wheeling barrows, and drilling and blasting the marble and granite.

"Who is going to pay you?" people asked.

"The Blessed Virgin," was their reply.

Before returning to their homes, they all went down to pray together before the grotto—a simple and touching sight amid that wild and beautiful scenery.

The grotto began slowly to change its appearance. Hitherto the devout people had burned tapers in token of veneration. About this time, they began to leave behind vases of flowers, statues of the Blessed Virgin, and other *ex-voto* offerings. The workmen made a little balustrade to protect these frail objects against the involuntary accidents which might occur from the crowd.

Several who had received singular graces by the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes brought their gold chains and crosses and confided their safety to public honesty. Moreover, the whole country cried out that the apparition must be obeyed, and a chapel built, and everybody threw some money for this purpose into the grotto. Several thousand francs were thus left without any guard either by night or day; still, the moral sacredness of this spot, a short time before wholly unknown, was so great that in all the country there was not one who dared so sacrilegious a robbery. What renders this more striking is, that, a few months previously, several neighboring churches had been rifled. The Blessed Virgin did not wish the least memory of crime to be connected with the origin of her new pilgrimage.

VII.

A SINGULAR incident, which, perhaps, was unremarked at the time, was afterwards brought to the notice of many persons. We cannot refrain from mentioning it.

One of the fairest prerogatives of sovereignty is that of pardoning. When a king wishes to celebrate his coming to the throne, he grants amnesty to all the guilty. The Queen of Heaven could do and did more than this. She wished that there might be none guilty. The apparitions which had already occurred and those that followed afterwards extended into two judicial quarters. Now, during both these terms, there was not a single crime committed throughout the whole department, nor a single criminal condemned. This was an unprecedented occurrence. The

March assizes had presented only one indictment, and that anterior to the time of the apparitions; it resulted in an acquittal. The next session, which took place in June, had only two cases for judgment, both relative to events anterior to the same period.

This striking coincidence, this mysterious token of the invisible influence which had spread over the land, this external proof—a moral prodigy, a miracle extending over a whole diocese—seems to us to present a point for the consideration of the most frivolous minds. How was it that wicked hands were so long restrained? Is this imposture, or hallucination, or catalepsy? How was it that the sword of justice was left idle? Why came this "truce of God" *precisely at this time?* Unless it be the one we have indicated, we challenge infidelity to show a cause for so unwonted a fact. It will endeavor to do so in vain.

The Queen of Heaven had passed by, and this was the fruit of her blessing.

VIII.

Bernadette was constantly visited by strangers, who, either through piety or curiosity, were drawn in great numbers to Lourdes. They belonged to every class and profession, and to every school of philosophy under the sun. And yet none could impeach her simple and truthful narrative; no one, after talking with her, would have dared to accuse the little seer of falsehood. Amid excited parties and violent discussions, this little child inspired everybody with respect and never became the object of calumny. The splendor of her innocence was such as none presumed to attack; an invisible ægis protected her.

Although possessed of very ordinary intelligence, Bernadette was transported above herself when called upon to render testimony to the apparition. Nothing then abashed her.

She sometimes gave profound answers. M. de Rességuier, counsellor-general, and formerly deputy from the Lower Pyrenees, came to see her, accompanied by several ladies of his family. He caused her to relate complete details of her visions. When Bernadette said that the apparition spoke the Bearnese *patois*, he exclaimed:

"You are not telling the truth at all, child! The good God and the Blessed Virgin do not understand *patois;* they do not know any such miserable language."

"If they do not know it," she answered, "how is it that we ever came to know it? And, if they do not understand it, how do they make us able to understand it?"

Sometimes she made lively retorts.

"Why did the Blessed Virgin order you to eat those herbs? Did she think that you were a little animal?" asked a sceptic.

"Is that what you think of yourself when you eat salad?" she answered laughing.

Sometimes her replies were made with artless simplicity.

This very M. de Rességuier asked her about the beauty of the apparition: "Was she as beautiful as the ladies who are here?"

Bernadette cast her eyes around the lovely circle of young girls and ladies who had accompanied her visitor; then, with an expression of disdain, she answered: "Oh! she was altogether different from all this."

"*All this*" was the *élite* of the society of Pau.

Sometimes she disconcerted the subtle who tried to embarrass her.

"Supposing that M. le Curé were to forbid you to go to the grotto,

what would you do?" she was asked.

"I would obey him."

"But, supposing that you were to receive at the same time a command from the apparition to go there, what would you do then?"

The child answered unhesitatingly: "I would go and ask permission of M. le Curé."

Nothing caused her, either at this period or afterwards, to lose her graceful simplicity. She never spoke of the apparition, except when asked about it. She always considered herself the lowest at the Sisters' school. They could scarcely teach her to read and write. Hers was always the soul of a child, and, if we could penetrate the hiddenness of this exquisite nature, so full of grace, we might venture to say that the spirit which was so little eager for human knowledge was often playing truant in the gardens of Paradise.

During the recreations she mingled with her companions. She delighted in play.

Occasionally a visitor or stranger from some distant place asked the Sisters to show him the seer, the privileged one of God, the favorite of the Blessed Virgin, this Bernadette whose name was already so famous.

"There she is," answered the Sister, pointing her out among the children.

The visitor looked, and saw only a delicate little girl, miserably clad, playing "puss-in-the-corner," or "hide-and-seek," or "jumping-rope," with all the hearty zest of childish sport.

But, above all, she delighted to figure as the thirtieth or fortieth in one of those great "ring-arounds," in which the children sing as they move in a circle holding one another by the hand.

God's Mother in visiting Bernadette, in assigning her the *rôle* of a witness to heavenly things, in making her an object of pilgrimage and the centre of an immense concourse, had by a greater miracle protected her simplicity and candor, and given her the rare gift, the heavenly gift, of ever remaining a child.

IX.

It was not at Lourdes alone that miraculous cures were worked. Invalids who could not come to the grotto had procured some of the water, and had seen inveterate troubles suddenly disappear.

There lived at Nay, in the Lower Pyrenees, a boy of fifteen years, named Henri Busquet. In 1856, he had undergone a long and violent attack of typhoid fever, immediately after which an abscess had formed on the right side of his neck, which had eaten its way gradually to the top of his chest and the lower part of his cheeks. This abscess was as large as one's fist, and the boy suffered agonies.

The doctor, M. Subervielle, quite celebrated in that region, opened this abscess about four months after its formation, and relieved it of a great deal of corrupt matter. But Henri was not cured. After much desultory treatment, the doctor thought of sending him to the baths of Cauterets. In 1857, during the month of October, when the rich frequenters of the baths have gone away and the poor people betake themselves to these celebrated waters, young Busquet availed himself of them for a fortnight. They were more hurtful than salutary, and increased his sufferings. His malady developed in spite of momentary intervals of relief. The unfortunate youth had a gaping and extended ulcer in the place which we have mentioned, constantly sup-

purating, and covering the upper portion of his chest, one entire side of his neck, and threatening his face. Moreover, two glandular obstructions had manifested themselves by the side of this frightful ulcer.

Such was the condition of this poor youth, when, hearing of the wonderful effects of the water of the grotto, he thought of having recourse to it. He wished to make a pilgrimage thither on foot; but he rated his strength too high, and his parents refused to take him thither. Henri, who was very pious, was haunted by the idea that the Blessed Virgin, who had appeared to Bernadette, would cure him. He requested one of the neighbors who was going to Lourdes to fetch him some of the water. She brought it in a bottle, and gave it to him on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. About eight o'clock in the evening, before going to bed, the youth knelt and prayed to the Blessed Virgin.

The family joined him in his prayer—his father, mother, and several brothers and sisters. They were truly good people, simple and believing; one of the daughters is now a religious with the Sisters of St. André. Henri then retired. Doctor Subervielle had often told him never to make use of cold water, under peril of a worse complication of his evil; but this time Henri was entirely forgetful of the prescriptions of pharmacy.

He took off the bandages and lint which covered his ulcer and tumors, and, with a napkin, bathed them in the miraculous water. His confidence did not fail him. "It is impossible," he thought, "that the Blessed Virgin should not cure me." And, full of this hope, he fell into a deep sleep. On awakening, he found his hope a reality. All his sufferings were gone, all his wounds closed; the glands had disappeared; the ulcer was nothing more than a solid scar, as solid as if the hand of time had slowly closed it. The power of God, which had intervened and cured him, had accomplished in a few moments the work of many months or years. The cure was sudden, complete, and without any intermediate state of convalescence.

The report addressed by the physicians to the commission, and from which we have drawn the technicalities of our account, acknowledges the miracle so plainly wrought upon this boy.

"All afflictions of this nature," writes one of them, "are slow in healing, since they come from a scrofulous constitution, and require a complete modification of the entire organism. This consideration alone, when taken in connection with the suddenness of the cure, suffices to prove that it is a fact entirely apart from the order of nature. We place it on the list of those which fully possess in an evident manner a supernatural character."*

The attending physician, Dr. Subervielle, declared, as did everybody else, that this sudden cure was most marvellous; but the scepticism which is often found among members of the faculty would wait till time afforded yet completer proof.

"Who knows," M. Subervielle often remarked—"who knows but it will return when he is eighteen years old? Until then I shall be in suspense."

This eminent physician did not live to enjoy the confirmation which time gave to the cure. The country had the misfortune to lose him a short time afterward.

* Rapport de M. le Docteur Vergez, médecin des eaux de Barèges, professeur agrégé de la Faculté de Montpellier.

With regard to Henri Busquet, the author, in accordance with his plan of personally verifying all his facts, has seen and conversed with him.

Henri told us his history as we had already learned it from official reports and eye-witnesses. He related it as a simple fact, without wonder or surprise. To the sound good sense of humble Christian people, who have not been unsettled by sophistry, the supernatural does not appear extraordinary, still less unreasonable. They find it in conformity with the dictates of common sense. Although they may be at times surprised when a physician restores their health, they are by no means astonished if God, who has been powerful enough to create man, is so good as to cure him. They see at a glance that a miracle, far from creating disorder, is one of the laws of the eternal order. If God gives to certain waters the power of healing a certain malady—if he indirectly cures those who, under certain conditions, use those waters, how much more is he able to heal those who address themselves immediately to him! Such is the reasoning of the poor.

We have seen with our own eyes and touched with our own hands the traces of this terrible sore so miraculously healed. A huge scar marks the former place of the ulcer. The youth has long since passed his eighteenth year, and no sign of his cruel malady has reappeared. There is no suffering, no suppuration, no tendency to eruption. His health is perfect.

Henri Busquet at the time of our writing is a man of twenty-five years, full of life and vigor. Like his father, he is by trade a plasterer. On Sunday, at the concert of the Orpheon, he plays the trombone, and plays it well. He has a superb voice. If you ever go to the town of Nay, you will be sure to hear it from the windows or scaffolding of some house in process of construction or repair; for he is in the habit of singing heartily from morning till night. Do not be afraid to listen; your ears will not be shocked by hearing anything improper. His songs are gay and innocent ones; and sometimes the hymns and canticles of the church display the qualities of his charming voice. The singer has not forgotten that to the Blessed Virgin he owes his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MILESIAN RACE.

There is a marked similarity in the dawn of national histories. Like the individual infants of the human race, who exhibit at birth simply a human type, but who subsequently develop into that special variety of the species to which their race and family belong, so nations in their beginnings have more points of resemblance with each other than they ever afterwards manifest; they grow into distinctiveness as the ages pass; just as the individual man exhibits his idiosyncrasies more clearly as an adult than he possibly could as an infant of days or months.

That a state of war is the first and apparently inevitable condition of all rude communities endeavoring, consciously or unconsciously, to establish a nationality, all history proves. Let us trace up from the present to the remotest past the story of any tribe or people, in either hemisphere, who have maintained a successful dominion, either as aborigines or as invaders, and we must needs wade through tales of blood and carnage to find the first hero who left his name as the founder of an independent people. To the classical scholar will instantly recur the many Greek wars, and the wars of defence and of conquest which finally made Rome the mistress of the world. The Scandinavians, the Danes, the Germans, lived only to fight, and hoped their future heaven would prove a grand reunion of successful warriors. And whence was the European continent deluged with these successful floods of belligerents? From that warrior stock on the Indus whose Vedas and Puranas detail, in the wonderful imagery of the Orient, the wars of gods, giants, and men, stretching away back into an obscure antiquity, but leaving us in no doubt that a state of belligerency arose as soon as there were men enough upon the earth to fight, or a superior piece of land in view about which it was possible to quarrel. Ireland was no exception to this law of the races.

In another respect, also, the early life of the nations resemble each other. Being all originally without letters, the events, the experiences, the heroic deeds, the loves and deaths of the prominent men and women of the race, could be transmitted to posterity or communicated to contemporaries only by verbal means; hence in every country we find, mingled with the stream of historic events, myths and legends, often referring to the intervention of supernatural beings, nearly always exaggerating the romantic elements of the story, but mostly based on realities, perhaps but partially comprehended at the time of their occurrence, and in their verbal transmission enlarged upon, amended, or distorted by the narrator, until the shadowy outline only of the original fact can be guessed at, or carefully plucked out by philological research.

Fortunately, however, in Ireland's case we have likewise a sufficient number of ancient records to enable us to frame an outline sketch of her early days, assisted by the references of foreign chronicles, and the songs and stories which have been handed down from sire to son, together with the actual and tangible antiquities which have been discovered and are still extant. One thing it is necessary to guard against—the prejudiced accounts of the latest conquerors and oppressors of Ireland, who, not content with the confiscation of the land of the vanquished, have as a race systematically endeavored to confiscate also whatever of fame or virtue, heroism or learning, inhered in the people. To justify barbarous exactions, it is always necessary to vilify the victim.

The English historian, Warner, in his account of the famous interview between Henry II. of England and the Milesian chief of Connaught, describes the banner which the latter bore as a "yellow silken standard, emblazoned with a dead serpent and a rod or wand." These insignia of the rod and serpent refer to an incident in the life of Gadel, son of the Prince of Nial, an independent sovereign, contiguous to the land of the Pharaohs; while this Gadelian tribe remained in Egypt, the lad Gadel (the original of Gael) was attacked and bitten by a serpent, which Moses killed with his rod, and afterwards cured the wound of the lad

This Gadel was an ancestor of the great Milesian stock, and the banner with the rod and serpent was the first royal standard borne by any Irish king of that line. The harp was the emblem of Slainge, the first Belgic monarch in Ireland, and was subsequently quartered upon the rod and serpent, and finally became the sole emblem of nationality until after the introduction of Christianity, when the shamrock was added. As the flag of Ireland has had its changes, so has its name passed through several mutations; though known generally to the ancients as Hibernia, it was at one time called Innisfail; by some writers, Ogygia; later, Eirin, besides many other fanciful appellations, until finally Anglicized into Ireland. We shall briefly sketch the sources whence the island was peopled with the races which have finally mingled into what modern Europe calls the Irish, premising that what many people understand by "Irish" is not necessarily Milesian.

Without endeavoring to trace the genealogy of the Irish kings up to Japheth, the son of Noe, as the learned Geoffery Keating has done, we shall be content with fixing upon the first indisputable character whose existence, at least, is not problematical, but substantiated by sufficient proofs to be called historical—Partholanus, whose advent in Ireland is stated in the *Book of Invasions* to have been as early as 1956 A.M. But in the matter of chronology it will not do to put entire credence in the records of any nation; our aim is rather to show what the people were, what was their character, and what their degree of civilization, at the remotest recorded epochs, than to fix exact dates, difficult now, if not impossible of proof. But that a certain person known as Partholanus came, if not as the first settler, the first to leave any distinct impress upon the land, is sufficient. A parricide, matricide, and the author of other crimes, he fled from his native country of Migdonia, in Greece, and, accompanied by his wife and sons, and several hundred adherents, he made the then perilous voyage of the Mediterranean; and from their ships — probably small boats (made of hides) which his followers had seized as they left the Grecian shores—they landed on Irish soil, near the present city of Derry.

Now, we find in the history of all invasions or colonizations that, whenever man lands on any habitable shore, he finds man already there, or at least evidences of previous occupation. Thus, Partholanus found on this far western isle a race of men who were not believed to have been aborigines, but colonists from Africa—not negroes, but probably Greeks also, who had first settled, like the Carthaginians, on the northern coast of Africa, and had afterwards, for some unknown reason, abandoned that country in search of a safe retreat from foes, or a more genial home than the great southern continent affords. Some authorities reject this account of the African colony, but others maintain it; there is no *primâ facie* improbability against it, and the fact that the country was subsequently subject to inroads by pirates from Africa goes far to substantiate the early traditions. But it was from neither of these sources that the present race is mainly descended.

The Partholanians kept possession of the country for about three hundred years, when, according to the *Psalter of Cashel*, a virulent disease broke out among them which almost annihilated the race; during the desolation which followed occurred one of the African incursions, and certainly on this occasion they intended to make a permanent residence; for they

erected fortifications along the coasts, and, though they did not interfere with the landing of another Greek colony under a relative of Partholanus, named Nemedius, on the latter attempting to establish a claim to sovereignty, hostilities ensued, and for a season the Africans were successful. The decisive battle which gave them the victory was fought in the water; the Nemedian fleet, which opportunely arrived from a distant excursion, not being able to get near enough to the shore to land, the mariners jumped into the sea to meet their foes and assist their friends. Unconscious of the rising tide, both parties continued to struggle, until nearly all were either killed or were overwhelmed by the inflowing waves. The African chief escaped to his ship, and, with his few remaining followers, again took possession of the country.

His rule was hard and tyrannous, but the remnant of disheartened Nemedians were unable to shake off the yoke; some returned to Greece, but met with no encouragement to remain; were treated instead as serfs, or, rather, slaves, by their countrymen, until, unable longer to endure the oppression, about five thousand —the chroniclers say, but we suspect the number to be exaggerated—again left the shores of Greece, with the intention of re-establishing themselves in Ireland. They are known in Irish history as Belgæ or Fir-bolgs. The African colony by this time had probably fallen into decadence, for we can learn of no opposition to the landing of the Belgæ, who continued in possession of the land for about eighty years, or until the arrival of the Damnonii.

These new-comers, called in the annals Tuatha de Danans, claimed to be of the royal family of Nemedius. With this party we first find traces of a distinct division of classes into nobles, or *tuatha;* Druids, or priests; and *danans*, or bards. It was the Damnonii, also, who brought the famous *liagh-fail*, or stone of destiny, to Ireland, of which it was prophesied that the royal succession should never fail while this precious stone was preserved. We may remark here that this stone was afterwards taken to Scotland on the occasion of the coronation of Fergus I., he being a brother of the reigning Irish monarch, in 430 A.D. It subsequently passed into the possession of the English sovereigns.

The query may naturally here arise how Druids came to be in the company of Greek colonists, as it is well known that the religion of the Greeks was founded on an entirely different system from that of Druidism, which appears to have been a spontaneous development of Western Europe. The only reasonable hypothesis is that these voyagers, like all travellers of that period, touched at many points during their journey, being undoubtedly obliged to seek shelter from storms, to land for provisions, and often to repair their frail craft. In this way, it is very probable that they landed on some part of the Gallic or Albanian coast, perhaps both, and were voluntarily joined by the Druidical priests. The Greeks, as we know, had no prejudice against strange gods—were absolutely cosmopolitan in their theogony, and freely adopted any divine hero who could make a plausible claim to their suffrages. Hence, we see there would be no hesitation on the score of religious prejudice to the presence of the Druids.

It is one of the objects of this essay to show the foundations of that dissimilarity, that innate oppugnancy of the Irish race to the Anglo-Saxon, which prevails in our day, even as it

has for ages in the past. That it has arisen wholly from the misgovernment of the latter we do not believe, but consider, rather, that there is in the natural constitution and hereditary idiosyncrasies of the Irish a distinctive character, differing in such essential points that we think it doubtful that they will ever coalesce or be brought into a state of contented subordination to England. We do not mean here to inculcate or commend any such feeling as used to be entertained by the people of England and France toward each other—that they were "natural enemies." None of the human race are or should be natural enemies to any other; but there may be and are such mental varieties as to make it unwise for nationalities of opposite temperaments, feelings, and traditions to be forcibly bound together by political ties, when there is no confraternity of spirit between them.

Hitherto, we have seen that Ireland was mainly peopled by different colonists of Greek origin, though not always coming direct from any portion of Greece; we shall see that the Milesian stock from which the dominant Irish race has descended trace their remote ancestry through Gadelus to the Scythians, through long wanderings and temporary settlements, on the islands and both the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean, and making their latest home in Spain previous to their final settlement in Ireland. These Gadelians were called anciently by the Scythian name of *Kinea-Scuit*—Clan of Scythia.

Among the early progenitors of this race, while resident in the East, was *Phenius*, and hence they brought with them the Phœnician letters, eight of which had been added by Phenius to the sixteen invented by Cadmus. Of these Milesian invaders, the two names which immediately rise into prominence are those of the brothers Heber and Heremon, who, having overcome the Damnonii, divided the land between them, and something approximating towards regular government was established. Even at this early period we find that those claiming to be royal or noble personages were attended by their poets and musicians; and these brothers came near having a fatal quarrel over the possession of a favorite poet and harpist, which was only healed by the suggestion of a third brother, who held the office of high or arch-Druid, who persuaded them to draw lots for the purpose of deciding the question; by this decision Heber was awarded the harpist, and Heremon the bard, though these professions were usually united in the same person.

We might here observe that to the readers of current literature only, the name of Scotia usually suggests the idea of Scotland; but for a long period in ancient history Ireland was known by the name of Scotia, derived from the clan *Scuit*, referred to in a preceding paragraph, and at a later period that which is now modern Scotland was known under the title of *Scotia Minor*. Inattention to this fact may easily lead to confusion of mind in reading the references of ancient writers to these western islands.

The posterity of these brothers, Heber and Heremon, direct or collateral, divided the sovereignty of Ireland for many ages prior to the Christian era, and subsequently with few interruptions until the successful incursions of the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries. After the expulsion of the Danes at the commencement of the eleventh century, those fatal dissensions and jealousies as to the succession arose, which fin-

ally led to the investiture of Henry II. of England with the pseudo-claim to the sovereignty of Ireland, which eventually he was enabled to substantiate by force of arms. Since his time there has been, properly speaking, no history of Ireland.

In giving this outline sketch of the early Irish race, we have avoided every pretension based solely upon our own modern writers, and have recorded as facts only those events which have collateral, foreign, and disinterested authorities to support them; and yet there is no substantial reason for distrusting the traditions of this people which may not be applied to the early legends of every other people whose nationality was founded prior to the era of written documents. In determining the weight to be given to any narration coming down to us from periods anterior to the use of letters, the writer should consider: first, whether there is any innate improbability in the thing narrated; secondly, whether the details are in accordance with the age of the world in which they are claimed to have occurred; thirdly, whether they are in accordance with, or in opposition to, the natural genius of the people to whom they are applied; and lastly, whether they contradict any ascertained facts of history. Abiding by these rules, we need not err very greatly in our estimate of the many curious heroic and romantic incidents which we find plentifully sprinkled through the early annals of Erin.

Our examination of the doubtful with authenticated history establishes at least the following eight characteristics appertaining to the Milesian race:

First, a genealogy which establishes a remote antiquity.

Second, a warlike spirit.

Third, great ancestral pride.

Fourth, the possession, at an early period, of great skill in the useful and ornamental arts.

Fifth, substantial prosperity in the early ages.

Sixth, undoubted musical génius.

Seventh, a decided religious tendency.

Eighth, the exhibition under all circumstances of an unconquerable spirit.

First, as to the remote origin of the race. It is obvious that only a great antiquity could have involved the question as to the original settlement of the island in the obscurity which surrounds it. Had the coming of the descendants of Miledh (called by the Latins Milesius) to Ireland occurred after the invention of letters, it is safe to conclude that much of the controversy which has arisen as to the exact epoch of that migration would have been spared to the student of history. That it was long anterior, we must believe from the fact that the very earliest annalists were dependent upon the national legends, songs, and verbal traditions of the people for the narrations they have left us. It is also to be remembered that the art of writing was practised long before the most learned men had fixed upon any certain system or standard of chronology. It was not until political relations grew up between contiguous nations that any generally recognized epochs could be appealed to as tests of time. The Jewish writers alone reckoned time from the creation of the world. Other nations selected other events, as the Greeks their Olympiads, the Romans from the founding of the city, and afterward the Julian period. The Christian era has been reckoned differently by various writers; some dating from the birth of Christ, some from the

Annunciation, and some from Easter. In the very early writings among the ancients, the word "generations" is often used as a measure of time, though of most uncertain application. Of thirty-four of the most noted chronologists, each varies more or less from every other; so that the age of the world has been estimated all the way from 3616 to 6984 B.C. Thus we see that no one need doubt the traditions of a people concerning their own origin simply because the exact date of events cannot be absolutely fixed.

In addition to these considerations may be added the many references to the "most western isle," under different names, by the antique writers of south-eastern Europe, to some of whom we shall have occasion to refer. If to Ireland is denied the right to establish her genealogies by tradition, why should the classical scholar yield his credence to the enumeration of Homeric heroes, whose names were sung by the bards through Hellene long before any portion of the recital was committed to writing?

But setting argument by analogy aside, there was one indisputable fact which must settle the general truthfulness of the antiquity of the Milesian race in Ireland. Under what is known as the Brehon law, land was held by the different chieftains and their kin, including all of full blood who could trace their descent from Miledh.

Hence it became the interest of every person thus allied to preserve with scrupulous care the names of their ancestors. The rich and royal families had their stipended bards who recited their genealogies on public and festive occasions; while the poorer kinsmen who could not afford to employ poets or musicians found frequent occasion for similar recitals among themselves at funerals and other eventful domestic occasions, or whenever their title to possessions was endangered by false claimants. They were equally sure with the highest in the land never to forget from whom they had descended. In addition to these safeguards, the owners of all lands, with their lineage, were recorded by the Brehons in the archives of the nation, preserved by the monarch or provincial kings. Nor could strangers or interlopers possibly invent claims, or thrust themselves on inheritances, thus guarded, by the knowledge which each member of the tribe had of his own lineage. No other nation in Europe had so effectual a system as this for preserving a knowledge of ancestry through every generation to the founder of the race. Nor could anything be gained by adding to the list; a title would be as thoroughly vitiated by interpolating supernumerary ancestors as by omissions. Thus, if we find a genealogy stretching away into extremely remote periods, and men holding their lands under such claims, it is but reasonable to infer that fact, not fancy, supplied the names. In those hard-handed days, men might win land by superior strength, but not by myths.

That the Milesian race have always possessed a warlike spirit, few will be likely to dispute. From the days when the Scotish-Gaels from Ireland passed over to Britain and Alba to assist the Picts and Britons in driving out the Roman legions, until the present period, when in every land, among the leading military chieftains, some of Milesian blood are sure to be found, Ireland has never been without its representative warriors. A characteristic so patent as this needs no argument to sustain it.

Nor will it be disputed that in-

tense ancestral pride is one of the marked features of the race. Some condemn this trait of character without reserve; nor can it be denied that it is liable to great abuse if it makes one intolerant or supercilious toward others; but it has its compensating uses if it leads the bearer of a noble name to emulate the virtues of his ancestors. Blood tells in man as well as in animals of the lower creation, and, rightly appreciated, no fact is more stimulating to virtue than to be able to trace one's blood to that which flowed in the veins of saints or heroes.

That the Irish race early possessed considerable skill in the useful and ornamental arts is proved not only by frequent reference in the early annals to the use of superior weapons of war, ornaments, musical instruments, silken banners and vestures, chariots, and architectural structures, but by the actual discovery of specimens of curious workmanship which have been either accidently brought to light or discovered by the systematic investigations of active members of the Dublin Archæological Society and other zealous antiquarians. In the way of documentary evidence of the profusion of personal wealth held by one of the early kings, Cathoir Mos, who was slain in battle in 125 A.D. by the famous Con of the Hundred Battles, we subjoin his will as published in the *Book of Rights*, which contains many of the ancient laws of Erienn, and gives a circumstantial account of the "rights, revenues, and tributes" of the monarchs and the provincial kings and princes. It has been translated into modern English by O'Flaherty, a well-known Gaelic linguist, and others:

"I, Cathoir, monarch of all Ireland, do hereby publish my will, to which, in testimony of its genuineness, I subscribe my name and affix my royal signet: Be it known then to all Brehons, judges, and chieftains of this our kingdom that, after our death, we order that our property, possessions, effects, and goods shall be distributed in the following manner: We bequeath to our beloved son Rosa Failge the kingdom of Leinster; and, as a further token of our affection, we give with it ten golden shields, ten swords with golden hilts, ten golden cups, and our sincere wishes that he may preserve the glory of our name, and be the father of a numerous and warlike posterity to govern Tara. To our second son, Daire Barach, we leave the territory of Tuath Laighean [the present county of Dublin and part of Wicklow], over which we hope he and his posterity will reign to the end of time; with this we also bequeath him one hundred and fifty spears of the finest fabric and richest embellishment, fifty shields of curious workmanship and golden ornaments, fifty of the brightest and richest swords that can be found in the armory, fifty rings of the purest gold, one hundred and fifty embroidered mantles, and seven military standards whose staffs are pure silver. To my third son, Breasael, I leave seven large and well-equipped ships, fifty shields, five swords with golden baskets and green blades, and five war chariots with horses and silver-mounted harness; with these we likewise desire him to have the lands on the banks of the river Amergin, and let him be informed that it has been our wish that he keep the Belgic inhabitants under proper restraint, as they are disposed to be refractory. To our fourth son, Cetach, and our fifth son, Fergus Tuscan, we leave possessions which are sufficient to sustain their princely dignity. As our sixth son never betrayed any martial spirit or a poetic genius, property would be thrown away if given to him; we therefore only bequeath him a backgammon table; for the instruments of gaming are the alms that are suitable for a man whose spirit falls so low in ambition. Our seventh son, Aongus, is to be fully endowed by his brothers. To Eochaidh Timhin, our eighth son, we shall leave nothing but our blessing, for he is a weak man, who was so silly as to give away a tract of land, claimed as a promise which he made in his sleep. Let our ninth son, Criom Than, have fifty brass balls, with brass maces to play with; ten backgammon tables of curious workmanship, and

two chess boards. To our tenth son, Fijacha Baiceadh, we leave the territory of Imbher Slainge [Wexford] as an affectionate token of our approbation of his manly spirit and fearless courage. As we admire our nephew Tuathal for his exalted qualities, we bequeath him ten chariots with war-horses richly furnished, five pair of backgammon tables, five chess boards with golden men, thirty shields embossed with gold, fifty swords of the most elegant fabric and polish. To Mogh Choeb, our chief-general, we leave one hundred black and white cows with their calves, coupled two and two, connected with brass yokes; one hundred shields, one hundred steel javelins colored red, one hundred burnished battle-axes, fifty yellow mantles of the finest silk, one hundred war-steeds, one hundred gold clasps, one hundred silver goblets, one hundred large vats of yew, fifty brazen trumpets, fifty chariots and horses, and fifty brass caldrons, with the privilege of being a privy-counsellor of the king of Leinster. And, finally, we leave our kinsman the Prince of Leix one hundred cows, one hundred shields, one hundred swords, one hundred spears, and seven ensigns, emblazoned with the royal arms of Ireland."

The large vats of yew referred to in the above were doubtless used for the purpose of dyeing—an art which had attained great perfection in Ireland even before the Christian era. The frequent reference to chess and backgammon boards in Irish history is one of those minor links which go to prove an Indo-Greek ancestry, as chess is conceded to be of oriental invention, though some writers ascribe the modified game as we know it to the Greek Diomedes; while Palamedes, also a Greek, is admitted to be the inventor of backgammon. That the art of preparing sword-blades of superior finish and indestructible by dampness was known to the early Irish has been proved by specimens which have been unearthed in excellent condition after having lain concealed for ages.

But not to dwell too long on the constructive capacities of the Milesian race, we shall briefly refer to the architectural features most noted by historians and travellers. We have found very few persons who could give or appeared to possess any intelligent idea of what "Tara's Halls" consisted; they could possibly sing about the harp that once resounded there, but where the place was located, of what it was constructed, or when built, but the vaguest ideas appear to prevail. We shall therefore state as succinctly as possible the history and fate of this remarkable building.

Tara, originally used as a kingly residence, was built by Heremon, and named after his queen Tea (according to some accounts about 1300 B.C.). It was situated on a high hill, in what is now the county of Meath. The English writer Nicholson says: "It was an immense pile of wood, the workmanship of which, and the architectural grandeur, displayed the highest taste of Grecian art." Another writer, Compton, says: "In the early ages, Britain had to resort to Ireland for artists and materials for building The massy colonnades that adorned the porticoes of Tara's royal palace were composed of Irish oak, and so embellished by carving and gilding as to look more magnificent than the most finished peristyles of Grecian sculpture." Ward confirms the above description by adding: "The Milesian buildings (not alone the palace of Tara), though composed of wood, were more elegant, more sumptuous, extensive, and beautiful to the eye than those erected of stone, on account of the various engravings in relievo, paintings, and the fine volutes that adorned the columns, sculptured from ponderous trees of oak. On this account, the workmen and artists of Ireland have been often induced to abandon their own country and

repair to Britain, where they raised many heathen temples before the introduction of Christianity."

Though originally built of wood, the historian Warner narrates that King Cormac, who reigned in Ireland about 254 A.D., rebuilt the palace of Tara of marble, on an enlarged scale of grandeur. This latter building was five hundred feet in length and ninety-five in breadth, and sixty feet in height. It was adorned with thirty porticoes. In the centre of the hall of state hung a lantern of prodigious size, studded with three hundred lamps; the lodging apartments were furnished with a hundred and fifty beds; and the hospitable tables were always spread with delicious fare for fifteen hundred guests, who daily partook of the royal banquet. There were also three sideboards covered with golden and silver goblets, and the king was waited upon, at table, by a hundred and fifty of the most distinguished champions in the kingdom. The household troops, who were on constant duty, consisted of ten hundred and fifty of the flower of the Irish army.

The remains of this magnificent structure were extant in the time of the chronicler Holinshed, who wrote in 1577; but its use was more noble than its proportions, for here was held, in the great hall of state, triennial conventions of all the princes and representatives of the estates of Erin, with the Brehons and bards, the first of whom recorded and carefully revised the laws of the kingdom, kept the royal pedigrees, and chronicled important events, while the latter sang and recited the heroic deeds or chivalric stories with which the spirit of those ages was laden.

While speaking of the early architecture of the Milesian race, we cannot avoid a single reference to those mysterious round-towers which have for so many ages exercised the speculations of the learned. Pepper, in his *History of Ireland*, thinks he has settled the question of their use by the name by which they are called at the present time in the Irish language, *clog-teagh*, or bell-house; also, from the fact that they are found near churches, he infers that they were simply bell-towers erected for the purpose of calling worshippers together; but neither of these arguments appears to us conclusive, for, as the architects of most of the churches near which they stand are known, if the towers had been erected at the same time, or later, there could have been no difficulty in ascertaining their origin. Our own opinion is that they were erected originally as watch-towers for the purpose of observing the movements of enemies by land or sea; quite possibly, too, serving as beacon-bearers, to warn friends or rally kinsmen for purposes of defence. In a country subject to so many divisions within and attacks from without, what could be more natural than the erection of such observatories, which, like the Pharos of Alexandria, might warn and save from physical injury?—though in later days they were applied to Christian purposes, and, with consecrated bells, cautioned the new converts against their spiritual enemies, and invited them to the protection of the true God. Hence they acquired the name they now possess. The fact of their proximity to churches is readily explained by the known practice of the earliest preachers of Christianity in Ireland, who always availed themselves of the sacred sites already established among the people; and thus there is every reason to believe that the churches were built by the side of the towers, not the towers by the churches. That they were erected long before the introduction of Chris-

tianity the weight of evidence clearly indicates.

In naval architecture, also, the ancient Irish were far in advance of their British neighbors. This we have on the word of English government officers, who certainly would not willingly admit the fact unless it was incontrovertible. In Dandel's *Inquiry into the Rise and Progress of the British Navy*, it is plainly stated that the Irish possessed numbers of vessels before the British had even thought of constructing any, and that the latter were indebted to Irish models and Irish artisans for their first ships. The same facts are admitted in the *Ordnance Survey*, published by order of the British government a few years since. Nor is this at all incredible when we consider the stock from which the Milesians sprang—a stock which had peopled the shores of all Southern Europe and Northern Africa with maritime cities. And if it is asked here how such advantages came to be wrested from them by a people whose civilization came later in the world's history, we have only to answer that it primarily arose from lack of unity among the Milesian chiefs. The same kind of internal dissensions which made old Greece an easy prey to Rome effected the ruin of the Milesian nation.

In addition to the mechanical and artistic skill which the people of pagan Ireland possessed, it is evident that for many ages the people were blessed with a high degree of material prosperity. That they were absolutely exempt from anything like a scarcity of provisions or seasons of famine, appears certain from the frequent reference to large herds of cattle, swine, sheep, and corn, while, so far as we have been able to ascertain, no mention is made of any period of scarcity. If official evidence be required for this opinion, we have it at hand in the bi-annual Leinster tax which the Irish monarch Tuathal imposed upon the king of Leinster in the year 137 A.D., and which consisted of "3,000 fat oxen, 3,000 ounces of pure silver, 3,000 silk mantles richly embroidered, 3,000 fat hogs, 3,000 prime wethers, and 3,000 copper caldrons," and this was actually exacted for hundreds of years, and, though often resisted as unjust, its payment was successfully enforced by Brian Boroihme as late as the tenth century. When we consider that there were no large cities at this time, and that nearly the whole province was an agricultural district, and that from the fact of so large a proportion of the male population being constantly under arms but little time was left them, and probably little inclination, for the cultivation of the soil, a revenue of such a description shows clearly that Leinster must have been not only a most splendid grazing country, but that she was also possessed of a class of industrious artisans and a working population of means far superior to what we find in the mass of the population at the present day. And Leinster was no richer in resources than the other provinces.

That the Irish have always been a musical people we have the testimony of the writers of all ages to prove. Diodorus Siculus, who wrote before the Christian era, thus describes the Irish of that age. He says "Erin is a large island, little less than Sicily, lying opposite the Celtæ and inhabited by the Hyperboreans. The country is fruitful and pleasant, dedicated to Apollo, and most of the people priests or songsters. In it is a large grove, and in this a temple of a round form, to which the priests often resort with their harps to chant the praises of their god Apollo." This

æsthetical view of the ancient Greek historian is one of those incidental proofs of the origin of the Milesian race which we so frequently encounter in the ancient writings; for what could suggest the idea of the worship of Apollo being domiciled in Erin if the people there were strangers to the mythology of Greece? Ward, in his *Discourse on History*, makes the remark that "no nation can be found in any part of the world more skilled in music than were the ancient Irish," and Cambrensis, in whom the Irish certainly had no friend, is forced to admit that "of all nations within our knowledge, Ireland is beyond comparison the chief in musical composition."

Great care was taken in the cultivation of the art of military music. *Coradhs*, or masters, were employed to teach it to the warriors, as by its help courage was aroused, and military movements controlled. In the sixth century, the Britons and Welsh were in the habit of repairing to the "great school of the West," as the college of Armagh was called, to study music under the Irish teachers; and we have it on the authority of Magnesus that there were at one time no less than seven thousand matriculated students in the university of Armagh. It is among the traditions of the Milesian race that their progenitors at a remote period temporarily resided in Egypt, and it is a striking and curious coincidence that we find the harp mentioned as one of the early musical instruments of the Egyptians. Bruce, the great traveller, describes a painting which he saw, belonging to the age of Sesostris, which closely resembled the modern Irish instrument. A colored engraving of this is given in Rosellini's learned work on Egypt. In Bunting's *Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Harp* is an engraving and description of an ancient Irish one, which tallies surprisingly with Bruce's description and Rosellini's drawing. It is thus described: "It had in a row forty-five strings, and an additional seven in the centre, as unisons. Its form was not unlike that of the modern instrument, but the pillar is curved outward, and in point of workmanship the whole is remarkable, both for the elegance of its crowded ornaments and for the general execution of those parts on which the correctness of a musical instrument depends; its height is three feet and ten inches, and the longest string six inches less." There were two kind of harps in common use—the one adapted to military music, called *clairsech*, and the other to domestic and pathetic strains, called *cruit*. At funerals, after the pedigree of the deceased had been recited, and eulogy pronounced, a chorus of harps followed in dirge-like, wailing tones. Froissard, in speaking of the Knights of the Golden Collar, and also of the prince who was to succeed to the throne of Ireland, says they were always obliged to compose a song in praise of their predecessor, and sing it with the harp accompaniment, before they could be invested with the kingly or knightly dignity. Everything in the history and customs of the people tends to illustrate the possession of a genuine musical taste, which ages of oppression have not altogether obliterated.

The religious tendencies of the Milesians were as characteristic of the race in its infancy as they are to-day. The brother of Heber and Heremon was an arch-Druid, the high-priest of the religion they practised; the office was always held in the royal family, and its incumbent was consulted on all important events. It was because the religious sentiment, though falsely directed, was so predominant in the

Milesian nature that Patricius and the earlier preachers of Christianity in the island were enabled to make such numerous and rapid converts in every district. During the national conventions at Tara, the Druidical priests were always present, and hence it was that St. Patrick sought that special time and place where the most learned pagan priests were assembled, to dispute and reason with them on the new and blessed truths which he brought. As long as the old religion was the best they knew, the Irish people observed its rites with fidelity and zeal; but when the better way was shown to them, they gladly abandoned their heathen rites and adopted the faith of the Gospel with alacrity and joy. Wherever you find a true Milesian, you find a man religious at heart, however his outward nature has become encrusted with follies, vices, or even crimes.

The last characteristic of the Irish people which we shall notice is their unconquerable spirit. Superior force may overcome physical strength, as the Saxon invaders overcame a divided and distracted country, but the true Milesian spirit has never been and never will be subjugated. Ages of oppression have rolled on, and the foreign tax-gatherer and middle-man have consumed the substance of the people, but faith in right and justice still inheres in the old blood; and no lapse of time can make that right, in the eyes of this peculiar, all-remembering people, which commenced in wrong. No matter through how many hands the title-deeds have passed, even the peasants whose ancestry were owners of the soil still believe that their claim is good to the ancestral acres. Cast down, but not destroyed, it is astonishing what elasticity of spirit still inheres in these western descendants of Milesius and Phenius. Assimilating easily with other peoples in all foreign countries, on their own soil they stand aloof from the conqueror, and unless time can roll backwards, and the stream from whence this race has flowed become as if it had never been, the Irish race can never forget the glories of a past, when they stood at the head of science, art, and religious faith in the west of Europe.

Aside from the pure Milesian race of which we have spoken, modern Ireland presents at the present day a conglomerate composed of the descendants of the Anglo-Norman, with some slight traces of the Danish settlers and modern English colonizers who have, since the days of Cromwell, occupied much of the northern territory of the ancient kingdom. But what we wish to call particular attention to is the wide and essentially different composition of the present Irish and English races—a difference which to a great extent explains the antagonism existing between them (aggravated as it has been by ages of oppression), and which, as a psychological development, points to the improbability of ever establishing harmonious relations between them. The ancient Briton has absorbed and assimilated without difficulty the Roman, Scandinavian, Danish, Saxon, and Norman elements, with the Saxon greatly predominating in the mixture. But they have neither the Greek element, nor (except in a slight degree) anything of the Gaelic. The Irish, on the contrary, are substantially Greek, with no touch of the Roman or the Saxon, and but a slight infusion of the Anglo-Norman and Danish. The races are as different as it is possible to find between the same degrees of latitude on any portion of the globe, and with some this fact would be a strong argument in favor of an independent government for Ireland; for races so differently constituted cannot understand each other, though they

may use the same language for ages. Hence, in contemplating the future of Ireland, we are not surprised that many can see but two pictures—either an independent nationality, having its own representatives for the transaction of national business and the conservation of national interests, or else an entire depopulation and migration of the Milesian race,—leaving its broad acres and green fields in undisturbed possession of colonists of an alien race, while the elements which we have been considering are daily mingled more and more freely through the length and breadth of this receptive, all-embracing Republic of the West.

PER DOMINUM NOSTRUM JESUM CHRISTUM.

TREMENDOUS words! Epitome of prayer—
Flooding the soul with undeservèd grace,
As though we wore the Master's robe—and dared
To gaze upon his Father face to face.

Each collect that the vested priest intones
Runs, like a river, to that same vast sea:
"Father! we have no merits of our own,
But through thy Son we beg all things of thee."

Saddened by sin, by holy awe deterred,
We kneel far off, and search our shrinking hearts,
Till from the altar float those charmèd words,
And hope grows strong and every doubt departs.

Glad music from our grateful tongue resounds,
Sweet tears bedew our dry and burning eyes;
Ladder of light! we grasp thy gleaming rounds,
And by thee mount securely to the skies!

NATURE AND GOD.

"HAS the Almighty anything to do with the workings of the universe? Has God anything to do with nature?"

With plain people like ourselves this appears a simple question, and meets a ready answer in affirmation of divine providence. But the "learned," it seems, will not have it so. They must learnedly investigate the matter with crucible, microscope, and prism, and then, as likely as not, will do their best to cipher out an answer in favor of the world's independence.

In fact, this question may well be considered the diverging point of all the philosophical systems that have

ever existed. Let the schoolmen dispute as they may about the origin of ideas, it is certain that the occasion and starting-point of thought are the facts of consciousness arising from the influence of surrounding objects. The physical universe offers itself at once to the reflecting mind as a problem for solution, and the conclusions arrived at as to its nature will almost necessarily determine the theory as to its origin and its end. If it is found incapable of containing within itself the adequate cause of its own workings, the mind is necessarily led to the belief in a creator and a providence; but if, on the contrary, it is held to be quite sufficient for itself, then providence becomes unnecessary, and from the denial of providence it is only a step to the denial of God.

That the system held concerning the nature of the material world has, in fact, always had this determining influence on the philosophical doctrine of the deity, and the necessary truths flowing from it, is made evident by the most cursory examination of the many-fashioned systems of atheists, dualists, and pantheists, ancient and modern. Any one might, therefore, be prepared for the assertion made by Prof. Tyndall, in an address delivered before the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," that the progress of physical science "is destined to produce vast alterations in the popular conception of the origin, rule, and governance of things." But one could hardly have supposed that the said British Association had already advanced so far on the road towards atheism that the learned professor, after having dived as deep as he could into the intrinsical nature of molecular force and the laws of the universe, could with impunity hold before it the following language: "If you ask the materialist whence is this 'matter' of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed on them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science also is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has the secret been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all." Thus the learned professor openly declares that he has no way of knowing, for certain, whether there is any such thing as a creator or a providence. He acknowledges himself in doubt whether he ought not to become a disciple of Democritus and Epicurus; nay, he evidently intimates that he is a good deal more than half-convinced that the old atheistical sophists were about right. And the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" sits quietly by and listens!

Were experimentalists to confine themselves to the legitimate sphere and logical results of their explorations, the world at large might well applaud their industry, and gratefully receive from their hands each new, interesting, or useful addition to the sum of physical science. But when they pretend to discover in the supposed analysis of the attraction and repulsion of a molecule of matter that there is no providence, and probably no God, then it is high time for the lovers of truth to utter an indignant protest, in the name of human reason and real science.

Diogenes, we are told, used to go about at mid-day with a lantern to give him light, that he might "find a man." How like to his is the strange folly of the materialist, who sets aside the human reason, that alone can grapple with the principles of things,

and tries to read them by the tiny ray of his prism or the fitful glare of his blow-pipe, giving, as one of the results of his probing, Prof. Tyndall's learned and complimentary assertion, that the president and members of the British Association are lineal descendants of the iguanodon and the other slimy monsters that crawled in the mud of the preadamic world! Reason turns with a smile of pitying ridicule from the metempsychosis of the ancients, and common sense laughs at the idea of the soul of a Pythagorean dragging out its weary term in a wallowing hog or a crawling lizard; but Prof. Tyndall and his associates go lower still than this. The Pythagorean would look upon the soul in this sad plight as a noble prisoner, degraded, indeed, from its proper estate, yet essentially superior in being and faculties to the vile brute in which it was condemned to sojourn. Prof. Tyndall, on the contrary, would consider that the soul (for he expressly admits the existence of such a thing) was only returning home—resuming its former and natural level. Man, he considers, is such only by development; he was once a hog, a lizard—nay, lower than either in the scale of animal beings, and has risen only by the development of molecular force. But development does not change essences or give faculties; it only expands them. Hence, were we to imagine Prof. Tyndall condemned to the metempsychosis above alluded to, he would be logically bound by his own principles to hail the porcine grunter as a brother spirit; nay, rather, to embrace the filthy brute with all the affectionate reverence due to paternity.

These materialistic conclusions are a sufficient commentary on the principles from which they have been deduced and the way that has led to them. From the erring speculations of too presumptuous chemical analysis we appeal to the certain principles of reason. Its teachings as to the origin and nature of the physical universe may be summed up into four leading truths.

The first of these truths is that the existence of the universe is the effect of God's creative power.

Something exists now—we know it; therefore, something has been from eternity, else there would be no reason or cause for what exists now. What exists from eternity must have in itself the reason of its own existence; it exists necessarily; its essence is being. That which exists necessarily and whose essence is being, can have in it neither contingency nor limit; it is immutable and infinite. But the universe around us changes and is limited; of this we have constant experience. Therefore, it is not the infinite, immutable, necessary, eternal being. Not being a necessary and essentially existing being, it has not in itself the reason of its own existence; hence it must have it in some other, and that other is the eternal and necessarily existing being, which, as it is the sole reason of its own existence, must also be the sole cause of all else that exists. Now, to say that the eternally existing being is the sole cause of the existence of the universe, and to say that the existence of the universe is the effect of God's creative power, is one and the same thing. This is, in brief, the course of argument by which reason demonstrates creation, and creation is the only logical starting-point for the solving of the problem of the universe.

The second truth is, that the continuance of the universe in existence is the effect of God's preserving power.

That which is the cause of a thing's

existence must also be the cause of its preservation or subsistence, because its preservation or subsistence is nothing but its existence continued; therefore, the Creator, who is the sole cause of the world's existence, is also the sole cause of the world's continuance in existence. Moreover, that which, by its very essence, has not in itself the reason of its own existence, cannot, at any single moment of its existence, have that reason in itself, but always in its cause, so that every successive instant of its duration is as much owing to the efficacy of that cause as the first moment was. As, when a lamp is lighted in a dark room, the illumination of the room is caused by the action of the lamp, and so entirely depends upon it at every moment that it ceases entirely as soon as the lamp is removed or extinguished, so the existence of the creature, being caused solely by the action of the Creator, depends so entirely on that action that its cessation would be the creature's annihilation. Thus, God's creative act endures unceasingly, preserving the existence to which it has given being, and which, without that unintermitting support, would necessarily lapse into the nothingness from which that act has evoked it.

The third truth is, that every exertion of power by any created being necessarily requires and depends upon God's helping power.

This truth is so expressed as to stand clear of all systems with regard to the nature and extent of this divine concurrence with created acts. Thomists and Molinists, Malebranchians and Leibnitzians, will probably never agree as to how far its action is required—whether only as a co-operator, or as the sole efficient cause of the creature's act; but they all agree in that which is the only thing we need to prove here, that this concurrence of God's helping power, whatever may be its nature and extent, is absolutely necessary, so that, without it, any action of created force would be impossible. This third truth flows immediately and necessarily from the preceding one. Whether the faculty of action is or is not an essential constituent of every substance, it is certain that its existence has come only from God's creative power, and at every instant depends for its continuance on God's preserving power. It is thus totally dependent, not only in its moments of rest or inertness, if such there be, but also, and still more, in its actual development or exertion. Were that supporting power to remove its influence in the midst of the creature's act, the act and the power of exerting it would cease instantly. The acting substance is like an atom of being, floating on the broad ocean of divine power. Permeated and vitalized by the supporting element, its energies are ready and strong for their work; but let the invigorating element pass from under and around it, and instantly it lies paralyzed and inert—just as the human body, when the vital principle has taken flight, though as admirably organized as ever, and as fit to put forth muscular force under the influence of the energizing soul, still lies helpless and ready for dissolution, because the soul is gone. Thus the helping power of God is the vital principle of every created energy and the co-producer of every created act, so that of all the countless myriads of exertions of force that are at this moment taking place, or that ever have taken place, or ever shall take place, in all the countless myriads of molecules that make up the mighty universe, there is not one that does not, immediately or mediately, depend for its existence on the help-

ing power of the God who gave the universe its being, and keeps it in it.

The fourth truth is, that the orderly distribution of created forces, which constitutes the harmonious variety of the universe, and which we term "the laws of nature," has been formed solely by the will of the Creator, and subsists only in virtue of his directing power.

The life of the physical universe is a tremendous wonder. Its essence is, as that of all created life must be, succession—and succession is change, a series of beginnings and endings, of generation and decay. These changes are owing to the action of the forces treated of above, all tending towards the two great results, combination and dissolution, but exerting themselves with an endless variety, both of purpose and of energy, from the awful power that whirls the spheres or writhes in the convulsions of the volcano and the earthquake, to the delicate touch that weaves the petals of the rosebud or mingles the decaying violet with its parent soil. This variety of action indicates and springs from a variety of faculties or powers, and these faculties reside in the ultimate, indivisible components or elements of matter. Now, that these elements should act or not act, that they should act in this way or in that, is evidently not a matter of their own choosing. The mysterious mechanism and admirable variety of their capabilities is not their own work. They are just what their Creator makes them and have just what their Creator gives them, and their capabilities are simply means which he has established for ends of his own appointment. Fashioned by his hand, obedient to his direction, and, as we have seen above, helped by his universal and unceasing co-operation, these countless hosts of tiny laborers spring to their appointed work; and, lo! the universe is moulded into being in all its grandeur of proportions and beauty of detail, proclaiming with its ten thousand tongues the wisdom of the mind that planned it.

Wondrous indeed is the designing of the tremendous machinery, but, if possible, still more wondrous is its working, day after day and age after age. That which most of all renders it wonderful is the astonishing pliability of the elements, the adaptability which makes them at home in any conceivable condition, and ready to take part in any conceivable kind of operation. The beings that make up the material universe are variously divided into organic and inorganic, into gaseous, liquid, and solid, into the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Now, the constitutive elements of these different departments of nature are not marked off in species that can do this or that one kind of work, hold this or that one kind of position, belong to this or that one department of nature, and no other. On the contrary, back and forth they go, with the most astonishing facility of interchange, from one department to another, from gaseous to liquid, from liquid to solid, and from solid back again to liquid and to gaseous. The element or particle that floats as oxygen in the air, can mingle with the water of the running stream, be absorbed by the thirsty soil, pass into the yellow-faced daisy growing on the bank, then mount into the texture of the neighboring oak, and from the fallen and decayed giant of the forest go to form part of the coal that glows in our fire-places, the rock that builds our dwellings, or the iron that veins the earth with railways; or, remaining still in the vegetable kingdom, it can enter into any of the countless plants that furnish food to the brute creation, and, after travers-

ing perhaps generation after generation of various species of animals, become, either in their flesh, or in the form of grain or other products of the earth, the food of man, and, entering into the composition of his body, either be treasured up by the Creator as a constituent of that body in its resurrection, or, passing off in the vapors of the breath or other exhalations of the body, begin again its strangely varying series of migrations. Ever as it goes, its surroundings change—its position, its manner of action, its way of affecting the human senses; in a word, all its phenomena vary, but itself remains always the same. Then how wonderfully must the Creator have constituted that little atom of being, in whose tiny compass are embodied such an all but infinity of capabilities! And what we have said of that one is true of all. Incalculable millions of them lie in the bulk of one square inch of matter, and these myriads of millions are multiplied till there are enough of them to make both earth and firmament. All through the unimaginable multitude, energies are working, changes taking place. Throughout all the species of visible objects these transmigrations of component parts are going on, as they have been going on for ages, one set of individual beings after another rising and falling into decay, the immense tide of material elements ebbing and flowing from province to province of nature's domains; and yet, in all this tremendous multiplicity of change and interchange, there is no confusion, no undue monopoly on any side to the destruction of any other, but all proceeds, in weight and measure and fairest proportion, to the perpetuation of the universal harmony.

Wondrous truly is the working of these laws of nature! But what are these laws of nature? Where is the code in which they are compiled? Who is the legislator that has so wisely framed them? Where the executive power that so faithfully and untiringly sees to their application and observance? Endeavor with the narrow-minded materialist to find the answer to these questions in the examination of matter itself; bring your scrutiny to bear, if by some impossibility you can, on one of the primary, indivisible elements; you cannot analyze it, for analysis only separates, and separation is impossible in an indivisible element; but watch all its workings, calculate its forces, estimate all its variable capabilities, and then ask it how and why and whence all this—your only conclusion, while searching thus for your information, must be just such an avowal of ignorance as Prof. Tyndall made. Take two or more of the elements together, and watch their relative actions and reactions—you have but multiplied the mystery. Add on till you have reconstructed the universe, and, the mystery growing as you advance, you are back to where you started from, with the gigantic riddle before you further than ever from being solved. You have been going on the wrong track. Analysis will never do. Take, now, the other direction. Do credit to your reason by acknowledging the universe to be the effect of a cause; look out of it and above it for that cause; own it to be the creating God—and all is clear. The Creator's plan of his universe is the one only reason for the properties of the universe's elements. It is not because the elements of matter have such and such capabilities that therefore we find in the universe such and such species of beings; but, on the contrary, it is because the Creator would have his universe made up of such and such species of beings, that therefore the elements of matter have the

capabilities necessary for forming those species. He might have chosen to constitute the universe differently; then the elements would have had a different nature; he has chosen to have it as it is; therefore the elements are what we find them. Molecular force is a fact; but molecular force cannot explain itself. The beautiful molecular arrangements of crystallization are a fact; but neither the arrangements nor the molecules that form them can explain themselves. The explanation is outside of them; it is the will of the Creator adapting means to ends for the forming of the universe he has planned. No other reason for the nature of things can possibly be. That which is not the reason of its own being cannot be the reason of its kind of being. To start, therefore, on the analytical quest of the too presumptuous materialist, in search of the principles of things, is implicitly to deny at the outset all belief in a Creator, and consequently to condemn one's self to a discovery of mere facts or phenomena, without any knowledge of whence or why or how they are; whereas the synthetic reasoning of the true philosopher, starting from the Creator's will, gives us not only the facts, but also their whence and their why. Their how, neither materialists nor philosophers can know, because it is neither a physical phenomenon nor a necessary truth, but a deep-lying, contingent secret of God's own devising, which he simply has not made known to us. This is equally and, we might add, still more necessarily true, if from the region of the purely material we pass to that of the spiritual and material combined. The nature of the union between soul and body, and especially the manner of the brain's instrumentality in the process of thought, are utterly beyond our ken. We know that the instrumentality or co-operation of the brain is not essential to thought, since revelation informs us that the disembodied soul can know and love God, and thus think the highest kind of thought without the assistance of the brain. Hence, though there must be some congruity between the phenomenon of thought and the compound action of soul and brain by which it is elicited, still it is a mere contingent relation, not residing in the essence of either soul or brain, and consequently not to be come at by any psychological or chemical analysis. Only he who has established it could with certainty inform us of it, and he has not chosen to do so.

Thus the whole philosophy of the physical sciences is comprised in these four simple yet immensely comprehensive truths: God has created the universe; God constantly preserves the universe in existence; no exertion of molecular or other created force takes place or is possible without God's active co-operation; the arrangement of the universe in its various species of beings is the effect of the Creator's will alone, and the orderly perpetuation of the same is simply the result of the Creator's unceasing direction of the molecular forces (which, as stated in the third truth, can act only with his co-operation) to the ends for which he has constituted them, this being the only real meaning of "the laws of nature."

These principles are, of course, not at all antagonistic to experimental science, nor need they in the least restrain the activity of its researches. They only start it in the right direction, give it the compass to steer by, and wish it "God speed." Under their guidance alone is science possible. Refusing to be guided by these data, furnished both by reason and revelation, the materialist guesses

out theory after theory in support of his avowed or dissembled atheistic views; and one after another these theories have been seen to crumble into dust in homage to the truth. The true philosopher, meanwhile, standing on the mountain-top to which reason and revelation have lifted him, sees stretched beneath him the wide expanse of creation, comprehends at a glance its origin and its destiny, reads the secrets of its nature as far as man's mind can read them, breathes free and buoyant in the atmosphere of creative Providence which he recognizes so intimately pervading all things—the omnipresent influence of God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being"—and, while the materialist bows his head in the shameful declaration of self-imposed ignorance, sings in his heart a companion hymn to the canticle of the inspired author of Ecclesiasticus:

The firmament on high is the beauty of the Lord, the beauty of heaven with its glorious show.

The sun, when he appeareth, showing forth at his rising, an admirable instrument, the work of the Most High.

Great is the Lord that made him, and at his word he hath hastened his course.

And the moon in all her season is for a declaration of times and a sign of the world.

Being an instrument of the armies on high, shining gloriously in the firmament of heaven.

The glory of the stars is the beauty of heaven; the Lord enlighteneth the world on high.

By the words of the Holy One they shall stand in judgment, and shall never fail in their watches.

Look upon the rainbow, and bless him that made it; it is very beautiful in its brightness.

It encompasseth the heavens about with the circle of its glory; the hands of the Most High have displayed it.

By his commandment he maketh the snow to fall apace, and sendeth forth swiftly the lightnings of his judgment.

Through this are the treasures opened and the clouds fly out like birds.

By his greatness he hath fixed the clouds, and the hailstones are broken.

At his sight shall the mountains be shaken, and at his will the south wind shall blow.

The noise of his thunder shall strike the earth, so doth the northern storm and the whirlwind.

And as the birds lighting upon the earth he scattereth snow, and the falling thereof is as the coming down of the locusts.

The eye admireth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof, and the heart is astonished at the shower thereof.

He shall pour frost as salt upon the earth; and, when it freezeth, it shall become as the tops of thistles.

The cold north-wind bloweth, and the water is congealed with crystal. Upon every gathering together of waters it shall rest, and shall clothe the waters as a breast-plate.

And it shall devour the mountains, and burn the wilderness, and consume all that is green as with fire.

A present remedy of all is the speedy coming of a cloud; and a dew that meeteth it by the heat that cometh shall overpower it.

At his word the wind is still, and, with his thought, he appeaseth the deep, and the Lord hath planted the islands therein.

Let them that sail on the sea tell the dangers thereof, and when we hear with our ears we shall admire.

There are great and wonderful works, a variety of beasts and of all living things, and the monstrous creatures of whales.

Through him is established the end of their journey, and by his word all things are regulated.

We shall say much, and yet shall want words; but the sum of our words is: He is all.

What shall we be able to do to glorify him? for the Almighty himself is above all his works.

The Lord is terrible and exceeding great, and his power is admirable.

Glorify the Lord as much as ever you can, for he will yet far exceed, and his magnificence is wonderful.

Blessing the Lord, exalt him as much as you can, for he is above all praise.

When you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary, for you can never go far enough.

Who shall see him and declare him? and who shall magnify him as he is from the beginning.

There are many things hidden from us that are greater than these; for we have seen but a few of his works.

But the Lord hath made all things; and to the godly he hath given wisdom.

It is sadly strange how wide-spread is the canker-sore of antipathy to the intervention of the Almighty in human things. The spirit of the age, as is usually styled the latest phase of popular wrong-headedness, is nowadays the spirit of deism. Comparatively few are so bold as to deny that there is a God; but very many are anxious to confine him to his own ethereal realms, far away from the sphere of this lower world. Nature and God they would have move on separate levels, nor permit the Deity's entrance into nature's confines, under penalty of being accused of an inconsistent interference with nature's laws. The materialistic naturalist is only one of a class; his delvings are but the trench-work for the would-be edifice of man's self-sufficiency in his sphere—in a word, of deism; and every exposure of the shallowness of his sophistry is equally a refutation of those who seek to profit by his conclusions. Any one who pays attention to the drift of modern thought knows with what self-complacent flippancy pompous sciolists in ethics and theology set aside the supernatural, the operations of divine grace, dogmatic revelation, the Christian mysteries, the necessity of definite faith —in a word, all the foundations of revealed religion. The system that has thrown off the salutary restraints of divinely constituted authority rejected the guidance of the divinely constituted teacher of the world, and thereby given loose rein to the madness of pride, and the vagaries of man's erring devices may well be proud of its work.

"Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things?

"The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord and against his Christ.

"Let us, said they, break their bonds asunder, and let us cast their yoke from us.

"He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall deride them."

NEW ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

American history is distinguished, in one respect, from all other histories, inasmuch as it carries us back to the very beginning of a great people. No fables obscure its origin, nor do we see it through the dim light of tradition. It stands out clear to the eye of the student, who may follow, step by step, the nation's growth and development down to the present time. And we believe no part of American history is more remarkable than that which relates to the founders of the Puritan commonwealths; for, however great may be the dislike on account of their narrow views in matters of religion, he who studies their character impartially will acknowledge that they possessed a high degree of intellectual activity, and that their success in governing themselves was wonderful, consider-

ing the age. Their intolerance toward any other faith than their own sprang from a conviction that the great work which they had undertaken—namely, to found a Biblical commonwealth—could not be successfully carried out if they allowed those who differed from them in belief to settle in their midst. The literal word of the Old Testament was to be their guide in framing laws. "Whoever shall worship any other God than the Lord," says the preamble to the code of Connecticut, "shall surely be put to death." And this is followed by a number of enactments copied, word for word, from Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy.

But if many of their statutes, viewed in the light of the present day, were harsh, we cannot but admire their aptitude for self-government. This was first manifested on board the *Mayflower*, where some of the inferior class having muttered that, when they reached the shore, "one man would be as good as another, and they would do what seemed good in their own eyes," the wiser ones were induced to call a meeting; and at this meeting a document was drawn up and signed which for several years was the only constitution of the Plymouth colony. It was as follows:

"In the name of God, amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, have undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together unto a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, Ireland, the 18th, and of Scotland, the 54th, A.D. 1620."

At the time of landing, the pilgrim fathers were also organized as a church, and thus we find a town and parish immediately established. The soil was held by virtue of a patent which had been obtained from the king, after much difficulty, in 1618, while they were yet in Holland. But it is not known how far their jurisdiction over it extended, as the document is lost. Barry, in his *History of Massachusetts*, says: "If ever discovered, we will hazard the conjecture that it will be found to cover territory now included in New York." The hardships which the pilgrims suffered during the first winters on this desolate coast did not lessen their determination to make their settlement one in which only those who believed what they believed should abide; and when John Lyford, a minister of the Anglican Church, arrived and undertook to preach, they at once sent him away to Nantasket. The following year others joined them from the mother-country; and, although the wilderness back of them was roamed over by the Pequots and Narragansets, they soon penetrated it, and, as early as 1622, we find settlements established in what are now the states of New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts. The last-named colony, which was destined to overshadow all the others in importance, did not exist as a distinct political body until 1628, when John Endicott was appointed agent for the Massachusetts Company, and

became the first governor of the Bay. On the west its boundary was the Pacific Ocean, as we see by the following extract from the patent: "All that part of New England lying between three miles to the north of the Merrimac River and three miles to the south of the Charles River, and of every part thereof in the Massachusetts Bay; and in length between the described breadth from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea." But while the restless disposition of the Puritans moved them to go further into the continent, it was not the isolated migration of individuals. They went in bands, and carried with them the organization of a regular community. No sooner are they comfortably settled down anywhere than they begin to agitate for the establishment of a church. On this weighty matter they would turn to Plymouth, the primitive settlement, for advice, and the result of one of these conferences was the building of a meeting-house at Salem, on the basis of Independent Congregationalism. As the patent of the Massachusetts colony simply vested in the emigrants the property of the soil, without providing powers of municipal government, the inhabitants of the Bay lost no time in applying for a royal charter, which was granted, and which conceded to them and their posterity all the rights of native-born subjects. Remark, however, that, while the power was given to administer the oath of allegiance and supremacy, it was not expressly ordered; while, furthermore, they were allowed to make their own laws, provided these did not contravene the laws of the realm. This, however, did not satisfy the people, and we soon find them agitating for something else. The charter granted by Charles I. merely gave vitality to the Massachusetts Company, which remained in England, and was quite a distinct body from the transatlantic settlement over which it exercised its powers. The question was how to identify company and colony. A very simple method was devised, namely, to make the charter itself emigrate. And this plan was carried out without hindrance from the king, who did not foresee the consequences which would ensue from the transfer. The instrument contained no clause forbidding such a removal to America, and he believed the only result would be to change the place for holding the meetings of the company from London to Boston. The founders of Massachusetts, however, like those of Plymouth, were bent on creating a society unlike any other—Saxon, and at the same time Jewish—one in which the principles of the Witenagemote of their forefathers might blend with the Mosaic law; and to carry out such an experiment they needed all the authority and power which having the charter in their own hands would give. In this novel undertaking, they were not troubled with scruples about allegiance to their sovereign, and held with the primitive Greek colonists, that on leaving Fatherland they went "to form a new state as fully to all intents and purposes as if they had been in the state of nature and were making their first entrance into civilized society."*

Not long after getting possession of their charter, the inhabitants of the Bay were comforted by the arrival of three ministers, whose talents and zeal went far to keep alive among them the spirit of religion. These were John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, and Samuel Stone; and their coming gave rise to the saying that "the God of heaven had supplied the

* Hutchinson, vol. i. p. 45.

colonists with what would in some sort answer the three great temporal necessities—Cotton for their clothing, Hooker for their fishing, and Stone for their building." How fast the number of the orthodox was increasing may be judged from the fact that, in 1636, in the Massachusetts settlement alone there were nine churches; while before 1650 the number had grown to twenty-nine. In 1634, John Winthrop, their first governor under the charter, was succeeded by Mr. Dudley, and in this change we observe for the first time the sensitiveness and jealous spirit of a democracy. It had been whispered about that Winthrop desired to be continued in office. This was enough to arouse a strong opposition among the freemen, who determined to make their power felt, and the result was the choice of Dudley. And, if *Winthrop's Journal* speaks true, not a little of what is nowadays called "wire-pulling" was resorted to by his successful opponent. About this time, the religious harmony which had been so far preserved was rudely broken, not by an Anglican minister, but by one of their own number. Roger Williams was the first whose preaching entered like a wedge into the rock of Puritan bigotry and exclusiveness. He held that "the power of the magistrate extended only to the bodies and goods and outward estates of men," and that persecution for conscience' sake was a "bloudy tenent." He had opposed to him, however, all the clergy whose influence as yet was supreme, and, although his words were listened to and remembered, the authorities of Massachusetts ordered him to leave the colony. Nor were the people of Plymouth willing that he should have a resting-place in their midst, for they were "loth to displease the Bay;" and he had to depart into the wilderness, where Canonicus, chief of the Narragansets, and Miantonomo, kindly received him, and made him a gift of all the country around. This gift was the beginning of the settlement of Rhode Island.

The second wedge destined to split Puritanism was applied by Anne Hutchinson, a woman of rare talents for controversy, "of a ready wit and bold spirit," and familiar with all the theological speculation of the day. Her discourses were chiefly addressed to her own sex, and, the wives of the colonists being generally well educated and craving for intellectual excitement, her audiences were numerous. At these meetings, or "gossipings," as they were called, Mrs. Hutchinson would "prophesy," and expound passages of Scripture with all the authority of a minister. She did not confine herself to this, however, but, constituting herself a censor of the morals of the clergy and people, she held up to derision their grave deportment, peculiar style of dress, and other "illusive signs of godliness," which she declared might often be a mask for hypocrisy. As in the case of Roger Williams, many relished her sermons who dared not avow any sympathy for her, and, after being excommunicated, she of her own free-will left the commonwealth, and finally was killed by the Indians on the banks of the stream which has been named after her, in Westchester County, New York.

During these religious excitements, the people continued to manifest the same restless spirit which had characterized them from the first. We hear them complaining of "want of room," and in the spring of 1636 we see the Rev. Mr. Hooker leading his congregation into the wilderness, his wife accompanying him on a horse litter, for she was of feeble health

and not able to sit on the pillion. The place which they chose for a house was afterward called Hartford. The same year the Rev. Mr. Worham conducted his flock from Dorchester to a spot which they named Windsor, not very far from where Mr. Hooker had settled. Thus was founded the state of Connecticut. So rapidly now was the country filling up with the yeomanry of England that the king took alarm. He feared all his subjects were going to leave him. At the same time, the archbishops and other dignitaries of the national church, vexed that so many were escaping, demanded that a number of vessels on the point of sailing should be detained in the Thames. They, moreover, persuaded the king to recall the charter of Massachusetts. When news of this reached Boston, the people held a meeting, and it was resolved "not to return any answer or excuse to the council at that time, as it could not be done but by a general court, which was to be holden in September." Perhaps their spirit of independence was increased by the breadth of water which separated them from the mother-country. "The ditch between England and their new place of abode was so wide that they could not leap over it with a lope-staff." * More threatening measures soon followed, and a royal decree was issued giving the archbishops of York and Canterbury, and ten others, full power to govern the plantations of New England temporally and spiritually; while ships were got ready to carry over a governor armed with a commission from the Privy Seal. When the people of Boston heard of this, they again assembled. Two forts were built and entrenchments thrown up at Dorchester and Charlestown. Happily for the peace of the commonwealth, the new governor did not arrive. Another order, however, was issued for the return of the charter, and the monarch's anxiety to recover possession of this instrument warned the people of the Bay to hold fast to it. The civil war which soon after broke out in England, and which ended in Charles losing his head, gave them a period of rest. Had not the king's attention, however, been drawn away from them by his own troubles, it is hardly doubtful that they would have been obliged to succumb to his will; for at this time there were only three regiments in the Bay, which between them all could not muster more than a thousand men. This first attempt on their liberties had the salutary effect of hardening the country more and more into a republic. And as a result we find, in 1643, a confederacy formed between New Haven, Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The preamble to the twelve articles of confederation reads thus:

"We therefore do conceive it our bounden duty without delay to enter into a present consociation among ourselves for mutual help and strength in all our future concernments, that in nation as in religion so in other respects we be and continue one."

Remark that Rhode Island is not a member of the union.

Roger Williams and those who had gathered round him had of their own free-will withdrawn from the church, and no fellowship could be held with them.

No sooner, however, had danger from abroad passed away than internal commotions broke out. The seed sown by Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson was beginning to germ, and books in defence of a wider toleration were circulated among the faithful. The temporary

* Johnson, 2, M. H. Coll.

ascendency of Presbyterianism in parliament encouraged some of the colonists to importune the magistrates to allow the establishment of Presbyterian churches. But the majority of the people were still haunted by Archbishop Laud, and were fearful lest any change in the mode of worship might work evil to their institutions.

"The apparent purpose of advancing religious freedom," they declared, "was made to disguise measures of the deadliest hostility to the frame of civil government." Strange to say, this movement for liberty of worship originated in Plymouth, and demanded "full and free tolerance of religion to all men that would preserve the civil order and submit unto government, and there was no limitation or exception against Turk, Jew, Papist, Arian, Socinian, Nicolaitan, Familist, or any other."

The following is the petition of the agitators for toleration:

"We cannot, according to our judgment, discover a settled form of government here according to the laws of England. Neither do we so understand and perceive our own laws and liberties as that thereby there may be a sure and comfortable enjoyment of our lives, liberties, and estates according to our due and natural rights as free-born subjects of the English nation. There are many thousands, also, in these plantations, free-born, quiet, and peaceable men, who are debarred from all civil employments; and members of the Church of England, with their posterity, are detained from the seals of the covenant of free grace. We entreat the redress of these grievances; and, these things being granted by the blessing of God to us in Christ, we hope to see the now contemned ordinances of God highly prized; the Gospel, much darkened, break forth as the sun at noonday; Christian charity and brotherly love, almost frozen, wax warm; zeal and holy emulation, more fervent; jealousy of arbitrary government, the bane of all commonwealths, quite banished; secret discontents, fretting like cankers, remedied; merchandise and shipping, by special providence wasted, speedily increased; mines undertaken with more cheerfulness; fishing, with more forwardness; husbandry, now withering, forthwith flourishing; and villages and plantations, much deserted, presently more populous."

Copies of this petition were rapidly circulated, and soon reached the Dutch possessions, Virginia and the Bermudas. It was the first formidable league for religious freedom which had arisen in the Puritan colonies, and, fearful of the result should parliament hear of it, the clergy sent Mr. Winslow of Plymouth to England, fully authorized to defend their policy. Mark what followed: Parliament remembered how the transatlantic Puritans had sympathized with it in its struggle with the crown; how Massachusetts had "sent over useful men, others going voluntarily to their aid, who were of good use and did acceptable service to the army;" and, as a reward for such faithfulness, disclaimed all interference. "We encourage," they said, "no appeals from your decision. We leave you with all the freedom and latitude that may in any respect be claimed by you."*

But the Commonwealth in England was premature. In May, 1660, Charles II. became king, and the colonies once more looked for danger from abroad. Reports, true and false, concerning them were not long in reaching the court at St. James, and it was told the new monarch that the union of the colonies in 1643 was a combination expressly intended to throw off all dependence on the mother-country. The attitude of the colonists, however, was so defiant that he preferred not to molest them immediately, and New England was

* *Mass. Records*, vols. ii. and iii.

allowed for a time to manage her own affairs. In the meanwhile, Massachusetts, which had already pushed settlements across her border into New Hampshire and Maine, was exercising her jurisdiction in all that region. She was the carrier for the other colonies, and rapidly extending her commerce. She had no custom-house; her policy was free-trade, and her future promised to be a happy one. But her very energy and prosperity became a source of danger.

The merchants of England began to complain of the commercial freedom which the colonies enjoyed, and which, if not checked, "would not only ruin the trade of this kingdom, but would leave no sort of dependence from that country to this." The committee on foreign plantations heard their complaints with only too willing an ear, and it was resolved to "settle collectors in New England as in other places, that they might receive the duties and enforce the laws." This was soon followed by a royal proclamation which forbade the importation of commodities from Europe which were not laden in the mother-country.* Moreover, the scheme to bring back the charter of Massachusetts was revived, and, as the colonies were just at this time engaged in a war with Philip, chief of the Wampanoags, which cost them half a million of dollars and six hundred buildings consumed by fire, it promised to be successful. Edward Randolph, armed with a letter from Charles II., was sent to the Bay, "the most prejudicial plantation to the kingdom of England," and used all his insolence and craft to bring the people to submission. But they boldly declared that the mother-country had no reason to complain if the navigation act was not obeyed. Free-trade was a part of their rights, inasmuch as the charter gave them full legislative powers. Randolph, thus snubbed, made his way into New Hampshire, where he endeavored to prevail on the people, who were waxing strong under the protecting wing of Massachusetts, to renounce allegiance to her. In the summer of 1677, he returned to England, indignant at the attitude of the Bay, and immediately presented articles of high misdemeanor against the governor and company. He likewise reminded the king that the charter had not been brought back, and advised the issuing of a writ of *quo warranto* against it. Nor did he forget to speak a word in favor of Episcopacy, and urged that no marriages should be allowed in the colonies except such as were made by ministers of the Anglican Church.

In the meanwhile the people of Massachusetts grew more excited. The clergy were aroused, and on all sides, week-days as well as the Sabbath, the only topic of conversation was the probable fate of the charter under which for more than fifty years they had thriven. Increase Mather, the leader amongst the Puritan ministers, called on them to stand firm. "The loyal citizens of London," he cried, "would not surrender their charter lest their posterity should curse them for it; and shall we, then, do such a thing? I hope there is not one freeman in Boston that can be guilty of it!" But the crown was determined to assert its power, and, abandoning the method of obtaining the instrument by writ of *quo warranto*, entered proceedings in chancery, and issued a writ of *scire facias* against the governor and company of Massachusetts. By this process, not only was the charter declared forfeited, but it was to be cancelled and annihilated. As soon as judgment was entered up, Massachusetts as a

* Vol. iii. M. H. Coll.

body politic ceased to exist, and became in law what she had been before James I. granted the instrument. It may appear strange that the commonwealth should have done nothing more than protest against such treatment; but we must remember there was no longer any Presbyterian party in England to sympathize with the Puritans. Charles II. was an absolute monarch; for several years there had been no parliament to call him to account, and it was uncertain when another one would meet. Holland and the mother-country had made peace, and the British fleets might have ravaged the seaboard where most of the settlements stood. Moreover, King Philip's wars had impoverished the Bay. But what chiefly induced the people to submit was the lukewarmness of the other commonwealths in regard to the confederation which consequently had lost its power of defence. Had they been united, this assault on their liberties might have had a different ending. Before any new government could be set up, Charles died, and James II. mounted the throne. This, however, made no change in the policy of the crown. Joseph Dudley, a native of Massachusetts, and a son of Governor Thomas Dudley, was created president of New England, and Randolph was appointed secretary of the colonial council. It was now the turn of the other colonies to feel the king's tyranny. Plymouth, which had never had a charter, was at his mercy; while Connecticut and Rhode Island were seized with fear on account of theirs. Randolph, who was stubborn in his determination to bring them all under the yoke, lost no time in appearing before the Committee for Trade and Plantations with articles of misdemeanor against the two last-named commonwealths. His principal complaints were that, like Massachusetts, they had violated the laws of trade and navigation and forbade the Anglican worship. Accordingly writs of *quo warranto* were issued, and poor Connecticut turned in her distress to Governor Dongan, of New York, for advice. He at once counselled "a downright humble submission," hoping thus to have her more speedily annexed to his own province, one of his favorite schemes. But the presidency of Dudley soon came to an end; and in December, 1686, a person far more detestable than he arrived in Boston with a commission for the government of all New England. This ruler was Sir Edmund Andros. He belonged to an ancient family of Guernsey, of which his father was bailiff in 1660, and, in the general pardon granted to the inhabitants of that island after the Restoration, both parent and son had been honored with a special exception, because they had "continued inviolably faithful to his majesty during the late rebellion," and consequently stood in no need of pardon. In 1667, Edmund, who had attained the rank of major in the army, was commissioned by the Duke of York governor of his territories in America. While serving in that capacity, he had given offence to Connecticut by attempting to encroach on her domain; and his expeditions might have proved successful but for the courageous stand which was made against him by Captain Bull at Saybrook Fort. He was knighted for his services, and continued governor of New York till 1680, when he was recalled in consequence of charges of embezzlement preferred against him. This, however, did not lower him in the esteem of his patron, who, shortly after mounting the throne as James II., sent him to govern New England. A man more uncongenial to the

Puritans could not have been selected. The very flag which he brought over—a red cross on a white ground, and in the centre a crown wrought in gold, with the letters "J. R.," was enough to turn them against him; while the soldiers who accompanied him gave almost as much scandal — "those that were brought a thousand leagues to keep the country in awe; a crew that began to teach New England to drab, drink, blaspheme, curse, and damn; a crew that were every foot moving tumults, and committing insufferable riots among a quiet and peaceable people."

To "countenance and encourage" the Anglican worship was one of the principal orders he had received, and soon after landing he called together the ministers of Boston, and spoke to them "about accommodation as to a meeting-house that might so contrive the time as one house might serve two assemblies." But Increase Mather had thoroughly infused his own spirit into them, and the clergy answered "that they could not with a good conscience consent that their meeting-houses should be made use of for the Common-Prayer worship." This reply so astonished Andros that he could scarcely believe his ears. But as soon as he realized that they were in earnest, he sent Randolph to demand the keys of the Old South Meeting-house. The congregation, however, refused to let him have them, and it might have been necessary to make entrance by force had not good-man Needham, the sexton, become frightened, and opened the door.

From this day forth Episcopacy maintained a foothold in the country. But in order more thoroughly to familiarize the people with it, he required the holidays of the Episcopal Church to be entered in *Tulley's Almanac* for the year 1687, a thing never done before; and opposite the date of January 30 were printed the words "King Charles murdered," while at the beginning of the almanac was a list of English monarchs, the Commonwealth and Protectorate being left in blank. Having thus set up his rule in Massachusetts, he turned his attention to the other colonies. "The province of Maine" was already by the terms of his commission included within the limits of his government, while Rhode Island and Plymouth offered no opposition and readily came under his sway. Connecticut, however, showed a disposition to hold back, and Randolph wrote to her governor that she had better surrender her charter at once. This she would not do, and Andros was obliged to journey all the way to Hartford for it; and whether he got it then or not is a disputed point. The common belief is that the instrument was laid on a table before him, the lights suddenly extinguished, and when they were relit it had disappeared, having been hurried away and hidden in an oak-tree. Palfrey, in a note, vol. iii. p. 543, of his *History of New England*, says: "There were duplicates of the charter at Hartford; and it is supposable that, while one of them was disposed of as alleged, Andros, having obtained possession of the other, did not know that anything was missing." Thus was Connecticut the last to fall. During the next two years the country was deprived of every vestige of self-government.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that a widespread conspiracy should have been organized to bring about a revolution and independence. Nothing but the downfall of James II. and the coming of William of Orange prevented a rising which would perhaps have freed the

Puritan commonwealth from British domination. Bulkeley, in his *Will and Doom*, alludes to rumors in the autumn and winter of 1688 of "a plot on foot in Connecticut and other parts of the country to make insurrection and subvert the government." He also speaks of a concert of action with Massachusetts, and this, too, before anything was known of the movements of the Prince of Orange. The accession of the latter to the throne of England nipped the revolution in the bud, and so far relieved the colonies that they were willing to abide yet awhile longer in a condition of dependence rather than face the chances of a bloody and costly struggle.

We will now briefly examine the laws of the Puritans, and see how it was that they governed themselves, and this at a period when Europe, especially the Continent, was groaning under absolute monarchy everywhere, triumphant over the ruins of the feudal liberties of the Middle Ages.

At the time of landing, the Pilgrim fathers were already organized as a church; and by the meeting held on board the *Mayflower*, and the instrument then drawn up and signed, we may view them likewise as a community forming a township, which began its functions the moment they touched the soil.

In New England, the township, such as we find it to-day, became fully organized as early as 1650, and by it the spirit of self-government was kept from dying out. It drew its vitality direct from the freemen, who in their meetings on the green, where they came to discuss public affairs, were made to feel that to be present on these occasions was a home duty which could not be shirked. And these meetings remind us of what formerly took place in France and England under the parochial system, when the village-bell would summon the peasantry together in front of the church-door, where every one was at liberty to express his views on the subject under debate.* In a New England town all the male inhabitants were not voters. To possess the franchise it was necessary to be a member of the church, and those who were not had no voice in affairs, and may be considered simply as wards of the orthodox. Connecticut, however, was an exception to this rule. There, in order to vote, it was only necessary to be twenty-one years of age, have real estate to the amount of twenty pounds, and be recommended to the general court "as of honest, peaceable, and civil conversation." In Plymouth, those who possessed the franchise and neglected to use it were fined twenty shillings. At elections, beans and Indian corn were used; the corn signifying an affirmative vote, beans the contrary. And it is interesting to know that stuffing the ballot-box is a crime not peculiar to our day. In the records of the Massachusetts General Court, we find the following entry: John Guppy, "being under a great fine for putting in more corns than one for the choice of a magistrate, upon his request to this court hath his fine abated to twenty shillings."

The administrative power of the township was vested chiefly in a small number of persons called selectmen. They alone had the right to call a town-meeting; but if ten voters demanded one, they had to comply. Then came the constables, whose duty it was to keep the peace; the town-clerk, who recorded all town-votes, grants, births, marriages, deaths; the assessor, who rated the township; the collector, who received the rate; the

* De Tocqueville, *Ancien Régime et la Révolution.*

treasurer, who kept the funds; an overseer of the poor; a road surveyor; a tithing-man; a timber-measurer; a sealer of weights and measures; fire-wards, who directed the citizens in case of a fire; and one or more fence-viewers. All these officials were chosen by the freemen, and any one refusing to accept office was punished by a fine of forty shillings. After the township followed the county, a territorial division without any political existence, and which was created as the settlements extended solely for the better administration of justice. Then came the commonwealth. Here we find the will of the people expressed through representatives in an assembly or general court, which met once a year. In Connecticut, however, it met twice. As early as 1634, the legislature of Massachusetts was divided into an upper and lower branch, namely, the assistants and house of deputies; the former chosen by the whole colony, the latter by the towns, three from each. The office of assistant originated as follows: When John Carver, first governor of Plymouth, was succeeded by William Bradford, the freemen at the same election named Isaac Allerton to assist him, giving as a reason that the new governor was just recovering from a fit of illness. Gradually the number of assistants in that colony was increased to seven. Massachusetts, however, by her charter was limited to eighteen, which number did not satisfy the people, who were unwilling to have all the power of the commonwealth in so few hands. To remedy this, they created a distinct body of legislators, each house having a negative on the other. Previous to 1635, the Bay had no codified statutes; but in 1641 one hundred laws, known as "the body of liberties," were compiled by order of the assembly. Not a little ridicule has been heaped upon the Puritans for adopting "this literal transcript of the laws of Moses." But a careful reading of the body of liberties will show that they were familiar with Magna Charta, and had skilfully interwoven in the code much of the wisdom of English legislation. In the body of liberties twelve offences were capital. In England at the same period one hundred and fifty were punished with death. "No monopolies, save on patents or new inventions, were to be granted. All lands and heritages were to be free from fines, and licenses upon alienations, and from heriots, wardships, liveries, primer-seizins, year-day, waste, escheat, forfeitures, and the whole train of feudal exactions customary upon the death of parents or ancestors."* Hereditary claims being rejected, the laws of primogeniture and entail were so far modified that the eldest son was only entitled to a double portion of the paternal estate, and the other sons, if the father died intestate, drew equal portions, after setting off the portion of the eldest."†

Juries were obtained as follows: Before the meeting of a court, its clerk issued "warrants to the constables of the several towns within its jurisdiction for jurymen proportionable to the inhabitants of each," and the inhabitants then elected the required number. Petit jurors received four shillings a day, while grand jurors, who served for one year, were allowed three shillings. It often happened that the verdict of the jury would be that there were strong grounds of suspicion, but not enough evidence to convict; whereupon the judge would proceed to give sentence and punish for offences of which the party had appeared to

* Barry, *Hist. of Mass.* vol. i. p. 266.
† *Ib.*, p. 267.

have been guilty by the evidence, although "not convicted of the particular crime he was charged with."* "Wicked cursing of any person or creature" was punished by a fine of ten shillings for a single oath. For "more oaths than one at a time, before he removed out of the room or company where he so sware," the penalty was twenty shillings. If the offender could not pay the amount, he was set in the stocks. It was forbidden to play cards or any game for money, or "to observe any such day as Christmas, or the like." Tavern-keepers were forbidden to "suffer any to be drunk, or to drink excessively —viz., half-a-pint of wine for one person at a time—or to continue tippling above the space of half-an-hour, or at unseasonable times, or after nine of the clock at night." Whoever gave way to his tongue in scolding, or by loud, boastful, impertinent speech, was "to be gagged or set in a ducking-stool, and dipped, over head and ears, three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate should judge meet."† And in order that no man might plead ignorance of the laws, it was required by the general court that every family buy a book containing them, and, if they could not pay for it in money, wheat would be received; and the constables of the towns had to see that the rule was kept. The price of these little law-books was twelvepence in silver, or one and a half pecks of wheat, or two-thirds of a bushel of peas, at three shillings a bushel.‡

The subject of education early engaged the attention of the people. The General Gourt of Massachusetts, in 1636, voted four hundred pounds—which was as much as a year's rate of the whole colony—towards the building of "a public school or college;" and in 1637 an institution of learning was commenced at Newtown. The name was soon after changed to Cambridge. Before the end of its first year, John Harvard, a clergyman, of Charlestown, bequeathed it one-half of his property and his whole library, and to keep fresh the remembrance of this gift the college took his name. In the Bay and Plymouth, schools were maintained by law, and the general court of the last-named commonwealth voted, for the support of its first one, the revenue from the "Cape fishery." The people of Swanzey, at one of their town-meetings, voted that "a school be forthwith set up in this town for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic, and tongues of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; also to read English and write; and that the salary of £40 per annum, in current country pay which passeth from man to man, be duly paid to the schoolmaster thereof, and that Mr. John Myles, the present pastor of the church here assembling, be schoolmaster; otherwise to have power to dispose the same to an able schoolmaster during the said pastor's life."* The code of Connecticut, adopted in 1650, ordered that each township of fifty householders should maintain a pedagogue, while in towns of a hundred householders a grammar-school was to be set up where scholars were to be prepared for Harvard. Moreover, it was the duty of the selectmen to see that parents did not neglect the education of their children. In the same commonwealth, a law

* Hutchinson, i. p. 453.
† *Mass. Records*, iv. p. 513.
‡ *Connecticut Col. Rec.*

* Baylie's *Hist. of Plymouth Col.*, vol. ii. p 248.

was passed, in 1677, that every town neglecting to keep a school "above three months in the year should forfeit five pounds."

For reading-matter the founders of New England were badly off compared with the present age. Although printing was introduced into Massachusetts as early as 1639, there were few presses established, and not a single newspaper was issued during the century. Books were scarce, and, as we see by the following list of the more popular ones, they were nearly all of a religious character. First, of course, in their estimation, was the Bible. Then came Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The *Bay Psalm Book*, printed at Cambridge in 1640, containing the whole Book of Psalms, translated into English metre by Rev. Mr. Weld and John Eliot, of the Roxbury Church; both of whom knew the original Hebrew. Eliot's Indian Bible, completed and printed in 1664. *New England's Salamander Discovered*, printed in London, in 1647. A book with a long title, namely, *The Heart of New England rent at the Blasphemies of the Present Generation; or, A Brief Tract concerning the Doctrine of the Quakers, demonstrating the destructive nature thereof to Religion, the Church, and the State, with Considerations of the Remedy against it.* By John Norton, Teacher of Christ Church. Boston. 1651. Mr. Cotton's *Milk for Babes*, a much-esteemed catechism. The *New England Primer*, containing matter for children, beginning with the alphabet and ending with a strange poetic dialogue between Christ, a youth, and Satan. The *Assembly Catechism*. Another book with a long title, namely, *The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America, willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered both in the upper leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to be paid for his work by old English wonted pay. It is his trade to patch all the year long gratis. Therefore, I pray, Gentlemen, keep your purses.* By Theodore de la Guard. London, printer in Pope's Head Alley. 1647. This curious work in verse was a satire aimed at the follies rife in New England and the mother-country. Its real author was Nathaniel Ward, minister of Ipswich. The *Day of Doom*, a poetical description of the last judgment, by Michael Wigglesworth. Increase Mather's *Remarkable Providences*. A book of poems by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, daughter of old Governor Dudley, and wife of Governor Bradstreet. The *New England Almanack*, printed in London, 1685, by John Seller, chartographer to the king. This little book contained an engraved map of the New England colonies which made it especially popular.

The Puritan churches were republican in form, and held the right to choose their own minister, and discipline their own members, without interference of synod and assembly. Each church had a pastor, whose duty it was to exhort and pray; a teacher, who had charge of difficult cases of conscience, and prepared the young for church fellowship; a ruling elder, to keep watch over the brethren and sisters, and who went from house to house warning the careless; lastly, there were deacons, generally two in number, who managed the secular affairs of the church. The office of ruling elder, however, was not always acceptable; and in the Wenham Church Records we find a vote of the congregation doing away with it.

But in regard to the support of their ministers the civil power did interfere, as we see by the following enactment, passed by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1654:

"Forasmuch as it highly tendeth to the advancement of the Gospel that the ministers thereof be comfortably maintained, and it being the duty of the civil power to use all lawful means for the attaining of that end, and that henceforth there may be established a settled, encouraging maintenance of ministers in all towns and congregations within this jurisdiction, this court do order that the county court in each shire shall, upon information given them of any defect of any congregation or township within the shire, order and appoint that maintenance shall be allowed to the ministry, and shall issue out warrants to the selectmen to assess, and to the constables of the said towns to collect, the same, and to distrain the said assessments on such as shall refuse to pay. And it is hereby declared to be our intention that an honorable allowance be made to the ministry respecting the ability of the places; and if any town shall feel themselves burdened by the assessment of the county court, they may complain to this court, which shall at all times be ready to give relief to all men."

At a town-meeting in Ipswich, Massachusetts, February 25, 1656, a majority of the freemen voted £100 towards a house for the minister. Part of the minority resolved not to pay, as they had not given consent for the levy of that sum. The question was submitted to the legislature, which declared that the Ipswich vote was good both for those who favored it and those who did not, and that the pastor must have a house.

The clergy were not always paid in money, as we see by a report to the Massachusetts Assembly in 1657:

"Hingham has one hundred families: Mr. Hobart has twelve persons in his family; £90 a year, payable one-third in wheat, one-third in peas, one-third in Indian corn and rye, which is cleared off annually. He carries on no farming. Weymouth has sixty families; Mr. Thatcher has a family of seven persons, and £100 salary in all sorts of corn. He cultivates no land," etc., etc.

Here we must end our brief sketch of New England in the seventeenth century. We fain would go on, and speak of the persecution of the Quakers, the dispute in regard to baptism, and other religious differences which at length caused the failure of the experiment to found Biblical commonwealths; but space will not permit. We must add, however, that, in our opinion, these grim Puritans should be judged with a little more charity than is frequently shown them in these days of spiritism, Mormonism, and infidelity. They had at least faith in God, which is more than many of their descendants have.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANTI JANUS. By Dr. Hergenröther. Translated by J. B. Robertson, Esq., with an Introduction by him, giving a History of Gallicanism from the reign of Louis XIV. down to the present time. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

The only fault we have to find with this valuable book is its late appearance. "Janus" is now among Catholics consigned to infamy and oblivion, and its detestable principles have been branded with the note of heresy by the Council of the Vatican. It is simply now, as it was in reality almost entirely from its first publication in this country, one of the weapons used by anti-Catholic

writers against the church, and the more prized by them because *forged* in a double sense of the word by traitors within our own walls. It has been already amply and ably refuted by a learned contributor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in Vol. XI. of this magazine, and, in our opinion, that refutation has still a great value in regard to some points which it has discussed more thoroughly than is done in the work before us. F. Keogh in England, and Dr. Scheeben in Germany, as well as some other writers in magazines, also reviewed and confuted "Janus" in an able manner. Dr. Hergenröther's book was, however, the most complete and masterly of the answers to "Janus," and its prompt appearance within two months from the time when the book to which it was an answer was published in Germany prevented to a great extent the mischief which that venomous production was intended to work among wavering and ill-instructed Catholics. A more prompt issue of the English translation would have been of great service during the time of the discussions accompanying the session of the Vatican Council. But even now it is welcome, and will be very useful as an armory of defence against the assaults which the enemies of the Holy See will continue to make on its divine prerogatives.

Mr. Robertson's introduction adds greatly to the value of the book as a treatise for general reading. The author of "Janus" uttered the last word of a dangerous error, or conglomeration of errors, whose mildest and most tolerable phase was theological Gallicanism, whose doctrinal spirit effloresced and withered in the Jansenistic heresy, and whose outward form reached its utmost growth in the rebellious, schismatical, anti-Papal conspiracy of Scipio Ricci, Richer, Febronius, Joseph II., and the German prince-archbishops who signed the Punctuations of Ems. The pure theological Gallicans of the type of Bossuet and La Luzerne have been generally loyal to the church. For a long time the Holy See thought it best to leave their theoretical errors in a certain state of toleration, and a solemn judgment of the church has condemned them formally only within the last half-year. Their firm adhesion to the principle that the judgment of the Pope, concurred in by the majority of the Episcopate, is infallible, has always made it certain that they would submit to a definition by an Œcumenical Council, by which their errors should be rectified. In point of fact, the dissension between this small number of bishops and the body of their brethren has been happily terminated by such a council in a way which has brought no censure upon their persons or stigma upon their orthodoxy. The last representative of the Gallican bishops of France, Mgr. Maret, after making the best effort in his power to argue his case, and openly demanding for it a fair trial and judgment, has submitted in the most frank and honorable manner to the decision of the Council of the Vatican defining Papal infallibility. Thus this controversy is happily and for ever settled, without any danger of scission or schism so far as Gallicans are concerned, and, therefore, without danger to the faithful generally in any country.

With the more extreme anti-Roman party, however, the case has been and is quite different. Their errors have never been tolerated, but have been condemned as soon as they appeared. Of Jansenism it is not necessary to speak; but of the system which we may call Febronianism we may say a few words, because it is the last expression of this incoherent heresy which has been uttered by "Janus." Several of its most prominent advocates, Ricci, Richer, Von Hontheim himself, who is no other than "Febronius," at least one of the archbishops who signed the Punctuations, and, doubtless, others of the same party, recanted their errors, and freed themselves from censure, as many Jan-

senists also did in France and elsewhere. We sincerely hope that those who have been misled into similar errors at the present time may imitate their example. But for them there is no hope of a reconciliation to the church except through a radical change of their principles. Those who held distinctly to the supremacy of the Roman See and the infallibility of Œcumenical Councils were led by their own fundamental principle to admit that they had come short of the complete and integral doctrine of the church so long as they hesitated to confess the infallibility of the Pope. They required only the definition of the Council of the Vatican to scatter all their doubts to the winds. But, unhappily, the writers of "Janus" and their disciples acknowledge neither the supremacy of the Pope, nor the infallibility of councils, nor even that of the church at large. If they add contumacy to their erroneous doctrines, they make themselves heretics in the most radical sense of the word, so that there is but one alternative for them, entire submission and renunciation of their heresy, or excision from the external communion of the faithful. Some have cut themselves off from the church by their open protest against the Council, and a few who are ecclesiastics have been suspended by their bishops. It is impossible to imagine a more untenable position than that of these unfortunate persons. Their only hope lay in the success of their efforts to thwart the action of the Council of the Vatican. Having totally failed in this attempt, they cannot keep up any plausible appearance of adhering to the Catholic communion. Nothing is before them, therefore, except either to join the Greek schism, like Pichler and Guettée, or to throw overboard all pretence to Catholicity and relapse into rationalism. Some of these men have been formerly useful and honored in the church. We mourn their defection, and earnestly desire their return; but if they persist in their rebellion, the church will do as she has always done, pursue her course without heeding their outcries, and leave them to perish in the abyss into which they have madly thrown themselves.

Lecture of the Most Rev. John Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, on the Temporal Power of the Pope and the Vatican Council. Delivered at the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, December 9, 1870. Revised and enlarged by the author. Philadelphia: McLaughlin Brothers, Printers, Nos. 112 and 114 South Third Street. 1870. Pp. 24.

This pamphlet is published in the most elegant and ornate style, as it is most fitting that it should be, considering the high dignity of its author, the still more august character of its subject, and its intrinsic excellence and importance. It is needless to say that there is no one so fully authorized to speak as the representative and mouth-piece of the entire hierarchy, clergy, and laity of the Catholic Church in the United States, as the Most Rev. Prelate in the first Metropolitan See. The document is not, it is true, official; but, in point of fact, it has the same moral weight as if it were. The Archbishop of Baltimore has expressed the convictions and sentiments of the entire Catholic body in which he is the first dignitary. Happily, the action of the bishops, clergy, and laity throughout the United States proves this statement in the most convincing and brilliant manner. The direct intention of the prelate in this lecture was, nevertheless, not to make a protest against the spoliation of the Pope, an act which he had already performed within the precincts of his own see, and which the Bishop and faithful people of Philadelphia had also accomplished for themselves, but to instruct his auditors and readers in the grounds for sustaining the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It would be superfluous

to speak of the qualifications of the Most Rev. lecturer in respect to the execution of this task. We can only express our ardent desire and recommendation that the lecture may be read by every Catholic, as well as by every other American citizen who desires to know the truth and right concerning the matter treated of. We hope that the most energetic measures will be taken to give this pamphlet universal circulation throughout the country.

BRIGHTLY'S FEDERAL DIGEST. A Digest of the Decisions of the Federal Courts, from the Organization of the Government to the Present Time. By Frederick C. Brightly, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, author of *The United States Digest*, *A Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania*, *A Treatise on Equity*, etc. Vol. II., pp. 976. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother, 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, Law Booksellers, Publishers, and Importers. 1870.

If one of the old believers in the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* could revisit Westminster Hall in this age of all the economies, how wonder-stricken would he not be! Economy of time through steam and electricity, economy of physical labor through every imaginable form of machinery, economy of mental toil by the aid of compendium and digest, would immediately convince him that it is not an idle boast of this generation that its genius has compressed the work of many centuries into one. He would remember how often the maxim, *stare decisis*, had been dinned into his ear, and with what interminable labor he was obliged to search for those decisions of the wise men of England among the dusty heaps of parchment and red-tape which, from their dark alcoves, seemed to mock his industry and zeal. Who can measure the labors of an attorney or barrister of the old time, or form any conception of the toils of the early law-writers, when attempting to reduce to scientific arrangement the principles which had been slowly evolved by judicial legislation through successive centuries? It was the courts, and not the parliament, by which was created the great body of the common law, the *lex non scripta*, now constituting the broad foundation of all the systems of law which govern the great English-speaking nations. What a multitude of decisions! Oh! for the Digester promised by the Fates, but who had not yet arrived. The strongest brain was well-nigh exhausted by its preliminary efforts in forcing a passage through mountains of dim old manuscript records before it had arrived at its real task, the elimination and assortment of the priceless gems of wisdom and social ethics which were to be found buried and scattered under those huge masses of special pleading, all crusted over with prolixities, tautologies, and bewildering refinements, clothed in a horrible jargon of French and Latin. Oh! for the Digester, to rescue the Kents and Storys of those days from the labors of the law-Hercules.

Truly, the man who writes a good dictionary of any language is entitled to high honor, for he confers upon society a very great benefit. In like manner, the man who, by his patient industry and profound learning, accomplishes the task of bringing within the reach of intelligent non-professional persons, as well as of professional lawyers, a knowledge of the jurisprudence of their country, sufficient at least, as Blackstone insists, for all the purposes of an educated gentleman, well merits the applause of his fellow-citizens. A glance at the *Digest of the Decisions of the Federal Courts, from the Organization of the Government to the Present Time*, prepared by Mr. Frederick C. Brightly, will satisfy our readers that much information of the highest practical importance, touching the interests of inventors and patentees, of commercial men, ship-owners, underwriters, stockholders in all kinds of corporations, and, in fact,

of all men who are in daily contact with the world of business, can be procured even by those who have not been trained in the hard school of Coke-Littleton.

To the professional lawyer this work must be of the greatest utility. Hitherto we have had no digest of the decisions of the Federal courts, which have now become voluminous. In this work of Mr. Brightly, we find them briefly but clearly given, distributed under appropriate titles, and faithful to the substance of the original text. As he says in his preface to the second volume, very recently issued from the press, it has been his aim to give the principles of law, decided in each case, in the fewest possible words, consistently with clearness of expression. We think that he has done so in an admirable manner, and that this constitutes the true value of his work. A mere condensation of the cases which, it seems, some of his critics would have preferred, could not have met the real requirements of the legal profession and the public. There is added to the digest a table of all the cases, with a reference to the volume of reports in which each is to be found.

Mr. Brightly's *Digest of the Laws of the United States* had previously won for him the confidence and gratitude of the entire legal fraternity, so that, when this still more important work was announced, it was immediately greeted with delight by the bench and the bar throughout the country. It is certainly in every way worthy of his high reputation as a lawyer of profound learning and as a law-writer of great accuracy and perspicuity.

The Life of Madame Louise de France, Daughter of Louis XV. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

That one of the Royal family should seek the seclusion of a convent at a time when corruption and wickedness reigned supreme in the court of France forcibly reminds us that the grace of God is no respecter of persons.

The life of Mother Térèse de St. Augustin was one of loving devotion to her dear Lord, who had so wonderfully called her from the midst of the world's most enticing allurements to follow the severe rule of the Carmelite Sisters. From her cell she spoke to her father, recalling him now and then from his own profligate course to the contemplation of a life given to God, and in every place where her sacrifice was known the good gave glory to God that one surrounded by the fascinations of royalty, with a prospect of all that the world could give of pleasure, should consecrate her life and give her first love to him who had chosen her for his spiritual spouse.

The book is attractive both in its interior and exterior, and the publishers have done well in giving to the young such an example of self-sacrifice in days when people coolly ask, "What is the use of mortification?"

Felix Kent; or, The New Neighbors. By Miss Mary I. Hoffman, author of *Agnes Hilton*, *Alice Murray*, etc. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 430. New York: P. O'Shea. 1870.

There is not much difference between this story and Miss Hoffman's last one, *Alice Murray*, which we noticed in The Catholic World for July, 1869. It deserves the same praise and the same censure. Miss Hoffman's leading characters in her story are all too good to be genuine. We fear so many good people living in any one vicinity—people always evenly good—are not to be found; at least we have never found them. The scene of Miss Hoffman's story must be a model place, and one which we judge exists only in her own imagination. Otherwise the book is good moral reading, and we welcome it as an addition to our not very extensive American Catholic literature.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC'S GUIDE. A Monthly Magazine devoted to the interest of Catholic Youth. Vols. I., II., and III. Chicago: John Graham.

A handsome illustrated volume of nearly six hundred pages, containing Tales, Sketches, Biographies, Puzzles, Poetry, Hymns set to music, etc. We know of no book lately issued more suitable as a present, and none likely to be more acceptable as a gift to the young.

TRACTATUS DE ECCLESIA CHRISTI. Auctore Patritio Murray, in Collegio S. Patricii apud Maynooth in Hibernia Professore, Romanæ Academiæ Religionis Catholicæ Socio. Dublinii. 1866.

This treatise is contained in three considerable volumes, printed in clear and large type, very convenient and agreeable to the reader. It includes the treatise on the Pope, and treats the whole topic *de ecclesia* in a thorough and exhaustive manner. The author's arrangement and method are admirable, and his Latin style remarkably clear and perspicuous. The work has several peculiar merits. One of these is, that the author employs in dogmatic theology the method used so advantageously in moral treatises, of qualifying doctrines or opinions according to their relative grades of extrinsic authority, with citations of authors. Another is, that he refers to those authors who have treated distinct parts of his topic with special clearness. Still another is that he mentions the sources from which he has drawn objections. And a fourth is that he does not repeat the same thing twice, but refers back whenever the same argument comes into play more than once, to the place where it is to be found. Dr. Murray has done credit to himself, to Maynooth, and to the learned clergy of Ireland, by this excellent and scholarly production, which has been honored by a letter of congratulation from the Holy Father. A whole series of questions of the utmost present importance respecting the object and extent of the infallibility and authority of the church are treated by him in an able manner, and with much more completeness than is found in our ordinary textbooks. Although published before the Council of the Vatican, this treatise is in strict conformity with its definitions on every point. On the whole, we regard it as the best of all modern treatises on the church, and, therefore, of the greatest utility to the clergy and all students of theology.

LECTIONES QUOTIDIANÆ DE VITA, HONESTATE ET OFFICIIS SACERDOTUM ET CLERICORUM, ETC. Auctore, P. Josepho Schneider, S.J. Pustet. 1870.

These daily readings are taken from Holy Scripture, Decrees of Councils, Pontifical Constitutions, Episcopal Pastoral Letters, and the works of the Fathers and other pious authors. The book is a solid and admirable manual for spiritual reading, and we cannot too highly recommend it to the Rev. Clergy and to candidates for Holy Orders.

ECCLESIASTICAL CELIBACY; or, Why Catholic Priests do not Marry. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. Pensacola, Fla. 1870. Pp. 56.

A little pamphlet intended to refute the ordinary objections to the celibacy of the clergy. It is clear in its statement of the reasons for the practice of the church. The objections are put in popular form, and the answers are spirited and to the point.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From MURPHY & Co.—Memoirs of a Guardian Angel. Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé G. Chardon.

From PATRICK DONAHOE.—Jesus and Jerusalem; or, The Way Home.

From P. O'SHEA.—Romance of the Charter Oak: A Picture of Colonial Times. By William Seton. In two volumes. Vol. I.

From CHARLES G. DENTHER, Buffalo.—Life of the Rt. Rev. John Timon. By Charles G. Denther.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

THE thoughts to which we design to give expression in the present article have been suggested by some essays on the same subject in the *Civiltà Cattolica*. We intend to reproduce in part some of the suggestions of the very able writer of the essays just alluded to, with other considerations of our own; and, as it is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the borrowed and the original portions of our own essay, we merely acknowledge our indebtedness to our illustrious contemporary, without claiming the authority of its great name for any special proposition we may advance.

What measures are desirable in order to improve the quality and extend the influence of our higher education? This is the question we propose to be discussed. We are not undertaking to give it an exhaustive examination or discussion; but what we do have to say will have reference to it in some of its bearings, and, we may hope, if it does not command entire and universal assent, will at least provoke thought, inquiry, and discussion, thus preparing the way for the manifestation of truth and leading to useful practical results.

The first and principal proposition we desire to set forth is that the basis and chief part of the higher Catholic education should be the inculcation of a sound and complete philosophy. It is philosophy, and that alone, which really educates the mind; that is, develops, strengthens, and perfects its natural principles and powers, thus making it actually intelligent. Other branches of study are more properly defined to be instruction, since their end is to furnish the mind with materials for the intellectual faculties to make use of in science or art. We are only repeating what has been often said by wise men, when we affirm that false philosophy is one principal cause of the most destructive errors and evils of the present epoch. The lack of true philosophy exposes a great multitude of badly or imperfectly instructed persons who rank with the educated class to the influence of these errors and evils, even though the most essential truths and moral principles,

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subverted by the said errors, have been taught them by the way of faith and tradition. Ideology is at the basis of everything. All first principles are rooted in it. Substitute for it something false, and everything is corrupted at its very root. Remove it, and all reality or living force in principles is lost, and only sensible phenomena remain as the object of either the intellect or the will. In some conditions of society or states of life, the wisdom which is necessary for securing all the ends of life is sufficiently given by the purely religious teaching of the church. Those who are not exposed to the danger of false philosophy or pseudo-scientific scepticism, and who do not need much intellectual culture, find all they want in the instruction that comes by the way of faith, which is indeed of far greater value than all science. But those for whom it is the great present duty and need to provide a higher Catholic education in this country, do not belong to that class. They are exposed to the above-mentioned dangers, and they desire an intellectual culture of greater or less extent beyond the mere common elementary schooling, which culture they are determined to get if possible. The purely religious instruction of the catechism and the Sunday sermon are not enough for such as these. They are enough to give them the faith and a certain knowledge of their duty, so that they are inexcusable if they are false either to the one or the other. But they are not enough to give them that understanding of the reasonableness, historical evidence, excellence, and glory of the Catholic religion, the absurdity, baselessness, intrinsic and extrinsic worthlessness of all forms of heresy and infidelity, which is desirable for them. The Council of the Vatican has decreed that,

"If any one shall say that Catholics can have just reason for withholding their assent and calling into doubt the faith which they have received from the teaching of the church, until they shall have completed a scientific demonstration of the truth of their faith; let him be anathema." *

Yet the same council laments the perversion of many among the faithful through false philosophy. The danger exists, therefore, that we have spoken of. What we desire to show is that careful education in sound philosophy is, for those who are endangered by false philosophy, the best and strongest safeguard next to religious teaching and sacramental grace. Says the Infallible Teacher of Christians, the holy council approving,

"As generations and centuries roll on, let the understanding, knowledge, and wisdom of each and every one, of individuals and of the whole church, grow apace, and increase exceedingly." †

Crescat intelligentia, scientia, sapientia. Every one knows what is chiefly meant in the Catholic schools by *scientia* and *sapientia*. It is theology and philosophy. The latter is more properly called science than the former, since it proceeds throughout from principles of natural reason, and deals with that portion of the truth which is demonstrable by immediate or mediate evidence. Philosophy is also wisdom, *sapientia*, as well as science; as is proved by all the scholastic philosophers at length in the preliminary treatises of their metaphysics. The advancement of philosophy is, therefore, most certainly desired by the entire Catholic hierarchy as a great good, and we have only to inquire the nature and extent of that good which is to be expected from it. It is not necessary to delay

* *Const. De Fide*, Canones, iii. 6.
† *Idem.* cap. iv. *in fine.*

long in arguing out this part of the subject; for all Catholic writers are agreed that philosophy adds to the intellect, already elevated and enlightened by divine faith, a new and splendid ornament, by giving it the understanding of that which reason is able to investigate in the highest realms of truth—that it is an armor of defence against all the poisoned weapons of false philosophy, and an irresistible weapon of offensive warfare against the same dangerous enemy. The universal practice of the church is in accordance with this idea. Everywhere, in the schools which are directed by the hierarchy, philosophy forms the basis of the higher education which is given in the course of collegiate studies. This is the case in our own colleges and seminaries in the United States. It is not, therefore, precisely of the necessity of promoting the study of the elements of logic and metaphysics in our colleges, that we find any particular reason to speak at present. We have in view a kind of education which is given to those young persons who study for several years after the time of childhood has passed, but who do not go through a collegiate course, and we have reference to the education of girls as well as to that of boys.

So far as the boys are concerned, there can be no question of the necessity of making philosophy the principal part of their education. Some of them, after passing through this kind of medium course of instruction, study law, medicine, or engineering. Others go into mercantile life, or some species of business in which they have the hope and the prospect of gaining a considerable share of wealth and influence. The youth of this class, when they arrive at manhood, have also open before them a great many positions and offices in civil and political life, in which they will have the opportunity of rendering most essential services to religion and morality. In this country of speech-making and newspapers, there is a chance for a great number of persons who are tolerably smart and well informed, to bring what knowledge and sense they have into play in the narrower if not in the wider circles of influence. Then, not least in importance, there is the army of school-teachers that will come into greater and greater demand in ever-increasing numbers, as Catholic schools increase in number and excellence throughout the rapidly increasing Catholic community. Now, we maintain that the same reasons which have induced the wise ancients to make philosophy the basis of the university education, hold good in the present instance. What can be more efficacious as a discipline to train the mind to think and reason correctly, to detect sophistry, to reject captious and plausible errors, than a sound training in the elements of logic? The want of this training, and the loose habits of thinking and writing which follow from it, are most conspicuous among a great number of the writers for the anti-Catholic press. That admirable controversialist, Bishop England, frequently did but little in refuting an antagonist, except to point out the errors of logic into which he had fallen. It is amusing to see what a figure is cut by the loose semblances of objections from English Protestant writers when they are laid hold of by the iron grip of Dr. Murray of Maynooth. The palpable effects of the neglect of philosophy in modern non-Catholic education are the best proof of the importance of giving it the first place in Catholic education. This is true not only as respects logic, but also of metaphysics. All modern literature

is full of erroneous, pernicious, and infidel maxims, data, and conclusions. Just as logic is necessary in order to make one expert in detecting and refuting false reasoning, metaphysics are necessary in order to protect and arm the mind against false principles, erroneous opinions, the infidel conclusions of sophistry and pseudo-science. If this sound philosophy is not learned in Catholic schools, the wretched stuff contained in the so-called mental philosophies of authors like Bain, or at least some jejune and dull system fitted to disgust the pupil with the very name of philosophy, will be imbibed in its stead. The extensive and miscellaneous reading in which our young people indulge will fill up their minds with false notions which are logically irreconcilable with the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Thus a state of mental contradiction will be unconsciously, gradually, but inevitably produced, which will breed difficulties, perplexities, temptations against faith, and in many instances will result sooner or later in secret or open apostasy and infidelity.

Young women as well as young men are exposed to these dangers, because to a great extent they become familiar with the same kind of literature. The non-Catholic female schools give an instruction which is on the same intellectual level with that of young men, and in some institutions the two sexes are educated together in the same classes. Women are engaged in editing, writing, translating, and teaching, to a very great extent. It is often the case that a priest will be obliged to call on his philosophy and science to remove the doubts, solve the difficulties, and instruct in sound religious doctrine the minds of the female catechumens who come to him to be prepared for reception into the Catholic Church, or to be re-established in the faith, from which they have been drawn away by a bad education. Women, in our society, if they are intelligent and educated, come in contact with the intellect of men, and share in the intellectual movements around them in such a way that a sound instruction in the philosophy of religion is of great utility to keep them safe from imbibing error, and to give them a wholesome influence in opposing it, both at home in the bosom of their own families, and also in the society around them. All these things appear to us to show the propriety of placing the intellectual standard of education in our female seminaries at a high grade. If this be admitted, we think it follows that the study of philosophy ought to be a principal part of the course in these institutions. At least, some elementary instruction ought to be given to the pupils generally, and a higher course be opened to a certain number who desire a more complete education.

In order that instruction in philosophy should produce the desired fruits, it is essential that it should follow only those rules, methods, principles, and authorities which have the sanction of the church, or, at least, are altogether exempt from even a just suspicion that she regards them with disapprobation. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge here on the evils of discord in philosophical instruction, or the desirableness of unity. It is, moreover, too obvious to need proof, that there is no way of attaining this unity or making solid progress, unless that way is the one of ancient and traditional wisdom, that old and royal road of the school of Socrates, of St. Thomas and the mediæval schoolmen, and of their modern successors. It is equally evident that philosophical instruction

needs, as much as theology, to be watched over and directed by infallible authority; and, moreover, that the Holy See in which that infallible authority is divinely lodged is specially intent, at the present epoch, upon the exercise of this prerogative. Pius IX., in the letter to the Archbishop of Munich, *Gravissimas Inter*, thus succinctly and clearly defines the doctrine so abundantly taught in his Pontifical Acts in many places, and always acted on by the Holy See:

"Ecclesia ex potestate sibi a divino Auctore commissa non solum jus, sed officium præsertim habet non tolerandi, sed proscribendi ac damnandi omnes errores, si ita fidei integritas, et animarum salus postulaverint; et omni philosopho, qui ecclesiæ filius esse velit, ac etiam philosophiæ officium incumbit, nihil unquam dicere contra ea, quæ ecclesia docet, et ea retractare, de quibus eos ecclesia monuerit. Sententiam autem, quæ contrarium edocet, omnino, erroneam et ipsi fidei ecclesiæ ejusque auctoritate vel maxime injuriosam esse edicimus et declaramus."

"By the power committed to her by her divine Author, the church has not only the right, but, above all, the duty of not tolerating, yea, rather, of proscribing and condemning *all errors*, whenever the integrity of the faith and the salvation of souls demand that she should do so; and the obligation is incumbent upon *every philosopher* who wishes to be a son of the church, as well as upon *philosophy itself*, never to utter anything contrary to those things which the church teaches, and to retract everything which the church censures. Moreover, we pronounce and declare the opinion which teaches the contrary altogether *erroneous*, and in the highest degree *injurious to the faith* of the church itself, as well as *to her authority*."

The dogmatic decrees of the Council of the Vatican are pervaded throughout by the same doctrine, so necessary for our times, and it is distinctly declared both in the fourth chapter of the First Constitution, and also in the corresponding canon:

"Porro ecclesia, quæ una cum apostolico munere docendi, mandatum accepit fidei depositum custodiendi, jus etiam et officium divinitus habet falsi nominis scientiam proscribendi, ne quis decipiatur per philosophiam et inanem fallaciam.

"Si quis dixerit, disciplinas humanas ea cum libertate tractandas esse, ut earum assertiones, etsi doctrinæ revelatæ adversentur, tanquam veræ retineri, neque ab ecclesia proscribi possint; anathema sit."

"Moreover, the church, which, together with her apostolic office of teaching, is charged also with the guardianship of the deposit of faith, holds likewise from God the right and the duty to condemn science falsely so-called, lest any man be deceived by philosophy and an empty illusion.

"If any one shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine, and that such assertions may not be condemned by the church; let him be anathema."

Every one who knows anything of the official acts of the Holy See, particularly those which have emanated from the present reigning Pontiff, is aware that the condemnation of errors in philosophy, as well as other branches of knowledge, is not restricted to those which are directly and explicitly contrary to dogmas of faith, but extend to those which are indirectly, remotely, and implicitly contrary to the revealed truths. Pius IX. has repeatedly condemned in strong terms that utterly uncatholic and heterodox opinion, that the obligation of interior obedience to the judgments and teachings of the church is restricted to the matter of revealed dogma and heresy. It extends to all truth which is connected with or related to faith, and all error in regard to that truth. And, lest there should be any loophole left open through which a disobedient, disloyal, and self-willed Catholic might creep, the Council of the Vatican has been careful to give

the whole weight of its authority to a solemn admonition, which closes the Constitution on Faith, and in which the obligation of obeying all the decrees of the Holy See against errors which are not expressly heretical, but which approach more or less to heresy, is declared. It is impossible, therefore, on any pretext, to call the law imposing interior assent to the decrees of the Holy See a *lex dubia*. It was always in reality a *lex certa;* and now the authority of the Council of the Vatican has given it a reduplicated certainty, which is proclaimed to all Catholics in such clear and unmistakable terms that none of them who are at all well instructed can have any excuse for being in error.

Those who are acquainted with the recent history of philosophy as cultivated in Catholic schools are aware that the Holy See has had frequent occasion to censure systems or propositions put forth in Germany, France, and Belgium. Some of those whose opinions have been censured have loyally submitted, while others have made a contumacious resistance, which has ended in a total apostasy from the faith. Most of those who have deviated from the right road have been in perfectly good faith and animated by the best intentions. Until of late, the church had not spoken her mind so clearly or exercised her magistracy so decisively in the department of philosophy as she now does. But if we do not profit by the lessons given to others, and avoid the errors into which they were unwittingly drawn, our conduct will be both foolish and inexcusable. Foolish, because no author or system can live after being smitten by the ban of the church; inexcusable, because it is the greatest of crimes to promote knowingly and wilfully disunion, schism, rebellion against the Anointed of the Lord. The only hope, therefore, for any true progress in philosophy among our students in this country, or of any good fruit from philosophical instruction, must be placed in a spirit of obedience to that infallible authority in the church within whose righful domain philosophy is placed by its close and intimate relation to faith and theology.

It is not, however, to be understood that a mere enumeration of the philosophical doctrines defined by the church and of the errors she has condemned suffices to furnish all the necessary data and conditions for the formation of a sound and complete system of philosophy. It is requisite, in addition, that we follow the indication given us by the church, acting in her ordinary and diffused magisterial teaching and practice, as to the general sources and methods by which solid science may be attained. It is in philosophy as in theology. In the latter science, beside and beyond the sum of clearly revealed and defined dogmas and the authoritative Catholic doctrine derived from them, the church points us to the Scripture, to the sources of Catholic tradition, to the fathers and doctors of the church, and to the *schola*, or body of approved theologians, as the reservoirs or conduits from which we are to derive theological knowledge. We are not forbidden to use our own reason in research or deduction, or discouraged from the effort to make progress in theological science. But we are directed to use our reason and to strive after progress according to the rule and method of the Catholic school, and in the same line with our predecessors and masters. The project and endeavor of a certain number of persons who were ambitious to head a new school in theology which should reconstruct sacred science, dis-

carding the scholastic theology of past ages, has been met by a prompt and sharp rebuke from the supreme authority. In philosophy, likewise, there are plain indications of the mind and will of the church that we should pursue the track of scholastic doctrine and investigation. The assumption that the philosophical teaching made use of for ages in the Catholic schools is essentially erroneous or deficient, and that we ought to take a new point of departure, found a new philosophy, and reform the whole system of philosophical instruction, can only mislead and end in utter failure. Enough time, talent, and labor have been thrown away in that direction, with no other result than to evoke the thunders of the Vatican upon the towers of Babel which their builders sought to raise toward heaven, but which have tumbled into heaps of rubbish. The cultivation of the higher sciences is in its early, incipient stage in the Catholic Church of the United States. May we be wise enough to take the right track from the beginning, and to follow out consistently the Catholic method! Thus far, in our colleges and seminaries, Latin text-books have been used, and these are usually examined and approved by a competent authority before they are published or adopted into use. But we are not speaking of the instruction given in these institutions. Our remarks refer altogether to a kind of instruction which is to be given to pupils who cannot make use of Latin text-books, and for whom, therefore, manuals must be provided written in the English language.

We are not disposed to contest, against F. Kleutgen and other eminent European writers, the great advantages of the Latin language as a medium of instruction and the language of philosophical science. But, in point of fact, it is simply impossible to make use of it for the purpose we have in view. Not only the pupils, but even many of the teachers in the schools of the class we refer to, are and will be unable to read a Latin book. The text-books must be English, and we have been more than once written to by teachers of Catholic schools on the subject before us, with the request for advice respecting the preparation of a suitable text-book of philosophy in English. Some one or more manuals of this kind, either translated from the Latin or original, are likely to be produced very soon; and, as schools multiply and improve, we are in danger of being flooded with them by rival institutions, authors, and publishers. There is but one way to prevent this misfortune, and that is that every text-book should be subjected to a rigid supervision by the ecclesiastical authority. This is not the only thing, however, which is necessary. We need not only to be guarded from the pest of bad or imperfect books, but to have good ones prepared by the most competent hands—by men who are learned in philosophy, who are obedient to the church, and who are capable of expressing in the best and plainest English, in a clear, lucid style and method, and in a way adapted to the mental condition of their students, that philosophical doctrine which is most commonly received in the church. We recommend this matter to the attention of those who are especially interested in and concerned with Catholic education in this country, and to the same class of persons also in Europe; for much that has been said applies as well to other countries as our own, and it matters little in what language a manual of this kind is originally written, since it can be adapted to any other language by a skilful trans-

lator. The desideratum is to find a manual of instruction in philosophy, suitable for the medium class of pupils, which may be translated into English, or to produce an original work of that sort. Whoever supplies this want in a satisfactory manner will render a great service to the cause of Catholic education, and exert an influence for good over the young generation now forming which cannot be estimated.

We do not, however, by any means restrict our definition of that philosophy which is so essential to education, to logic and metaphysics. We include in it ethics, physics, politics—in a word, all regulating and universal principles which give law to science, art, the relation of man to society and the race, to his temporal and eternal end. Dr. Brownson has often and wisely said that all Catholic dogmas are also universal principles. A thoroughgoing and completely educated Catholic is one who knows, believes, and is regulated by all these principles in respect to the whole duty of man. A Catholic must be a Catholic in science, history, literature, professional or mercantile life, politics, and all social relations, as well as in the profession of the creed and the reception of the sacraments. The *tout ensemble* of all these principles is what we call Catholic philosophy in its wide and general sense, as including all the branches of what is properly called education, to which instruction or the acquisition of industrial knowledge stands in the same relation that flesh, skin, hair, complexion, and dress do to the skeleton —that is, they complete, beautify, or adorn and protect the body of which the skeleton is the framework. Such a *tout ensemble* of Catholic principles would be a summary of all those truths in a positive form which are the opposites of all the modern and prevalent errors in every department of thought which the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. has condemned as ruinous to the temporal and eternal well-being of mankind in his great Encyclical and Syllabus of 1864.

We have already sufficiently spoken of the danger arising from these false opinions in general, and the necessity of inculcating the sound and true principles. But we shall specify more particularly one department of education in which it is important to give our American youth the right kind of instruction, on account of the particular circumstances of our own country. This is political science, the science of the origin, and nature, and laws of government, the constitution and laws of political society or the state. The first reason for bestowing particular care upon the education of American youth in political science is, that they are called to exercise the rights and duties of citizens in a republic by participating in its government. This is so obvious and so little likely to be questioned that we need not stop to argue it out at length. The second reason is, that alse and dangerous maxims, principles, and doctrines in regard to politics are so common and prevalent among us. These false doctrines are dangerous to our political and social well-being. They are also dangerous to Catholic faith and loyalty. For they are in contradiction to the teaching and action of the Holy See in reference to its own temporal sovereignty, and to the moral and religious relations of civil government and society to the church in Christendom. They breed a tone and habit of mind which is inclined to sympathize with that party in Europe which is hostile to the church, and engaged in a perpetual war against its head, the Roman Pontiff. They have no right to the

name so often given them of "American principles," for they are not the principles upon which our government and institutions are based; but they are widely prevalent among Americans, and it is therefore necessary that the true principles of politics—those which are in harmony with Catholic doctrine, and at the same time in harmony with the true and genuine American idea—should be taught to our youth in the most explicit manner.

There is another most important branch of study which needs to be brought into more direct subserviency to the ends of Christian and Catholic education, and that is history. The true Christian, and, therefore, the true scientific method of studying history, is to study it in its relation to the great plan of God for the redemption of the human race. The outline of universal history ought therefore to exhibit principally the relation of different races and epochs to the genuine and perfect human civilization, founded and progressively developed through the divine revelation. The separate portions of history which deserve to be most minutely studied are those which are most intimately connected with this divine movement of civilization, which is, in other words, the temporal reign of Christ upon the earth; and those which are most closely connected with the nation or country of the student himself. The common course of historical study has been, for those who have had an English education, chiefly confined to Greek and Roman history and the history of the modern Christian nations. We say nothing to disparage the study of these portions of history in suitable books, although we might justly make some severe criticisms upon the manner in which most of our English authors have executed their task. But we think it highly important that the earliest history of the race should receive more attention, and be presented in such a way as to exhibit the unity of the human family, and the other fundamental facts of the historic revelation. The history of the Jews ought also to be made more prominent, and the connection of sacred and profane history brought into clearer light.

It is, however, chiefly upon the importance of imparting a knowledge of the history of Catholic Christendom that we wish to insist as a capital point. We do not mean ecclesiastical history in its technical sense. We do mean the history of the action of the Catholic religion upon those peoples whom it converted, in educating them into national greatness, developing Christian civilization, and stimulating all kinds of noble and heroic deeds. This part of the domain of history has been much neglected, and among those who have received the ordinary English education is almost unknown. The history of the popes as the leaders of Christendom, the heads of the civilizing movement, the true fathers of the human race, forms the noblest, the most interesting, the most important chapter in modern history; one also of the least known, but which ought to be made familiar to all educated Catholics. The formation of the Christian English nation, the Scottish, the French, Spanish, German, and other nations, is to be classed under the same category. The history of Ireland must, of course, be especially dear to those to whom it is the place of native or ancestral origin, and, in point of fact, is better known than that of other countries in relation to its Catholic aspects among the Catholics of Irish descent. The United States has also

had its chapter of Catholic history. Some writers of great fame, as, for instance, M. Montalembert, M. Ozanam, and Mr. Allies, have written admirable works upon these neglected chapters of history. Others, like Balmes, have written treatises on the principles and methods of Catholic civilization. Many biographies of the great heroes and heroines of these epochs have also been published in different languages. What we desire and advocate is the incorporation of the principles and facts which are found largely developed in such works into suitable text-books for use in the course of instruction given in Catholic schools; with numerous and well-executed illustrations, such as those which adorn the *History of Ireland* by Miss Cusack, and Duruy's *History of France*. Apart from their deficient or objectionable character in regard to doctrine, M. Duruy's *Series of Historical Manuals* is a specimen of what we have in our mind, and we may also mention, among modern English books, Smith's *History of Palestine*. For younger children, the illustrated books of that singularly gifted man, F. Formby, are in every respect models of perfection.

The great point to be gained with the coming generation of Catholics is to make them see and feel the grandeur and magnificence of their religion, that they may glory in it, and that all their pride and boast may be in their faith and their Catholic descent. It is time to break the prestige of heathenism and pseudo-liberalism, and every other illusion, and manifest to the multitude that which has so long been known to the *élite*, that there is nothing on the earth really worthy of admiration except the Catholic Church, the spotless Bride of the Son of God, the queen of the world, for whose sake the nations have been created, and for whose glory and triumph alone time is prolonged, and the endless web of events woven on its loom.

It is understood, of course, that a complete Catholic education must comprise in its course a thorough system of religious instruction in the strict sense of the word—that is, an exposition of Catholic dogmas and doctrines in faith and morals. With that, as forming the link between rational science, in the strict sense, and the science which is based on faith or religious knowledge, it is most necessary and useful to teach the motives of credibility of the Christian and Catholic religion—that is, the evidences of Christianity and of the authority of the church. The basis of rational conviction, once laid in a thorough knowledge of these motives of credibility, can never be shaken in the mind of one who has been taught logical and consistent Christianity—that is, the doctrine of the Catholic Church. It is hard to overturn it even in a mind which knows only the paralogisms and contradictions of Protestantism. Taken in connection with a sound philosophy and a just exposition of history, this rational demonstration of the Catholic religion forms a pyramid so broadly based, so strongly and symmetrically built, that it is capable of withstanding for ever every kind and amount of assault, and commands the homage of the human intellect even when that homage is reluctantly given through the perversity of a will obstinately determined to resist and oppose the truth. The formation of this science in the mind, together with the development of faith and virtue, is what we consider to be true Catholic education.

We do not fancy that this education should be given solely and exclusively by the study and recitation,

in class, of lessons from a series of text-books. There are many other means and instruments of education besides class recitations. There is reading, which completes and enriches what is gained by study. There are the debates and literary exercises of societies formed among the studious youth. There are lectures both for the inmates of institutions of learning and for others. There is conversation and social intercourse, the influence of mind upon mind, the perpetual and powerful effect of a common and public profession and avowal of right, just, and noble principles. There is an atmosphere surcharged with wholesome, invigorating influences, holding in solution the very aliments of intellectual life and energy. The religion of Christ is intended to make a new world; and it is by the combined effects of a multitude of causes set in action by individual minds and wills, which are stimulated by the light and heat of divine grace and truth, that this new world shapes itself out of the materials of the old. Those who act most immediately upon the intellect, next after the preachers of the divine word, are the authors of Catholic literature. We have certainly pointed out in this article work enough for a host of them during the next century. We hope our words will not be lost upon those who aspire to become authors. There is no greater want, at present, apart from those things which are necessary to salvation, for English-speaking Catholics and also non-Catholics who are seeking the truth, than an ample supply of good books of every sort. This ought to be sufficient to induce those who aspire to authorship to direct their efforts towards the production of books which will be really useful, and to excite those who are capable of writing such books to exercise that power by contributing their quota to the intellectual treasury. We know of no better example to propose to the favored persons whom God has enriched with the higher intellectual gifts, than one whom we have already mentioned —M. Frederic Ozanam. At the age of seventeen, deeply impressed by the conviction which his excellent instructor had imparted to him, that the Catholic religion is the source of innumerable benefits to the human race, he formed the resolution of devoting his pen to the propagation of this religion. His sentiments and determinations are expressed with all the ardor of a generous youth, in letters written to his friends at this period. From that time he devoted himself to the studies which were proper to prepare him for his task, and all know with what brilliant success he executed it, although his life was comparatively short. Let those who are able and worthy to enter on the career of letters follow his example. Let them not throw away their time upon useless and frivolous works, or even upon those which are of minor utility, but, rather, seek in the vast fields and the rich mines which await their labors, for the finest fruits and the richest treasures their diligence can gather for the good of their fellow-men.

THE TWO GODMOTHERS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

Don Fernan. Uncle Romance, I must have a story, to-day.

Uncle Romance. Another! Haven't I told your worship that I get my stories not out of books, but out of my head?

Don F. And haven't I answered you, "No matter"? So tell on.

Uncle R. But, señor, they are things just picked up along the way.

Don F. Uncle Romance, we ought to please each one according to his taste, and I assure you that you give me great pleasure when you tell me a story.

Uncle R. Say no more. Your worship has caught me where the hair is short, and I can't resist; but my memory is getting so faded that it has almost lost the color of many things. However, I'll try to lay hand on something recent.*

Off somewhere, on a high rock at the foot of a sierra, a village has climbed, and seated itself like a stork's nest on a tower. I won't tell you its name, but, as they say, relate the miracle without mentioning the saint.

In it there lived two men who had for godmothers the one Good, and the other Bad, Fortune. They called one Don José el Colmado,† and the other Tio Juan Miseria.‡ Don José began by peddling linen and fine cloth through the streets; afterward he set up a shop, and before long bought land, and went to farming it. As Good Fortune blew him on without ever stopping to take breath, he became one of the richest men in the place, and well liked by all, because he was neither stingy nor greedy, but almsgiving and a good Christian. He did not make a great smoke nor use big terms that he did not understand, as more than four* of those who talk on stilts have been known to; for it isn't natural, and the more they study, the more they come out with some blunder, some word that goes to the centre.† He was not stuck-up, but plain and easy, like the king's highway, for money had not turned his head, nor great possessions made him proud. In short, Don José and his were good folks, and in his house, as in that of San Basilio, all were devout, even to the water-carrier.

In the house of Miseria, as everything is always amiss where there is no flour, was nothing but hunger, nakedness, wrangling, children crying, and slaps to silence them.

One day, Don José sent for Tio Miseria, who made his appearance in such a state that you wouldn't have touched him with a pair of tongs, nor spoken to him, except as far off as next summer, and wouldn't have grudged sixpence not to see him. He looked so savage that it seemed

* And so recent that the two types which the story presents have scarcely passed away. If the French can say that acuteness runs the streets in Paris, with how much more reason may we say that it runs the fields in Andalusia! —NOTE OF AUTHORESS.

† The highly favored.

‡ Uncle John Misery.

* Common expression for the majority.

† That shows what they are.

almost necessary to give him "Who goes there?" from a distance.

"Praise be to God! May God bless your worship!" said he, as he entered.

"And you, too, man; but how sulky and frowning you come!"

"Why shouldn't I, when I bring somewhat less than six feet of hunger, my insides eating each other up, and an empty belly? All is drought with me. But your worship's looks —so quite filled out and satisfied— say, 'Thank God, my paunch is full!'"

"It is true that I have nothing to complain of."

"I believe it; your worship may well be contented. If you rent a public field, it yields you at the rate of twenty for one; your sow always litters thirteen; while I am the very *prosulta** of bad luck."

"Juan, there have always been, and always will be, in this world, some that cry and some that laugh. But to come to business, I have sent for you to go to the palace of Fortune for me, and tell her, in my name, that I am satisfied and want nothing more. For this service I will give you two hundred reals,† with which you can begin to better your condition."

Instead of accepting the more than fair proposal with alleluias, and jumping at a chance such as he had never had in his life before, Juan Miseria let covetousness get the better of him, and said to Don José:

"How, señor! Two hundred reals will neither make nor break one. That palace is higher up than where Christ called three times and no one heard him. If I go by the canal, I shall get wet; if I go across the wild country, I shall have to encounter wolves and rough ways. Your worship ought to give me three hundred reals at least; the service is well worth it."

Don José had been forewarned of Juan's tricks; nevertheless, he told him that he would give him twelve dollars, and they agreed at that. But as Juan Miseria went out, the covetousness that had taken possession of him made him turn back and say that twelve dollars was very little.

"Will you take nine?" answered Don José coolly.

"Is your worship mocking me?" said Juan Miseria. "I will not go for twelve, and will I go for nine?"

"Well, don't go," said Don José.

Miseria was taken aback. "Have I got to do without those twelve dollars that I need so much?" thought the poor fellow. And, turning again, he told Don José that he would go for nine.

"Will you take six?" asked Don José.

"Will I be promoted from town-crier to headsman? I wouldn't go for six if you beat me to powder!"

"Don't go, then," said Don José.

Juan Miseria went out, but had hardly reached the street when he thought better of it, for his needs were very pressing. "The rich can kill or cure," groaned he to his waistcoat; "all we can do is to drop our ears. Oh! how I wish I had gone for the twelve. The proverb says well that covetousness bursts the bag." He turned back, and said to the *colmado:*

"Señor Don José, necessity knows no law; I'll go, therefore, for the miserable six dollars."

"Will you take three?" replied the rich man.

"Take three! Break a pair of shoes, and perhaps my bones, climbing those craggy roads, for three paltry dollars! They'd make a

* *Ne plus ultra.*
† Ten dollars.

fine fistful!! Three flies!!! Remain with God, Don José."*

"Until I see you again, my son."

Juan Miseria had no more than passed the sill when he began to say to himself, "Now, I must do without those sixty reals, and I haven't a penny in the world, and don't know where to look for one."

He hurried back, and shouted from the doorway, "Look here, Don José, I'm going for your three contemptible pieces."

"Will you go for one?" replied Don José.

"Yes, señor," responded Juan Miseria, quicker than a pistol-shot, and started off on a run before Don José had time to make a new offer.

After he had travelled, by those strange roads, up hill and down, and all day long, he came to a rock so high and steep that it hadn't even a goat-path. The very rays of the sun slid down it. On its highest pinnacle stood the palace of Fortune, built of genuine alabaster, with gates of pure gold. When he had climbed up to it, he opened a gate, and went into a yard that was like a royal parade-ground, full of flowers of all the year round, of fruits of all seasons, and evergreen grass. He now began to call as loud as he could for the godmother of Don José el Colmado. A young woman came out, and the sun withdrew. She was so bright and beautiful that she dazzled his eyes; each cheek was a rose that weighed a pound, and each eye a planet-star. She had on more trimmings than a fancy roof, and trinkets enough to stock a jeweller's shop.

"What do you want of me?" asked the young woman, with more airs than an opera-singer.

"Don José el Colmado sent me here to tell your grace, in his name, that he is satisfied and wants nothing more. Do you comprehend, charming enchantress?"

"Tell Don José from me," answered the handsome girl, "that I shall go on giving him till he dies, whether he wants or not, for such is my royal pleasure. Do *you* 'comprehend'? And now face about, and go back by the way you came, for you infect my palace with misery."

"And has not the basket of roses a little favor for me—even if it be no bigger than a sixpenny paper of spices?"

"I am not your godmother, and can do nothing for you," said the handsome girl. "The palace of your Fortune is there, behind mine; go and talk to her."

With that off she went, dancing like a top and singing like a bird.

Miseria hurried out, went round to the rear of the palace, and found himself face to front with that of his own Fortune.

It was a pile of stones, blacker than a bad conscience, with a viper in every chink and a snake in every opening.

"So, here is where my patroness lives!" said Juan Miseria. "The nest is like the bird. I am going to call her, for I should like to see her lovely face." And he began to bawl.

An old woman, uglier than the one that deceived San Anton and stoned San Esteban,* with a mouth minus teeth and blear eyes without lashes, came out of the ruin.

"What do you want with me?" asked the hag, in a voice like a wooden rattle.

* *Queda V. con Dios* (Remain with God), and *Vaya de con el mismo* (Go you with the same), are common expressions at leave-taking.

* This saying is an anachronism, since Saint Stephen suffered in the year 34, and Saint Anthony, Abbot, died in 361. Doubtless it indicates the personification of the wicked old woman.—Note of Authoress.

"To send you to the bottomless pit for your deserts," responded Juan Miseria.

"Know that you have earned a dollar because I happened to fall asleep. If I had been awake, you should not have come for the twenty reals," spat back the witch.

WHAT OF OUR FISHERIES?

During the summer of 1870, we have seen frequent mention of our fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From time to time, we have had reports of the capture of American fishing-vessels, and in one or more instances have read reports of their confiscation by the admiralty courts of the British maritime provinces. If we rightly remember, General Butler, who represents a constituency largely interested in the mackerel fisheries, used very strong language on this subject in the last session of Congress. These fisheries seemed for a time to so seriously threaten a disturbance of friendly relations with our colonial neighbors, that we have been at some pains in trying to understand the matter in question. We give the result to our readers, not only because it seems to involve questions of much importance to the industrial interests of a considerable portion of our people, but also because it suggests an examination of some interesting points of international law.

By the Treaty of 1818 between the United States and Great Britain, it was stipulated that citizens of the United States should have the right to fish around the shores of the Magdalen Islands; from the southern extremity of Newfoundland, along its western and northern shores; and from Mount Joly—nearly N. N. W. from the east point of the island of Anticosti—east and north, through the Straits of Belle Isle, and along the coast of Labrador *ad libitum*. They might cure their fish on the adjacent shores, provided they did not violate private property. Such were the acknowledged rights of American fishermen in the waters of the Gulf *prior to the Reciprocity Treaty*, which recently expired by limitation, and which our government has as yet declined to renew. We suppose that no one will deny that the expiration of that treaty left the contracting parties precisely where it found them. Accordingly, our fishermen do not complain of the Dominion authorities for excluding them from the fisheries within one marine league from the shores of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, south and west of Mount Joly; but they do, of right, complain of their unfriendly action in prohibiting American fishermen from entering colonial ports "for the transshipment of their fares, to receive supplies entered in bond for their use, or even to receive consignments of bait sent from the United States, or for any other purpose than shelter in stress of weather, repairing damages, and procuring water." Any one acquainted with these fisheries must know that such a prohibition would be a virtual exclusion of our vessels

from the enjoyment of every right stipulated by the Treaty of 1818. We are at once led to inquire into the intent of the treaty in this regard. We can conceive of no juster method of arriving at its true interpretation than to ascertain what has been the uniform and unquestioned practice of both contracting parties from the date of the convention to the present time. One can hardly conceive it to be possible that a treaty, professing to secure certain rights and privileges, while others are specifically withheld, could contain a provision framed with the intention of making its stipulations nugatory. And yet we find one of the maritime colonies —viz., Prince Edward Island—by an act passed some twenty-five or thirty years ago, "relating to the fisheries and to prevent illicit trade," prohibiting foreign—*i.e.*, American—fishing-vessels from entering their bays and harbors for any other than the purposes we have enumerated. We confess our inability to have solved this seeming riddle without inquiry of parties conversant with the whole history of the Gulf fisheries. But, having an opportunity to ask an explanation of sundry persons—British and American—long resident in the island, we were told that the colonial act, passed in pursuance of the Treaty of 1818, had been misinterpreted by our own government officials as well as by those of the Dominion of Canada. The legislators of Prince Edward Island never intended to deprive themselves of a profitable trade, nor to treat American fishermen as outside barbarians by excluding them from such privileges as were accorded to British merchants in American ports—viz., to land their cargoes for transshipment either to Canada or Great Britain, but to prevent an *illicit traffic* prosecuted in *harbors not ports*, in which Americans, and colonists in American vessels, were more or less implicated to the injury of legitimate traders, and by which the colonial revenue was defrauded. That this was the sole intent of colonial legislative enactments relating to foreign—*i.e.*, American—fishing-vessels, whether such enactments were derived from or made in pursuance of treaty stipulations, is abundantly proved by the uniform practice of the colonial governments themselves. Under the local law forbidding foreign fishing-vessels to enter the *harbors* of Prince Edward Island, save for the purposes therein specified, from its date down to the year 1870, American fishing-vessels freely entered the colonial *ports* to purchase supplies and transship their fares. The colonial customs officers permitted them to enter, and granted clearances at all ports of entry. British subjects engaged in trade vied with resident Americans in the business of furnishing supplies and transshipping the fares of American vessels to the United States.

Some eight or nine hundred American vessels were annually employed in the mackerel fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. American catchings were entered free of duty in United States ports, greatly to the benefit of the maritime colonists, who furnished nearly one-half of the ten or twelve thousand "American" fishermen; whose catchings, valued at from one to two millions of dollars, were admitted duty free. By a liberal construction of our laws, even shore-boats could be employed as tenders, to fish in connection with *bonâ-fide* American vessels; and their catchings, if landed from such vessels, were regarded as American-caught fish; even when transshipped to American ports in British bottoms! Some of our Canadian neighbors professed to discover a cunning device in this

liberal rendering of our laws. They could not, or perhaps would not, believe that we were really disposed to be liberal toward the maritime colonies, while unwilling to renew a treaty which had proved very beneficial to but one of the contracting parties. One solution of the troublesome problem seems to have presented itself to the statesmen of the Dominion. As Carolina and Georgia proposed to starve the North into acquiescence by withholding their rice, so our Canadian neighbors had equal confidence in the omnipotence of mackerel. The Americans could not subsist without them! So the Dominion refused to grant licenses to fish in British waters. By a new reading of an old law, American fishing-vessels should be forbidden to enter and trade in colonial ports for supplies necessary for their subsistence. The cup of cold water, and time to repair damages, so as to enable them to get away, were all that should be accorded to the vessels of a nation of their own kindred, *through whose territory and ports is their only access to the sea for six months of the year.* They would adopt the enlightened policy of China and Japan, and American fishermen should be to them as *outside barbarians.* Presto! No more fishing-licenses to foreign vessels. American residents who, as British merchants, had been for many years engaged in the Gulf fisheries, and as British traders had paid many thousands in duties upon their shipments to American ports, whose enterprise had done *all* to develop a trade so beneficial to the British maritime provinces, became marked objects of an unfriendly policy. Their *British vessels* were seized, and for irregularities in their papers, where irregularity was the rule rather than the exception, were brought into port as prizes, tried, and condemned. Yet the guilt incurred was justly chargeable upon the colonial customs department, which had full knowledge of the facts forming the ground of libel, rather than upon the owner of the vessel; who, of course, was quite willing to receive the supposed protection of the colonial officials. But the courts were in nowise blamable. They dealt out impartial justice as the cases were presented. The injustice was executive—not judicial. Not incited by the people of the maritime provinces, but by Dominion officials and their agents, who desired to compel the Americans to a renewal of the much-coveted Reciprocity Treaty; urged on by individuals, some of whom hoped to derive personal advantage from the destruction of American rivals in the fisheries; while others were striving to force Prince Edward Island into the Dominion, as a means of opening American markets to Canadian products, under more favorable conditions than our government could afford to its own citizens.

To enforce the policy adopted by or at the solicitation of the Canadian government, British and colonial cruisers were sent into the Gulf and along the Atlantic shores of Nova Scotia. Our own government sent two war-steamers and one sailing-vessel to protect our vessels, and to prevent them from trespassing in British waters. We have heard their conduct discussed by interested parties, some of whom had been seriously injured by the Chinese policy of the Canadians; and though, in a single instance, one of the British officers was accused of unnecessary severity, it seems to be acknowledged that, for the most part, their action has been as lenient as possible under the orders by which they were compelled to act. We have heard of no instance in which British officers could

be justly accused of wrong toward American fishermen, or even of undue severity in carrying out their instructions. It is of the instructions themselves that our people complain —of a policy that induced a course of action not only unfriendly, but unjust: unjust, because not in accordance with all previous understanding of treaty stipulations, or of colonial legislation based thereon; unfriendly as well as unjust, because denying to the vessels of a friendly power commercial privileges of far less magnitude than those enjoyed by themselves in the free transit of their products and merchandise to and from Canada through our territory and ports of entry.

We have been surprised to find that, in the discussion of this fishery question, no reference has been made to the origin of national jurisdiction over adjacent seas. And, though an examination of this point may not seem to favor American interests, a fair consideration of the international question involved forbids its being passed over in silence. Writers upon public law declare that exclusive sovereignty over adjacent seas extends as far as necessary for the protection of the shores against belligerents. This distance has been fixed at one marine league, as being the extent of cannon range. And we are inclined to think that the modern improvements in ordnance must extend the jurisdiction of maritime states to a point commensurate with the increased range of cannon. Unless it can be shown that the limit of jurisdiction—the marine league—is now fixed by the consent of maritime powers irrespective of the range of ordnance, we are disposed to think that this point will ultimately be settled in accordance with the enlightened *self-interests of the stronger maritime powers.*

This we believe to be a fair though brief statement of our relations with the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and of the exceptions taken by American merchants and fishermen to the extreme measures of the Dominion government; whereby so much injury has been entailed not only upon American merchants, but upon that numerous class of our seaboard population whose subsistence has been mainly dependent on the mackerel fishery in this same Gulf of St. Lawrence. But, when one might imagine that the whole matter in question had been fully considered, it is almost bewildering to learn that *the fisheries* are but an *item* in the *fishery question.* Our Canadian neighbors are impressed with the idea that a barrel of free mackerel should be accompanied by two or three barrels of Canadian flour, a few thousand feet of pine lumber, and a little of everything that Canada can send into our market, free from that onerous taxation which American producers endure, while discharging a debt whose magnitude is partly due to British sympathy for a "lost cause" as long as the sympathy served British interest. But even this is not the full price of the *uncaught* mackerel. We hear a great deal about the rapid growth of Montreal, Toronto, and other notable towns in the Dominion, and of their progress in manufactures. Montreal rivals some of the larger factories of Lynn in the production of boots and shoes. She also produces india-rubber goods to a large amount. St. John, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, make doors, window-sashes, etc. Canada and the provinces have really made wonderful progress in textile fabrics, and in all those lesser articles of manufacture for which the Northern States of our country have been long cele-

brated. This progress is indeed surprising. The surprise is not so great, however, to those who are advised that this "astonishing" growth is almost purely American. These Canadian manufactures are only industrial "bounty-jumpers"—ever willing receivers of their country's gold, but preferring Canada and the "stable government of our forefathers" when debts are to be paid. They might sing of their constant loyalty:

> "I did but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
> But to forsake the ship and make the shore
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar."

We cannot help thinking that the free admission of their industrial products, added to the other small items we have mentioned, would be a high price for uncaught mackerel.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

I.

Softly fell the touch of twilight on Judea's silent hills;
Slowly crept the peace of moonlight o'er Judea's trembling rills.

II.

In the temple's court, conversing, seven elders sat apart;
Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head and pure of heart.

III.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze.
"Answer, ye whose toils have burthened through the march of many days."

IV.

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly store
Without sin, by honest labor—nothing less and nothing more."

V.

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph, meekness in his gentle eyes,
"A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in home's blessed paradise."

VI.

"To have wealth, and power, and glory, crowned and brightened by the pride
Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Benjamin replied.

VII.

"To have won the praise of nations, to have worn the crown of fame,"
Rabbi Solomon responded, faithful to his kingly name.

VIII.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land,"
Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.

IX.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jairus, "unless faith and hope have traced
In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact uneffaced."

X.

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all:
"From the heights of fame and honor even valiant souls may fall:

XI.

"Love may fail us, virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod,
If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love of God."

XII.

In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured, fair-haired child;
His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were God-like when he smiled!

XIII.

One by one he dropped the lilies, softly plucked with childish hand;
One by one he viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

XIV.

Step by step he neared them closer, till, encircled by the seven,
Thus he said, in tones untrembling, with a smile that breathed of heaven:

XV.

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he, within the measure of whose breast
Dwells the human love with God-love, can have found life's truest rest;

XVI.

"For where one is not, the other must grow stagnant at its spring,
Changing good deeds into phantoms—an unmeaning, soulless thing.

XVII.

"Whoso holds this precept truly owns a jewel brighter far
Than the joys of home and children—than wealth, fame, and glory are

XVIII.

"Fairer than old age thrice honored, far above tradition's law,
Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophet saw.

XIX.

" Only he, within the measure—faith-apportioned—of whose breast
Throbs this brother-love with God-love, knows the depth of perfect rest."

XX.

Wondering gazed they at each other once in silence, and no more:
" He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever spake before!"

XXI.

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song,
Stooped he to uplift the lilies strewn the scattered sprays among.

XXII.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through the massive outer door;
Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the temple's marble floor,

XXIII.

Where the elders lingered, silent since He spake, the Undefiled—
Where the Wisdom of the Ages sat amid the flowers—a child!

ST. PATRICK.*

In this age of degenerate literature, of demoralizing fiction, and scarcely less fictitious and dangerous biography, full of misstatements and scepticism, the publication of any work conscientiously and truthfully written should be hailed with genuine satisfaction. The large work before us, containing the life of the Apostle of Ireland, written by a religious whose name is not unfamiliar to the reading public, is precisely of this character, and as such we welcome its appearance in behalf of the Catholics of America.

Perhaps the highest eulogium that could be passed on the life and services of St. Patrick is that nothing new can now be said of either. So well defined has been his character, so prominent and successful his mission, and so lasting an impression have his labors produced on each succeeding generation for fifteen hundred years, that he has continued to find numerous biographers in each age and in many countries. Even the controversies which have sprung up in latter times regarding the peculiar tenets which he taught have served more and more to elucidate every incident, however trivial, of his extraordinary career. In the course of these discussions, libraries the least attainable have been ransacked, old

* *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.* By M. F. Cusack, Ireland. *Irish National Publications. Kenmare Convent, Co. Kerry.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

books long forgotten and unread have been taken from their dusty shelves where they had reposed for centuries, manuscripts hitherto considered worthless have been collated and translated, till now in our day there seems to be no circumstance connected however remotely with his name that has not been discovered and published to the world.

Until lately it was the fashion with many non-Catholic writers, and those, too, who had some pretension to historical knowledge, to maintain that St. Patrick during his sixty years of missionary labor in Ireland did not preach to the people of that island the doctrine of the Catholic Church in its entirety. Some averred that he was an Episcopalian who did not acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Rome; others as stoutly argued that he was a staunch Presbyterian, the precursor, as it were, of the notorious John Knox; while not a few, unable to appreciate the false logic and falser statements of the other anti-Catholics, cut short the whole matter by denying his existence, and by declaring him a myth, a mere invention of that well-abused body of men to which such inventive powers are ascribed, "the monks of the Middle Ages." Of these three orders of doubters, the last is the most sensible, or rather the least foolish; for if it be admitted that the historical personage known as St. Patrick did really exist and did preach to the people of Ireland, he would be blind indeed who would not also concede that his training, consecration, authority, and teachings were derived from, and in conformity with the doctrines of, the church from the days of the apostles to those of Pius IX.

The manuscript documents and biographies and the printed books relating to the acts of this distinguished son of the church are so numerous and so well authenticated as to put not only the fact of his existence, but the credibility of the works popularly ascribed to him, beyond the possibility of denial. His own *Confession*, written by his own hand or under his immediate supervision, would, if no other evidence were forthcoming, be sufficient proof of his identity. "I, Patrick," he says at the commencement of this remarkable document, "a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful, and contemptible to very many, had for my father Calpornius, a deacon, the son of Potitius, a priest, who lived in Bannavem Taberniæ, for he had a small country-house close by, where I was taken captive when I was nearly sixteen years of age. I knew not the true God, and I was brought captive to Ireland, with many thousand men, as we deserved, for we had forsaken God, and had not kept his commandments, and were disobedient to our priests, who admonished us for our salvation." And after describing his escape from bondage and his sojourn in Gaul, the saint continues:

"And again, after a few years, I was with my relations in Britain, who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me that then, at least, after I had gone through so many tribulations, I would go nowhere from them. And there I saw, in the midst of the night, a man who appeared to come from Ireland, whose name was Victoricus, and he had innumerable letters with him, one of which he gave to me; and I read the commencement of the epistle containing 'The Voice of the Irish;' and, as I read aloud the beginning of the letter, I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Focluti, which is near the western sea; and they cried out: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us.' And my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more, and so I awoke. Thanks be to God that, after very many years,

the Lord hath granted them their desire!"

The original of this most interesting narrative is lost to us; but there are at least four very ancient copies of it yet extant—one embodied in the *Book of Armagh*, some years ago deposited in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, by the Protestant primate, Dr. Reeves; one in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum; and two in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. There was also another in the library of the Abbey of Vaast at Arras, in France, which shared the fate of that building when it was destroyed during the first French revolution. The *Book of Armagh* was written in the early part of the ninth century, by Ferdomnah the scribe, and its authenticity has been endorsed not only by such scholars as O'Curry and O'Donovan, but by the late Dr. Todd, a distinguished Protestant *savant*,* and more particularly by the learned Irish antiquarian, Dr. Graves, Protestant bishop of Limerick. It begins with a short original life of St. Patrick, and continues with a transcription of his *Confession*, as stated in the book itself, and which bears extrinsic evidence of having been copied from a much more ancient MS., probably that of the saint himself.

To St. Fiacc, one of St. Patrick's earliest and most distinguished converts, belongs the honor of being his master's first biographer. "St. Fiacc of Sletty," says O'Curry, "is the author of a biographical poem on the life of St. Patrick, in the Gædhlic language, a most ancient copy of which still exists, and which bears internal evidence of a high degree of perfection in the language at the time at which it was composed. It is unquestionably, in all respects, a genuine and native production, quite untinctured with the Latin or any other foreign contemporary style or idiom."

The oldest and most authentic copy of this poem is also preserved in Trinity College, and is, according to Dr. Todd, one of the most venerable monuments of Christian antiquity in Europe.

Then there are no less than six different biographies of the saint printed in Colgan's *Trias Taumaturga* from original manuscripts or authentic copies, all written at various times from the sixth to the twelfth century, but all agreeing on the main facts of his life. The first is said to have been written by a disciple of St. Patrick, and a namesake; the second, found at Biburgensibus, in Bavaria, is credited to St. Benignus, the successor of St. Patrick in the see of Armagh; the third, ascribed to St. Aileran, who died about the middle of the seventh century, was discovered at the celebrated Irish foundation of St. Gall, in Switzerland. The originals of some other compositions of this author, it may be here remarked, are now in Trinity College Library. The fourth life is supposed to have been composed by Probas, an Irish monk of the same century; and a fifth, and the latest, by a member of the Cistercian order, Jocelyn, of Furness Abbey, who wrote toward the close of the eleventh century. Additional value is attached to this comparatively modern book from the fact that the author refers to those written in previous times by the authors above mentioned, and which even in his day were considered works of great antiquity. But the most important in Colgan's collection is the *Tripartite Life*, so-called from its being divided into three distinct parts, supposed to be the work of St. Evin, who lived in the sixth century. It is undoubtedly a production of great antiquity,

* Author of *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland: A Memoir of his Life and Mission.*

whoever was its author, for the materials for the sketch of St. Patrick in the *Book of Armagh*, which, as we have seen, was written in the ninth century, are taken from this codex. Various other old authors in England, like Bede and William of Malmesbury, alluding to the conversion of the Scoti by St. Patrick, refer to these authorities, while many continental writers, who doubtless had access to the libraries of the numerous Irish abbeys that existed in Europe in the centuries intervening between the conversion and the Danish invasions, in mentioning St. Martin of Tours, St. Germanus, and the monks of Lerius, incidentally coincide with the Irish biographers in their accounts of the saint's preparation for his great work of propagating the faith in the "barbarous island beyond the Iccian Sea."

The person and the mission of St. Patrick being thus established beyond the possibility of doubt, it may be well to inquire what was the nature of that mission, by whose authority he undertook the performance of a task apparently beset with almost insurmountable difficulties, and what was the doctrine he taught those whom he sought to lead into the path of the true faith.

We have seen that he begins his *Confession* by attributing his enslavement to his neglect of religion and his disobedience of her ministers. While in captivity, herding his master's flocks, he had ample time to reflect on his errors, and to expiate his youthful follies by rigid fasting and prayer, praying, as he tells us, "a hundred times by day and a hundred times at night;" and we may therefore conclude the devotion and self-mortification so efficacious in his own case found an earnest advocate in him when a missionary. His veneration for the saints may be inferred from his carrying with him to Ireland the relics given him by Pope Celestine, and his distribution of them among the principal churches which he founded in Ireland, and from his constant companionship for so many years with St. Germanus, who, it is well known, carried strapped to his breast a small iron casket containing relics during the thirty years of his episcopate. That he believed in the invocation of saints, there can be no doubt; for, in relating the story of his escape from captivity, he tells us: "I was strongly tempted by Satan (of which I shall be mindful as long as I shall be in this body), and there fell, as it were, a great stone upon me, and there was no strength in my limbs. And then it came into my mind, I know not how, to call upon Elias, and at the same moment I saw the sun rising in the heavens; and while I cried out 'Elias!' with all my might, behold, the splendor of the sun was shed upon me, and immediately shook from me all heaviness." The saint is equally candid in expressing his admiration for monastic institutions. In alluding to his past labors he cries out, "Wherefore, behold how in Ireland they who never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto only worshipped unclean idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are called the sons of God. The sons of the Scoti and the daughters of princes are seen to be monks and virgins of Christ."

His belief in the Most Holy Trinity is thus forcibly stated:

"For there is no other God, nor ever was, nor shall be hereafter, except the Lord, the unbegotten Father, without beginning, by whom all things have their being, who upholds all things, as we have said; and his Son, Jesus Christ, whom, together with the Father, we testify to have always existed before the origin of the world, spiritually with the Father, ineffably begotten before every beginning; and by him were the visible

things made; was made man, death being overthrown, in the heavens. And he hath given him all power over every name of things in heaven, and earth, and hell, that every tongue should confess to him that Jesus Christ is Lord, and whose coming we expect ere long to judge the living and dead; who will render to every one according to his works; who hath poured forth abundantly on us both the gift of his Spirit and the pledge of immortality; who makes the faithful and obedient to become the sons of God and co-heirs with Christ; whom we confess and adore one God in the Trinity of the holy Name."

The *Confession*, however, being of a general and to a great extent of a personal nature, and not a declaration of faith, no allusion whatever is made to the sacraments or dogmas of the church. We must look to the declarations of his immediate followers or those who lived near his time for a more particular account of the doctrine inculcated by the great apostle. A Celtic missal is still in existence of which the late Dr. Todd said, "It is by no means impossible that the MS. may have been the original missal of St. Rhuadhan himself, the founder of the monastery of Lothra, who died A.D. 584."* In it, according to Rev. Monsignor Moran, the ceremonies proper to the celebration of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass are thus described:

"The Mass begins with the litanies of the saints, which are preceded by the antiphon *Peccavimus*. Then follows the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, with the collect or prayer, and the lesson from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter xi., relating to the blessed Eucharist. In the versicle which follows, the blessing of salvation is asked for 'those who are present at the sacrifice.' The Gospel is that of St. John, in the sixth chapter. The Creed, too, forms part of the Mass, which is a remarkable peculiarity of this missal at so early a period, for the use of the Creed did not become general in the church until many years later. What, however, is most important for our present purpose, not only are the words of consecration given as used at the present day, but also the subsequent prayers, 'agreeing literally with the Roman canon down to the memento for the dead;' and thus, as in the nineteenth century, so in the church of our sainted fathers of the sixth century, was used that beautiful prayer, 'Humbly we beseech thee, O Almighty God, command this offering to be carried by the hands of thy holy angel into thy heavenly altar, in the presence of thy divine Majesty, that all of us who receive, through the participation of this altar, the most holy body and blood of thy Son, may be filled with every heavenly blessing and grace, through the same Christ our Lord.' Such is the language of this venerable monument, whose writing, to use the words of Dr. Todd, is of itself a sufficent guarantee that 'it is certainly not later than the sixth century.' In addition to the everyday Mass, the *Missa Cotidiana*, this missal presents to us a *Missa Apostolûm*, a *Missa Martyrûm*, a *Missa Sanctorum et Sanctarum Virginûm*, also a Mass *pro pœnitentibus vivis*, and, in fine, a Mass *pro mortuis*."

St. Sechnall, in the preface to his hymn to St. Patrick, relates that upon one occasion, while the saint and he were about entering a certain church, they heard a choir of angels chanting a hymn at the offertory of the church, of which the beginning was "*Sancti Venite Christi corpus*." The ancient hymns, also, preserved some in manuscript, but mostly in the popular memory from time immemorial, and still in use among the Irish-speaking portion of the people, bear additional testimony of how thoroughly orthodox were the teachings of their apostle, and how ineradicable they became fixed in the national memory. In these, frequent and reverent allusion is made to the Mass and the Real Presence; one in particular, preserved in the *Antiphonarium Benchorense*, has the following lines:

* *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, etc.

"Oh! come, ye holy ones,
Christ's body receive;
Come, drink the sacred blood,
For life it will give."

On the subject of confession, we find, in the *Canons* of St. Columbanus, the following rule laid down: "Special diligence must be used in confessing our sins and imperfections before the celebration of Mass, lest with an unclean heart we should approach the holy altar."

In those ancient witnesses of the primitive Irish Church, we find also warm expressions of attachment to the Holy See; and devotion to the Mother of God appears to have been, at that early age of the faith, as marked as it is at present in Ireland. An old Gaelic litany in honor of the Blessed Virgin is still preserved, in which the most endearing and exalted epithets that that copious language of the affections could supply are addressed to our common Mother, "whom all nations shall call Blessed."

But it could not well have been otherwise. All St. Patrick's associates and instructors, from the day he resolved to devote himself to the conversion of Ireland till the day he sailed for that country, were in close communion with the See of Rome, and were not only remarkable for their rare mental gifts and the sanctity of their lives, but for their strict adherence to the doctrine and discipline of the church. It is not probable that he ever saw his uncle, St. Martin, whose death is set down as occurring in A.D. 404; but, as he remained in the neighborhood of Tours several years after his escape from captivity, he could not but have become acquainted with the co-laborers of that illustrious bishop, and be within constant hearing of his manifold virtues. In 418, Germanus was consecrated Bishop of Auxerre by St. Amator, who was moved to thus appoint a successor by a heavenly vision, his own end fast approaching. Germanus was not only noble by birth and education, but a jurist of high reputation, a theologian second to none of his time in Western Europe, and a man who, after becoming a minister of God, practised the most rigid self-denial, and inculcated the strictest adherence to the teachings of the church and unswerving fealty to the Papal See. Under the direction of such a man, St. Patrick unreservedly placed himself for instruction and guidance, and continued as his pupil for nearly thirteen years. He read the *Canons* with St. Germanus, and received from him all the necessary training in theology and civil law considered necessary to qualify him for the glorious task of conversion of which he never seems to have lost sight. In order that he might study the monastic system as then existing in Europe, he frequently visited the celebrated abbey and schools of Lerius, on an island of that name in the Mediterranean, and, doubtless, held many consultations with its founder, Honoratius, and the scarcely less illustrious Vincent whose character has been so admirably drawn by Montalembert.* In 429, SS. Lupus and Germanus were sent to Britain by Pope Celestine to regulate ecclesiastical affairs in that country, and preach against the Pelagian heresy, and St. Patrick, at the request of the latter, accompanied them. He remained some time with his companions, sharing their pious labors, and again returned to the Continent. On the return of Germanus, the following year, he advised St. Patrick, now that he had served a long novitiate, had completed, as it were, his studies,

* *Monks of the West.*

and had personally become acquainted with religious organization and the requirements of missionary life, to visit Rome, and obtain the sanction of the Holy See to go to Ireland. "St. Germanus sent the blessed Patrick to Rome," says St. Aileran, writing in the seventh century, "that thus he might receive the sanction of the Bishop of the Apostolic See to go forth and preach, for so order requireth; and Patrick, having come to Rome, was honorably received by the holy Pope Celestine; and, relics of the saints being given to him, he was sent into Ireland by the same pope." The *Tripartite Life* has the following version of this visit:

"Patrick having set out for Rome, after visiting the shrines of the apostles with devout veneration, found favor with Pope Celestine, who was the forty-fifth from St. Peter. This pope, as the conversion of nations belongs by right to the successors of St. Peter (cum successore Petri jure incumbat conversio gentium), had already sent the illustrious Deacon Palladius, with the apostolic number of twelve companions, to preach and announce the word of God to the Irish."*

Accounts differ as to whether St. Patrick was actually consecrated by Pope Celestine himself or in his presence, or whether it was not in another part of Italy on his way from Rome to Ireland. One thing, however, is certain, that he found favor with Celestine, who fully commissioned him to teach and preach the Gospel in Ireland, and presented him with copies of the Holy Scriptures and relics, and bestowed on him the name of Patricius;† and it is also well settled by the researches of Rev. Monsignor Moran that on his return journey, while at Elborice, the present Ivrea, being for the first time informed of the failure of the mission of Palladius in Ireland, and the death of that heroic saint among the Picts, St. Maximus (in Gaelic rendered Amator), then Bishop of Milan, consecrated him, being fully aware at the time of the pope's commission to the future apostle.* We thus find an unbroken chain of facts connecting the Apostle of Ireland with the church in the most Catholic sense, and with her visible head on earth. The extended novitiate of the saint may to us moderns seem unreasonable; but when we consider the gravity of the task before him—the conversion of an entire nation from paganism to Christianity, and the consequent radical changes likely to be produced in its civil polity—we can scarcely deem it too long. Besides, at that period Ireland was the remotest country of Western Europe, and in case of a disputed point arising, requiring an authoritative decision, communication with Rome would have been necessarily slow, often difficult and dangerous, and sometimes altogether interrupted by the frequent wars of intervening nations. It was, therefore, of the greatest importance that the head of the church in Ireland should be thoroughly conversant not only with the dogmas but with every detail of the discipline of the church and the government of religious orders; that he should, in fact, be competent to act as pope's legate as well as chief bishop of the island.

* Colgan, p. 123.

† The original name of St. Patrick was *Succat*, as we learn from the *Tripartite Life*. During his enslavement he was called *Cothrighe*, in Gaelic *one who serves four masters*. In Gaul he was afterward known by that of *Maum*, and it was only after his visit to Rome that he assumed the name of *Patricius*, or Patrick, mistakenly translated in the *Tripartite* as signifying "hostage-liberating man."

* "Patrick also turned aside from his journey to a certain wonderful man, a chief bishop, by name Amator; and from him St. Patrick received episcopal consecration."—*Vita Secunda, Colgan.*

The events in the early life of the saint are related in the book before us by its gifted author in a clear, concise, and highly artistic manner. One of the best chapters in the whole work, certainly the most critical, is that principally devoted to the inquiry as to the birthplace of the saint, and, after an impartial and comprehensive examination of all available authorities, she comes to the not improbable conclusion that he was born at a place in Scotland now called Kilpatrick, *Anglicè* Patrick's Church. We know that the popular opinion among the Irish people is that he was born in Gaul or France, an opinion arising, we imagine, from the mistake of supposing that he must naturally have been born at the place where he was captured, and for the partiality for France which has long been felt by the Irish, and their consequent desire to accord to that nation the honor of having given birth to their great apostle, as well as from the recognized historical fact that the saint's mother was a sister or near relative of St. Martin of Tours, and, consequently, a Frank. This not very important question, however, is not yet definitely settled, and, perhaps, never will be; but, from the testimony of St. Patrick himself, from the statements of his ancient biographers, and the researches of modern antiquarians, we think it almost certain that he was born in North Britain, in the neighborhood of Kilpatrick or Dumbarton; that his father was a descendant of a noble Roman family who acquired property and lived there after the evacuation of the British territory by the Legions, and that his mother was a native of Gaul; that at a period when he was only a youth his family crossed to Armorica or Brittany (Northern Letha) to visit their relatives, and while there the country was invaded by a marauding band of Britons from the islands, who plundered the inhabitants after slaying many of them, including St. Patrick's father, Calpurnius, and carried him and his sisters to Ireland, where they were sold as slaves to different masters.*

But while it is of little matter in what foreign country the apostle was born, it is of the greatest importance to know, or rather it was of the utmost importance to the success of his mission, that he was a foreigner; for to this fact is due, under Providence, the wonderful progress he was enabled to make in the conversion of *all* the inhabitants of the island in so comparatively short a time. It has been truthfully said by a late writer on Irish history that the idea of nationality in its proper sense is of modern existence in Ireland, and it may likewise be said with equal justice that in the fifth century it had very little existence in any sense whatever. The Feis, or triennial assembly at Tara, was a mere shadow, with authority certainly to enact laws, but without power to compel the attendance of its members or to enforce its statutes. The island; small as it was territorially, and thinly populated as it must have been, was cut up into several petty kingdoms, practically independent of each other and of the federal sovereign, under the

* We have undoubted historical authority that slavery existed in Ireland up to the time of the conversion of the country by St. Patrick, and that slaves or bondsmen of foreign birth formed in many cases part of the regular tribute paid by inferior to superior chiefs. Thus we find the two following entries in the *Book of Rights* (*Leamher na Gheart*):

"The stipend of the King of Burghrigh
From the King of Eire without sorrow—
Ten tunics brown-red,
Ten foreigners without Gaedhealga [Irish]."

And the King of Cineal Aodha was entitled to—

"Five shields, five slender swords,
Five bondsmen [brought] over the bristling surface of the sea,
Five fair-haired, truly fine women."

government of semi-civilized princes, who were constantly at war with each other, every feud occasioning a resort to arms, and every battle, lost or won, producing fresh feuds and engendering undying hatred. No one thought then of working for the good of the whole nation, or fighting for her honor and protection. Each man's country was bounded by the limits of his principality; his government was the uncontrolled will of his chief or head of his sept; his patriotism, to defend that chief, to despoil a neighboring province, or to wipe out in blood a real or imaginary insult offered to his clan.

No one can have a higher appreciation of the genius, bravery, and many other high qualities of the Irish people of to-day than the writer, but it would be worse than folly to deny the former existence of a condition of affairs which time and time again has been attested by the most reliable historians, as it would be likewise to ignore the lessons which may be learned from the faults and vices of our pagan ancestors. Who will undertake to say that, had St. Patrick been a scion of the house of Hy Nial of the North, the Laeghenians of the East, or of any of the septs of Munster or Connaught, his progress throughout the entire island would have been so victorious and unimpeded?

In their dissensions the Gaels were not unlike the ancient Greeks. A fierce and warlike people, confined within narrow limits, they found pastime in internecine warfare; and, like the Hellenes, they were fond of devoting the repose that follows strife to martial poetry and music, casuistry and oratory. Thus, St. Patrick, on his second arrival in Ireland, found the people he had come to convert exhibiting the very opposite extremes of character—the unthinking recklessness of the rude soldier united to a high appreciation of music, poetry, eloquence, and all the arts which excite the imagination. How well he understood the nature of the people, and how dextrously he availed himself of their every weakness to draw them from the darkness of paganism into the pure light of Christianity, can be seen in the extraordinary rapidity of their conversion, and proves him to have been a man of rare sagacity; and it was in this knowledge of human nature, humanly speaking, lay the secret of his success as a missionary. His undaunted appearance before the despotic Laeghaire, unarmed and almost unattended, and his deliberate denunciations of that monarch, could not but have excited the admiration of the grim warriors who surrounded him, while his eloquent exposition of the beauties of the Catholic faith and the glories of the Christian's heaven must have touched the hearts and fired the imaginations of the bards and Druids who always thronged the court; and it is interesting to notice that the first two converts he made at Tara were a distinguished warrior and the chief poet of the island. These were the first who arose up to greet him against the monarch's express command; "the others remained sitting with their chins on their shields."* His destruction of the idol *Crom Cruagh*, near the Boyne, and another said to to have been at Cashel, in open day, in the presence of vast multitudes, furnishes additional evidence of a courage inspired by no worldly or human ambition.

Indeed, St. Patrick's life, in more senses than one, may be said to have been providential. His bondage in Ireland, under a cruel and avaricious master, exposed as he was to all sorts

* *Tripartite Life.*

of bodily privation, drew him, as he relates, from ignorance of God, inured him to all the hardships that he was destined to suffer as a missionary, enabled him to acquire a knowledge of the Gaelic language, which, under other circumstances, it would have been impossible to have obtained; but, above all, it gave him an insight into the contradictory but subtle character of the race he was destined to evangelize which proved of incalculable advantage to him in his subsequent labors. His life in Gaul after his escape from bondage, the teaching and example of the austere Bishop of Auxerre and the companionship of the monks of Lerius, his short but fruitful visit to Britain, and his journey to Rome, all tended, each in its degree and place, to qualify him for the peculiar and onerous duties of his after-life. Thus fortified by instruction and experience, we behold him setting out for a conquest greater in its results than any the ambitious brain of Alexander ever conceived or the stern genius of Cæsar accomplished—the subjugation unto God of a nation which, in the centuries unlimited, was to spread his name over continents then unknown.

The future apostle landed in Ireland A.D. 432, being then in his forty-fifth year, the very perfection of his physical manhood. In figure, he is represented as being over the ordinary height of men, but attenuated by early suffering in slavery and in consequence of his strict observance of the rules of fasting and abstinence laid down by his instructor, St. Germanus, of whom it is said "that, from the day on which he began his ministry to the day of his death, a period of thirty years, he never touched wheaten bread, nor did he allow himself the common seasoning of salt with his barley, the only food which he permitted himself." In temperament he was grave and stern, and, though sometimes moved to acts of severity, was easily melted to compassion at the sight of physical suffering or mental affliction; and, like most great men who have made themselves a place in the world's history, he had an unbending will and a temper prone to sudden bursts of anger; in his case, however, subdued and kept in check by watchfulness and continual self-denial. His dress was a tunic, or long garment, of coarse wool or serge, which covered the whole body and reached quite to the feet; a cuculla, or small hood for the head, which ended in a point, and, when not drawn over the head, hung over the neck and shoulders; and an inner garment of hair-cloth. He wore the tonsure, but no covering for his head other than the cuculla, and his feet were bare, save as they were partially covered by sandals. We can thus easily paint to ourselves this imposing figure, clad with such simplicity, as he stepped ashore at the mouth of the little river Dea, in Wicklow, with his few faithful attendants, to begin the great labor of his life, the effects of which were to outlast time itself; but what imagination can picture the thoughts of this great and holy man as he again trod the soil of that island from which, more than a score of years before, he escaped as a fugitive from bondage? Surely his prophetic vision must have reached down "the corridors of time," and he must have had a forecast, at least, that in the dim future hundreds of temples in a then unknown world, and beyond "the farthest Ind," would be dedicated in his honor, and that millions who never saw Europe or worshipped at her shrines would yet rise up and call him blessed.

Among what may be called the human virtues of St. Patrick, there

were three for which he was pre-eminently remarkable: his sense of justice, his directness of purpose, and his unflinching administration of law and enforcement of discipline. His first act on landing in Wicklow was characteristic of the man. Having met some fishermen on the beach, he asked them for as much fish as would temporarily relieve the wants of his companions, who were famishing with hunger after their long voyage. This request was churlishly refused, whereupon he cursed the river, so that no fish have ever since been taken from it. Leaving that inhospitable coast, he proceeded northward, and cast anchor in Strangford Lough. Separating from his comrades, he went at once to the house of his old master, Milcho, to pay him the price of his ransom, and, if possible, to convert him to Christianity; but that hardened old pagan, while he doubtless took the money, refused to listen to the teachings of his quondam slave, and died in his sins. His visit to Tara soon after, his undaunted mien in the presence of the pagan Ard-Righ, his intellectual encounter and overthrow of the Druids * before the assembled princes and wise men of Erinn, the immense number of people of all classes whom he converted in consequence and baptized in the Boyne on Easter-Monday, are so well known and so fully described by the gifted writer of the present *Life* that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them here as the first foot-prints in that holy march which ended in complete victory for the church.

Ireland, at that time, was divided into four large divisions or kingdoms, answering very nearly to the present four provinces, with a small central kingdom embracing the present county of Meath, and probably a small portion of the surrounding counties. Here was Tara, the seat of the Ard-Righ, or federal king, and, consequently, St. Patrick, true to his instincts, selected it as his first objective point; but Connaught was the place he most ardently desired to visit, for it was from the woods of Focluti, in that country, that he had heard, in his ecstatic trance, the "Voice of the Irish" calling on him to return. Thither he accordingly went from Meath, and remained there for seven years, preaching and baptizing, ordaining priests, and building churches, and only left when the entire province was converted to the faith, though, strange to say, the last remnant of paganism found its final refuge there, and some faint traces of it were observable in the west as late as the thirteenth century. From Connaught he proceeded northward through the present Donegal, and, after passing and repassing through Ulster, rested for a short time at Saul, his first stopping-place, and where he had built his first church, or, rather, changed a barn into a church, called

* "There was no such thing at all as a Druid race. There is nothing whatever known in detail of the 'worship,' or of the philosophy, or religion, of the Druids; but there is no authority whatever for supposing that they or any portion of the people of Erinn, even in pagan times, worshipped the planets or fire. '*Samhuin*,' so often mentioned in the text, was not a goddess at all, but the name of a season—that, namely, which succeeds the summer, the word being derived by Cormac—whose Glossary is of A.D. 900—from *samh*, summer, and *fuin*, ending, or the end. There was no such order as of 'Druid virgins.' There was no such thing as 'Perpetual Fire' kept up except in Christian churches. The allusions to Druidical rites are wholly void of authority; and there was no such thing as a 'nain' or a 'trilithon,' either in name or sense, anywhere alluded to. The sole instance of idol-worship recorded is that of the *Crom Cruach*: and this is not referred to as Druidical at all. It seems to have been an image of a serpent form—*crom* signifying properly a maggot. There is no allusion to any 'altars' used, or 'sacrifices' of any kind offered up, by the Druids of Ireland. All assertions of this kind are entirely unwarranted, save by the inventive imaginations of the school of pseudo antiquarians of the last generation."—O'Curry's *Notes on the 'Invasion.'*

to this day Patrick's barn. Leinster and Munster were visited in succession; and so thoroughly and minutely was the island explored that there was not to be found a nook or corner in it, however remote or inaccessible, that was not illuminated with the light of the Gospel. Everywhere were erected churches in numbers almost incredible, did we not know, from their ruins, that they were hastily constructed and small in dimensions, to meet the requirements of a scattered population; monasteries and convents were founded in every available spot; and schools, soon to become the glory of Christendom, were established in the most central locations in each of the four kingdoms. A hierarchy was organized, of which the apostle was the primate, and Armagh his metropolitan see. Dioceses and parishes were set apart as well as the limited topographical knowledge of the period allowed. Paganism had vanished like a hideous dream, war ceased, peace reigned supreme throughout the length and breadth of the regenerated island; and all this in half the lifetime of the man who, as the instrument of God, had wrought this great change. Well and nobly had the apostle responded to the "Voice of the Irish;" well and faithfully had he responded to the grace that enabled him to be the successful agent in winning so many souls to heaven.

Having thus completed his labors, the apostle, directed, it is said, by an angelic visitant, proceeded to Downpatrick, where having ended his earthly mission, he passed gently into the other life to receive the reward of his good works.

Sudden as was the conversion of the Irish, it was equally permanent. The hurried change of one belief for another might seem to have been one of those paroxysms which sometimes seize nations to be followed by violent reaction. But no. The faith planted by St. Patrick was so firmly rooted in the hearts of the people that neither civil war, foreign domination, centuries of persecution, nor exile has been able to uproot it. It might have been otherwise, perhaps, if the apostle, with a foresight not of this world, had not in his earlier missions selected the proper men to control ecclesiastical affairs after his death—men whom he considered capable of keeping in good preservation the fair edifice he had erected and beautified. Hence we find for centuries after his death a long list of learned and pious bishops occupying the sees he had founded, and thousands of illustrious scholars and missionaries issuing from the schools he had established, and swarming over the face of Europe. He well knew what seems so hard to be understood by the so-called philosophers of this century, that schools conducted on Christian principles are the best supports of the cause of the church and of religion, and are therefore indirectly the true nurseries of virtue and morality.

The author of the life before us devotes no inconsiderable portion of her work—too much, we are inclined to think—in describing the numerous miracles of the saint. Many of these are attested by the most reliable authorities, and challenge belief even from the most sceptic; others, resting on popular tradition, if not so well proven, show at least the fond recollection and the profound veneration ever entertained by the Irish race for the great apostle. While unwilling to discriminate between these two classes, we venture to state that, in our humble judgment, the greatest of all his miracles was the conversion of the nation itself—a nation so prone to strife, and so adverse to the doctrine of peace, so imaginative, and

yet so attached to its peculiar habits and customs—in so short a time, and without the slightest trace of the horrors of martyrdom and persecution which have ever followed the footsteps of the Catholic missionary in every part of the world. Until the "Reformation," the source of so many woes to mankind, no martyr's blood bedewed the soil of Erinn, and we hope, now that that once formidable heresy, Protestantism, is falling into decay, the Green Isle will remain in the future as stainless as it was in the time of St. Patrick and his successors.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LASSERRE.

X.

THE prefecture of Tarbes is quite near the cathedral. Between the two buildings lies an ancient cemetery of the priests and canons of the church. Tradition tells of several noble families of the land who have had vaults in this burying-ground, which contains illustrious ashes. The prefect thought this place specially suited for his stables and carriage-house. From idea to execution was never a long road for Baron Massy. He had the foundations dug among the tombstones and bones, and the dwelling of the official horses was soon to be seen rising above the cemetery. The prefect placed these buildings about ten feet from the front of one of the old portals of the cathedral, so that the hubbub from the stables would be heard through the house of God.

Such a forgetfulness of all the requirements of decency could not but profoundly move and afflict the ecclesiastical authorities. Mgr. Laurence vainly endeavored to make Baron Massy understand that this ground was sacred, and belonged to the church, and that the feet of horses ought not to disturb either the rest of the dead or the prayers of the living. But the prefect, as we have said, never knew how to retreat. To dismiss his workmen, to seek another place, all this would have been an acknowledgment that he was in the wrong. Hence, in spite of his lively desire to keep in the good graces of the prelate, he paid no attention to his hints on this score. He still kept the workmen employed at building the stables in the ancient cemetery.

On this persistent violation of the tombs Mgr. Laurence came out, as it were, from his reserve, and made an energetic protest. He addressed it to the minister, and demanded the removal of these unseemly and scandalous buildings.

The prefect was stung by the firm and dignified attitude which the bishop took, and, according to his custom, increased in obstinacy. He hastened to Paris to argue with the minister. He tried to win the council-general over to his side; he consulted the laws; in a word, he entered heart and soul into a struggle the details of which it will not be worth while to relate. The question was discussed for some months, and final-

ly decided according to the wise exceptions of Mgr. Laurence. The grass now grows over the site of the demolished stables, and a willow, in the midst, marks the resting-place of the dead.

But from the day on which the bishop made his protest, the harmony which had previously existed between the head of the diocese and the head of the department was for ever destroyed. This harmony was succeeded in the heart of the prefect by a warm feeling of irritation. He was no longer favorable to compromise; perhaps quite the contrary. Just as he had invaded the domain of the church in the pitiful question about the stables, likewise in the case of the apparitions he felt more and more inclined to enter the spiritual domain of the bishop. The rein which had held him back up to the present time now gave way. Slight causes sometimes produce great effects.

XI.

During the months of March and April, both before and after writing to the minister, the prefect had employed his acute intellect in striving to find somewhere outside the supernatural a key to the strange occurrences at Lourdes. Inquiries had been uselessly renewed by the police and M. Jacomet. Neither the chief of police nor M. Dutour had been able to catch the child tripping in her statements. The little shepherdess, who knew not even how to read and write, disconcerted by her simplicity the plans of shrewd and learned men.

A disciple of Mesmer and Du Potet vainly endeavored to mesmerize Bernadette. His passes had no power over her peaceful nature, little inclined to morbid nervousness; they only succeeded in giving her a headache. The poor child bore his experiments with the same resignation which she evinced in the examinations which she underwent daily. God willed that she should be exposed to all tests, and that she should come out triumphant from all.

A wealthy family of strangers, charmed by the appearance of Bernadette, proposed to adopt her, offering her parents a hundred thousand francs, with the privilege of living near their daughter. The disinterestedness of these good people was not at all tempted. They preferred to remain poor.

Everything failed—stratagem, the offers of enthusiasm, the reasoning of most acute minds.

However great his horror of fanaticism, the *procureur impérial*, M. Dutour, could not find either in the code of criminal instruction or the penal code any text authorizing harsh measures against Bernadette or even her imprisonment. Such an arrest would have been illegal, and liable to be followed by most unpleasant consequences. In the eyes of the penal law, Bernadette was guiltless.

The prefect realized all this as thoroughly as if he had been a lawyer. But he thought he might attain the same result by some other means, and that he might proceed to imprisonment as an administrative measure which seemed, on the whole, advisable.

XII.

In the immense arsenal of our law, one very effective weapon is to be found, created imprudently, in our opinion, though with the laudable intention of protecting an individual against himself, but which may become in the hands of malice or stupidity a most powerful instrument

of tyranny. We speak of the law concerning the insane. Without any public debate or the possibility of defence, on the certificate of one or two physicians declaring him to be attacked by mental disorder, any unfortunate man may be suddenly seized, and by a simple administrative measure confined in that most horrible of prisons, the mad-house. We believe, we are forced to believe, that in most cases this law is applied with equity, owing to the respectability of the medical profession. But how this respectability justifies the suppression of all defence, of all publicity, of all appeal; how the private decision of a couple of physicians can be dispensed from the triple guaranty by which the law has generally surrounded such acts of the magistracy—this is beyond our comprehension. Physicians are undoubtedly skilful, and we acknowledge that to find two of them perfectly agreed gives great probability to their joint opinion; but is this certainty sufficiently strong, sufficiently certain, to use a pleonasm, to give irrevocably the right of taking away without further procedure the liberty of a citizen?

Physicians are honorable. This, too, we gladly admit, and we venerate more than one member of this illustrious profession. But in the question of madness, cannot their preconceived notions and philosophical doctrines incline them sometimes, even in spite of themselves, to most lamentable errors? In a book which has had some celebrity, one of them, M. Lélut, has reckoned among the mad Socrates, Newton, St. Theresa, Pascal, and a host of others who have been equally the glory of humanity. Would such a master or his disciples deserve the right of imprisoning as madmen all whom they so judged, without defence, without publicity, without appeal, and simply on the strength of a consultation among themselves? Nevertheless, M. Lélut is a remarkable scientist, one of the medical celebrities, and a member of the Institute. What pledge, then, can be offered for the rabble of the scientific world, the village doctors in little country places, who inherit the honors bestowed by our ancestors on the apothecary and barber?

Convinced of the impossibility of the supernatural, the prefect, M. Massy, did not hesitate to have recourse to this redoubtable law for a solution of the difficulty that had so suddenly arisen in his department.

XIII.

Having learned that the Blessed Virgin had again appeared and communicated her name to Bernadette, the prefect sent to Soubirous' house a commission of two physicians. These, of course, he selected from among those who had no more respect than himself for the supernatural—from among those who had drawn their conclusions in advance from their pretended medical philosophy. These two physicians, residing at Lourdes, one of them being an intimate friend of the *procureur impérial*, had been endeavoring for three weeks to maintain all sorts of theories about catalepsy, somnambulism, and hallucination, and had been struggling desperately against the inexplicable radiance of the ecstasies, against the appearance of the spring, against the sudden cures which daily drove to the wall the doctrines they had learned from the faculty.

It was to such men, under such circumstances, that the prefect thought it wise to confide the examination of Bernadette.

These gentlemen examined her head. The system of Gall did not

indicate any bump of madness. The child's answers were sensible, without contradiction, without incoherence. Nothing disorderly was found in her nervous system; on the contrary, a perfect equilibrium and profound calm. A slight asthma oppressed her chest; but this infirmity had no connection with any cerebral derangement.

The two physicians, who in spite of their prejudices were conscientious, stated all this in their report, and testified to the perfectly sane and normal condition of the child.

But, since she persisted in her account of the apparitions, and since these gentlemen did not believe the possibility of such things, they felt justified in saying that *perhaps she might be under an hallucination.**

In spite of their anti-supernatural ideas, they did not venture, in presence of the fact of her state of physical and intellectual equilibrium, to use a more positive expression in reference to the child. They felt instinctively that it was not their scientific certainty, but their philosophical prejudices, which concluded in this manner, and answered the question by suggesting another.

The prefect, however, was not over-nice, and the report seemed to him entirely sufficient. Armed with this, and in virtue of the law of the 30th of June, 1838, he resolved to have Bernadette arrested and brought to Tarbes, to be lodged for a time in the alms-house, and eventually, of course, in the mad-house.

To strike at the child, however, was not all. A barrier must be opposed to the extraordinary movement among the people. M. Rouland had insinuated in his letter that this would be possible without overstepping the law. It was only necessary to consider the grotto as an oratory, in order to despoil it of the *ex-votos* and the offerings of believers.

If the believers offered any resistance, a squadron of cavalry was held at Tarbes in readiness for any event. A riot would have crowned his secret desires.

It only remained to put these various measures against Bernadette and the people into execution, as the prefectoral infallibility had recognized their urgent necessity to ward off the threatening attacks of superstition.

XIV.

It was the time of the *conseil de révision*,* and M. Massy found in this circumstance an occasion for going to Lourdes.

"The prefect," says a celebrated writer, "was about to impose a heavy burden on those under him, and one inaugurated in a very repulsive manner; he might have comprehended, if he would, that some consoling liberties are necessary in compensation for the sacrifices which society exacts. And, although the liberty of praying in certain places, of burning tapers there, or of drawing thence a few drops of water, or leaving behind an offering, may not appear of much importance to the state, or threatening to public order, or offensive to individual honor and liberty, nevertheless, it profoundly consoles those who enjoy it. . . . Allow faith to live. Remember amid your commerce, your wealth and power, that

* *Archives of Lourdes.* A Report to the Prefect by Drs. ——— and ———, dated April 26. We do not mention these two physicians by name, since they came out only for a moment from private life to make this official report, and, as we believe, deceived themselves without being guilty of any wilful injustice. If they have any exceptions to make to our narrative, we hold ourselves in readiness to take into account any letter from them on the subject.

* This was a commission authorized to deal with exemptions and other such matters connected with the military conscription.

the greater number of those whom you govern need to ask of God their daily bread, and only receive it by a kind of miracle. Faith is bread of itself; it sweetens the black and hardened crust; it makes men wait long and patiently. And when God wills to open one of those refreshing spots where faith springs more abundantly, and renders help more promptly, do not close it up; you yourselves have need of it. You will find it a great economy on the budget of hospitals and prisons." *

Such, however, were not the opinions or sentiments of Baron Massy. After having levied in the name of the government that terrible tax of blood which is called conscription, he addressed an official discourse to the mayors of the canton. *A propos* of miracles and apparitions, he invoked the interests of the church and the state and those of the pope and the emperor. Each of his phrases and periphrases and paraphrases began with piety and ended with the administration. His premises were those of a theologian, his conclusions those of a prefect.

"M. le Préfet," said the official organ of the prefecture in an issue three days later, "has shown the mayors that the scenes which have recently transpired are to be deeply regretted, and that *they tend to throw contempt on religion*. He has taken special pains to make them understand that the fact of the creation of an oratory, *a fact sufficiently constituted by the deposit of religious emblems and tapers*, has been an attack upon the *civil and ecclesiastical authority*, an *illegality* which the administration feels bound to bring to an end, since, *according to the terms of the law*, no public chapel or oratory can be founded *without the authorization of the government* and the advice of the bishop of the diocese." *

"My sentiments," the devoted functionary adds, "ought not to be suspected by any one; everybody in the department is aware of my profound respect for religion. I think that I have given sufficient proof to make it impossible for any one to put a bad construction on my acts. Therefore, you will not be surprised, gentlemen, to learn that I have ordered the chief of police to remove the articles left at the grotto to the mayor's office, where they will be at the disposal of those who have deposited them.

"I have, moreover, directed that those persons who have pretended to see visions shall be arrested and brought to Tarbes *for medical treatment* at the expense of the department. I am about to prosecute *as circulators of false reports* all those who may be found to have contributed to the spread of those absurd rumors which have lately become current." †

According to the organ of the prefecture, these words were received with *unanimous enthusiasm*.

The truth is that many highly disapproved of the violent course on which the civil authority had entered, while others, belonging to the sect of free-thinkers, imagined that the hand of the prefect was strong enough to stay the irresistible march of events.

Outside, the philosophers and *savants* were heartily rejoiced. The *Lavedan*, which had been silenced for two months, so completely was it upset by facts, now recovered its voice to chant a prefectoral dithyrambic.

* Louis Veuillot, *Univers* of August 28, 1868.

* *Ere Impériale*, May 8.

† We quote this discourse from an article in *Ere Impériale*, the organ of the prefecture, May 8.

Immediately after his discourse, the head of the department quitted the city, leaving his orders to be executed.

The measures which the prefect had determined on served as a complement one to the other. By the arrest of Bernadette, he struck at the cause; by removing the objects left at the grotto, he reached the effect. If, as was very probable, this warm-blooded people, feeling wounded in their faith, their liberty, and their right to pray and enjoy their religion, should endeavor to offer any resistance or be guilty of any disorder, the squadron of cavalry, despatched in haste and riding with loose rein, would put all things under martial law, and refute "superstition" by the all-powerful argument of the sabre. Just as he had begun by changing a religious question into one of administration, M. Massy was now ready to transform the administrative into a military question. The mayor and the chief of police were directed how to carry out the wishes of the prefect, each in his official sphere. The former had orders to cause the arrest of Bernadette, the latter to visit the Massabielle rocks, and despoil the grotto of all which the gratitude or piety of the faithful had deposited there.

We will follow both, commencing with the mayor, according to the order of rank.

XV.

Although M. Lacadé, the Mayor of Lourdes, had hitherto avoided giving any decision concerning the extraordinary events which had transpired, he had nevertheless been profoundly impressed by them, and it was not without a certain amount of fear that he beheld the administration entering upon its course of violence. He was greatly perplexed. He could not foresee what attitude the people would take. True it was that the prefect had announced the possibility of sending a squadron of cavalry to assist in maintaining order in the town of Lourdes after the arrest; but this very announcement rendered him uneasy. The supernatural aspect of the question and the miracles alarmed him also. He did not know how to act amid the conflicting forces of the prefect's authority, the strength of the people, and the power of heaven. He would have liked to reconcile them all. To sustain his courage, he went to the *procureur impérial*, M. Dutour, and both together visited the curé to communicate to him the order for the arrest of Bernadette. They explained to M. Peyramale how, according to the text of the law of June 30, 1838, the prefect was acting in the fulness of legal right.

The priest could not restrain his indignation at such a cruel and iniquitous proceeding.

Could such tyranny be practised in virtue of a law made by some one of the many Lycurguses whom the ebb and flow of revolution had left on the threshold of the Palais Bourbon?

"This child is innocent!" he exclaimed; "and the proof of it is that you, M. le Procureur, and the magistrate also, in spite of all your inquiries, have been unable to find the slightest pretext for persecuting her. You well know that there is no tribunal in all France that would not recognize her innocence, clear as the sun: not one attorney who would hesitate to declare an arrest or judicial action simply monstrous."

"The courts have not acted in the case," answered M. Dutour. "The prefect is going to confine Bernadette

as insane, and this on account of his desire to have her cured. It is simply an administrative measure which does not concern religion, since neither the bishop nor the clergy have pronounced on the facts, which have transpired without their participation."

"Such a measure," answered the priest, kindling as he spoke, "would be an odious persecution, more hateful because, under a hypocritical mask, it affects to protect its victim, and conceals itself under the cloak of the law in order to strike down a poor, defenceless being. If the bishop, the clergy, and I myself wait for more certain light on these events before we can determine their supernatural character, still we know enough of Bernadette to judge of her sincerity and the soundness of her mental faculties. No one dares to assert any cerebral derangement. Who, then, are best able to judge of her madness—these two physicians or the thousands of visitors who have been struck by the normal character and condition of her intellect? Your physicians, even, did not risk any positive assertion; their conclusion is purely hypothetical. The prefect has no right to arrest Bernadette."

"It is legal."

"It is illegal. I, as a priest and the dean of this town of Lourdes, owe a duty to all, and especially to the feeble. If I were to see an armed man attack a child, I would defend the child at the peril of my life, for I know the duty of protection which is incumbent on a true pastor. Understand, then, that I will act in the very same manner even if that man be a prefect, and his weapon a bad clause of a bad law. Do you go and tell Baron Massy that his gendarmes will find me at the door of that poor family, and that they will have to pass over my body before they can touch one hair belonging to that little girl."

"But—"

"Let us have no *buts*. Examine, inquire; you are perfectly free to do so; no one will dispute your right. But if, instead, you wish to persecute and to strike at the innocent, understand this clearly, that before you attack the last and least of my flock, you must begin with me."

The priest had risen. His lofty stature, his strongly marked features, the force and energy that they displayed, his resolute gesture, and his ardent emotion, all served as a lively comment on his words.

The *procureur* and mayor were silent for a moment. They now turned to the measures relative to the grotto.

"As to the grotto," continued the priest, "if the prefect wishes, in the name of the law and his own especial piety, to despoil it of the objects which innumerable visitors have deposited there in honor of the Blessed Virgin, let him do so. The believers will be saddened, and even indignant; but let him be assured that the people of this country know how to respect authority. I have been informed that there is a squadron of cavalry all mounted at Tarbes, awaiting the prefect's order to hasten to Lourdes. Let the squadron dismount. However hot their heads, and however wounded their hearts, my people will hear my voice; and without any armed force I will be responsible for good order. With the armed force, I will not be responsible."

XVI.

The energetic attitude of the curé of Lourdes, whose immovable firmness in matters of duty was generally

known, introduced a new and unexpected element into the problem.

The *procureur impérial* had nothing to do with the administrative measure; his accompanying M. Lacadé to the priest's house had been only an act of friendliness. All the burden of the decision was to fall upon the shoulders of the mayor.

M. Lacadé was certain that the curé of Lourdes would infallibly carry out what he had proposed. As to effecting a surprise, and arresting Bernadette suddenly, such a thing could not be thought of; for the Abbé Peyramale had been forewarned, and would keep his eyes open. We have before mentioned the impression made upon the mayor by the supernatural events which were daily occurring before his eyes. The apparent calmness of the municipal magistrate concealed an anxious and agitated man.

He communicated to the prefect the conversation which he and M. Dutour had had with the curé of Lourdes, and the position and words of the man of God.

The arrest of Bernadette, he added, might result in an insurrection against the constituted authorities. With regard to himself, he furthermore stated that, considering the determination so expressly stated by the curé, and in view of the probable results of such a measure, he felt obliged to refuse to carry it out personally, even if such a refusal were to necessitate his resignation of the mayoralty.

The prefect might, if he saw fit, act directly in the matter, and order the arrest by the armed police force.

XVII.

WHILE Bernadette was left in uncertain liberty, M. Jacomet, in high spirits, and decked with his scarf of office, prepared to execute at the Massabielle rocks the order of Baron Massy.

The rumor that the prefect was about to despoil the grotto had spread rapidly through the town, and thrown it into quite an excitement. The entire population were shocked, as at a monstrous sacrilege.

"The Blessed Virgin," they said, "has deigned to descend among us, and to work miracles, and see how they receive her! This will surely bring down the anger of heaven!"

The coldest hearts were moved; a deep feeling of indignation began to appear and to grow among the people. From the start, however, M. Peyramale, and the other priests of the town, spoke words of peace, and sought to calm the more irritated.

"My friends," they said, "do not compromise your cause by disorders; submit to this law, even if it be bad. If the Blessed Virgin is really in this affair, she will know how to turn all these things to her own glory; and any violence on your part will only show a lack of faith and confidence in her power. Look at the martyrs! They did not revolt against the emperors! They triumphed simply because they did not fight."

The moral authority of the curé was very great. But there were some warm heads and indignant hearts. A slight accident might have brought about great mischief.

The *ex-votos* and other objects at the grotto made quite a bulky mass, and could not be removed by hand. M. Jacomet went to the stage-house to procure a wagon and horses.

"I don't let my horses for such work," replied the master.

"But," exclaimed Jacomet, "you cannot refuse your horses to those who are ready to pay for them."

"My horses are for post-service, and not for this sort of work. I wish

to have nothing to do with this piece of business. You may enter a complaint against me if you wish. I refuse to let you have my horses."

The chief of police went to other places. In all the hotels, at all the livery stables, which are very numerous in Lourdes on account of the neighboring baths, at all the private houses—everywhere he met only a blank refusal. His situation was quite trying. The crowd watched him going vainly from door to door, followed by the policemen, and witnessed his frequent disappointments. He heard the murmurs, the laughter, the bitter gibes, that his failure produced. The weight of public attention pressed upon him as he fruitlessly wandered from street to street. He vainly raised the sum which he had at first offered for the hire of a horse and cart. The poor people all refused. Finally, he reached thirty francs. Thereupon the crowd laughed and hooted, and reminded one another of the thirty pieces of silver. At last he found, at the house of a farrier, a girl who, for this amount, furnished him the vehicle.

When they saw him coming out with the cart and horse all harnessed, the indignation of the multitude knew no bounds; for it was not want which had determined the venality of the proprietors. These people were not poor.

Jacomet directed his course towards the grotto. The police escorted the cart. An immense crowd followed, silent and gloomy as a thunder-cloud, and charged with all the electricity of a tempest.

Thus they arrived at the Massabielle rocks. The cart, which could not come close up to the grotto, was stationed a short distance off.

Under the vault of the grotto, tapers burned here and there, supported by candlesticks decorated with moss and ribands.

Here were crucifixes, statues of the Blessed Virgin; there religious pictures, chaplets, and necklaces; jewels sparkled on the ground or in the cracks of the rock. In some places, carpets had been laid under the statues of the Mother of God. Myriads of bouquets had been brought by pious hands in honor of Mary, and these first-fruits of the month of flowers perfumed the sylvan oratory.

In a couple of baskets, and on the ground, shining pieces of copper and silver and gold might be seen, forming a sum amounting to several thousand francs, the first spontaneous offerings towards the erection of a church in honor of the stainless Virgin, whose sacred character won the respect even of robbers and thieves, for, in spite of the opportunity afforded by the solitude and the night, no criminal dared lay sacrilegious hands upon these gifts.

M. Jacomet leaped over the railing constructed by the workmen, and entered the grotto. He seemed agitated. The police followed close behind him. The crowd looked on in silence, but this exterior tranquillity had something appalling in its very calmness.

The chief of police commenced by making sure of the money. Then he blew out the candles and gathered the beads and the crucifixes and pieces of carpet, which he handed to the policemen to carry to the cart. These men did not appear to relish this work, and accomplished it with manifest sadness and respect for the objects which they carried.

All this occupied some time, owing to the distance of the cart. M. Jacomet once called to a little boy, "Take this picture to the cart."

The boy reached out his hand, when another child, at his side, cried

out: "Stop! What are you going to do? The good God will punish you!"

The boy, frightened at this, shrank back into the crowd, and no appeal of the officer could make him advance again.

The movements of the chief of police were somewhat nervous. When he picked up the first bouquet, he was tempted to throw it into the Gave as something of no value, but a threatening murmur from the crowd soon determined him to the contrary. He appeared to recognize the fact that the measure of popular patience was full, and that a slight accident would cause it to run over. Hence, the bouquets were placed in the cart, and borne away with all the rest.

Shortly after this incident, a little statue of the Blessed Virgin broke in the hands of the chief of police, and this fact produced an excited movement among the crowd.

After the grotto had been thoroughly stripped, M. Jacomet wished also to remove the balustrade; but he had no axe. The lumber-men, engaged at a saw-mill connected with the establishment of M. de Laffite, refused to lend him theirs; but another laborer, who worked not far off, did not dare to refuse, and allowed him to take his.

M. Jacomet himself fell to work, and struck the railing several times with the axe; but it was quite strong, and did not give way immediately.

The sight of this act of material violence had more effect upon the multitude than all that had preceded it; a menacing explosion broke forth. The Gave, running deep and swift, was close at hand, and it would not have taken long, in one of those excited transports to which crowds are subject, to cast the unlucky chief-of-police into the boiling flood.

Jacomet turned around and showed his pale and downcast face.

"What I am doing," said he, with apparent sorrow, "is not of my own accord, but with deep regret. I act by order of the prefect, and must obey my superiors at any cost. I am not responsible, and you must not blame me."

A voice from the crowd shouted, "Be calm; no violence; let us leave all in the hands of God."

The advice and activity of the clergy produced their fruit. There was no disorder. The police and their chief conducted the cart to the mayor's office, where they deposited all the articles collected at the grotto. The money was put in care of the mayor himself.

That evening, in order to protest against the measures of the prefect, an immense crowd betook themselves to the grotto, which was suddenly filled with flowers and illumined. However, to keep the police from seizing the candles, each carried his own in his hand, and, on returning home, took it with him.

The next day, two incidents occurred which produced a profound sensation. The girl who had lent the horse and cart to M. Jacomet fell from a hay-loft and broke one of her ribs.

The same day, the man who lent his axe in order to break down the railing had both his feet crushed by the falling of a heavy plank which he was trying to place upon a bench.

The free-thinkers saw in these events an irritating and unfortunate coincidence. The multitude considered this twofold accident as a chastisement from heaven.*

* Every one will understand the sentiment of charity which prevents us from naming these poor people. They belong to a class at once the humblest and feeblest. They have been stricken with misfortunes, and are without defence. We name only the more powerful.

XVIII.

M. Massy was not much annoyed by these accidents. He had no more faith in punishments sent by heaven than in cures from the same source. The threatening and inflexible attitude of M. Peyramale in opposition to the projected arrest of Bernadette was a much more serious consideration. God did not, by any means, disturb him as greatly as the curé.

The refusal of M. Lacadé to proceed with this violent measure — a very unaccountable act on the part of that timid functionary—the visible dissatisfaction of the mayors of the cantons with his discourse—the signs of popular irritation which had been brought out by plundering the grotto—the uncertainty how far the police and soldiers would obey (for many of them shared the general enthusiasm and veneration for Bernadette), all caused him to reflect. He saw that in such circumstances her imprisonment might be followed by the most disastrous results.

Not that he shrank from braving a riot. Certain details which we have already noticed would lead us to conclude that he secretly desired it. But an uprising of the population accompanied by the resignation of a mayor, and complicated by the interference of one of the most respected priests of the diocese, and followed, in all probability, by a complaint to the cabinet for false imprisonment, and an energetic protest from the Catholic press, could not fail to produce an effect upon a mind so practical as Baron Massy's and so attached to the duties of his office.

It caused the haughty prefect great annoyance to be checked in the execution of a plan which he had so publicly announced; nevertheless, he would not have been obliged to act thus if the report of the physicians, instead of being an uncertain conjecture, had made some positive assertion of the madness of Bernadette. And if she had been really attacked by some mental disease, nothing would have been easier than to order a second examination by some well-known and trusted scientific men of the place, in order to impose their decision upon the community. But M. Massy, being conversant with all the examinations of Bernadette, felt that not one physician would fail to recognize the perfect soundness of her mind, and her accurate intelligence and good faith.

In such a position, opposed by moral and physical impossibilities, the clever prefect found himself brought to a halt, and, despite his proverbially headstrong disposition, he saw further progress hopelessly barred. He was condemned to inaction. But to turn entirely around and retrace his steps, by revoking the measure already carried out by Jacomet at the Massabielle rocks—this was a solution that never entered the brain of Baron Massy. The plundering of the grotto was an "accomplished fact"—of course it must be maintained.

But the little seer remained at liberty from her morning to her evening prayers, ignorant, undoubtedly, of the tempest that had passed so near her.

The civil authority by this abortive effort proved the impossibility of convicting Bernadette of any cerebral disorder. In allowing her to remain free, it rendered, in spite of itself, a public homage to the perfect integrity of her intellect. Incredulity, by such clumsy blows, simply wounded itself, and served the cause it hoped to overthrow. We only accuse it of bungling. It is very difficult to struggle against evidence, and in such

a combat great blunders are often inevitable.

M. Massy remained invincibly rooted in his original designs. The only concession which he made to events was to discard means that were plainly useless, and even perilous to his plans, and to turn his course around obstacles which could not be broken down or surmounted. In a word, he changed his tactics; he still adhered to his resolutions.

The imprisonment of Bernadette, after all, was only the means to an end. The end was the radical overthrow of "superstition" and the ultimate defeat of the supernatural.

M. Massy did not lose heart. He was "perfectly certain," as he loftily remarked, of eventually extricating himself from the difficulties of his situation. What! he—Massy—prefect and baron of the empire, vanquished by the prattling of a little shepherdess, upset by the empty form of an imaginary apparition!—such an issue seemed impossible alike to his pride and genius.

Although forced to give up his plan of imprisoning poor Bernadette as a lunatic, he was none the less eager to check the rising torrent of fanaticism.

The doctrines and explanations which had for some time been the favorite theme of the free-thinkers suggested to his embarrassed mind a new plan, which seemed to him decisive.

In order to understand how it was that the prefect came to change his plan of attack, it will be well to cast a glance over what had taken place in the camp of the antichristian party.

TO BE CONTINUED.

S. BARING-GOULD ON CHRISTIANITY.

THE first part of Mr. Gould's work, treating of "Heathenism and Mosaism," was reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April last, and we now pay our respects to the second part, which treats of "Christianity." Mr. Gould is a man of some learning, of more than ordinary ability, and writes in a style well adapted to the subjects he treats. We have seldom read a book in which we have found more that is true and at the same time so much that is untrue. The author is a contradiction, and a contradiction is his work. He assumes scarcely a position that he does not reject, or reject a proposition that he does not first or last defend. He accepts the principle of private judgment, and rejects it; adopts Protestantism in principle, and yet gives one of the best refutations of it that has recently been written; he holds Christianity is catholic, that it reconciles all antinomies, contraries, or opposites, solves all problems, and yet he leaves us in doubt whether he believes in an immaterial soul, or even in the existence of God—in anything or in nothing.

We have done our best to understand the author, and to interpret him in this second part consistently with

* *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Part II. Christianity. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870. 12mo, pp. 388.

himself; but we have found it impossible by any logic we possess to discover any relation between his premises and his conclusions, or to understand how the superstructure he professes to erect does or can rest on the foundation he would seem to lay. In his preface, he says:

"Starting from the facts of human nature and the laws they reveal to us, as spread out before us in history, can we attain to the existence of God, to immortality, and to the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the Incarnation?

"Hitherto Christianity has leaned, or has been represented as leaning, on authority—on the authority of an infallible text, or of an inerrable church. The inadequacy of either support has been repeatedly demonstrated, and, as the props have been withdrawn, the faith of many has fallen with a crash. The religious history of the church exhibits three phases. The first when dogma appealed to men and met with a ready response, the second when dogma was forced on man by an authoritative society, and the third when dogma was insisted on, upon the authority of an infallible text. Men revolted against the church, opposing the text against it: men revolt now against the text, and on what does dogma stand?

"To this question I offer an answer in this volume. Unless theology can be based on facts anterior to text or society, to facts in our own nature, ever new, but also ever old, it can never be placed in an unassailable position. For if Christianity be true, it must be true to human nature and to human thought. It must supply that to which both turn, but which they cannot, unassisted, attain." (Pp. vii., viii.)

Here is clearly stated his problem and the principle of the solution he adopts. He is restricted by the very terms in which he states the problem for his solution to the facts of human nature, and consequently can propose no solution not warranted by an induction from those facts. But he himself maintains expressly, over and over again, that induction does not and cannot give certainty, and gives at best only a probable hypothesis. This in the outset casts suspicion on his solution, whatever it may be. "If Christianity be true, it must be true to human nature and to human thought. It must supply that to which both turn." But suppose that it does theoretically, that is, meet and respond to all the facts or wants of human nature, that does not prove it true; it only proves that, if true, it would satisfy human nature. But that it is true, must be proved *aliunde*, or not be proved at all.

Does the author mean to teach that religious belief originates in the facts of human nature, in the cravings of the human soul, and the efforts of the human understanding to obtain their satisfaction? This seems both to be and not to be his doctrine. One while, he reasons as if it were, and other times as if it were not. If it be his doctrine, it cannot be true; for there are no facts of human nature that could have originated religious belief. No conceptions we can form of ourselves without religion can suggest religion. We readily concede that the heathen religions, which were wholly under human control, received their various forms and developments from the special views and wants of those who adopted them, but not the essential religious belief itself. Men must believe in religion, in the Divinity, and the obligation to worship him, before they can invent or develop a religion or a particular form of religion. Then such or such a particular form or development of religion would be only the creation or evolution of men, of particular men or of a particular nation, and would bear no mark of universality, or have any authority for reason or conscience.

But however this may be, the author certainly means that the facts

or wants of human nature are the test, measure, or criterion of religious as of all other truth. He maintains throughout that man is himself or has in himself the measure of truth, is himself his own yard-stick. We know this doctrine very well; it is an old acquaintance of ours. If it is meant that man, in order to be the recipient of religious truth, must be a rational creature capable of knowing or apprehending truth that lies in his own plane, when it is presented to him, he says little more than a truism. To know is to know, and one cannot know unless able to know; but this is nothing to the purpose. What the author means is that the human mind has the mould of truth in itself, and that there is and can be for man no truth that he cannot and does not cast in that mould. As the mould in no man is large enough to take in the whole truth, and as the mould in size and shape differs with every individual and is the same in no two men, that only is true for each individual which he judges to be true. What each one thus judges to be true is by no means the whole truth, but merely a special aspect of truth—truth as beheld from each one's own special point of view; and to get the whole truth we must gather together all these special aspects, and mould or co-ordinate them into one harmonious whole.

This is the author's real doctrine, if doctrine he has, and it shows that man is a very inadequate measure of truth. If the mind grasps a special aspect of truth, and is so far a true measure, it still leaves the greater part of truth unapprehended and unmeasured, and therefore is far more false than true. Moreover, the author's doctrine has the slight disadvantage of disproving itself; for, while it asserts that man is the measure or criterion of truth, it, by making truth purely relative, varying with each individual, really asserts that he is no such measure or criterion at all, and has in himself no power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Truth itself is invariable, always and everywhere the same; most certainly, if we accept the author's definition that "truth is what is," that is, being, and consequently cannot vary as men's views of it vary. Then, again, if the author is right, the human mind never grasps the truth itself, and has at best only a *view* of truth, and that a view of it only under a partial and special aspect. A partial view of truth, and only under a special or particular aspect, is precisely the definition of error as distinguishable from simple falsehood. Hence, by making man his own yard-stick, the author loses all means of distinguishing truth from error; indeed, denies that they are distinguishable, or that there is any difference between them. How, then, maintain that man is or has in himself the measure of truth? All that can be said is, man is the measure of the truth he receives, or, in the language of mortals, man can receive only the truth he is able to receive, and can know only what he can know, which, we grant, is indisputable.

As this point is fundamental with the author, and is just now the fashionable doctrine with those who have not the truth, we will dwell on it a moment longer. That, the author tells us and others also tell us, which I judge to be true is true for *me*, that which I feel is beautiful is beautiful for me, and that which I esteem to be good is good for me, though it may be false, ugly, and evil for another. This is the language of folly or despair. Grant, without conceding, that thought is the measure

or criterion of the truth we recognize and are able to hold, as Mr. Gould asserts over and over again; we must still bear in mind that thought is only on one side a fact of human nature or the act of man. Mr. Gould, after Cousin, says that thought embraces three elements—the subject, object, and their relation or form. The subject cannot think without the object, nor unless the two are in immediate relation. The thought, then, is the joint product of the subject and object. No man has in himself or can be his own object, otherwise man would be God, both intelligible and intelligent in himself. Descartes said, *Cogito, ergo sum*, a paralogism, of course; for my own existence is as much affirmed in *cogito*, I think or am thinking, as in *sum*, I am; but passing over this, and assuming that he meant, as, when hard pressed, he said he meant, simply that in the act or fact of thinking he learns or becomes conscious of his existence; he becomes conscious of his own existence no more than he does of the existence of something which is not himself, but is distinguishable from himself. I cannot think without thinking something; that which is thought is always distinguishable from him who thinks. The subject is never the object, nor the object the subject.

It is not, as they against whom we are reasoning pretend, the subject, but the object that determines the form of the thought, otherwise language would have no sense, be no medium of communication between man and man, and men could never understand one another or hold any truth in common. The fact that men have language, that they do understand one another, or can and do communicate their thoughts one to another, is a proof that truth does not vary with every individual; that to a certain extent, at least, they think the same object, and that the object imposes upon their thought the same form. Hence, what is truth to the one is equally the truth to the many. It is on this fact that the possibility of instruction depends, and the mutual intercourse of men in society, nay, society itself.

Descartes knew not what he did when he pretended, from the simple fact of the consciousness of his own existence, to deduce, after the manner of the geometricians, the existence of God and the universe; for nothing can be deduced from an existence that is not contained in it as the part in the whole, the property in the essence, or the effect in the cause. Hence the mistake of those who attempt, like the author, to deduce from what they call the facts or phenomena of human nature the great truths of religion —the being of God, the immortality of the soul, and the liberty of man. They assume that the facts of consciousness are facts of human nature alone, and argue from them as such; whereas, the facts they detect in the human consciousness, and on which they really base their reasoning, are not subjective, but really objective. The argument of Descartes for the being of God, or rather of St. Anselm, from whom Descartes directly or indirectly borrowed it, based on the fact that we have present to our minds the idea of the most perfect being, than whom none can be greater, is a good and valid argument; for such an idea is objective and, therefore, real, not subjective or formed by the mind itself, though Descartes erred in calling it innate instead of intuitive. The analysis of consciousness, that is, of thought, detects objective elements, which conduct to God or the whole ontological order. The error of Cousin was not in proving the being of God from facts which he discovered in the

field of consciousness, but in supposing these facts, or principles rather, are purely psychological. Supposing them to be psychological in their nature and origin, the God obtained by way of induction from them was and could be only a generalization or an abstraction, as is the God attained by induction from any other class of facts, as Mr. Gould clearly shows in his volume on "Christianity."

Thought connotes the object as well as the subject, and, the object determining the form of the thought, thought is true not relatively only to the thinker, as our author contends, which simply means that it is true the subject thinks as he thinks, but true objectively, and is what all minds must think that think the same object. Hence the truth thought is objective, and, as far as the thought goes, true absolutely. We, therefore, dismiss the fundamental assumption of the author as repugnant to the truth.

S. Baring-Gould is apparently an eclectic in theology, whatever he may be in philosophy. "That which mankind wanted, and wants still," he says in his preface, p. ix., "is not new truths, but the co-ordination of all aspects of the truth. In every religion of the world is to be found distorted or exaggerated some great truth, otherwise it would never have obtained a foothold: every religious revolution has been the struggle of thought to gain another step in the ladder that reaches to heaven." Was not the Reformation, so-called, in the sixteenth century, that gave birth to the various Protestant sects, a religious revolution? Was that a struggle of thought to gain another step in the ladder that leads to heaven? Certainly not, if we may believe the author, for he contends that Protestantism added nothing to the stock of truth always held by the church —was purely negative. Thus he says:

"In like manner, Catholicism contains all the positive ideas enunciated by the sects. If, from the standpoint of the Ideal, nothing exists, and nothing can exist, outside of Catholicism, if it is of the essence of Catholicism to be all that is and all that can be, that is to say, to comprehend in itself all that man can love, know, and practice, Catholicism must contain everything that heretical and schismatical bodies believe and affirm. It will, however, affirm in totallty what they affirm in part; it will believe all that they admit, but it will believe a great deal more besides.

"This fundamental notion of the Ideal of Catholicism has been thus expressed by Le Maistre in his 'Letter to a Protestant Lady.' 'It is now,' he says, 'eighteen hundred and nine years that a Catholic Church has been in the world, and has always believed what it believes now. Your doctors will tell you a thousand times that we have innovated; but if we have innovated, it seems strange that it needs such long books to demonstrate it; whereas to prove that you have varied—and you are only of yesterday—no trouble is needed.

"'But let us consider an epoch anterior to all the schisms that now divide the world. At the commencement of the tenth century, there was but one faith in Europe. Consider this faith as an assemblage of positive dogmas—the Unity of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence, etc.; and, to simplify our idea, let us suppose the number of positive dogmas to amount to fifty. The Greek Church, having denied the procession of the Holy Ghost and the Supremacy of the Pope, has therefore only forty-eight points of belief; thus, you see, we believe all that she believes, although she denies two things that we hold. Your sixteenth century sects pushed matters much further and denied a host of other dogmas; but those which they retained are common to us. Finally, the Catholic religion includes all that the sects believe—this is incontestable.

"'The sects, be they what they may, are not *religions*, they are *negations*, that is to say, they are nothing in themselves, for directly they affirm anything they are Catholic.

"'It follows as a consequence of the

most perfect certainty, that the Catholic who passes into a sect apostatizes veritably, for he changes his belief, by denying to-day what he believed yesterday; but the sectary who passes into the church abdicates no dogma, he denies nothing that he believed; on the contrary, he begins to believe what previously he had denied.

"'He that passes out of a Christian sect into the Mother Church is not required to renounce any dogma, but only to avow that beside the dogmas which he believed, and which we believed every whit as truly as he, there are other verities of which he was ignorant, but which nevertheless exist.'

"Let us illustrate this truth in the same way that we illustrated it in reference to philosophy.

"Catholicism proclaims the union of the divine and human natures in Christ. Arianism appeared, and, abandoning more or less completely the first of these two terms, it reproduced the second alone. What did Arianism affirm? The humanity of Christ. Catholicism equally affirms this, it believes all that Arianism believed. What did Arianism add to that article of faith? A negation of the first term, *i.e.*, Nothing.

"Catholicism proclaims the co-existence of grace and free-will, that is to say, of divine and human action, the first the initiative of the second, as the increate is necessarily the origin of the create. Pelagianism started up and left on one side, more or less formally, the first of these two terms, and reproduced the second alone. What did it affirm? The existence of human liberty. Catholicism had affirmed it long before, and believed in all that Pelagianism held. What, then, did Pelagianism add to this article of belief? A negation of the first term, *i.e.*, Nothing.

"Catholicism proclaims the double necessity of faith and good works. Luther arose, and, omitting the second of these two points, admitted the former alone. What did he affirm? The necessity of faith. Catholicism has insisted on this with unchanging voice. What did Luther add? A negation of the second point, *i.e.*, Nothing.

"Finally, Catholicism proclaims the Sacraments, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, etc. Protestants reject these; in other terms, they substitute for them simple negations, which are nothing.

"As every heretical or schismatical sect retains this or that verity which suits it, to the exclusion of other truths, and as this process takes place from a thousand different points of view, it is sufficient to add together the articles separately admitted by these communions, mutually antagonistic, to arrive at the sum of all Catholic verities.

"Also, it is sufficient to strike out the points which each rejects, or to subtract them from the total, to arrive at zero, and thus to show that there is no one phase of truth which they do not deny.

"In the first case, they conclude directly for Catholicism, which is the entirety of which they are the fragments; in the second, they conclude indirectly, by showing that outside of Catholicism is nothing but a process of disintegration of all belief." (Pp. 163–166.)

It would seem from this that a religious revolution may be a struggle of thought to take another step down and not up the ladder that reaches to heaven, and spring from the perversity of men's minds and hearts as well as from their love of truth or aspirations to God. But pass over this. Suppose that every heterodox religion or sect fastens upon some aspect of truth which it distorts or exaggerates, and that, if the special aspects of all are brought together and co-ordinated, we should have the truth under all its aspects. We should still have only an aggregate of special or particular views of truth, not truth itself in its living unity and universality.

The author tells us that every sect retains as the centre of its organism a fragment of truth. This is not strictly correct, for truth itself is one and irrefragable. The sect has not a fragment of truth, for the body of truth is not broken and scattered as was the body of the Egyptian god Osiris; it has only a particular or fragmentary view of truth, or truth under a particular aspect, which it falsely takes to be truth in its unity and universality. Were we, then, to collect and co-ordinate the

particular or special views of all the various sects and heterodox religions of the world, we should have not the truth, but simply a human view or theory of truth, which, being only a view or theory, is abstract, lifeless, impotent, and of no value. But how, and by whom, is this collection of the special or particular truths, or views of truth, to be made? The author professes to have subjected them all to his impartial judgment, but in them all, according to him, there is a part that is true and a part that is false. By what principle, rule, or criterion, then, does he judge them, and determine what in them accords with the true and what is untrue? He himself is, and, according to his own principles, must be, his standard, and only standard, of judgment, or, as we say, his own yard-stick, by which he measures them. But he can, he himself insists, determine only what is true to him, or from his point of view, not the true in itself or the true universally. He can, at best, give only his views of truth, which, like those of all other men, will necessarily be only relative, only views of some special aspect of truth, and consequently must necessarily, on his own principles, be as partial, as one-sided, or as inadequate as the religions or sects he attempts to judge. His judgment settles nothing, and the result of all his efforts would be not the attainment of Catholic truth, unmixed with error or falsehood, but at best only the founding of a new sect against all sects, yet as much a sect as any of them.

It is the fault of Mr. S. Baring-Gould, and all writers of his class, to assume to summon all religions—Christianity, Judaism, and the various forms of Gentilism—before them, and to judge them as if they had a universal and infallible standard of judgment to which all must conform or be condemned, and which the founders of these religions and their followers had or have not. They disdain to speak as the advocate, and always affect to speak from the bench as the judge; and yet they judge by no law or standard but that of their own minds, and really pronounce but their own private judgment. They judge by themselves as their own rule of judgment, and, consequently, as they are fallible and variable as all men are, their judgments are only their personal opinions, standing on the same level with the opinions of those they judge, and worth at best no more. The only man who could examine all sects and heterodox religions, and determine what in them is true and what is false, is the Catholic, who has in the teaching of the church the whole truth, the truth under all its aspects, and in its unity and universality. He has in her doctrine an objective rule or standard of judgment to which he and they are alike amenable, the infallible touchstone of truth, and therefore is able to take from each sect or heterodox religion its part of truth and reject its part of error. But he has no need for himself to do it, for he has already the whole truth—all, and probably a great deal more than all, he could obtain by doing it. He who has not the whole truth, the truth in its living unity and catholicity, cannot do it; and he who has it has no need to do it. The eclecticism Mr. Gould proposes is, therefore, either impracticable or unnecessary.

The author does not precisely say with the fool in his heart, "God is not;" but he says that his being cannot be demonstrated. He calls the existence of God "an irrational verity," and says, if we admit his existence at all, we must take it on trust as an axiom. That the being of God is an axiom as well as a theorem,

and cannot be demonstrated syllogistically, we concede, for God is the universal, and there is no truth more universal than he to serve as the major premise; but that does not prove that his existence is "an irrational verity," and taken simply on trust. It is a false psychology that restricts reason, as the author does, to ratiocination or discursion. It is our universal faculty of knowing. The axioms of the mathematician are indemonstrable, but not therefore irrational. They simply need no demonstration, and are as really apprehended by the reason or rational faculty as are the conclusions obtained by demonstration or reasoning from them.

Mr. Gould is right in assuming that reason can operate only from principles—not *facts*, as he says—and therefore in asserting that the principles are indemonstrable; but he is wrong in regarding the first principles of reason as beliefs. Beliefs are matters that are received on authority or extrinsic evidence, that is, extrinsic both to the mind believing and the matter believed. But the first principles are of all matters those which we know best, for we know them by immediate intuition, and they are matters not of belief but of science, and the basis of all science. They undoubtedly must be given to the reason or intellect, and not obtained by it; but they are given intuitively by the author of reason, which is nothing without them, and is constituted by them. The assent of the mind to them is immediate, direct, intuitive, and is knowledge or science, not belief. The author forgets that to know is to know, and that to know is to know that we know. To know, nothing is needed but the intelligent subject and the intelligible object in immediate relation. Demonstration is not knowing, but only a means or condition of knowing what is not immediately intelligible, is simply stripping the object of its envelopes, and presenting it in direct relation to the intelligent subject, which assents or dissents intuitively. In the longest chain of reasoning, the cognition of each link is immediate and intuitive. Either, then, we know not at all, or we know the first principles of reason, and nothing is more rational or less irrational than the constituent principles of reason, which Reid strangely obscured by calling them primitive *beliefs*.

Understanding this, the existence of God is not only a truth, but a rational truth, even if indemonstrable; for it is a truth of science as well as of faith or revelation; and so far from reposing on faith, it is the basis of all faith as of all science. Nor is it true, as Mr. Gould contends, that the Divine Being, though not syllogistically demonstrable, is not provable, and as really known as any truth is or can be. It is demonstrable even *ex consequentiis*, or from the consequences that would follow from denying it. The denial of God is necessarily the denial of being, the only object intelligible *per se*, therefore, of all knowledge, all existence, and the assertion of universal nescience and universal nihilism. But no one can carry his denial so far as to deny the existence of the denier; and if any one or anything exists, there must be a God.

But we do not agree with the author that men have originated the idea of God by meditating on their own personality or on the facts or phenomena of nature. Men started with the knowledge that God is; they were taught it by God himself; and those imperfect conceptions of God to which Mr. Gould refers as the beginnings of such knowledge, and which reason and sentiment develop

and complete, are reminiscences, and simply mark the deterioration or the loss of that knowledge in the human mind. The savage is the degenerate man, not the type of the primeval man. As men commenced with the belief in God, it is for those who deny his existence to prove that he is not. We shall not undertake to refute them. An atheist is not to be reasoned with, since, if his denial be true, he has neither reason nor existence, and is simply a nonentity, and nonentities are not susceptible of being refuted.

Mr. Gould considers that the world is composed of antinomies, or contraries, such as reason and sentiment, faith and reason, authority and liberty, God and the universe, the infinite and the finite, time and eternity, and that the great problem to be solved is to find the middle term that unites and reconciles these and other antinomies without destroying either term. What is this middle term, or this universal reconciler of the two extremes? Here the author grows obscure or misty, and we have some difficulty in following him; but, as far as we are able to understand him, this middle term, or universal mediator, is the human personality. He seems to adopt, in substance, the doctrine taught by Fichte, of a twofold Ego—the one absolute, the other relative. Thus he says:

"Religion and philosophy are not two contradictory systems, but are the positive and negative poles, of which the axis uniting and conciliating them is the idea of the indefinite, which, expressing two complex terms, the body and the spirit, the finite and the infinite, represents the constitutive and fundamental nature of man.

"The idea of the indefinite at once *supposes* and *excludes* limitation. The consciousness man has of his own personality distinguishes him to himself from everything else. This consciousness implies, whilst it denies, limitation. It is what I call the sentiment of the indefinite. When he affirms himself, he distinguishes himself from another. To recognize another is to place a limit at which his own personality halts and finishes. But although his personality halts and finishes at a limit through relation to others, it is in itself unlimited; and though having a beginning, it is, or conceives itself to be, without end. To conceive the annihilation of the conscious self is simply impossible. If you doubt this, make the experiment." (P. 24.)

The middle term is, then, the sentiment or idea "of the indefinite, which at once *supposes* and *excludes* limitation." "The consciousness man has of his own personality distinguishes him to himself from everything else." It "implies, whilst it denies, limitation." But this limitation is only in relation to others; "it is in itself unlimited;" that is, infinite, the infinite God. The human person is, then, both limited and unlimited, finite and infinite, and hence assumed to be the mean between the two extremes. The universal reconciler is therefore the vague sentiment or idea of the indefinite furnished by our consciousness of our own personality. The antinomy would reappear if we were to fix our eyes on either extreme, and disappears only so long as we are contented to dwell in the vague, and do not attempt to determine whether I-myself am infinite or finite! This may be very satisfactory to the author; but we who ask for clear and definite ideas would be very much obliged to him if he would tell us how a subjective idea or sentiment can remove an antinomy which exists objectively, or *a parte rei*. It is one thing to reconcile antinomies in idea or sentiment, and another thing to reconcile them *in re*, and to bring them into a real dialectic harmony.

The author confirms our interpretation in the following passage:

"Man will never be truly known either by examining him in his finite aspect as a creature, one of the animated atoms of the world, or by investigating him in his infinite aspect as a spiritual force, an active intellect. The animals are limited; they find their life, their repose, their happiness, within limits; but limitation stifles man. Let him try to abstract himself from limits, and, like the Buddhist ascetic, he falls into Nirvana, which is zero, a simple negation. Limitation is requisite to constitute his personality; illimitation is necessary to make that personality progressive.

"But whence does man obtain his unlimited personality? It cannot have been given him by anything that he touches, that surrounds him, for all matter is by its nature limited. This is the problem which religion solves, by laying down as a fundamental axiom the absolute existence of God, the source and author of the existence of man. *Man created by God is placed between the infinite and the finite; he is the middle term uniting them through his conscience of the indefinite.* Obedient to his true nature, bounded on all sides and in his own faculties, he inclines toward the indefinite; and transpiercing all limits, as electricity penetrates all bodies, he rises by a progression without term toward the infinite." (P. 26.)

Man, we venture to assert, is not placed by the creative act of God between the infinite and the finite, as if participating of both, for this would imply the existence of the finite is independent of that creative act. Besides, there is and can be no existence between the infinite and the finite. The indefinite has no real existence. Man is the mean not between the infinite and finite, but between the infinite and nothing, and the nexus that unites him to the infinite, or the *medius terminus*, is the creative act of God, without which he would be the nothing from which he is created. Man is not a middle term between the infinite and the finite, for he is himself finite in body, soul, and spirit, and lives and makes progress only by virtue of the creative act of God, which is manent in him, as the cause of his existence, of his faculties, his power of progression, his activity, whether of body or mind.

From Fichte the author passes to Hegel, whose method he professes to follow. He attempts to show that by the Hegelian method all antinomies, or opposites, are conciliated. But how is this done? It is done, he has said, by the human personality, the Ego, whose existence, revealed by consciousness, is the connecting link between the infinite and the finite, which is, as we have seen, not the fact. The human personality is a connecting link, by virtue of the divine creative act, between the infinite and nothing, the true idea of the finite. The sense or idea of the indefinite conciliates nothing, for the simple reason that there is no indefinite in the world of reality. Whatever is or exists is either infinite or finite. Either the antinomies are real or they are unreal. If unreal, they are nothing, and there is nothing to be conciliated; if real, they can be conciliated only by a middle term as real as themselves, which cannot be said of either the idea or sentiment of the indefinite, for it is only our ignorance or want of a more complete knowledge that causes anything to appear as indefinite. Indeed, we deny the alleged antinomies themselves, in the sense of contradictions, save in our imperfect science. Could we comprehend the whole, all things as they stand in the divine mind or decree, we should understand that all the works of God are dialectic, as the works of the Supreme Logic, or Logic itself, must be, and also that there is no antinomy between the creator and creature. There are two terms, indeed, but no antinomy, because there is a real middle term, the creative act of the first term, which conciliates them—a real *copula* which unites them as subject

and predicate in a single indissoluble judgment. The human personality, the Ego, I-myself, may or may not apprehend this real copula; but it is absurd to pretend that it is it, or that it can supply it by any conceptions it forms of itself. Mr. Gould's philosophy, as that of Hegel, is rugged enough in form, all bristling with abstractions, and constructed and understood not without much hard labor; but it is not very profound, and when mastered is seen to be very superficial. No really profound philosopher could have written, "The act which affirms the relation between the divine type of absolute perfection and us, is *ourselves* in our liberty and free-will judging according to our reason, our will, and our sentiment" (p. 37). That is, it is an act on our part of free-will, which we may either perform or not as we choose; and, moreover, the act is ourselves, which supposes the act and the actor to be identical. The fact is the reverse, and it is the act of God that affirms the relation, not our act, for God himself creates the relation, and we cannot deny it even in thought, or frame a form of words that does not imply it.

The author, after having told us over and over again that the conciliating term is Ego or the consciousness of our personality, giving us the idea or sentiment of the indefinite, tells us finally that it is the Incarnation, which he rightly asserts is the great central fact of Christianity, from which all in our holy religion radiates or is logically deducible; but so little does he know of theology and its history that he supposes this is a grand discovery of Hegel, destined to effect a theological revolution. But what does he understand by the Incarnation? Evidently nothing more nor less than the Ego, or our personality, which is, according to him, the middle term between the finite and the infinite, and participating of both.

But before getting at the Incarnation, which reconciles all antinomies, the author entertains us with various speculations on God and creation. He concedes the "hypothesis" that God is, and is the creator of all things, but maintains that God is not God till he creates the world, and that he creates for the creature's sake alone, not, as Christianity teaches, for himself as final cause. He rejects, not improperly, the doctrine that composes God of the attributes of our own nature carried up to infinity, or that he is the perfection of what is inchoate and incomplete in us, which supposes him to be only a generalization; yet, as we are made after the image and likeness of God, and in our nature copy him, in the sense that he is, as St. Thomas says, "*similitudo rerum omnium*," we can, of course, appeal to the attributes of our nature, of our soul, as illustrative of his, or as helping us in a fuller degree to apprehend his perfections. But Mr. Gould, following Hegel, denies to God, or, as he says, the Absolute, all attributes, all qualities, and all activity in himself of any sort, on the ground that they imply relation, and no relation is predicable of the Absolute. We let him speak for himself:

"But this conception of God is entirely humanistic. To say that he is infinitely powerful, infinitely wise, infinitely just, infinitely holy, is but the raising of human qualities to the n^{th} power.

"These qualities are simply inconceivable apart from the existence of the world and man. If we give him these qualities, save for the sake of bringing his existence within the scope of our faculties, we must allow that before the world was, they were not; because, apart from the existence of the world and man, these qualities are simply inconceivable.

"Power is the exercise of superior force

against a body that resists. Suppress the idea of resistance, and the idea of power disappears. Wisdom is inconceivable apart from something about which it can be called into operation. Goodness implies something toward which it can be shown. Justice cannot be exerted in a vacuum where there is neither good nor evil, right nor wrong. Can God do wrong? Impossible. Then it is as unsuitable to apply to him the term holy, as it is to employ it of stick or stone, which also cannot do what is wrong.

"We pass, then, to the second stage of rationalizing on God.

"The God that we have been considering is personal, and an ideal of perfection, with infinite attributes.

"But this conception is defective, if not wrong; for it has been formed out of our empirical faculties, the imagination and the sentiment, and is simply an hypothesis dressed up in borrowed human attributes.

"The idea of infinity which rejects every limitation, leads to the denial of attributes to God. For, if his intelligence be infinite, he does not pass from one idea to another, but knows all perfectly and instantaneously; to him the past, the present, and the future are not; therefore, he can neither remember nor foresee. He can neither generalize nor analyze; for, if he were to do so, there would be some detail in things the conception of which would be wanting to him; he cannot reason, for reasoning is the passage from two terms to a third; and he has no need of a middle term to perceive the relation of a principle to its consequence. He cannot think, for to think is to allow of succession in ideas.

"He is, therefore, immutable in his essence; in him are neither thoughts, feelings, nor will. Indeed, it is an abuse of words to speak of being, feeling, willing, in connection with God, for these words have a sense limited to finite ideas, and are therefore inadmissible when treating of the Absolute.

"The vulgar idea of God is not one that the reason can admit. He is neither infinite, nor absolute, necessary, universal, nor perfect.

"He is not infinite; for God is infinite only on condition of being All. But a God meeting his limitation in nature, the world, and humanity, is not All. Also, if he be a person, he will be *a* being, and not merely being.

"He is not absolute; for how can he be conceived apart from all relations? If he be a person, he feels, thinks, wishes, and here we have relations, conditions imposed on the Absolute, and he ceases to be absolute.

"He is not necessary; the idea representing him as necessary is the result of a psychological induction; but induction cannot confer on the ideas it discovers the character of necessity.

"He is not universal; for an individual, however great, extended, powerful, and perfect, cannot be universal. What is individual is particular, and the particular cannot be the All.

"He is not perfect; for how can he be perfect to whom the universe is added? It was necessary, or it was not necessary; if necessary, he was imperfect without it; if not necessary, he is imperfect with it." (Pp. 100–102.)

When theologians ascribe distinct attributes to God, they never regard them as something added to the being or essence of God, or as distinguishable from it, or from one another, except in our mode of apprehending them, proceeding from our inability to comprehend him. There is in God no distinction between his essence and his attributes, and none between one attribute and another; God is under no relation exterior to himself, but he is in himself, in his own essence, the principle of real and all possible relations. He does not think or reason as we do, but that does not prevent him from being infinitely intelligent, nor from being the adequate object of his own intelligence. He may know all things without any succession of ideas; all at once, for all are present to him in his own ideas and in his own decree. "Indeed, it is an abuse of words to speak of *being*, feeling, willing, in connection with God, for these words have a sense limited to finite ideas." Very true when applied to finite existences, but not necessarily when applied to the infinite being or being in its plenitude.

Being is the proper term to apply to God, for he reveals himself to Moses as I AM THAT AM. The term *absolute*, which the author uses after his German masters, is badly chosen, for it is an abstract term, and expresses only an abstract idea, obtained only by our mental operation. God is no abstraction, for if he were he would exist only in our mind. There are no abstractions in the real, and God is the infinitely real. "He is not infinite, for God is infinite only on condition of being All." Is he not all that is? Nature, the world, humanity, do not limit him, for he is their creator, and their being is in him. They add nothing to him, for they are his acts, and simply show forth his power. It is idle to pretend that the exercise of power is the limitation of power. In the same way the other objections urged are answerable.

The author denies power to God, because "power is the exercise of superior force against a body that resists. Suppress the idea of resistance, and the idea of power disappears." Of one sort of power, perhaps; but is there no power where there is no resistance? If not, what is there for body to resist? It is not the resistance that creates the force; and if there were not, prior to it, power inherent in the subject of the force, there would be nothing for the resisting body to resist. Why, the author has not mastered the very rudiments of the science he professes to teach. We do not pretend to comprehend God, or that any created mind can form an adequate idea or conception of him. All our conceptions of him are inadequate, and seem to impose on him the limitations of our own finite minds; but these limitations of our thought do not really limit him, or prevent him from being in himself unlimited, infinite, perfect being.

We continue our citations from the author:

"The rational conception of God is that he is; nothing more. To give him an attribute is to make him a relative God.

"The sentimental conception of God is that he is the perfection of relations; the tendency of sentimentalism is to deny that he is absolute.

"Both are true and both are false; both are true in their positive assertions, both are false in their negations.

"Before the world was, God was the Absolute, inconceivable save as being. We cannot attribute to him any quality, for qualities are inconceivable apart from matter.

"Properly speaking, the name of God is not to be given to the Absolute before creation; the Absolute is the only philosophical name admissible, and that is unsatisfactory, for it is negative; but the idea of God before matter was must be incomprehensible by material beings.

"This transcendent principle, superior to the world and to all thought, is the fixed, immanent, immutable *Being*, force *in vacuum, unrealized, unrevealed.*

"By love, the Absolute calls the world into being, and *becomes God*, that is—let me be clearly understood—he is at once absolute and relative, and as relative he is God, and clothes himself in attributes. Toward creation he is good, wise, just; nay, the perfection of goodness, wisdom, and justice, the Ideal of the heart.

"The creation is the first step, the Incarnation is the second. The first leads necessarily to the second; it is the passage from relations simple to relations perfect; it is the bringing within the range of man's vision the Divine Personality." (Pp. 112, 113.)

Here we have very pure Hegelianism. Hegel's tricomity, or Trinity, is, first, God as pure being, of which we can predicate nothing except that it is; the second term is the Word, or Idea, in which are contained all possibilities; the third term is the Holy Ghost, the realization of the possible, or its progressive reduction of the Idea to actual existence. God, considered in himself as *das reine Seyn*, inasmuch as he has no predicate, is infinite void, or emptiness, in which sense he is the

equivalent of not-being—*das Nicht-seyn*—or, as Mr. Gould says, "equivalent to zero." The second moment in his being or life is the Word, or the development of the Idea, or possible world—*das Ideen*. The third moment is the consummation of the Idea, or the production of the actual world—*das Wesen*. Does Hegel mean that this is the real *processus*, or only that it is by these three moments we form our conceptions of God and creation?—that is, is it an ontological or simply a psychological process? We are not familiar enough with Hegel to answer positively, and our author, who professes to understand him, leaves us in doubt whether it is the one or the other, if, indeed, he recognizes any distinction between the two. Mr. Gould is a pure psychologist, as is, in fact, Hegel himself, since he uses the term *absolute*, which, as abstract, can have only a psychological sense. He, as we understand him, like Schelling, holds the ontological and the psychological to be identical, and the development of thought as indistinguishable from the development of God and the universe. All the German schools of philosophy that pretend to be ontological are really psychological, and find their principle and starting-point in the *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes.

But, however this may be, it is clear that our author regards God, before or without creation, as the Byssos of the Gnostic schools and the *Void* of the Buddhists, and becoming Plenum or Pleroma only in the act of creation, or in realizing the Idea or Word in the production of the universe. "Before the world was, God was the Absolute, inconceivable save as being." "We cannot attribute to him any quality, for qualities are inconceivable apart from matter (substance?)." "Properly speaking, the name of God is not to be given to the Absolute *before creation*." "This transcendent principle, superior to the world and to all thought, is the fixed, immanent, immutable Being, [has he not said the word *being* is abused when applied to the Absolute?] force in vacuum, *unrealized*, unrevealed." If before creation the Absolute is unrealized, it is unreal—no real being at all; a mere possible being, at best; an absolute abstraction; therefore, nothing, and rightly said to be the equivalent of zero, or to equal *das Nicht-seyn*.

But "by love the Absolute calls the world into being, and BECOMES God." This is conclusive. Yet there are some difficulties to be cleared up. How can the Absolute love, since the author declares over and over again that love implies relation, and the Absolute excludes all relation? Then how can an abstraction, a mere possible but no actual God, generate the idea or word, and call the world into being? The absolute admits no predicates, we are told, and is the equivalent of zero, that is, is nothing. Nothing cannot act, and nothing cannot make itself something, nor *void* of itself become *plenum*. Even an imperfect existence cannot become perfect or complete itself but by the power or assistance of another. The possible cannot make itself actual. How, then, say the Absolute *becomes* God by creating, and attains to reality in his own productions?

Certain it is that the Hegelian tricomity is not the ineffable Christian Trinity. The Christian doctrine is the reverse of the Hegelian. Christian theology does not conceive God first as possible, then as idea, and then as actual, but conceives him in and of himself, as *Ens necessarium et reale*, and holds him to be *actus purissimus*, and that he eternally is, not as our author regards him, as a Becoming—*das Werden*. The Hegelian tricomity is cos-

mic; the Christian Trinity is theistic, a distinction of persons in God—distinctions *ad intra*, not *ad extra*. A great part of the difficulties the author encounters grow out of his ignorance or misconception of the Christian mystery. He says God in himself has no relations, and has them at all only when the universe has been produced, and, therefore, terms implying relation cannot be applied to him. God has no object for the manifestation of any attribute except an exterior object in the universe; and, of course, his knowledge, wisdom, love, and power begin and end with the universe, which is finite. He therefore conceives him as an abstract unity or infinity. But God is complete in himself, according to Christian theology, because he is triune in his very being. He is his own object as well as subject. He has in the unity of his own being the distinction of three persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. His intelligence generates the Word, the exact image of himself and the adequate object of his infinite intelligence, and the Father and the Son find in each other the adequate object of their love, and from the spiration of their mutual and infinite love proceeds the Holy Ghost. God has, then, eternally in himself the adequate object of his infinite intelligence and love, and, therefore, needs to go out of himself for no relation, quality, or perfection.

The author, by denying or misconceiving the distinctions of persons in God, has in his system reduced God avowedly to nothing. Men may not always know it; but such is the fact, that he who denies the Trinity really denies God, or, which is the same thing, makes him a dead unity.

The author speaks of the Word or Idea, but what does he mean by it? We do not know, and have not been able to ascertain. We cannot decide whether he regards it as idea in the divine mind or simply as an idea in the human mind. He tries to escape pantheism, at least tries to persuade us that he does, and he would have us believe that Hegel was not a pantheist, but a Christian. This is absurd. According to Hegel, God and the universe form a whole; and there is an unbroken progression from the mineral, the plant, the animal, man, up to God, and that God goes through all these several grades of existence: is mineral in the mineral, plant in the plant, animal in the animal, and first attains to self-consciousness in man—that is, first becomes conscious of himself, or that he is, in our consciousness of our own existence. It is idle to pretend that this is not pantheism of a very decided sort. It is true, Mr. Gould identifies the Word or Idea with God himself, but it is with God *becoming* conscious of himself in the human consciousness. Therefore, the Word or Idea is generated not by the Divine Being in himself, or his own mind, but in ours, which makes it our word as well as his.

Now, what can the author mean by the Incarnation? He is careful not to tell us, though he makes the conciliation of the universal antinomy depend on it. He would have us take it for granted that he understands it in an orthodox Christian sense. Certain is it that he does not himself understand by it that the Word, the second Person in the ever-blessed Trinity, took flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, was made man, and dwelt among us. As far as we can make out his meaning, which, it would seem, he purposely leaves indefinite, it is that the Absolute embodies the idea in creation, and especially in human nature, or in man. This, as the idea is the indefinite, touching the infinite on the one

hand, and the finite on the other, would conciliate the two extremes, and all antinomies for the intellect. But this would only mean that God creates all things after his own *idea exemplaris*, eternal in his own essence, and therefore dialectically, and consequently, that the antinomy exists only in our apprehension, and because we see the extremes without taking note of the middle term which unites and conciliates them. This, we believe, is true; but it hardly merits the name of being a new discovery by Hegel. The same idea is embodied or expressed in human nature, and being in our personality, it conciliates the two extremes for the sentiment, and presents itself to the human sentiment as its ideal. This would simply mean that man is dialectically constituted, and has in his ideal the perfection of his nature. We are not disposed to dispute it, but it bears less resemblance to the Christian mystery of the Incarnation than Harry of Monmouth bore to Alexander, or Wales to Macedon.

The author is excessively vague and indefinite in stating what he means by the Incarnation. But he says:

"If we rise from the mathematical point, the sole possible expression of matter in its condition of absolute indivisibility, to the immensity of the sidereal universe, from the ultimate chemical atom through all degrees of the mineral reign, from the first vegetable embryo to the most complete animal; if, passing onward to man, we follow him from a whimpering babe to the conception of his unlimited personality in God through Christ, tracing the laborious stages of the progressive development of humanity in history, what does this magnificent panorama of creation exhibit to us but the marvellous ascension of the finite under the form of the indefinite toward God, the Infinite? Christ is to humanity not merely the Son of Mary, but the veritable Son of Man, resuming in himself the entire creation, of which he is the protoplast and the archetype. Thus, this conception of the whole visible universe in its projection toward the infinite, from the atom and the germ to the Man-God, is the complete equation of the infinite; and from this point of view Christ is the Ideal of creation; whilst from the divine point of view he is the Idea of the creation. By him the Idea was realized in creation, and by him creation is raised toward the Infinite." (Pp. 125, 126.)

"Christ is to humanity not merely the Son of Mary, but the veritable Son of Man, resuming in himself the entire creation, of which he is the protoplast and the archetype." It is pretty evident from this that the author understands by the Incarnation not the assumption of flesh by the Word, but the Word uniting in himself the infinite and the finite, producing the entire universe, and constituting himself the ideal to which the human race aspires. He evidently, in whatever sense he understood the Incarnation, holds that it is coeval with creation, or with the procession of the Absolute from the idea to the actual, and that not the Word in his divinity alone, but the Word Incarnate, is he by whom all things are made, and who is the protoplast and archetype of creation. This certainly is not the Christian doctrine, for that teaches us that it was by the eternal Word that all things were made, by the infinite and eternal Word, who was in the beginning with God, and who was God, not by the Word Incarnate, for the Word became incarnate after the world was created, and, according to the common reckoning, only 1871 years ago. Besides, he became incarnate of the Virgin Mary, and he could not well have done so before she was born or had an actual existence.

We owe the author no thanks for his pretended advocacy of the Incarnation, which he only distorts from

the sense in which the Scriptures present it and the church holds and teaches it. We judge no man's heart; but we say this, that if it had been Mr. Gould's design to destroy all faith in the Incarnation, to explain away the whole central mystery of Christianity while seeming to accept and defend it, he could not have set himself more cunningly to work to do it. After having substituted the orthodox doctrine by another bearing, except in name, no resemblance to it, he deduces, seemingly from it, but really from the orthodox doctrine itself, several very true and important conclusions. Has he done so in order to deceive the unwary and induce them to accept a false theology and a deadly error? Or is he deceived himself—blinded or bewildered by the abstractions of modern heterodox philosophy? We know not which it is, but we do know that his book is admirably contrived to deceive and mislead all persons not more than ordinarily well instructed in the Christian faith and theology who may be tempted to read it. Its real character is well disguised from ordinary readers.

It is a notable fact that the author, while he insists on what he calls "the hypothesis of the Incarnation" as the medium of conciliating all intellectual and sentimental antinomies or contraries, nowhere speaks of it as the medium of redemption and salvation. The opinion that, if man had not sinned, the Word would nevertheless have become incarnate to complete the creative act by raising it to the highest pitch, ennobling man and elevating him to union of nature with God, is an opinion which may be held; but the more common doctrine, St. Thomas assures us, is, that he would not, which seems to be favored by the Holy Scriptures and by the *O Felix Culpa* which the church sings on Holy Saturday; and that the triumph over Satan is in this—that through redemption in Christ man is exalted to a higher glory, a nobler destiny, than he would have attained to if he had not sinned; so that, where sin abounded, grace much more abounded. But, whichever be the sounder opinion, it is certain that Christ came to redeem and save man from sin and its penalty; to make satisfaction for sin; to be the propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. Hence it was said to Mary: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins;" and hence the Baptist said to his disciples: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." We find nothing of this in Mr. Gould's theory in connection with the Incarnation. He seems not to be very deeply impressed with the fact that man has sinned and fallen under the power of Satan, and needs deliverance. He, perhaps, has reached that last infirmity of unbelief, not to believe there is a devil. He is intent only on removing certain dialectical and sentimental difficulties. This is suspicious.

The evidence the author adduces of the "hypothesis of the Incarnation" is of the feeblest kind—too feeble to satisfy even a thoroughgoing scientist. He discredits the Gospel narratives, rejects the miracles, denies the applicability of the prophecies usually relied on, and will not admit the authority either of the church or of the sacred text. He knocks from under the doctrine all its supports, and avowedly accepts it, as an "irrational verity," on trust. True, he intimates that it must be taken on authority, but admits no authority on which to take it but one's own private judgment. Such a writer has far more the appearance of being an enemy than a friend, and not an open, manly enemy at that.

We, at least, cannot take his doctrine on trust.

The author appears to us to be a man not wanting in natural ability, who has dabbled somewhat in the physical and so-called exact sciences, and has read several modern heterodox philosophers, and one or two books of Catholic theology, none of which has he mastered or digested, and has jumbled together in his mind, and thrown out in his book, matters of the most heterogeneous character, which no mortal man can mould into consistency. He advances very little that is original or that is new to those passably familiar with the topics he treats. What is original is not true, and what is true is so misplaced and so mixed up with errors of all sorts, that it is none too severe to judge the work, as a whole, to be practically false. Yet some of the details we would except, if found anywhere else, especially his chapter on "The Basis of Right," which is sound.

More we might say; but having, as we think, sufficiently refuted the principles on which the author's theory is founded, it is hardly worth one's while to attack the baseless edifice, which must soon fall of itself. We have taken no pleasure in reading or reviewing this pretentious book. It is one of a class of works which is becoming quite numerous, and which are all the more dangerous because they treat religion and the church with a certain apparent courtesy, and express their atheism or pantheism and their hostility to true religion in Christian phraseology. They are books which the faithful should eschew. They are pervaded throughout by a subtle but deadly poison.

UNCANONIZED SAINTS.

MARGARET stood at the window with *St. Vincent's Manual* in her hands, idly turning over the leaves, and looking up at the leaden skies that gave promise of snow.

Aunt Alice sat in her low rocking-chair, near the fire, crocheting an Afghan and humming dreamingly to herself the while.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Feast of St. Severinus, Hermit," said Margaret. "I think there are too many saints in the calendar. One does not have time to become well acquainted with all of them, nor any of them, for that matter, unless one is supereminently pious. Decidedly, there are too many saints in the calendar."

"There is a curious coincidence between our thoughts at this moment, Margo," said Aunt Alice, pausing in her swaying movement, and laying Afghan and needle on her lap. "Perhaps I should say a coincidence between the subject-matter of our reflections. The same, with a difference. I have been thinking of the uncanonized saints, and their name is Legion. They have a calendar, though, which God keeps for them, and its records are traced in letters of gold."

"What manner of sanctified souls

are you thinking of, aunty? Unknown martyrs, silent confessors, or unseen apostles?" And Margaret looked smilingly down in her royal stateliness at the little figure by the fire.

"Not any of these," answered Aunt Alice, beginning to rock slowly back and forward as she spoke. "My uncanonized saints are the patient, long-enduring victim-wives of cruel, indifferent, or intemperate husbands. Although an old maid, I believe I speak without prejudice. I have seen, indeed, happy marriages; but I have known such misery to result from ill-assorted unions, have witnessed such terrible persecutions, such wearing away of body and soul, carried on under the sacred name of conjugal allegiance and matrimonial rights, that many a time I have thanked God for being lonely—and alone."

"But what particular train of thought has led to such reflections this afternoon, aunty?" asked Margaret, drawing an ottoman from the corner, and seating herself beside the old lady. "And do you really believe that many marriages are unhappy?"

"I know such to be the case. I have not lived fifty years in the world, among all kinds of people, without having made some observations, such, too, as have strengthened and confirmed my earliest conclusions."

"I am thoroughly interested, and you are in talking humor. Let us discuss the subject freely and fully; that is, as well as two women of limited theoretical experience and feminine prejudice can be expected to. Or, rather, you shall expound, while I sit at your feet and listen—to learn."

Aunt Alice smiled and leaned back in her chair. She is not thin, dear reader, neither does she wear curls. Her form is plump, her face is kindly and beautiful, her hair is a soft brown, streaked with gray. She is a gentle, motherly-looking old maid.

"To begin, or continue, whichever you please," resumed Margaret. "Do you think men are ever as thoroughly unselfish in their love as women are?"

"Unless in exceptional cases, no. Love is everything to a woman: it is but an episode in the life of a man. She carries her treasure with her wherever she goes. All day long her thoughts dwell upon it; it is never absent from her mind. He puts it away from him through the busy hours of intercourse with the world of his fellow-men, and only lifts anew the silken thread when the rush and tear of toil and traffic have given place to softer thoughts of rest and peace. Man is naturally more selfish than woman; he is capable of great sacrifices, but he knows nothing of the thousand daily recurring acts of self-abnegation of which a woman's life is constituted from beginning to end. Women should try to understand this better than they do. An ardent lover often makes but an indifferent husband. Why? Because, the first ardor of passion spent, he wearies of perpetual sweetness, and by degrees he seeks to assert his natural self again."

"And so you think, aunty, that man is an unnatural, unfeeling monster?" said Margaret musingly.

"Far be it from me to hold or express such an opinion, Margaret; but my uncanonized saints are numerous, nevertheless. There are men who seem to make the persecution of their wives the one deliberate aim and purpose of their existence; whose every impulse appears to be one of cruelty and unkindness; who, when they come to stand before the judgment-seat of God, I believe will be found as truly guilty of murder as

though their hands reeked dripping with the stains of blood. Dreaming of auld lang-syne, this afternoon, has turned my thoughts backward upon this very subject. I have in my mind an instance of husbandly persecution and wifely endurance which is but one of many similar cases that might be related. I shall be as brief as possible.

"If Mary Barton had a fault, it was excessive amiability. Every one loved her, and her happy, joyous nature was a passport to all hearts. She had lovers by the score, and could have chosen from among the best in the country. She married, to please her relations, a man who was in every respect much her inferior. He wanted a wife to take charge of his house and attend to his personal comforts. It cannot be denied that she displayed weakness in thus uniting herself to one with whom she could have no sympathy, no feeling in common. Still, she believed her course to be the best and wisest. If, in the first days of her loveless marriage, she dreamed of possible content and comparative happiness in the future, time soon dispelled the illusion. Her husband made no pretences to a love he had never felt, was never capable of feeling. Not satisfied with cold indifference, he began a series of petty persecutions, compared with which death would have been delightful, and martyrdom a welcome boon. She was a woman of refined tastes and delicate appreciations. He sought to combat and crush them in every possible way. It was sufficient for her to express a wish to have it thwarted, and any utterance of opinion or sentiment on her part was equivalent to a contradiction from him. Too meek-spirited to resent such tyranny, she gradually sank into a state of humble submission pitiable to behold in one whose nature had been so buoyant and elastic. Her master gloried in his power, and prided in the consciousness of entire dominion over her. Children were born to them—children that learned to fear their father's frown and dark, malignant scowl as deeply as they loved their mother's gentle smile and sweet voice. They were her only sources of happiness in this world, and yet he sought to torture her in them. I have known him to taunt and frighten them to tears, and when, afraid to meet his cruel gaze, they would endeavor to smother their sobs upon her breast, his unkind hand would uplift the little head, and force the trembling form to sit erect and silent.

"I have heard him order his oldest son, a brave, bright boy, to perform an action in direct opposition to his mother's command of a moment before; and when the child, reluctant to displease that mother, hesitated to obey, his unnatural father seized him and thrust him out into the winter snow, and left him there for two long hours.

"One by one, as they reached manhood and womanhood, those children married, and left home, glad to escape by any means from a life of misery and pain.

"For twenty-five years did this tyranny continue. At last the victim died, veritably of a broken heart, if ever such things are. Over her coffin he may have had some moments of regret, the pangs of remorse may have smitten him for a brief time; but the cold, hard, cruel nature soon reasserted itself, and he spurned all advances from his children, at a time when, if ever, grief and affliction might have opened the way to better thoughts.

"That woman learned to be a saint in all those years, Margaret.

'God must have something good in store for me,' she would often say, 'he tries me so fiercely here below.' But few knew of her trials. Perhaps three or four of her most intimate personal friends had some idea of their intensity, none others. How her whole soul must have revolted from that man! What struggles she must have undergone to keep from hating him! And yet I do not believe he ever succeeded in irritating her into passion or angry remonstrance. 'I have my children to live for,' she would say. 'I wish them to love me, and never to be ashamed of me after I am gone.'

"And this man stood high in the community. He held places of trust and honor; he was noted for a charitable man; in places of public assembly he ever played the philanthropist's part; outside of his own family, he could laugh and jest with the gayest, and was esteemed a pleasant companion. Stranger hands were extended to him in welcome, while his own wife and children fled his coming, and many a time have I heard it remarked that Mr. —— was far more sociable than his wife. So the world goes."

"What an experience!" said Margaret. "What a dreadful martyrdom, indeed! Do you think passive endurance is required of us in such instances as this, Aunt Alice? Does God wish us to sit still and fold our hands, and die, and make no sign?"

"He fitteth the back to the burden, Margo, and blessed are they who persevere to the end. This woman had not even love to stay her aggrieved and broken spirit. It could scarcely have withstood such unkindness, to be sure; but I have known it to outlive indifference, to have grown stronger with neglect. I cannot understand this phase, I must confess. But so it is. A man marries a young, inexperienced, affectionate girl. Something in her may have stirred the kindly and sympathetic impulses of his nature into action for a time. We will grant that he loves her, after a fashion. With her, love is part of her religion. She gives him all her heart, and places her hopes of future happiness in his hands. Looking down from the height of his manhood, he takes the gift, gracefully, it may be, but carelessly, as one who would place a fresh, bright flower on his breast, to lie there for a day. After a while its freshness withers, or he tires of its sameness, and throws it aside. The man goes out into the world, and forgets amid its distractions what he owes to her who has given herself to him. He may not be wilfully unkind, he may never be guilty of harshness, but continued neglect is often more painful than occasional unkindness. Woman is the complement of man: she should be his companion. She needs sympathy—from whom should its fulness come but from her husband?

"A man may be vexed during the day with the cares of business, but he can generally dismiss them after business-hours. A woman's work is never done, her toils and annoyances are perpetual. The husband does not always mean to be selfish, but he often is so without being fully conscious of it. He may talk of her trials as being nothing compared to his, but would he wish to change places with her? Never. He is too wise for that. Day in, day out, year after year, the patient wife combats a host of cares and vexations that would drive her liege lord frantic in a week. She must contend with inefficient servants, or supply their places, endure fatigue and anxiety with sick children, endeavor to manage her expenditure in the most economical manner, be here, there, and

everywhere at once, and yet have a pleasant smile and creature comforts for her husband. This is well enough when her efforts are appreciated, but when indifference and neglect are her rewards, we need not much wonder that she sometimes degenerates into a peevish, fretful, and complaining woman. And yet, how many married women are so situated! And because they do not always cry out and protest, it is said or thought they do not suffer. Poor beings! They go on loving and hoping for better things till the end comes, and they open their eyes in paradise."

"I am not so sure of that, Aunt Alice," said Margaret dubiously; "or, rather, I am not sure they come to paradise because of this long-suffering and endurance. There is a sort of selfishness in such devotedness that to my thinking is quite human and not in the least degree heroic. Such women do not love in spite of coldness and neglect, by dint of effort. They do not love because they deem it a duty so to do, but simply because it is natural and truly womanly. Two-thirds of them never think of paradise as a possible guerdon, but embody all that is blessed both here and hereafter in the persons of their careless husbands. You are too romantic, aunty. I cannot place them on the list of uncanonized saints."

"Ah! Margo, how hard you are! Pray, how do you intend to live and love when you are married?"

"I have peculiar views on the subject, I believe. In the first place, I intend to marry a man, knowing him to be such, never foolishly imagining him an angel in disguise. I must see faults in him, or I shall never feel safe to place my happiness in his keeping. I intend to love him sincerely, deeply, fervently, but quietly, and rationally withal. I shall not expect impossibilities from him. I shall not exclude his bachelor friends from my hearth, nor forbid him an occasional ramble with them. I shall endeavor to consult his tastes in every particular. But he must not be too fastidious—that is selfishness in a refined form. All my joys and half my sorrows shall be shared with him, and I shall exact a corresponding return, with this difference—he must keep no shadow of a care or grief from me. I can forgive a hasty word or act; for right well I know he will have many such to forgive from me. He may have his little enjoyments, too, apart from mine. I shall not put a veto on an occasional game of euchre or whist; he may feel at perfect liberty to smoke in his own house; but, aunty, even though we do live 'out West,' he must not chew tobacco. He would not find me a 'rare, pale Margaret' then, Aunt Alice, but a very Katharine, obstinate and unyielding. So we would jog on together peacefully and contentedly, loving each other till life's close."

"What a strange Margaret you are," said Aunt Alice in a low, soft voice, stroking the girl's dark hair with tender touch. "A mixture of common sense and dreaminess; a true woman, affectionate and faithful, with a double share of practical virtue and sound ideas. God bless you, Margaret!"

For a few moments the two women sat in silence, the past and the future, one looking backward through the halls of time, the other gazing with eager eyes into the mists that veil the yet to be.

A sudden slamming of doors, a rush of feet in the hall, the sound of merry, boyish voices on the threshold, and the present glides between; fair, smiling, radiant with happiness and peace.

"Margo! Margie! Where is Margaret?"

"Here, Roland, Archie, Martin; here in the dark! Wipe the snow off your boots, and hang your overcoats in the hall, before you come in. Come, Archie, light the gas."

And as the garish flame burst forth into the room, the dream-spirits fled away.

FEAST-DAY LITERATURE IN MEXICO.

The number and profusion of Mexican festivals have been generally remarked by travellers in the country of San Felipe de Jesus; but to many observers their essential character remains more or less unintelligible. What with days of Guadalupe, Christmas, and Lent, of patron saints and heroes, including a three-days' feast in honor of their national independence, the Mexicans have a striking abundance of holidays, even in the present times of diminished celebration. Christmas in 1868, in the city of Mexico, was still reached by the ladder of festivities called Posadas, comprising nine nights of dance and cheer, in memory of a legend that for a like period before the divine birth the Blessed Virgin sought shelter at various inns or posadas. Carnival, of late years, has been sadly celebrated by masks and rags, by the riders in the Paseo, the dancers at the theatre, the Indian cooks in the streets. On Holy Thursday, effigies of Judas, the Guy of young Mexico, stuffed with powder and pierced with shooting-crackers, are sold on all sides; and a few days afterward, every sulphurous figure of this most infamous of *pronunciados* is, singly or in piles, blown to pieces. The foreigner sometimes wonders whether in this kind of merry-making serious faith is dissipated; but, except that Mexico has a surfeit of her celebrations, they do not differ in their vital spirit from those of other countries. Is it any more harmful to explode Judas than to burn Guy? And, at worst, is it more shocking to drink pulque at Santa Anita than to take gin at St. Giles? To eyes familiar with the busy life of the North, the Mexican festivals, as regards eating and drinking, seem to be in alarming proportion as to certain popular fasts in matters of living, clothing, learning. After fifty years of revolutions, the truth respecting which has not yet been well revealed, we can imagine, without great help from description or discussion, what poverty and vice would come to sit down at the common banquet of the Mexicans to feast unwittingly on their own miseries. But there is another view of the popular life of Mexico—we mean a religious one from a Catholic standpoint. What has been the actual career of Mexicans, in feasts and fasts? Why, in spite of numberless vicissitudes, they are still marked with the ineffaceable sign of the Cross, we do not now propose to studiously inquire. But we shall endeavor to hold to some small portion of a vexed and perplexed topic that religious candle-light without which no dark problem of human life can be well defined, let alone solved.

Out of the *fiesta* in Mexico has

grown a popular literature, specimens of which may be had at the plaza on most holidays. In the songs, rhymes, and prayers of which it is composed, we discern the old-fashioned, simple, and even hearty character of the traditional religious feast-day. Those who are blind to the devotion with which a great part of mankind regard the Blessed Virgin as in strict fact and pure truth the Mother of God may not recognize this character; but here it is, evident in loas, alabanzas, decimas, hymns, prayers, everything of the kind, except tracts. Chief among these verses are the Loas, a kind of dramatic prologue, the form of which has been employed with effect by the old Spanish poets. In the present instances, they are intended to honor the saints and their holidays, by touches of pious nature in accord with the honest ways and humors of men. One represents a poor charcoal-vender emerging from his dingy life to pay homage to the light and life of God; another is perhaps a dialogue between a carrier of fruits and a cobbler, ending in joint praises to the Blessed Virgin whose procession comes by; another is the soliloquy of a pedlar, interrupted by a song, and finally diverted from a statement respecting buttons, threads, and thimbles to "eternal praises of our Mother Mary." Still another, and one of the best loas to be found at the plaza or near the portales of the Mexican capital, is as follows:

LOA OF TWO CHARCOAL-SELLERS IN HONOR OF LA SANTISSIMA VIRGEN.

First Carbonero.

Will you buy charcoal?
Look! what a large bundle
I bring from Huisquelacan,
And my neck pains me.
It's good, all of oak,
And I give it you cheap.
Buy it, señorita.

[The procession in honor of Our Lady goes by.]

Music.

God save thee, beautiful Queen,
Daughter of the Eternal Father,
Worthy Mother of God the Son,
Spouse of the Holy Ghost.
Powerful, adored Queen,
Thee ardently celebrates
This religious people.

Second Carbonero.

Immaculate Mary,
Benign, lucent star,
Moon without blemish,
Luminous, lovely,
Thou who from high heaven
Protectest with favor,
Dost give us thy grace,
And obtain for us mercy.

First Carbonero.

Hear our sad prayers!
So many afflictions
Our children suffer
In this sea of torments!
Thy Divine Son, indignant
At strife and malice,
The scourge of war has unloosed.

Second Carbonero.

Victims of his ire,
Are many of us slain,
Or lamenting a thousand ills.
A house is scarce found
Where is misery not felt;
Infirmities trouble the poor.

First Carbonero.

Is't possible, dear Mother,
Our miseries must grow—
Thou consent that we perish?
Art not our mediatrix,
Our pleader, benefactress,
Our most adored Mother?

Second Carbonero.

Let the air be made pure,
And impieties cease;
Religion, peace, flourish.
Say to thy loving Jesus
That we who complain
Are thy adopted children
Who will not offend him.

First C. We will cry out on this occasion
Second C. With jubilee and joy
First C. Viva the Virgin Mary!
Second C. Viva Religion!

The foregoing loa suggests a frequent case with the war-worn Indians, the unhappiness of which no holiday could keep out of mind. Each of their handicrafts seems to have had its peculiar loa or loas, none of literary significance, but many of them interesting and amusing by reason of their odd simplicity, and that popular tone which has made them a portion of the current literature of the country. A *barillero,*

who has been crying out, "Needles, buttons, threads, ribbons, thimbles, and other handsome articles for elegant women," stops in his garrulity to offer praises to the Blessed Lady:

Con humilde devocion
Y con afecto sincera
Este pobre barillero
Te rinde su corazon.

Mereces toda alabanza
Oh, virgen inmaculada!
Tu eres Maria venerada
Mi consuelo y esperanza.

The same style of quatrain prevails in all the loas. In one of the funniest of them, a *Hachiquero*, or gatherer of the maguey juice, which forms the national drink of pulque, has caught a fox or opossum stealing it from the plant. He beats his little enemy, which cuts such startling capers that he suspects it to be an imp of Satan. But this loa is so characteristic that we must allow the excited *Hachiquero* to speak for himself, and, while so doing, to give us a glimpse of the most popular phase of agricultural life in Mexico:

LOA OF A HACHIQUERO, DEDICATED TO CELEBRATE THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN.

The stage on which the prologue is acted out represents a field, and the Hachiquero comes out with a skin-bag and a staff.

Ah, what small luck
For my trouble I have!
Long ere the dawn
I prepare for my work:
The petate scarce leave I,
Where badly I slept,
When the frost comes upon me.
Before the day breaks
I begin at my scraping,
Chilled with the cold,
And, when least I'm thinking,
I'm plagued with a fox.
If the curst 'possums
Haven't taken the juice,
It's the wolves and coyotes,
For all that I know,
Or the dogs with the black heads.
So, so; I've some scrapers
Who're earlier risers,
And first on the field.
But oh! when I catch 'em,
They'll not laugh at me!
Don Pascual sha'n't scold me again,
Because to the tinacual take I
So little of aguamiel.

The Hachiquero looks with prying eyes to one side of the platform.

But what see I, great God!
Just this minute he comes,
That curst little coon!
He has mounted the maguey!
He's furiously scraping!
He's uncovered the hole,
And put in his nose!
Ah! now he will pay for it.

He throws down his bag, and runs to one side, striking blows, when is let loose from the inside a cacomixtle (something like a coon) filled with straw, a rocket in its mouth. He pretends that he has just caught it, and redoubles his blows.

Ah, thief of a coon!
Ah, vagabond, I've got you!
Drink hearty—I give it to you!
Take this for early rising;
Take thy aguamielito!
Come now—a stirrup-cup;
Just this little sup more!
Who could have told thee
'Twould cost thee so dear
For nosing in the maguey
And getting up so soon?
No doubt thy wife and parents
And all thy little children
Expect that thou wilt take 'em
At least their pumbacitos.
So take another sup
Of what's good for you, rogue,
And, that you may learn better,
You shall see your snout burned.

He lights the rocket which the cacomixtle has in its mouth, and, raising it up, he gives it a number of turns around the platform, as if frightened, and then throwing it from him, says:

Without doubt it's the devil!
Who knows but it's a mahual
That throws fire from his mouth?
But, Lord of my life, what am I to do?
He stinks like sulphur,
The same as Lucifer!
Well, though the devil own him,
I'll smash his head,
And when I get home
I'll turn him inside out. [Beats him.]
Surely, he won't live,
Thus beaten to pieces;
So I'll go and scrape magueys,
As the moon is quite low,
And the morn is just breaking.

He turns as if to go, and, surprised, exclaims:

But what is this, my God!
So much people, the procession,
Lights, rockets, ringing o' the bells
In all the town!
All with great pleasure
Give honor to Mary.
I also will praise my Mother
Let instruments help us,
Singing with tender accents
Praises to Mary.

MUSIC.

Thou art a crystalline pearl,
Fountain of grace and sweetness,
Glorious and divine Mother,
Mirror of Beauty!

The Hachiquero now takes off his hat, and says:

To thee, immaculate Queen,
I direct my praise:
Thou art the sun that banishes
The detestable darkness
Of our loathsome faults.
Thy imperishable grace
Frees us from every hurt.
White dove, so innocent,
Thou art the bow of promise
Unto all the living.
Thou art a splendid city,
Well guarded for the refuge
Of all who call on thee.
Cry all with one voice,
In scorn of heresy:
"Viva the Mother of God,
And our Mother Mary!"

So on runs the current of enthusiastic alabanzas. The scraping of the maguey, it may be necessary to inform our readers, is required for a fresh exudation of the maguey juice, or aguamiel, which trickles into a receptacle cut out of the heart of the great plant, and which, when taken to the place of fermentation, soon appears as pulque, the milky wine of the maguey. As may be inferred from the foregoing loa, sacred names are sometimes used in the prologues with a want of solemnity which, if better understood where religion was once so popular, is foreign to exact notions of reverence. Evidently nobler and lovelier ideas than appetite or mirth entered into the poor Indian's observation of holidays. That he had, more or less, a love of the church which made its sign over every part of his life, so that even his feasts and songs bore a tone of piety, seems to be written in the literature of the alabanzas, or praises. Of these the following is a specimen, though not the whole of a very long string of verses:

ALABANZAS TO THE CHILD OF ATOCHA.

O precious child
Of Atocha named,
Who helpest always the forsaken;
Incomparable child
Who enchantest all
With so many miracles and graces
The orphan sad
Thy hand doth soothe—
He calls thee father,
And thou art kind.
To the captive forlorn
Who groans in prison,
Thou art a solace
In hard affliction.
Wonderful child,
I bid thee farewell;
Adieu, beautiful child,
Dear infant God.
Thou art my treasure,
My desire, my welfare,
Always I worship thee,
For ever. Amen.

The Child of Atocha, it need scarcely be said, is only a legendary name for the Redeemer. Our Lord of Chalma is referred to in a number of alabanzas, praising "a thousand times the most holy mystery of crucified love," and rendering glory to God, "a portent of whose love was given in the most beautiful image of Chalma. To an idol succeeded the semblance of heaven; the idolatry of Ostoteotl was destroyed by the true God." What else of popular pathos, sincerity, and devotion is suggested by the rude poetry of the holidays may be gathered from the following strains—each valued at a penny by the Sunday dealers near the portales:

PRAYER TO THE DIVINE COUNTENANCE.

My father Jesus,
My father dear,
Thy countenance frees us
From pest and peril.

Most holy countenance
Of God beloved,
Thy beauty frees us
From death and sin.

Most holy countenance
Of my Redeemer,
From all danger
The Lord deliver us.

Adieu, my Jesus,
Adieu, my Creator,
Adieu, holy countenance
Of my Redeemer.

JESUS FULL OF LOVE.

Jesus loving,
Sweet father mine,
Pardon me, Lord,
Of my offences.

In the garden praying,
For my love betrayed;
Pardon me, Lord,
Of my offences.

In horrible prison
Thou wast cast;
Forgive me, Lord,
For my offences.

Thy feet and hands
To the cross were nailed;
Forgive me, Lord,
For my offences.

From the cross, in death
Thou didst descend;
Forgive me, Lord,
For my offences.

By thy blood so precious
Which for me was shed;
Forgive me, Lord,
For my offences.

Precious are some of these rude tokens of a people's tragedy and of God's—lullabies of death, as it were, sung to an immortal child in the heart of man. They are too simple and too humble for the worst contemner of Mexican society to sneer at. Have they meant nothing, think you, to the generation of Indians who have died out in the storms and strifes of the last fifty years; to those who, amid the defeats of nature, may have gathered strength to appeal to the mercy and bounty of Heaven? How and why and where the Mexicans have failed and suffered, cannot be readily said; but one thing we may venture to say, that the salvation of Mexico must at last come from whatever faith has inspired its prayers. "Lord, deliver me," is the "Prayer to the Just Judge" sold near the Palace or the Cathedral on Sundays—"deliver me as thou hast delivered the saints from all perils; deliver me as thou didst St. Mary Magdalen and others; deliver me from troubles, from dangerous roads, from swelling rivers, from prisons and mishaps, from my enemies, from the devil and his satellites, from robbers, from evil tongues, from false witnessing, from the power of mortal sin, and from the power of enemies visible and invisible." Thinking of all that Mexico has suffered from robbers and pronouncers, let us say Amen to that prayer.

WHICH IS THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS FRAUDULENCE?

A REVIEW OF SOME STRICTURES BY TWO *Churchmen.*

THE author of the *Invitation Heeded*, on page 271 of that work, has the following passage:

"The Roman Council, which was convened under Pope Gelasius, in the year 494, says: 'Though all the Catholic churches throughout the world be but one bridal chamber of Christ, yet the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church has been preferred to the rest by no decree of a council, but has obtained the Primacy by the voice in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour himself, saying, *Thou art Peter*, etc.'"

Mr. Ffoulkes, in his *Christendom's Divisions*, part ii. p. 199, hazards the remark that:

"Of that synod, as Cave shows, nothing had been heard previously to the age of the False Decretals, among which it occurs."

This statement of Mr. Ffoulkes has been made the basis of an article by the *American Churchman*, copied and endorsed by the Hartford *Churchman* of Jan. 21, in which Dr. Stone is charged with quoting the above decree from the False Decretals.

A few words will show that this charge is without the slightest foundation, and has been made in utter ignorance of the whole topic through a blind following of Mr. Ffoulkes. The Decree of Gelasius is found in all the collections of the Canon Law, and specifically in that of Dionysius Exiguus, which dates from the beginning of the sixth century, three hundred years before the time of Isidore Mercator, the compiler of the collection which contains the False Decretals. A confirmatory testimony is found in a letter of Pope Hormisdas to the African bishop Possessor, dated August 13, 520, which alludes to a decree of his predecessor, *De Libris Recipiendis*. The MSS. of the decree are numerous and ancient—one of them, that which is entitled the *Codex Luccensis*, being of the eighth century, that is, the century preceding the compilation of Isidore. The decree is also found in the *Collection of Cresconius*, compiled in the year 694. The whole question of this decree has been thoroughly sifted by the most learned and acute critics, from Baronius down to Dr. Hefele, and their unanimous judgment is in accordance with that given by Natalis Alexander, who says, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, chapter v., article xviii., under the head of the "Fifth Century:"

"Venerandæ sacrum monumentum antiquitatis nemo negaverit." "No one has denied that it is a sacred monument of venerable antiquity."

The assertion, without any proof, of Ffoulkes, that it was unknown before the age of the False Decretals—that is, the ninth century—is therefore as false as anything ever concocted by Isidore Mercator himself. His manner of speaking of the fact that it is contained in Isidore's collection, thereby hinting that it was forged by him, is a specimen of his own peculiarly shuffling and disingenuous manner of dealing with historical facts and critical questions. The genuineness of the Decree of Gelasius does not in the slightest degree depend on the circumstance that it is found in the collection of Isidore. An ordinary reader would infer from Mr. Ffoulkes's manner of speaking that this decree is found only in a collection of supposititious decrees manufactured for the purpose of supporting and extending the authority of the Roman See. The language of the writer in the *American Churchman* is still more to the same effect, as the reader will see directly. This is merely throwing dust in the eyes of the simple. The Isidorian collection is not a mere mass of forgeries. It contains a great body of genuine documents, together with those which are falsified or forged. It is no mark of falsity, therefore, in any document, that it occurs there alone and nowhere else. The Decree of Gelasius was copied into that collection, along with the great mass of genuine decrees, by its compiler, from Dionysius or Cresconius. With the forgeries of Isidore Mercator the Roman Church had nothing to do, as has been repeatedly and amply proved; they were first exposed by a Catholic prelate, Cardinal Cusa; the cause of the Papacy is no more prejudiced by them or concerned with them than that of Christianity by the apocryphal scriptures; and the remark of the Hartford *Churchman*, that "whenever it is 'dark enough' to make the 'Forged Decretals' tenable, they will be

manned and defended," is simply a gratuitous insult. The Protestant Episcopal Church reads among the Lessons of Holy Scripture extracts from books which she has rejected from the canon as apocryphal. The apocryphal gospels and epistles, the canons and constitutions of the apostles, which are known not to be genuine, works falsely attributed to the fathers, and even the fables of the rabbins respecting the history of our Lord, are justly and without censure made use of by the most conscientious writers, as evidences of the belief prevalent at the time when the pieces in question are known to have been written. The forgeries of Isidore Mercator are, therefore, valid proofs of the belief and practice of the early part of the ninth century, since they were concocted with art and plausibility, in such a manner as to excite no surprise or awaken any suspicion by reason of novelty in respect to doctrine or discipline, either in the Western or the Eastern Church. It is only in this sense that they have been used since their character has been detected, or ever will be used, by any Catholic scholar. As for the calumnies of the Abbé Gratry, they have been fully refuted by M. Chantrel and other eminent writers in France, with more care and ability than their intrinsic worthlessness merited. The real question at issue, however, at present, relates simply to the Decree of Gelasius and to Dr. Stone's quotation of it. We have proved that it is not one of the False Decretals, and was not quoted from Isidore, and this refutes completely the false allegation of the *American Churchman*.

The weight of evidence and authority is decidedly in favor of the opinion that this decree was first issued by Gelasius (in 496 rather than 494), in a council of seventy bishops. It is sufficient to cite on this point Dr. Hefele, who has re-examined the whole question critically, and weighed the arguments of both Catholic and Protestant scholars with care. He notices not only Cave, but also Pearson and Walch, who have assigned a later date to the decree, and replies to their objections in detail. His judgment is thus given:

"We have no hesitation in regarding, with the Brothers Ballerini, Mansi, and others, Pope Gelasius as the real author of this Index."

And, again:

"In view of all this, we hold firmly that the genuine and shorter text of our decree certainly comes from Pope Gelasius, and, moreover, from his synod of the year 496. Walch asserts, indeed, with great assurance, in his *History of Councils*, p. 328, that this decree was not issued by a synod; but he gives no proof of this, because he had none. We can prove, however, precisely the contrary, from the best and oldest MSS. of the Gelasian Decree, namely, from the *Codex Luccensis*, which distinctly ascribes the same to a Roman synod under Gelasius." *

We may here explain, for the benefit of the reader, that the decree in question is a very long instruction concerning canonical and apocryphal scriptures, and also orthodox or heretical ecclesiastical writings, in which occurs the passage concerning the Roman Church quoted by Dr. Stone. The variant readings of MSS., and the discussions respecting the genuine original text, have no bearing upon this passage, which is found in all alike, and specifically in the *Codex Luccensis*. The decree itself, with the readings of three codices, and the notes of Pagi and Mansi, can be found in Migne's *Latin Patrology*, vol. lix., under the title *Gelasius*.

* *Concil. Gesch.*, von Dr. C. J. Hefele, vol. ii. pp. 598, 603.

We have done now with the vindication of Dr. Stone. Every reader who has any knowledge of the rules by which honorable writers are governed will say that, according to those rules, Dr. Stone was perfectly justified in quoting as he has done the Roman Council under Gelasius; and that, if any critic wished to question its authenticity, he was bound to do it in a respectful manner, with some sufficient and probable reasons.

We have not, however, altogether done with the pair of *Churchmen;* and we think our readers will see in a few moments that they would deserve a severe castigation for their infringement of the canons of literary honor if they had not placed themselves in such a pitiable light as rather to appeal to compassion than to awaken anger.

The article in the *American Churchman*, which is fully endorsed and specially commended to our attention by the *Churchman* of Hartford, we hereby present to our reader at full length, that he may take in all its beauties at a glance.

PIOUS FRAUDS BY DR. STONE.

In our notice of Dr. Stone's book we gave some specimens of his garbled and falsified authorities, enough to cast discredit upon all the rest.

We omitted perhaps the most suggestive, and certainly, considering his own words, the most amusing of them all, which we will now proceed to give here.

On page 271, speaking of the Forged Decretals, the basis of the Roman canon law and of Papal claims, he says:

"The Forged Decretals may be matter for curious and learned investigation, but they are certainly ruled out of the debate between Catholics and Protestants, as has been often shown. If Protestants ever expect to capture the citadel of the Papacy, it is time for them to stop playing Chinese antics before an old mound which was never used for military purposes, and which nobody dreams of defending. The pious fraud was exposed and reprobated centuries ago."

Would one ever dream after that that Dr. S. himself has quoted, with a great flourish of trumpets, and as if it settled the matter, this same "pious fraud"? The truth is, the claims of the Papacy are so based on fraud and forgery from first to last, that, in the same breath in which he condemns the forgery, a champion of the Papacy has to quote it, because he can find nothing else. Just ten pages before, on page 261, Dr. James Kent Stone is annihilating Isaac Barrow! Let nobody laugh incredulously—that is what the ambitious young convert proposes. Dr. Barrow has had the full vials of sacred wrath poured upon his devoted head, page after page, and now the wretched creature is to receive his deathblow. Mark Dr. Stone, as with one blow of his ponderous learning he crushes this pretender!

"But since the author of the *Supremacy* has appealed to councils, let a council answer him. . . . The Roman Council which was convened under Pope Gelasius, in the year 494, says: 'Though all the Catholic churches throughout the world be but *one* bridal chamber of Christ, *yet the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church has been preferred to the rest by no decrees of a council, but has obtained the Primacy by the voice in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour himself, saying, Thou art Peter, etc.* . . . First, *therefore*, is the Roman Church, the See of Peter the Apostle, "not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."'"

Pretty well done for Dr. Stone! The only difficulty is there was never such a council! Its acts exist only in the Forged Decretals—"a pious fraud exposed and reprobated centuries ago." Dr. Barrow is crushed *by a forgery!*

We absolve Dr. Stone from intentional guilt. He is honestly ignorant, we doubt not. He only took this quotation, like so many, at second-hand, and had no thought that he was going to the old "pious fraud" for his authority.

In Ffoulkes's *Christendom's Divisions*, written when he was a Roman Catholic, and, like Dr. Stone, a convert, but, *un*like Dr. Stone, a man of learning, he says on page 199, Second Part:

"In the preface to the Nicene Council by the author of the False Decretals, we read: 'It should be known of a truth by all Catholics that the Holy Roman Church owes its precedence to no synodical decrees, but obtained the Primacy from those words of our Lord and Saviour in the Gospel spoken to Peter.' It is true that the same statement, word for word, is attributed to the synod *reported to have been held* under Gelasius, A.D. 494, but of that synod, as Cave shows, nothing had been heard previously to the age of the False Decretals *among which it occurs.*

Dr. Stone is probably not yet aware that the author of the Forged Decretals was too ambitious to confine his skill to decretals only. He tried his hand also on councils, and even ventured to forge an introduction to the canons of the Council of Nicea.

If Dr. S. will devote himself for a half-dozen years to the study of what he professes, in his hasty compilation, to quote, he will have a more extended view of "pious frauds" than in his credulous simplicity he at present dreams. Especially he will venture on writing no such nonsense as he has printed about the submission of the Greeks at Lyons and Florence, when he discovers that the very authority cited to overwhelm the Greeks was these same Forged Decretals supplemented by forged creeds and forged councils.

But if these forgeries could impose upon Bessarion and his friends, why should we wonder that they have deluded Dr James Kent Stone?—*American Churchman.*

We do not commend the above to the New York *Tablet*, because that paper has apparently taken leave of its senses altogether, but THE CATHOLIC WORLD has shown a little sense in making its assertions. It, for instance, would never think of asserting that "Rome was never the capital of the Christian emperors of the West," for which astonishing information we are indebted to the *Tablet*. To the above article, which we take from the *American Churchman*, we have only to add the testimony of Father Gratry as to the use made of the "False Decretals" by the Ultramontanes in France. He was, he says, compelled to reject a thesis in their favor by a young student of divinity, whose argument was that they were, if not literally true, yet so far the expression of "Catholic truth" as to be commended for their pious worth. The fact is, "this old mound—never used for military purposes"—is managed very much as Fort Sumter was during the siege of Charleston. During the bombardment, by day, the garrison was withdrawn, but restored at night. Whenever it is "dark enough" to make the "Forged Decretals" tenable, they will be manned and defended.

The sincere inquirer after truth, for whom alone we write these lines, may judge for himself how fitting it is for the authors of such an article as the above to put on the air of virtuous indignation against Isidore Mercator, or any one else who uses fraud and falsehood for what he esteems a good end. Let him take up, after reading it, Dr. Stone's book, compare its style, spirit, and matter with those of its critics, and make his own judgment of their relative qualities in respect to dignity, earnestness, love of truth, and fairness of reasoning. For ourselves, we drop all further remarks upon these particular writers, and proceed to say a few words to our Protestant readers whose minds have been turned toward the Catholic Church concerning a certain method of treating the great questions which relate to it adopted by a number of their religious teachers.

This method consists partly in putting on an air of great decision, severity, and authority; assuming to be very learned masters of the whole subject, and perfectly certain, from their own investigations and superior knowledge, that the whole fabric of Roman authority and doctrine is a structure of systematic fraud and usurpation. With this is joined a tone, sometimes of sneering and sometimes of invective, against the Roman Church and all her faithful advocates and adherents, which is often carried to the greatest lengths. The object of all this is to daunt and terrify those who have begun to waver in their allegiance to the aforesaid teachers, to shut off inquiry, and to put an end to defections which have become alarming in number and quality by a display of intellectual and moral force. Loudness and determination in asserting their own authority must make up what is wanting in proofs and arguments. Denunciation and vehement assertion must supply the lack of solid and satisfactory refuta-

tion of the claims of the Roman Church. This tone could be tolerated in those only who are evidently in perfectly good faith, who are thoroughly and zealously in earnest, and who are themselves completely victims to an old and almost invincible prejudice inherited from their ancestors. We know far too much, and we are convinced that some at least of our Protestant readers know too much of the real state of minds in the High-Church circles, and of the interior history of those circles, to allow them the benefit of this plea. There has been too much doubting, questioning, changing of opinions, dallying with Roman doctrine, running up to the door of the Catholic Church and darting away again, for such a tone to be assumed with any good taste or likelihood of imposing upon those who are not very simple and ill-informed. Only one who has certitude, *infallible* certitude, that his doctrine is from heaven, his authority of God, his church the only true ark of salvation, is justified in giving peremptory decisions to those who are pupils in religious doctrine, denouncing the ministers of other systems as false teachers, and condemning other *soi-disant* churches as counterfeits of the true one. It is very strange to see one whose mind is racked with doubt, and hesitating amid all manner of perplexities, venture to play the master over souls in a similar situation. It is no less strange to see one suddenly pass from a state of doubt to an outward assurance of certainty, when he has found no extrinsic rule of faith or criterion of certainty superior to his own mind, or no new and decisive motive and reason of determination which he is capable of explaining and proving to others. That party which calls itself "Catholic" among the Episcopalians presents a most pitiable spectacle in this respect, which is daily growing worse. It must be so from the nature of the case. In the beginning it was far otherwise. But candor, patient and dispassionate study, the sincere search for truth, and other equally honorable traits, cannot very long distinguish a school of theological writers who continue separated from the Catholic communion. At present, childishness, superstition, sophistry, a certain peculiar unsteadiness and shiftiness of mind, passionate violence, the most excessive spirit of private judgment and self-confidence, subjective sentimentalism, and, strange to say, scepticism akin to that of the neologians, have become the characteristics, and are the symptoms of the near dissolution, of that party which began with such signs of intellectual vigor at Oxford about forty years ago. Those who do not work out of it into the Catholic Church are likely to become ere long rationalists or sceptics.

The method of treating the subject of the church just now partly described, in fact also partly consists in a way of arguing directly leading to an unsettled and doubting state of mind, and to the undermining of positive religious belief. Those who use it cast a vague suspicion of unreliability upon the Catholic documentary evidence. They bring mist and darkness over the historic development of Christianity. They endeavor to present the whole subject of the controversy concerning the Roman supremacy as extremely intricate, and only intelligible to those who have made very profound and extensive researches. They ransack all records and documents for the most obscure facts, the most perplexing difficulties, the most captious objections, as the materials of the ingenious theories and hypotheses they oppose to the invincible Catholic demonstration,

which they are unable to cope with in a more direct and open manner. This is just like the policy of those who assail the Scriptures and the positive revelation of God in general. It is tedious and slow work to finish up a controversy of this kind. Only a few can master it, even when it is satisfactorily concluded. In the meantime, a certain number of persons who allow themselves to be drawn away into the marsh become the victims of this *ruse de guerre*. Wearied and puzzled, they lose their way; and, in a hopeless despair of finding their way to solid ground, allow themselves to be led back to the place from which they originally started. It is easy to see that such a mental catastrophe leaves the mind in a state of negative doubt, from which those who are inclined to intellectual activity easily pass to a state of positive doubt or unbelief. It is contrary to common sense to believe that God has imposed on men the obligation of seeking salvation through communion with one definite ecclesiastical society, unless he has made it easy to know that society—to wit, the true church—by plain, obvious marks. Let us suppose that it is certain that, if but one true church exists in the United States, it is either the Protestant Episcopal Church or the Catholic Church under the obedience of the Roman See. Those who advocate the claims of the former are bound to show some clear, decisive, easily-known marks which establish these claims and exclude those of its antagonist, in such a manner that all reasonable doubt is impossible to one who is not in some kind of invincible ignorance. A person who is a tolerably instructed member of the aforesaid church ought to have an infallible certainty that it is the church of Christ, so that it would be a grievous sin for him even to doubt it, much more to entertain the thought of leaving its communion. Do the religious teachers who advocate its claims profess to have such a ground of certitude? Do they profess that these claims are equally a matter of divine faith with the Trinity and the divinity of Christ? Do they consider a positive doubt of them as a grievous sin, causing the loss of grace and deserving eternal punishment? We think they do not make any such pretences, although their solemn lectures to their fellow-Protestants on the sin of schism appear farcical and insulting, except on the ground of a pretence of this kind, strongly sustained by good reasons. Their method of dealing with those who are inclined to submit to the Roman Church, therefore, recoils with destructive force upon themselves. It is surely no light or easy task to prove, from Scripture and apostolic tradition, that episcopacy is necessary to the being of a church, that baptism and the eucharist are not validly administered except by ministers episcopally ordained, that the Niceno-Constantinopolitan Creed must be believed as necessary to salvation; not to speak of other things which they assume as certain. Their own method of setting aside Catholic evidences would make short work with their own foundations.

The fact is, the Protestant Episcopal Church rests on the prestige which the Church of England derives from our Catholic property which it has appropriated, upon the wealth of its members, the splendor of its churches, the genteel decorum of its ways, and the faint odor of Catholicity which still hangs about its garments. The chief motive which is brought to bear upon disturbed consciences to keep them quiet within her fold is a worldly one. The arguments, as we have above said, which are addressed to the reason, are those which proceed

from principles of doubt, and produce a hesitating, unsettled condition of the mind. In this state, the sacrifices which one must make if he becomes a Catholic, his personal affections, his old attachments, and many other worldly considerations, come upon him with such force that he succumbs. It is a giving up; a sinking down into a position which it is easy to keep; a letting-go of the whole matter by default. Frequently, convictions of great maturity and strength are simply cut off at the root, conscience is stifled, the light of grace wilfully extinguished. In some cases, this sad result is to be attributed to a want of the heroic courage necessary in order to face the temporal consequences of an open profession of the faith. In others, it is caused by the tyranny and cruel persecution of which there have been and still are not a few instances, and which prevent some from embracing the Catholic faith, while they make others suffer for having done so. There is no tyranny so insupportable as that which is exercised under the pretence of free-thinking or private judgment, except that of usurped and illegitimate authority. All dominion over the mind and conscience is unbearable and degrading, except that which is exercised through reason or divine and infallible authority. The Catholic Church unites the two in the most perfect manner. Her claim to be the only true church is proved by clear, plain, intelligible evidences and motives of credibility, the marks and credentials of her divine, infallible authority. She gives her children infallible certainty that they are in the true church, and furnishes them with an unerring rule of faith and morals. Every portion of her doctrine is as certain as every other, or as any truth of revelation alone, or of revelation and reason together can be. The supremacy of the Pope, the truth of the definitions of the Vatican Council, are as certain to a Catholic as the existence of God; and he can never even doubt anything which the church commands him to believe, without a sin against both faith and reason like that of one who should question the veracity of God. The Catholic Church alone is in perfect unity and harmony with her own formal principle, and includes no contradiction in herself which can suggest a legitimate doubt to one who possesses in himself that formal principle. Every other form of religion creates doubt by the very means of its own formal principle, but can never satisfy it, because of its intrinsic contradictions. There is no refuge from universal doubt, except in regard to those truths of natural religion which are included in philosophical Theism and demonstrable by pure reason, unless the infallible rule of faith presented by the Catholic Church be submitted to.

It requires no long and intricate investigations, no profound and learned researches into the Scriptures, the fathers, history, or controversy, in order to apprehend and give firm assent, by an act of intelligent and infallible faith, to this divine rule. The evidences of the Catholic Church are accessible even to the simple and ignorant, if they have a right mind and a pure heart, just like the evidences of his divine mission which Jesus Christ gave to the people of Judea and Galilee. It is the opposition of the heart and the will, the worldly and temporal and personal interests marshalled against the authority of the Vicar of Christ, which prolong and perplex a controversy which would very soon be settled on its own merits.

The Roman Church condemns the schism and heresy of the Orien-

tals, rejects the pretence of every Protestant sect to possess any title of apostolic descent, and requires submission to her authority, to her decrees, to the definitions and laws of her councils. This is the secret of the hostility to Rome, the enmity toward the Sovereign Pontiff, which does not relent even in those who seem to approach the nearest to us in doctrine and practice. The Roman Church is accused of *arrogance*, because she will not retract or compromise. But it is no arrogance in the Vicar or the church of Jesus Christ to assert that character and authority which have been given from God. There is no choice given to those who are only the ambassadors of God, the ministers of the doctrine and law of Jesus Christ, the instruments of the Holy Spirit for proclaiming the divine will to men. The church, the faith, the conditions of salvation, are what God has made them, and we have no discretion or liberty to make any alteration. It is from love to men, and the desire of their eternal salvation, that we seek to deliver them from the errors and the unsafe, sand-built structures of a pseudo-Christianity and counterfeit Catholicity. We would that they themselves were as earnest in seeking their own salvation as the Catholic Church is for them. If there are any of our non-Catholic readers who give any serious attention to what we say, we recommend to them the counsel of our Lord—*Seek first the kingdom of God*—as the surest rule to find it by, the most certain clue to guide them out of the labyrinth of doubt into the clear light of faith.

We have endeavored to direct the minds of those who are seeking for the truth to the shorter and plainer paths which lead to it. We have no fear, however, of the most extensive, thorough, and impartial search by friend or foe into every branch and field of Catholic doctrine, law, or history. The fire of critical science has already to a great extent burnt over the domain of positive religion, Mosaic and Christian. Some stubble and dross have been found unable to stand the test. It is a great gain to be rid of them. But the Scriptures, the fathers, the grand philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, history, and principles of divine, revealed religion, of Catholicity, have come out like thrice-refined gold from the furnace. The Christian and the Catholic demonstration was never so perfect, so majestic, so unassailable, as at the present moment, thanks chiefly to the incessant and violent assaults of its enemies. We welcome every kind of scientific research, physical, metaphysical, or critical, the increase of learning in every branch of sacred and profane study, among clergy and laity, Catholics and non-Catholics. All our efforts will be directed to encourage and promote this sound learning, especially among our young ecclesiastics; and we are firmly convinced that nothing will more surely tend to strengthen and confirm them in loyal obedience and reverence toward the Holy Roman Church, the great centre of learning and intellectual light, as well as of ecclesiastical authority. It is only by a fraudulent handling of the documents of religion that any plausible case can be made out against the Roman Church. The more carefully and conscientiously they are examined, the stronger becomes their testimony to the authority and doctrine of that Apostolic See to which the Lord gave in the person of St. Peter supremacy over the Catholic Church in the whole world and until the end of time.

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF "HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE evening of that day was dark and stormy, and the moon had not yet risen, when Paulus (who was leaning against a tree in the Calpurnian garden, gazing at the house in which his beloved sister lay sick, desolate, and despairing) heard, close to him, a low murmur of voices; immediately after which eight or nine men passed near where he stood, without seeing him in the shadow, and hastened toward the house, into which he could just perceive by the dim light that they were admitted. No words could convey the feelings with which he maintained his post for about a quarter of an hour longer, until a figure approached him quietly in the dusk, and he heard Thellus asking, "Are you still there?"

"Yes," he replied; "and I have dreadful news for you. Lygdus, whose voice I immediately recognized, has just passed here, and gone into the house with a gang of ruffians. What can this be for?"

Thellus replied "that the fellow must have entered the garden by the entrance at which he had the last—in fact, only that moment—stationed a watch. No more can enter now," he added; "all the gates of the enclosure are guarded; and we have still thirty men to spare. Let us proceed at once to operations. If they will not open one of the doors of the fortress-like house to our knocking, the last and only resource is to use the combustible materials which we have collected. So soon as they perceive within that the flames are kindled at one door they will parley, and, upon condition of our extinguishing the fire, will admit us at another door."

"That is quite certain," returned Paulus; "and none can leave the house meantime, on any side, without falling into the hands of one or other of our posts."

While they were speaking, about thirty armed men, who had followed Thellus, gathered around them; and Paulus said:

"The wind blows against the face of the house; bring the pitch-barrels to the front door—follow me!"

"Ay! we'll follow; lead on; the barrels are there already."

The assailants, without another word, moved swiftly in a body to the portico of the Calpurnian House, the grounds and garden of which they had secured against the intrusion of any but an overwhelming force.

Within, leaning her bowed head upon her arms, which were stretched crosswise over a marble table, poor Agatha sat alone in the innermost triclinium of the ground-floor. A bright lamp burned on the top of a pole in a corner. She had just driven the Lady Plancina out of the room by the incessantly reiterated entreaty, "Leave me, leave me, abhorred woman." As Lady Plancina retired, she exclaimed, grinding her teeth: "Then be it so; I'll send you a pleasanter companion."

Agatha, when her dreadful hostess

had retired, sprang from her settle, ran to the door, and locked it on the inside. This done, she paced the forlorn room, wringing her hands and moaning, till, worn out with fatigue and anguish of body and mind, she flung herself upon the couch, and fell into a miserable slumber filled with dreadful dreams. A loud knocking at the door of the apartment made her spring from the couch. The knocking continued.

"Who is there?" said she, full of terror.

"Open!"

"Is it Charicles?" she persisted; "but no, he would not knock so rudely, to frighten a helpless girl."

"Open!"

"Who is it?"

"Open!"

"I will not open till you say who it is."

There was a whispering outside, after which a voice answered:

"Open to your doctor; open to Charicles."

With a trembling hand she hastily unlocked the door, which, as she did so, was pushed inward. She saw five or six men standing in the passage, the foremost of whom entered, and at once closed the door again behind him, but without locking it. That man was Lygdus. She at once knew her brutal captor, and, indeed, had she never seen him nor been in his cruel power since that afternoon when he had tried to kill her brother with Cneius Piso's sword, she would still have remembered him. She was too weak now to scream, and, besides, knew its inutility. She fell on her knees with clasped hands, and gazed at the *sicarius* wildly. He bade her put on her cloak, as she must take a short journey with him. She seemed not to have heard him. He repeated his command with an oath. She merely continued to stare at him. He shook her roughly by the shoulder. At the touch of his hand she rose, and hastened with a reeling step to the furthest corner of the room, and fell down there, but partly recovered herself so as to lean against the corner of the wall, where, half-sitting, half-lying on the floor, her beautiful face was changed into a deadly hue; her eyes were wide open and fixed upon Lygdus; her lower jaw had partially dropped. The monster approached her with his fist clinched; but she then suddenly seemed to regain some little strength, for she motioned him away with her right hand, and said slowly, and with a gasp:

"Paulus, brother dear! why leave your poor Agatha to be so treated?"

At this Lygdus stooped, and struck her on the delicate shoulder, yelling out:

"Perish your brother Paulus!"

Agatha put up a hand to the stricken shoulder, and crouched into the angle of the wall, an object of such helpless terror, refined beauty, simplicity, innocence, and suffering, as would have melted, it might be supposed, the hardest and most ruthless heart that an assassin ever had in his bosom. But Lygdus only seemed to be still more enraged at this affecting spectacle.

He was in the act of repeating the dastardly caitiff blow when he was suddenly arrested by a terrible succession of sounds which he could well understand. It was the rush of footsteps in a distant part of the building, followed by the violent trampling of men to and fro as if in a deadly struggle, the noise of blows exchanged, the shrieks of women, cries, curses, a loud shout from many voices, and all the tumult of a sudden and desperate conflict. The tenderest claims of pity, the most touching pleas of compassion, had been unable to move

the heart of Lygdus against his love of cruelty; but there was one thing before which his lust of cruelty instantly gave way, and that was his cowardly love for his own precious carcass. Leaving his victim where she crouched, he crept to the door on tiptoe, placed his ear at it in a bent attitude, and listened to the uproar which perceptibly swayed nearer and nearer. Lygdus opened the door and peered forth, just as the tumult rolled and thundered into the passage itself. Slamming the door hastily fast again, Lygdus locked it inside, and, retreating to the middle of the chamber, drew from the breast of his diphthera, or tunic, a long knife, and thus waited. Not long had he to wait; a brief combat seemed to take place outside; a heavy body or two were heard as if roughly flung upon the ground, and then the door itself was sharply struck with some metal instrument, while, above the din, a voice which sent a thrill from the crown of Agatha's head to the soles of her feet rang clearly out, crying: "Sister dear, be not alarmed; help has come; it is Paulus who knocks."

Agatha raised her eyes toward heaven, but could not speak; and Lygdus of course remained silent, knife in hand, as we have described him.

One moment's pause, as if those without were listening for some answer, ensued; and then the door literally leaped from the hinge-side and the lock-side simultaneously inward, and Paulus, armed, stood on the threshold, with Thellus, Chærias, and Longinus behind him, all armed too, and having dreadful stains moist on their weapons. There was a strong light in the room. One glance revealed a history. Agatha put up both hands to her eyes to hide the scene which immediately followed; but the fearful fascination of it overmastered her, and she gazed on it spell-bound. Thus she beheld the encounter between the *sicarius* and her brother. They met neither at the door nor where Lygdus had been standing expectant; the assassin, now desperate, making a spring like that of a wild beast, and bringing at the same time the long knife he carried with a downward, searching, and ravenous blow, scientifically aimed at Paulus's bare throat above the breast-bone.

The young tribune, as we have intimated, had neither waited for nor in any way evaded the assault, nor yet had he, like the other, sprung in the air; but with quiet, unfrowning brow, and his large eyes turned upon his enemy, he made one stride forward to meet the panther-like rush, caught in his left hand the right arm of Lygdus, before the excellently intended blow was delivered, and nearly wrenched it from the shoulder, causing him by the sheer pain of the grip to drop his knife, and flinging him fairly against the side wall, across the whole width of the chamber.

There Lygdus lay, astonished and still; while Paulus ran forward and knelt by his sister's side, taking her fair young head in both hands, and kissing her again and again. Thellus, following, and seeing on the couch a large woollen mantle or wrapper, took it, and, stooping down also by Agatha's side, with Paulus's aid raised her gently, folded the mantle round her, leaving uncovered only the face (now smiling, and down which welcome tears were at last streaming), and took the young maiden in his arms as if he had been her father, or, indeed, as a mother might carry her child.

"Lead on," said Paulus.

Upon which Thellus moved swiftly to the door, Paulus following, and Chærias and Longinus making way,

In the corridor, Paulus called Chærias and some of the armed men to form the advance along with himself, and bade Longinus and the others march behind Thellus, who, with his burden, was thus protected on every side. They quickly emerged from the house; Thellus on the way explaining to Agatha, who seemed as light as a baby in his mighty arms, that a female slave had admitted them (through downright terror) into the house only after they had set fire to a pitch-barrel in the porch; that they had experienced even some trouble in extinguishing the flames; and that she would see the smouldering of burnt wood as they passed. He occupied her attention in this way to prevent her from noticing the mortal traces of the late struggle.

As they passed through the garden they were silently encompassed by group after group of armed men, till they arrived through clumps of trees at a postern in the enclosing wall.

"Whither are we going?" asked Agatha.

"To your mother," whispered Thellus.

The young girl closed her eyes, and actually slept in the warlike man's arms.

Just as Chærias was opening the postern, the measured tramp of soldiery (and apparently in vast numbers too) was heard in the street outside, as well as words of command not to be mistaken, given in cautious tones by the officers to the men. Paulus looked uneasy. Chærias hastily closed the postern, announcing that the whole street was lined with Prætorians. "Let us hasten," said Thellus, "to the other side of the garden." Arriving there, they found exactly the same phenomenon. "There is yet another door," whispered one of the gladiators, "leading toward the Esquiline and the Prenestina road." They hurried thither; but before they could reach it they became aware that soldiers were now in the garden itself, and that the whole place was regularly beleaguered. Retracing their footsteps in extreme anxiety toward a thicket, they saw torches in front of them, and perceived that they were intercepted; and at this moment the horrible fact became evident that in every part of the enclosure, near the middle of which they had taken refuge in a little shrubbery, torches were flaring and troops swarming; and that, like a drag-net which is being closed in, the soldiers, under some intelligent and intended plan, were converging from all sides toward the centre.

"Eheu! eheu!" (alas! alas!) cried young Paulus; "our last hour has come! Men, will you stand by me and this innocent maiden?"

"To the death!" they answered.

"Who goes there?" called out some one, close at hand, in the tones of an educated man.

Paulus stepped to the front: "Honest people," said he.

"Methinks," returned the same person, "that I ought to know that voice. Are you not Paulus, the new tribune?"

"Yes," said he, "and who are you?"

"I am in search of you," replied the other; "but primarily in search of your sister, the young daughter of the Æmilians."

"What would you with us?"

"I have the orders of Augustus Cæsar to deliver her into your hands."

The astonishment of Paulus and of those around him may be conceived.

"She is already in my hands," he said, after a moment's bewilderment. The other approached, surrounded

by soldiers who carried torches, and Paulus saw that he had been parleying with no less a personage than the dreaded Sejanus himself.

This personage, having satisfied himself by a glance, first at the young tribune, and then at the pale and lovely face of Agatha (who had awoke only to faint completely in Thellus's arms), smiled, and remarked that he had brought a palanquin for the damsel, and that she was still welcome to it. Thellus had very soon placed her tenderly therein; and Sejanus, having issued some order, which ran in echoes from officer to officer till it died along the distant battalions, laid his hand lightly on the shoulder of Paulus, who was moving away, and said: "I have still a commission to perform, young sir; this signet is to be remitted to you. You seemed to have gained favor in a very high quarter indeed."

Paulus had his mind too full of other thoughts to pay more attention, either to the object handed to him or to Sejanus's words, than just to say "Thank you," and to take the ring. Away then moved in separate directions the two processions; that of the soldiery to their various quarters, and that which had rescued and was guarding the young maiden to the lodgings of the Lady Aglais.

It was midnight when the mother, who was waiting in indescribable suspense the outcome of that evening's expedition, clasped her daughter in her arms. We will not try to describe that interview; we leave it to be imagined.

About two hours later, while it was still dark, Sejanus, in obedience to a sudden and imperiously-worded summons, had left his bed, and was standing in the presence of Tiberius Cæsar.

"To the world at large," said Tiberius, "I am entirely ignorant of what may have befallen a certain damsel, ignorant where she is, disdainful of all that concerns her or hers. But you have been my confidant; you have been in all my secrets. How comes, then, this inexplicable and monstrous account which has reached me, on such authority that, perforce, I must believe it? Have you, or have you not, delivered a certain damsel from a certain most respectable and noble house?"

"My sovereign, I have."

"And in this most extraordinary proceeding, have you, or have you not, used the armed public force under your command?"

"Cæsar, I have."

"And, pray, why am I not, from this moment, to cast you off as an enemy and traitor, dangerous to me; treacherous and audacious beyond all conception, and certainly ungrateful beyond forgiveness?"

"My Cæsar, I merely obeyed the express orders of Augustus, who sent me as my warrant his own signet-ring."

Tiberius sank upon a couch, and visions of Rhodes, to which he had once before been banished for years by Augustus, rose before his mind.

"Augustus, then, knows all," he exclaimed. "Who brought his signet-ring to you?"

"Dionysius the Athenian."

After a few minutes of reflection, Tiberius resumed:

"The conclusion of this whole business is, that Cneius Piso has been guilty of a flagitious offence. So have you, if any participation in it can be traced to you. You must, between you, bear the blame and the penalties (if any come); he chiefly, you partly; and I will enable you both to bear them. As for Lygdus, he must be put to death sooner or later; it would not be amiss if it were now; but we need him still for Ger-

manicus at least, I of course need him not; but Plancina and Cneius Piso say that he is necessary to them for their plans about that pernicious pretender. Observe this: he must have a round sum of money, this Lygdus, and disappear for a time. With regard to young Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, and his mother and sister, I will load them with favors; everything which has occurred to them is entirely forgotten; in fact, nothing whatever has occurred to them, so far as I am concerned. I admire them extremely; I like them very much. I have not had, I say, any share in, and I have not even had so much as any knowledge of, their troubles. None whatever. I am completely and absolutely ignorant of everything which has aggrieved them. But this I will say, that Augustus has been rather ungrateful and unjust to the only son of the brave officer who served him so well at Philippi; as he was indeed to that officer himself. So far from taking away the property of the family, Augustus ought to have bestowed a new estate upon them."

"I understand," replied Sejanus.

"With this understanding," concluded Tiberius, "that is, with the understanding that I condemn and reprobate the conduct of Cneius Piso, and yours too, if it can be proved; you are still my trusty Sejanus. Go! Farewell."

Sejanus took his leave respectfully and gravely, but rode back through the streets, grinning all the way.

CHAPTER XXI.

One morning, about a week later, when Paulus showed his mother and sister the signet-ring remitted to him by Sejanus, adding that it was wonderful it had not been reclaimed by Augustus, and that he now would ask Dionysius, or some one, to give it back to the emperor, the ladies laughed, and told him the history of the ring presented by the triumvir Lepidus to Agatha. But this could not quite explain what had occurred. Agatha mentioned that Esther Maccabeus was to have shown the locket to Velleius Paterculus. Ultimately, by carefully piecing together various circumstances, they understood that Velleius Paterculus himself must have contrived the rescue; and that Augustus never wrote a certain remarkable letter to Sejanus at all. But as Dionysius, and, indeed, Germanicus Cæsar, were known to have appealed to the emperor, both Tiberius and Sejanus would naturally believe that the emperor had really intervened. Hence the impunity of Thellus and of the gladiators; hence the absolute abstention not only from all further molestation of the family, but from all inquiry into the circumstances of Agatha's romantic deliverance.

The family were not only at peace for the reasons just stated, but they were now wealthy. We have already mentioned that Augustus had given them the estate of Posilippo (which Vedius Pollio, the eater of slave-fed lampreys, had bequeathed to the emperor), instead of the Æmilian property on the Liris. But surprise followed surprise. Some relatives of Tiberius and of Germanicus, as the reader knows, were in possession of the Liris estate; and (finding Germanicus willing) Tiberius sent word to Paulus that, as he might naturally prefer the inheritance of his forefathers to a strange property, and as the value of each was nearly the same, he would exchange with Paulus if he wished. The offer was eagerly accepted; the lawyers drew the necessary reciprocal conveyances; and the wanderers, as soon as

they could complete their preparations and purchases, went to settle in that great castle upon the Liris, which had attracted their admiration the very first evening of their arrival in Latium, and within sight of which (as the reader remembers, at the opening of this narrative) they had been all arrested by order of no other than the man who now, liberally and considerately, put them in possession of the mansion where the ever-burning brazier had cast its glimmer upon the Lares of so many generations of their own ancient and famous Æmilian line.

The beautiful ladies, Agrippina Julia and Agrippina Marcella, had left in the castle some elegant fixtures and even movables (including certain pictures and the statues on the roof), which they gave, at a nominal price, to Germanicus's favorite staff-officer. Claudius (in whose stead Paulus had ridden Tiberius's untamable horse) had by this time been wedded to little Benigna; and the incoming proprietors of the neighboring property easily prevailed on the newly-married couple to live with them; the husband as a sort of steward, who should oversee all the outdoor slaves, and could, when Paulus wished, act ably as his secretary too; and the wife as the housekeeper, with supreme authority over all the indoor servants.

Crispus and Crispina often found time (and made it) to stroll over the fields for a visit to the castle; and for a loving talk with the lord and the ladies whom they deemed without their parallels upon earth. Moreover, Agatha had persuaded Josiah Maccabeus and Esther not to leave them just when their far wanderings, wild adventures, and dreadful trials had come to so happy a term. Esther had conceived a tender affection for the beautiful damsel whom she had been largely instrumental in saving from so dire a fate, and delivering out of so appalling a captivity, while Agatha returned this feeling with enthusiasm. She spared no eloquence, then, to persuade Maccabeus and his lovely daughter to postpone their return to Syria—till when? Here it was that Paulus appeared in a new character, that of a more consummate orator than Dionysius himself. He stated that he had formed so sublime an estimate of Josiah's ancestors that he could not be happy till he was able to read the Book of Maccabees in Hebrew; and he urged arguments so touching that Josiah (who really had far more urgent reasons for quitting Eleazar than for immediately returning to Jerusalem) consented to stay until he had instructed Paulus in the language of the Patriarchs and the Prophets. In this course of study, Paulus gradually discovered that Esther taught him more effectually than her father knew how. But what learnt he from the sweet mouth and wondrous Eastern eyes of the noble maiden who had saved his sister? He really learnt Hebrew; and as it was the exploits of her own glorious ancestors which she was expounding to one who could well appreciate them, the sympathy and enthusiasm which they shared together knit their hearts into a fond, a natural, and a complete unison. The Lady Aglais, as she contemplated a youth and a maiden whose spirits were not unworthy of each other thus occupied, saw far beyond, as she imagined, what either of those students dreamt of anticipating; and saw it with satisfaction.

Philip, the old freedman of the family, was installed at Liridium, as it was called, in a capacity not unlike that of the seneschal of subsequent ages. Melena, the slave, received

her freedom, but would not practically take it; and she remained the special personal servant of the Lady Aglais. Paulus pressed Thellus to give up the army (for which Paulus would get him permission), and settle near them with his daughter Prudentia, in a little cottage which stood about two miles down the river, surrounded by rhododendrons, oleanders, and myrtles, and which, being part of Paulus's new property, he earnestly begged Thellus to accept from him as a gift.

"But," said Thellus, after thanking him, "you have not quitted the army yet yourself; and why should I? Germanicus vows, I am told, that he will never rest till he has found the bones of Varus and his legions, and given them solemn burial. I mean to be at the funeral, and so must you."

"Well, if we come back safe," persisted Paulus, "you will settle near us in that cottage with your daughter, and eat fresh fish of your own catching for breakfast."

And so it was agreed. But for a while there were no more wars, and during the lull many visitors came to Liridium. Among them, poor Longinus never came; he had been foolish enough to fall in love with Agatha, and, deeming his love hopeless, avoided the family altogether. Dionysius had been persuaded to give up his pretty miniature mansion in Rome, and pass altogether under the roof of his beloved friends (who, indeed, owed the place to him) the remainder of his sojourn in Italy; for to Athens he had resolved to return, and — *nescius futuri* — in Athens to live and to die. Another person who, during the lull between German wars, frequently came now to Liridium, was the accomplished Velleius Paterculus. Esther assured Agatha that she knew why Paterculus appeared so frequently and made himself so agreeable—although so handsome a man, of so fine a position, with manner so distinguished, and a reputation so considerable, and who, besides, talked so well, could hardly be otherwise. But in telling Agatha that she knew why he came so often, Esther adopted a certain demureness, a certain significance, which was meant, in an innocent and loving sense, to tease as well as please—and did. Agatha's repudiation of even the possibility of what was thus lawlessly hinted was one day overwhelmingly refuted by Velleius Paterculus himself, who, truth to tell, had been making love to the young lady assiduously, and who, on the day in question, after being roundly accused by her of having contrived her deliverance from Tiberius and from the Calpurnian House, asked her to be his wife with her mother's and brother's consent. As it happened that the invitation thus proffered was the first that Agatha Æmiliana ever received, and as she was very young and inexperienced, she behaved most absurdly in her own estimation, but charmingly in his. She burst into tears; and when he timidly and gently inquired whether he had hurt her feelings or offended her, declared that he had never done anything of the sort. The witty suitor then remarked, gravely smiling, that she had addressed an inquiry to him which only a husband could answer, but the answer to which he would be most happy to give to his wife. But Aglais objected that, as her son would frequently be away from her with the army, if her daughter were taken away at the same time she would be on a sudden left desolate; and, while consenting to the marriage, begged that it might be postponed for a time. To this Paterculus submitted, and Agatha joyfully agreed.

Meanwhile, Paulus made such progress in Hebrew that Josiah Maccabeus and Esther began again to talk of their voyage to Jerusalem; and now occurred an important event, indeed, in the young tribune's life.

He told Aglais, his mother, that he had fallen in love with Esther; reminded her of Esther's noble and successful efforts to save their darling Agatha; expatiated on her grand and wondrous old lineage; and asked his mother, finally, whether she could wish for her son a lovelier, more graceful, more gentle, or more high-hearted wife? Not one of the many propositions advanced by Paulus was denied by his mother. Paulus then confessed that, from that night of strange adventure, so singularly spent by him and Thellus and the rest of his comrades at Eleazar's queer house (once Julius Cæsar's) in the Suburra, when Esther's timely warnings had not only preserved the public treasure, but had saved the lives of all the gallant men engaged in a most critical service—from that night he confessed he had felt such admiration for the Hebrew damsel, that not only he thought of her continually in moments of tranquillity, but her image had even gone into the din of battle by his side.

"Then she may well walk with you through life, my son," said the Greek lady; "and truly I consider her a virtuous, gifted, and noble maiden, whom I shall be glad to call daughter."

Paulus kissed his mother, and said he merely wished for a betrothal of a year or two, like Agatha's with Velleius Paterculus, as there were rumors of impending German expeditions, and he would neither like to miss them, on the one hand, nor to leave his wife for them, on the other.

"But will she accept me, mother?" he suddenly asked, with a look of alarm.

"We have accepted Paterculus for Agatha," returned his mother; "and certainly, for that simple and excellent old Hebrew and his daughter, your offer is a much more flattering distinction than that of Paterculus is for us. And, on the other hand, I am certain that Esther entertains a very tender feeling toward you. She is happy when you are here, and when you are absent so is she, in another sense."

Thus encouraged, Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, the brilliant young hero, whose name was in all men's mouths, and who was fashioned by nature to be adopted into the kinship of such a race as that of Esther's glorious collateral ancestor, asked her to be his wife, and to share his large and rising fortunes.

Esther turned pale, raised both hands, with the fingers interlaced, to her chin, and cast her eyes upon the ground for a few seconds without speaking. She then said:

"Ah! it cannot be. And now, indeed, my grandfather and I must go away. But it is not through unkindness; it is not for want. Your sister is truly a sister to me already, as you would fain make her; and your mother is to me even like my own. Nor am I blind to this great honor. But the laws of my people and our holy books forbid me to wed a Gentile. Yet this believe, that you and yours will always be dear to Esther; and Esther will never kneel to that great God who made you as well as her, and who cares for all the creatures of his hands, without praying to him for Aglais, for Agatha, and especially for you, valiant and gentle Paulus. I trust we may meet in a better world."

Almost while uttering the last word, which she pronounced in a tremu-

lous voice, and with indescribable pathos, she turned and slowly left him.

He forbore pursuit, because the whole manner and tone of the Jewish maiden carried to his mind an overwhelming conviction that her answer was truly final, and that she spoke irrevocable words.

In the midst of his natural youthful anguish two things in what she had said struck him much. She had referred to the one great God, of whom Dionysius always maintained the certain, present, personal, and sovereign sway; and her language when deeply moved was as unlike to that of the polytheists around him as the speech of men to the chattering of monkeys. There was the same conviction as that in Dionysius's philosophy; only with more trust, more familiarity, more devotedness, more feeling, more light, more love, and more distinctness and tenderness. With this great belief, she clearly held, also, that we should live hereafter. In the next place, what could the "holy books of her people" mean by "Gentile"?

Through the storm of his thoughts these queries came and went. The very next day Esther and her grandfather left the castle on the Liris; and sunshine left the world. A character less selfish than Paulus it would be hard to imagine; yet neither mother nor sister, nor the arrangements for Agatha's future, nor the roll of great events which soon caught him in its eddies, nor time itself, could restore to him the buoyancy which he lost in a conversation of a few minutes with a noble and gentle girl, and never quite regained.

Brilliant matches for Paulus were planned by Aglais and Agatha, in concert with Paterculus, who induced the family to live part of every year in Rome, for the better accomplishment of their designs. It was not with contempt, so much as utter indifference, that Paulus turned invariably away at the bare hint of an alliance with any lady, or of his marriage at all. The pleasures of society, the attractions of the circus, the gossip of the court, seemed equally tasteless to him. There was no zest for him in the command of money—none in the consideration paid to him by great personages—none in the popularity he enjoyed among the soldiers—none even in the glory of fame. He always met Thellus with pleasure and cordiality; and he enjoyed the conversation of Dionysius, who (still living with the family) had accompanied them to town. With Charicles, also, he showed an interest in conferring; and he used, whenever they were at leisure, to engage both these Greeks to discuss before him the immortality of the soul from different points of view. Though a physician, and a pagan physician, Charicles was too able a man not to see that there was something in each human being which shared in nowise in the mutations of the flesh; *and that the consciousness of personal identity either was an illusion, or the existence of this immutable essence in each of us was a fact.* He called it his *chemical proof* of the deathless thing which thinks; and he developed it in the most beautiful and convincing as well as humorous manner. This, and Dionysius's demonstrations of the same fact, on both metaphysical and moral grounds, were now Paulus's only real delight.

To his mother and sister he was as gentle, as tender, as devoted as ever; but there was a languor, a melancholy, in his whole bearing which smote them to the heart.

One night, returning on foot, with Charicles and Dionysius, from a party at Germanicus Cæsar's, where the

commander-in-chief had unexpectedly warned Paulus to hold himself in readiness for new wars, they met four soldiers carrying a corpse on a trestle to a neighboring dead-house. Paulus happened to know one of the soldiers by sight, and asked mechanically whose was the corpse. At this the bearers stopped, and a fifth soldier, who bore a torch, uncovered the face and held the light over it, saying, "The unhappy young knight was accidentally killed half an hour ago, in a drunken brawl at a thermopolia."

Charicles hurried Paulus away, and said, "I know the face. It is that of your cousin Marcus. He has led a mad and a bad life with young Caligula and Herod Agrippa. Now that he is dead, there is no harm in telling you what your mother and sister and your uncle all knew, but kept from your knowledge—that he was partly the cause of Agatha's abduction from Monte Circello. Ah, well! he has paid for it."

Paulus shuddered a little, saying, "I wonder is he still living anywhere?"

"Still upon that theme?" replied Charicles. "Is there nothing, then, in this whole world that can interest you? Here is my street. *Vale.*"

As Dionysius and Paulus pursued their walk, Paulus said, "The Jews also believe, like you and the Sibyls, that we shall meet those for whom we care in another world. I wonder whether the Great New Teacher who is to come in this our own generation will teach the same."

"Really, my friend," replied the Greek, "I am glad you will have something to turn your attention in this new German war. *Est modus in rebus.* Forget yonder Hebrew lady; think of her as if dead."

"It is just what I do," said Paulus, with a melancholy smile.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE war came; Germanicus, with a fine army, in which Paulus served as tribune, penetrated the heart of Germany, won several battles, turned westward, found the place where Varus lost the legions, and where the earth was yet white with their unburied bones, and raised a plain monument over them to commemorate the avenging victories of Rome. Returning from these exploits, in which Paulus had largely increased his already high reputation and had acquired the rank of legatus, or full general, Germanicus was dispatched to the East, with the local power and dignity of emperor assigned to him, and with Cneius Piso (who was attended by his wife Plancina and by Lygdus) attached to his person under some indefinite commission from Tiberius.

Time was fast rolling forward, not only with the characters, sweet and bitter, sordid or noble, execrable or lovely, of this distant echo—this personal story — but with the Roman Empire itself, as then it stood in its pride and its darkness (torchlight, as it were, illumining the face of the giant statue from below, and clouds resting on its head); time was fast running its race. Augustus Cæsar had died at Nola, asking those around his bed to give him the applause customary at theatres when a performer is finishing his part; and Tiberius had begun his awful sway with moderation, wisdom, and amenity.

When Paulus returned, he assisted in his new rank and honors at his sister Agatha's marriage with Velleius Paterculus, which entailed but little separation from her mother and brother, Paterculus having bought, some miles more to the south on the Appian Road, for his future residence, a villa, once Cicero's (one of the six-

teen or eighteen he possessed along that line), and settled there with his wife. Between the castle and the villa communication was easy to maintain; and mother and daughter often visited each other. Thellus, who had attained the grade of first centurion, now quitted the army, and went with his little Prudentia to live in the river-side cottage which Paulus had persuaded them to accept. Marcus Lepidus the triumvir was dead, and had bequeathed his Thessalian dogs to Paulus, and the bewitched castle, as it was not unnaturally deemed, with the estate of Monte Circello, to the Lady Aglais. Dionysius had gone back to his Athenian home. Of Josiah Maccabeus and Esther no tidings had ever been heard, save one grateful and loving letter from Esther to Agatha, received while Paulus was at the wars. Germanicus Cæsar had been poisoned at Daphne; and Cneius Piso (suspected of the deed by Germanicus's troops) had returned to Rome, where Tiberius, to show that Piso could not have been his agent in such a transaction, threw him into prison. There Piso, being astonished at the requital his master gave to his devoted services, closed a year of despair in suicide. His wife, the Lady Plancina, braved the plain opinion of men for thirteen years longer, when she was at last arrested upon the same charge, and inflicted upon herself the same death in similar despair.

And now Tiberius had begun to rage, in other words, to be natural, in other words, to be unpleasant to mankind. The ladies of Rome admired no man's appearance more than Paulus's when business, or courtesy, or the policy which was very needful in the reign of Tiberius obliged him to show himself publicly in the capital, wearing the long scarlet paludamentum in the train of the plainly dressed, unsmiling, suspicious, inscrutable, and murderous tyrant.

It was a summer night when Paulus had returned from one of these journeys to Rome, and he was walking with his mother among the beautiful statues, which were described by us at the beginning of this tale as grouped like a perpetual company on the flat roof of his great ancestral mansion. The night was magnificent, the air full of the perfumes of flowers, and the landscape lay in all its beauty below, stretching north and south to the horizon, eastward to the Apennines, and on the western side to the Tyrrhenian Sea, which seemed to-night to take down all the starry heavens into its heart.

"See, mother," said Paulus, "all that has been restored to us, and all beyond; this fair Italy of my father's fathers, where we have again built up the old name in honor! How inexplicable life is! We use fierce exertions to attain things, of which, when we possess them, we know no better use to make than to abandon them. But really it becomes necessary to get beyond the ken of Tiberius. You do not repent, mother, this resolution of ours to sell everything, retire from public life, and steal off to the Greece from which you brought me in my youth?"

"I repent of nothing which can render you happy," she replied.

"Alas!" said he, "I could have wished to keep all this wealth and dignity if Esther—but I will not go back. As for you, mother, you are Greek, and it is only for my sake you have ever preferred Italy. We shall depart wealthy at least."

And thus the estates both of Monte Circello and Liridium were sold, the former to Lucius Varius, the patrician poet, the latter to Agatha's husband, Paterculus, to whom Agatha had

borne a son. Paterculus called the child Paulus Æmilius; so that, after all, Liridium would still remain bound up with the ancient patronymic, and in possession of the ancient race. The only pang incurred was the separation from Agatha; but better so, Agatha herself agreed, than that her brother (like so many other noble and innocent daily and almost hourly victims) should fall under the caprice of the pitiless man who then held a whole world in terror.

Paulus and his mother flitted away then, and were welcomed in Athens by Dionysius, whom they found encompassed by such fame and reverence as no man had gathered round him in that metropolis of genius and wit since the days of Socrates. He taught in the Areopagus (then consisting of forty assistant, and about twenty honorary, chiefly Roman, members) a philosophy of which the reader knows already the principal tenets. With this he mingled a certain strange and poetical-looking element, derived from a study of the Sibylline oracles. It would be in discord, we fear, with the laws of a narrative like this, to expect (while the reader awaits the remaining events which we have to chronicle) his attention to a full exposition of that most curious of all the episodical accompaniments of ancient heathen history. We will not, therefore, break our tale to unfold this topic in the manner it would intrinsically deserve; hoping in some future edition to speak of it in a preface or appendix, succinctly, yet sufficiently. It is enough here to say, what half a page will contain, that whether from the fact that our blessed Lord was then actually living, or (as Dionysius in good faith told Paulus) from a well-known Sibylline prophecy, certain it is that his incommunicable earthly name had transpired beyond the confines of Judea.

No reader, indeed, of competent acquirements would fail to find his trouble and curiosity rewarded were he to look at the private Basle edition of the *Sibylline Oracles*, published in 1544, by John Oparinus in that town, and edited by Xystus Bethuleius. It contains that most wonderful acrostic which became a subject of critical disquisition with a host of great thinkers and celebrated authors during four successive centuries after the generation wherein Dionysius is represented by us as telling Paulus his opinions. We allude to the acrostic beginning:

"Ιδρωσι δε χ῾ων Κριοεως σημειον ὅτ' εσαι." *

This acrostic Lactantius unhesitatingly identifies with the same concerning which Cicero (who rendered its meaning so far as he understood an enigma to be solved by the event alone) defended the Sibyls from the charge of uttering senseless or random oracles. Saint Augustine of Hippo translated it (and his version survives); Theophilus (seventh bishop of Antioch, dating from St. Peter); St. Justin, philosopher and martyr; Origen (seventh book, ag. Celsus, p. 516); Eusebius (chap. 18), and other weighty authorities, all treat this acrostic as identical with the one discussed by Cicero and by Varro before the birth of our Redeemer. Natalis Alexander accepts the same position.† That all this was a "pious fraud," invented three hundred years afterward, is an explanation which our readers would not thank us here for discussing; but which, were this the proper place, and were we sure of carrying with us the attention of those for whose satisfaction we are

* Fourth book, *De Vera Sapientia*, chap. xv

† The passage to which we allude in Cicero will be found in *De Divinatione*, lib. ii. numbers 111 and 112. See also the 4th eclogue of Virgil.

writing, we believe we could demonstrate to be historically and critically untenable.

Be that as it may, the initial letters of the acrostic spell our blessed Lord's two names * all down the lines, like a golden fringe, and relate his life and death in the text, darkly and briefly. We will quit the subject by merely asking if it is a pious fraud that the Sibyls predicted *a Redeemer of mankind, born of a Virgin, just about to appear?* What mean the well-known lines in the 4th eclogue of Virgil—

> "Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
> *Jam redit et Virgo*"?

If Virgil was a flatterer of his patrons, were the Sibyls so? Was their meaning the same as that of Virgil's politeness?

This brief digression was essential to the issue of our present narrative, to which we now return.

Paulus and his mother were entertained hospitably, as was usual among the Athenians, and "tasted salt" in every house which they would care to enter. They took a little villa near Athens, where Dionysius, and a lady called Damarais, who had known Aglais when both were girls, passed most of their evenings in witty and wise conversation during many peaceful years. Paulus was now past thirty-eight, and had never either felt tempted to marry or forgotten the Syrian girl who had refused to share his fortunes when they began to dawn so splendidly. He had studied the "holy books" which Esther had stated to be the cause of her refusal, and there he found not only a religion and a code of morals worthy of the name, but, above all, the long series of predictions concerning him who was to embrace all nations in one flock, and abolish such barriers as had sundered him so cruelly from the love of his youth.

At last some change of scene and occupation became necessary to him, and his yearning remembrance determined the direction in which it should be made. The mother and son said adieu to Dionysius, to Damarais, and to Athens, and embarked in a Cretan vessel for Syria.

* Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος, σωτηρ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was early morning, in the thirty-second year of the Christian era, when a handsome, soldier-like, and majestic man, wearing the costume of a Roman legatus, or general, stood on Mount Olivet, southeast-by-east of Jerusalem. He was looking west. The Syrian sun had climbed out of the Arabian sands behind him, and it flung his tall shadow level and far over the scanty herbage among the numerous sad-colored twigs of the olive-shrub. Opposite, just below him, across the deep ravine of the Kedron brook, better known by the awful name attached to that with which it blends, "The Jehoshaphat Vale," shone the fiery splendor of God's temple. Its glorious eastern front, here milk-white with marble, there breast-plated with gold, its pinnacles of gold, its half-Greek, half-Roman architecture capriciously and fancifully varied by the ornate genius of the Asiatic builders whom Herod the Idumæan had employed, were of a character to arrest the least curious eye, and to fill the most stupid and indifferent spectator with astonishment and admiration. And yet this was but the second temple—how inferior to, how different from, the first!

> ". . . Underneath him, fair Jerusalem,
> The Holy City, lifted high her towers;
> And higher yet the glorious temple reared
> Her pile, far-off appearing like a mount
> Of alabaster, tipt with golden spires."

This was Mount Moriah, the hill of God. On the left, as the Roman general gazed, facing westward, was Mount Zion, the city of David, now the palace of Herod the tetrarch, encompassed by the mansions of Hebrew nobles.

"Here I stand at last," thought Paulus, "after so many checkered fortunes, looking down upon the most beautiful, the most dazzling, and the most mysterious of cities! To see Rome thus may be the lot of an eagle as it soars over it, but has never been granted to human eyes. And even could Rome be viewed in this way, it would want the unity, the whiteness. Ah! strange city! Wondrous Mount of Zion! wondrous Hill of Moriah! wonderful temple! Not temple of Jupiter, or of Venus, or of Janus, or of this or that monster or hero, but Temple, say they, of God! *The Temple of God!* What a sound the words have! What a sound! Homer's Iliad, from beginning to end, is not so sublime as this one phrase, this tremendous and dread appellation. And there it stands, flaming against the morning sun, in green marble below, in white marble above, in breast-plates and pinnacles of gold; too proud to receive even light without repayment, and flinging floods of it back. And this is the land of the prophets whom I have at last read; yonder, beyond the wall, north, is Jeremiah's grotto! This, too, is the age, the time, the day, the hour, to which they all point, when the God of whom they speak, and of whom the Sibyls also sang, is to come down into a visibly ruined and corrupted world, and to perform that which to do is in itself surely God-like.

"But one thing is dark even in the glooms of mystery. How can a God suffer?—be thwarted, be overcome, at least apparently so, by his own creatures, and these the very worst of them? What can these cries of grief and horror which the prophets utter mean?"

As Paulus thus mused, half-pronouncing now and then in words the thoughts we have sketched, and hundreds upon hundreds of similar thoughts, which we spare to record, some one passed him, going down the Mount of Olives, and in passing looked at him; and until Paulus died he never ceased to see that glance, and in dying he saw it yet, and with a smile thanked his Maker that he saw it then also—especially then.

The person who thus passed our hero was more than six feet in height. He was fair in complexion. His hair was light auburn, and large locks of it fell with a natural wave and return upon his neck. His head was bare. His dress was the long flowing robe of the Jews, girdled at the waist, and, as Paulus afterward fancied, the color of it was red. He was in the bloom of life. Our hero could see, as this person passed, that he was the very perfection of health, beauty, vigor, elegance, and of all the faculties of physical humanity; and even the odd, and strange, and wild, and somewhat mysterious thought flashed through Paulus's mind:

"My God," thought he, "if there were a new Adam to be created, to be the natural, or rather the supernatural, king of the human race, would not his appearance surely be as the appearance and the bearing of this person?"

And the person who passed was moreover thin, and a little emaciated. And he would have seemed wan, only that the most delicate, faint blood-color mantled in his cheeks. And he looked at the hero Paulus with the look of him out of whose hand none hath power to

take those whom he picks from a vast concourse and elects. And Paulus felt glad, and calm, and without anxiety for the future, and free from all bitterness for the past, and firm, yet grave; and, when his mind went actually forth to look upon the things that were around it, he saw nothing but the face and the glance.

And now I come to the strangest particular of all. Paulus felt that this beautiful and vigorous new Adam, fit to be the natural and even supernatural king of the world, was one who never could have laughed, and probably had never smiled. But no smile was so sweet as his gravity. And Paulus remembered another extraordinary and unparalleled circumstance: it was this—those beautiful and benignant eyes were so full of terror that it seemed they could scarcely hold in an equal degree any other expression in them except that which shone therein with what seemed to Paulus a celestial and divine lustre; I mean, first, love, and, next, unconquerable, and everlasting, and victorious courage. As though there was a work to do which none but he (from the creation to the day of doom) could ever accomplish—a dreadful work, a work unspeakable in shame, and in pain, and in horror, and yet a work entirely indispensable, and the most important and real and momentous that had ever been performed. And the subject or hero of this tale, Paulus, wondered how in the same look and eyes, and in a single glance of them, two things so opposite as ineffable terror and yet God-like, adorable courage, could be combined.

But, nevertheless, they were both there; and with this mighty and mysterious mental combination Paulus also saw a sweetness so inexpressibly awful that, at once (and as if he had heard words formed within his own heart), the reflection arose within him: "How much more terrible would be the wrath of the lamb than the rage of the lion!"

And the figure of this person passed onward, and was hidden from poor Paulus beyond the olive groves.

Our hero sat down on a jutting stone, half-covered with herbage, and fell into a vague and somewhat sorrowful meditation. "Poor Longinus!" said he to himself; "it is really the queerest and the most provoking thing in the world that perhaps the honestest, bravest, simplest, best fellow I ever knew should have fallen in love so much above his own rank. But can't I look at home? I am worse; I have let myself fall in love with a damsel who is prevented by the holy books of her people from marrying a Gentile. What a puzzle this world is! I should like to see poor Longinus once more. How broken-hearted he seemed when we all took wing from the castle on the banks of the Liris! 'Ah!' says he, when I met him in Rome afterward, 'perhaps we shall never meet again.'

"The best thing that could have occurred for him was that marriage of Agatha with Paterculus. But these thoughts are useless; I must fulfil Dionysius's commission, and write to him to say whether I have been able to discover in this mysterious land the presence, the memory, or so much as the expectation of any person whose name corresponds with that spelt out in the acrostic of Erythræa the Sibyl."

A rustle of the olives near him caused him to turn his head, and who, of all men in the world, should be at his side but Longinus the centurion!

"Why," cried Paulus, "I thought you were at Rome!"

"I have just arrived, my tribune," returned the brave man, "with orders to report myself to Pontius Pi-

late, the Procurator of Judea, or Governor of Jerusalem. Cornelius, of the Italian band, also a centurion, as you know, my tribune, has been ordered to Cæsarea, and is there stationed."

"Well," said Paulus, "I am delighted to meet you again. How is Thellus?"

"Curiously enough," returned Longinus, "he too is here, stationed in Jerusalem. He was tired of too much quiet."

"Good!" exclaimed Paulus. "We must all often see each other, and talk of old days."

After a few more words interchanged, they began to descend Mount Olivet together.

"Did you meet any one," says Paulus to Longinus, "as you came up the hill?"

"I did," said Longinus very gravely; "but I know not who he is."

They proceeded silently in company till, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, not far from the Golden Gate of the temple, a most beautiful youth, with rich fair locks, worn uncovered (like him whom Paulus had just seen), met them.

"Friends," quoth the stranger, "have you seen the Master coming down from the Hill of Olives?"

"I think," said Paulus, after a little reflection, "that I must have seen him whom you mean." And he described the person who had looked at him.

"That is he," said the beautiful youth. "Pray, which way was he going?"

Paulus told him, and the other, after thanking him, was moving swiftly away when Paulus cried after him:

"Stay one moment," said he. "What is the name of him you call *the Master?*"

"Know you not?" replied the youth, with a smile. "Why, you are, I now observe your dress, a Roman. His name is *Iesous.*"

"What!" cried Paulus. "Then it is a reality. There is some one of that name who has appeared among men, and appeared at this time, and appeared in this land! I will, this very day, send off a letter to Dionysius, at Athens. And pray, fair youth, what is your own name?"

"Ah!" returned the other, "I am nobody; but they call me *John.* Yet," added he, "I ought not lightly to name such a name, for the greatest and holiest of mere men, now a prisoner of Herod's, is likewise called John; I mean John the Baptist, John the Prophet; yea, more than a prophet: 'John the Angel of God.'"

"I am," returned Paulus, "invited to a great entertainment at Herod's palace, this evening. Tell me, why is John the Prophet a prisoner at Herod's?"

"Because he went on God's errand to Herod, to rebuke him for his incestuous marriage."

With this the youth went his way, and Paulus and Longinus went theirs.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT

PRAYER.

THERE are—remarks Guizot in his *Christian Church and Christian Society*—certain hours, certain circumstances and moods, when, under the influence of certain promptings of the soul, our eyes are unconsciously turned upward, our hands are folded, and our knees are bent in prayer or in thanksgiving, in worship or in propitiation. Whether prompted by love or fear, whether in public or in the privacy of the closet, man turns to prayer as his last resource to fill the void in his heart or to bear the burden of his fate; and, when everything else is lost, he seeks in prayer strength for his weakness, consolation for his sorrow, encouragement for his virtue. Prayer is the most natural of all moral impulses. The child leans to it with zealous aptitude, and the aged find in it a balm in decay and isolation. Prayer rises as spontaneously to lips which have hardly yet learnt to lisp the name of God, as to those of the dying who are no longer able to articulate.

Among all nations and races, be they famous or obscure in history, civilized or barbarous, we meet at every step acts of invocation and forms of prayer. Iamblichus, the Neo-Platonist, was right when he said that in every age and land the wisest men have prayed most, and the progress of a people may often be traced in the manner and the object of their prayers. Thus, for instance, while the grace asked at table by a civilized people generally means also a moral purification of the soul, that which an uncivilized people asks solely refers to the welfare of the body, the purification of the food from deleterious substances. The ancient Lithuanians and the Samojedes used to make their house serpents taste their dishes before they touched them themselves, and the Indians still appeal to the evil instead of the good spirits before they eat. "When the civilization of Rome," says Porphyrius, "was on the decline, the principal reason for saying grace at table was not so much to propitiate the gods as to drive out the devils, who were thought to be partial to certain dishes, to sit down with us, and to fasten to our bodies." Xenophanes, on the other hand, speaking of the Greeks, says: "It behooves all well-disposed men to praise God at their meals, to invoke his blessing with a pure heart, and to pray that he may grant us strength to pursue the right." Plato tells our modern heathen: "He who boasts of ever so little wisdom will never omit to end his meal with a prayer or a hymn." "The ancients never took their meals," observes Athenæus, "without first having invoked the gods; on presenting the wine, it is usual to say, 'The gift of the good genius!'" The closing prayer was, according to Diodorus of Sicily, "a thank-offering to Zeus, the Saviour!" The Romans believed that their deities presided at their meals; they touched no dish until a part of it had been dedicated to the gods and placed on the altar, or *patella*. After the conclusion of the first course, the portion consecrated to the deities was thrown into the fire, amidst the solemn silence of the guests, whilst the servant exclaimed, "May the gods be propitious!" Livius, in relating the murder of a man by Consul Quintus Flavinius, remarks: "This revolting act was committed in the middle of a feast, when it is

customary to invoke the gods and to sacrifice to them."

Speaking of grace at table naturally reminds us of the two most civilized nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans, with both of whom prayer played an important part. They may not have attached to it the true ascetic Christian meaning, but they had, nevertheless, the Christian idea of mercy. That prayer stood in high repute with the ancients, and especially the Greeks, appears as well from the public as the private life of these two nations. Their existence was an essentially religious one. The Greeks had no fewer than sixteen different words to express prayer, and all their actions were connected with praying. The farmer prayed whilst sowing his seed; the populace prayed whilst the crops were growing, "Rain, rain, good Zeus, on the fields of the Athenians!" At harvest-time, the first-fruits of the soil were set apart for the gods. All popular assemblies, deliberations of council, warlike expeditions, public amusements, and even the theatres, opened with prayers. The Romans, though behind the Greeks in religion and culture, yet considered themselves the most devout of all nations, and they were indeed unsurpassed in the number and variety of their prayers. Some of their gods were appealed to during the earliest morning hours; whole series of prayers were often recited during the performance of the simplest tasks; at evening, leave was taken of the deities with a wish for a good night's repose. On birthdays, during illness, on entering upon a journey, etc., the gods were sought and propitiated. Public prayers were held by the Arval brothers at the consecration of the fields on the tenth day of May; by the bare-footed matrons during a season of protracted drought; also for the sick Pompey; for the travelling emperor; for the happy delivery of the empress from child-birth. The electoral committees were opened with solemn prayer by the presiding magistrate, and the same was the case with the senate sessions and the popular musters in the Field of Mars. The consuls and ædiles entered upon their official duties by pronouncing in public vows connected with prayers. It is related of Scipio Africanus that he never engaged in any enterprise without having first prayed in the chapel of Jupiter Stater. M. Furius Camillus prayed after the taking of Veii that, if any of the gods should think him too prosperous, he might be permitted to expiate the offence by some great private misfortune. Cæsar uttered a prayer every time he mounted his chariot. Claudius prayed in public. Marcus Aurelius could recite from memory all the prayers of the Salic priests. In fact, down to the latest period of their existence as a nation, the Romans were a praying people, and their decadence was characterized by the preposterous nature of their prayers. Even Horace, though he concedes in his *Carmen Sæculare* that the public calamities were mainly due to the prevailing godlessness, and advises the restoration of the ruined temples, was himself guilty of prostituting prayer. "The health of the soul" which Seneca prayed for was no doubt understood in a purely physical sense. The only prayers offered were at last those for the auspicious result of some selfish object, such as the speedy death of a rich relation, the success of a forgery, the happiness of an adulterous lover. And when Rome was governed by the rites of the great Babylonian goddess imported from Asia, and she herself became a second Babylon—when voluptuous-

ness had sapped the pillars of Roman world-rule, men prayed even for the gratification of their most unnatural appetites. Maximus of Tyrus could therefore well afford to write a dissertation to prove the superfluity and inefficacy of prayer.

With the prostitution of prayer ancient civilization also perished. The regeneration of mankind was due to Christianity and to the influence wielded by men of prayer. As in ancient times, Moses and Elias, the two great regenerators of their people, were men of prayer, so the praying and fasting John paved the way for the new civilization. Our Divine Redeemer spent his nights in prayer after he had worked the whole day. St. Peter ascended the housetop at the sixth morning hour to pray. St. Paul sang hymns of praise at midnight. The history of the apostles shows us a handful of Christians bound together by prayer. And if we trace Christianity in its man-ennobling and, therefore, civilizing course, we encounter a class of men who combined in a literal sense prayer with work—those human bee-hives spoken of by Epiphanius, whose inmates had the honey of prayer on their lips and the wax of labor on their hands—the praying and toiling monks and hermits. The nineteenth century has called them pious drones, but impartial history repudiates the slander.

For a long period they were the only bearers of civilization. When the floods of barbarism inundated the Roman Empire and swept away all the vestiges of ancient civilization, these godly men fled to the arks of their hermitages and there laid the foundation for future culture. And when the floods had subsided, they came like Cincinnatus from the plough to save society and redeem it from barbarism. "Their mere appearance," remarks Montalembert in his charming book, *The Monks of the West*, was a protest against the heathen materialism which destroyed the Old World. They awakened in man the moral and religious spirit, and taught him to practise a wholesome reaction against the ascendency of the flesh. They and their pupils, the great fathers of the church, prevented the leading minds of heathendom from regaining their former control over art and literature; their genius was wafted in youthful freshness from remote deserts over the cities, schools, and palaces of the dying Old World, and infused a new life into them. Armed not with the triumphs of industry and mechanics, but with prayer and knowledge, these pioneers of civilization invaded the gloomy forests and unexplored regions, led the way to a new culture, and erected flaming altars which radiated light and warmth into the darkness and cold that had come from the bleak north. The sons of St. Benedict changed twenty barbarous peoples into civilized communities, established the famous medical school of Salerno, rebuilt Baden-Baden, laid the foundations for Kissingen, Pyrmont, and Marienbad. When the children who lived on the glory and the heritage of their fathers had degenerated, Monte Casino was replaced by Clugny, one of the main props of the magnificent structure reared by St. Gregory VII.; and, when Clugny in turn degenerated, became diplomatic and worldly, it was superseded by Citeaux. At the opening of the twelfth century, a great social problem remained to be solved. On the one hand, the question was to save civilization from the impending absolutism of emperors and kings, and, on the other, from the dissoluteness and tyranny of the nobles. It was to free and elevate the masses—

to resist the usurpation of despots, great and small. This problem the monks of Citeaux bravely aided in solving. They defended the Popedom—says Dubois in his *History of the Abbey of Morimund*—against the encroachments of the monarchy, and then coalesced with the monarchy to defeat the anarchical designs of the barons. They opposed like a dam the stream of feudalism which threatened to overthrow the monarchy; they formed, as it were, a third estate out of the barbarous barons enthroned on their mountain eyries, surrounded by bastions and moats, and the poor serfs who herded their few lean cattle in the woods and swamps of the plain. In their convents they taught mighty lords to humble themselves before beggars, to embrace them as fellow-men, to wait on them at table, and to wash their feet with their own hands. Thus thirty sons of the haughtiest Burgundian families exchanged at one time their fur cloaks and mail corselets for the monk's gown and the hermit's coarse woollen robe. This was the act of St. Bernard and his companions. Fifteen German students left Paris to visit a convent, and never again left its walls. These were the step-brother of the Emperor Conrad III. and his friends. The spiritual authority was exerted over all classes of society alike, from the proudest noble to the humblest serf. The Cistercians, especially, devoted themselves to the amelioration of the material condition and the moral elevation of the enslaved rural population, and by so doing they have covered themselves with undying glory in history. They rescued the serfs from the oppression of the nobles, and afforded them an asylum and protection on the convent lands; they taught them trades and a better system of agriculture, and raised them gradually to the burgher's estate. It is hardly necessary to mention here the well-known fact that they promoted knowledge and art, founded libraries, copied and preserved manuscripts, and advanced in the convents the cause of civilization by all the means at their command.

Following history, we find Christian Europe menaced in the succeeding centuries by another serious evil—a widely prevailing moral corruption, luxuriousness, and heathen sensuality. Again, men of prayer—the Mendicant Friars—became the bearers of the divine spirit and of civilization. Once more those whom we behold standing on the loftiest moral and intellectual heights were men of prayer. St. Francis and St. Dominic were the regenerators of their age. St. Thomas of Aquinas, a star of the first magnitude in the scientific firmament, drew all his wisdom from the spring that wells up at the foot of the cross. The profoundest thinker among the scholiasts was a Franciscan friar.

In the succeeding centuries, history continues to give prominence to men of prayer. Ignatius, the masterly strategist of a standing Christian army, and Vincent de Paul, the hero of Christian philanthropy, were saints. The inventor of gunpowder was a monk. When the art of printing facilitated the diffusion of knowledge, manuscripts were brought from the cells of the convents; and even in our own days the best edition of Newton's works (1830–40) was printed at Rome, under the supervision of two monks. The historian of literature awards to Tostatus, the Spanish theologian, the rare praise that he fully merited the epitaph, "The wonder of the world, to whom all knowledge was familiar." His countryman, Martinus Navarrus, one of the most learn-

ed men of his day, during sixty years never lectured without first having told his rosary.

A few words in relation to the natural sciences, which have been so zealously cultivated in more modern days: "The science of heaven," it has been predicted, "will lift the roof from the walls of the church, and the sciences of the earth will dig away the ground under her feet." But, though these sciences have made such gigantic progress, they have neither lifted the roof nor dug away the ground. On the contrary, experience goes to confirm the assertion of Chalmers, who told a large meeting of English naturalists in 1833: "Christianity has everything to gain and nothing to lose from the advance of the natural sciences." All results thus far tend only to substantiate the teachings of the church, and the greatest masters of science are still sincere believers in revelation, and men of prayer. The father and founder of our more modern astronomy dedicated his works to Pope Paul III. The famous Kepler concludes an astronomical treatise with a devout prayer of gratitude to God for having permitted him to discover his splendor in the works of his hands. Volta regularly attended divine service. In Linné's writings we meet with fervent prayers thanking God for his mercy. Some years ago, when one of the most distinguished French naturalists, Ampère, was dying, some one proposed to read to him a passage from Thomas à Kempis; he replied, "It is not necessary; I know him by heart." Dr. Bergen, a German *savant*, in a programme prepared for the select school at Frankfort-on-the-Main, compiled a list of sixty naturalists in all departments of science, from Baco to Rudolph Wagner, who were zealous believers and men of prayer. Dr. Haffner declares that the popular saying, "Tres physici, duo athei"—"Three scientists, two atheists," is a calumny. The same remark holds, no doubt, good in reference to the natural sciences. "The truly great in science," says honest Claudius, "stand hat in hand by the side of the altar and the pulpit; those who pass them with covered heads and sneers are generally of very little note."

Passing from science to art, we discover that the great masters of music, architecture, and painting have begun and finished their works with the familiar formula, "In the name of the most holy Trinity." Genius, rarely very modest in its opinion of itself, has often in the hour of its proudest triumphs expressed that sense of humility which Joseph Haydn put into words when he listened to the grandest and most impressive chorus in his *Creation*. "It comes," he exclaimed, "from on high!" He said of his art what St. Bonaventura applied to his science—that he owed it to prayer. If we search the other walks of life for men of prayer, we meet great rulers, like Charles V., who never took any important step without praying; great generals, like Sobieski, Tilly, Marshal St. Arnaud, or Pelissier. After the storming of Laghual, the latter sent the most beautiful palms to the Bishop of Algiers to be consecrated for Palm-Sunday's service. In 1862, he sent in to the pope his adhesion as a son and a soldier, stating that he would be happy to dedicate his sword to the defence of St. Peter's patrimony. The Bishop of Algiers often saw him fold the hands of Louisa, his little daughter, and teach her how to make the sign of the cross. The hero of the Malakoff died praying, and bequeathed his sword to our dear Lady of Africa. Nor are men of prayer wanting in the ranks of popular leaders and democrats. O'Connell, the great Irish

agitator, stood at the corner of the parliament buildings and told his beads while the question of his people's freedom or slavery was being debated within the walls.

If we examine into the daily life of the masses, we perceive that it is ennobled and enlightened throughout by prayer. In the existence of every Christian people, we discover constantly evidences of piety. The first dispatch transmitted in this nineteenth century across the Atlantic Cable read, "Glory to God on high!" and even the walls of the temple of European trade—the palace of the Industrial Exhibition—were covered with religious maxims and Scriptural texts. "Prayer," says Döllinger, "is a lever of civilization for the very lowest and most ignorant." The praying Christian, if his worship is not mere lip-service, cannot well think otherwise. But the most valuable precepts which prayer inculcates are the omnipresence and holiness of God, the freedom and immortality of man, sin, redemption, and the necessity of a strengthening and elevating mercy. In this domain of Christian metaphysics, even the minds of those to whom all other knowledge is foreign are at home. They learn in the school of prayer what philosophy has pronounced no less difficult than indispensable, and therefore attainable by only a few. Hence the phenomenon that the praying man of the uneducated classes should often solve problems which puzzle the learned; hence, also, the fact that a single work on the *Imitation of Christ* should have formed more minds and ennobled more hearts than whole bales of popularized science and national economics, than all the *feuilletons*, newspaper articles, and other aids to civilization of which our unparalleled material progress may boast. Civilization, in addition to the formation of the mind, requires likewise the elevation of the heart. There is no necessity to demonstrate that prayer most effectively accomplishes the latter, that it is the great lever of moral regeneration, a means for the growth of virtue; but it may be well to dwell here for a few moments on the influence which a certain kind of prayer — the public prayer observed on Sundays—exercises upon the manners and culture of a people.

"The observance of a public day of rest and prayer," observes Proudhon, "has for more than three thousand years been the main pillar and keystone of a politico-religious system whose profundity and wisdom the world will never cease to admire. It is a factor of civilization; and I venture further to maintain that, with the loss of the reverence for the Sunday, the last spark of poetic fire has also been extinguished in the souls of our versifiers, for without religion there can be no poetry. Since poets have become rationalists, they have committed suicide and killed the mother that nourished them." The sort of poetic halo with which Sunday invests persons and things may, perhaps, best be illustrated in the life of the religious portion of the rural population. If we visit such a Christian household on a high church-festival or Sunday, we find that even disease and suffering wear a more cheerful aspect. Husband and wife experience a renewal of their early tenderness for each other. The charm of a mother's love is doubled. The child bows more readily before the mild sceptre of parental authority. The farmer or mechanic, at other times dissatisfied with his lot, and longing for more freedom and equality, is more contented. The heads of the family are in a more cheerful frame of mind. The servant, this domestic utensil in human form, is

more devoted and faithful. The Sunday brings to the poor a clean shirt and a better dress, and this of itself has an elevating tendency; it frees us from the dust of servility and quickens the nobler part of our being. Were we no longer to have a Sunday, the workingman's blouse would drop like rotten rags from the bodies of the slaves of toil. On a Sunday, the mother of the family imparts to her domestic surrounding a certain festive appearance, even a certain elegance and refinement, and greets her visitors with bright smiles. The daughters are pleased, radiant with health and contentment, beautified by the testimony of a pure conscience, adorned by the work of their own hands, and seen by all their young friends at church. The hard toil of the week is thus forgotten. Sunday is the golden link in the iron week-day chain. The peasant boy and girl admire the beautiful façade, the Corinthian pillars, the handsome dome, of their church. They fill even the poorest with pride. For once they find themselves the equal of all—true brethren in Christ. The solemn service and the splendid music, handed down from former ages, afford to the humblest a treat which only money can purchase for the irreligious. On the threshold of the sanctuary, all earthly distinctions and passions are left behind, and the soul soars on the wings of song high above the level of the six days' working-day life. To appreciate this fully, one must visit on a Sunday some remote Alpine valley parish, and witness the happiness and content of the poor shepherds as they come to church and then return again to their mountain homes in all directions. The old man who steps out so vigorously, in spite of his threescore and ten winters; the middle-aged couple walking so lovingly side by side; the chubby children and grandchildren in such robust health—all, from the aged sire to the stripling, seem to know no sorrow, envy, or care. They have seen the gold-embroidered robes, the diamond crosses, and other treasures of the church, but their faces show no trace of that covetousness with which the non-praying, non-church-going drudge of the city eyes the massive watch-chain of his more fortunate neighbor. Whence this difference? It is because these people pray.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

I.

JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

'Tis thou, my cruel heart, but thou
Hast wrought the doom thou weepest now.
'Tis thou hast shouted, "Let him die!"
Thy every sin a "Crucify!"
"I die," he murmurs—"die for thee.
Then sin no more: live true for me."

II.

HE RECEIVES HIS CROSS.

Why choose a death of fierce delay
To agonize thy life away?
And why do thy embraces greet
The cross as if thou deemst it sweet?
Thou dost! A sateless love, we know,
Must ever glut itself on woe.

III.

HE FALLS THE FIRST TIME.

Thou fallest—all too weak! The might
That bears creation's infinite,
As tho' its myriad worlds were none,
Has sunk beneath the sins of one!
Ye ruthless stones, thou heedless sod,
How can ye wound your prostrate God?

IV.

HE MEETS HIS MOTHER.

They raise him up, and goad him on,
When, lo! the Mother meets the Son.
How heart rends heart as eye to eye
Darts the mute anguish of reply!
Sweet Lady, traitor tho' I be,
Yet let me follow him with thee.

V.

SIMON OF CYRENE IS MADE TO HELP HIM.

The soldiers fear to see him die
Too soon for cross and Calvary;
And the Cyrenian, captive made,
Reluctant lends his timely aid.
O happy Simon, didst thou know!
Give *me* the load thou scornest so!

VI.

ST. VERONICA OFFERS HIM A CLOTH TO WIPE HIS FACE.

Who calls that face unlovely now
For furrow'd cheek and thorn-pierced brow?
To me it never seem'd so fair;
For when was love so written there?
Kind Veronica, get me grace
To keep like thee that pictured face. *

* Our Lord left the impression of his face upon the cloth. This relic of the Passion is preserved in Rome

VII.

HE FALLS A SECOND TIME.

Again he falls! Again they deal
Their ruffian blows—those hearts of steel!
He hails his Mother; and the throng
Slink back, to let her pass along.
She kneels to soothe him and caress,
And rage grows dumb at her distress.

VIII.

HE SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM.

The tender women mourn his fate,
With Mary's grief compassionate.
How blest such mourners, he hath said;
They shall indeed be comforted.
And he, in turn, has tears for them,
Daughters of lost Jerusalem.

IX

HE FALLS A THIRD TIME.

And yet another fall! Ah, why?
'Tis my repeated perfidy.
O Jesus! I but live in vain
If only to be false again;
O Mary, grant me, I implore,
To die this hour, or sin no more.

X.

HE IS STRIPT, AND GIVEN GALL TO DRINK.

The way—the lingering way—is past,
And Calvary's top is gained at last;
With gall the soldiers mock his thirst,
Then strip him in their glee accurst.
Descend, ye angels! Round him flame,
And with your pinions veil his shame!

XI.

HE IS NAILED TO THE CROSS.

Ah see, they stretch him on the wood;
The blunt nails spurt the precious blood.
Nor his alone their every sting;
For Mary hears the hammers ring.
Lord, let that sound my music be
When the death-hour shall strike for me!

XII.

HE DIES UPON THE CROSS.

A horror wraps the earth and sky,
While three long times go darkly by;
And now "'Tis finished!" Jesus cries;
And awfully the God-man dies.
My heart, canst thou survive content?
Behold, the very rocks are rent!

XIII.

HE IS TAKEN DOWN AND LAID IN MARY'S BOSOM.

Desolate Mother, clasping there
Thy lifeless Son, yet hear my prayer!
Tho' never was a grief like thine,
And never was a guilt like mine,
Yet should I not be dear to thee
Since he thou lovest died for me?

XIV.

HE IS LAID IN THE TOMB.

His lovers lay him in the tomb
And leave him to its peaceful gloom.
Thou sleepest, Lord, thy labor done;
For me—for all—redemption won;
And I, in turn, as dead would be,
And buried to all else but thee.

NOTE.—The foregoing stanzas are sung in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, every Friday in Lent, at the devotion of the Way of the Cross, the whole congregation singing the following lines as a refrain:

'Twas all to woo me Jesus came
So meekly from above,
And I—O sin! O burning shame!—
I gave him death for love.

EARLY MISSIONS IN ACADIA.

II.

The publication of the Treaty of Utrecht, at Paris, on the 22d May, 1713, was the first virtual acknowledgment of the failure of French colonization in North America. The treaty was decisive in its results. Hitherto French diplomacy had been able to win back, at the end of each successive war, the advantages gained in North America by the military prowess of the New England colonists and the naval supremacy of England; but Louis XIV. was growing old, the military genius of Marlborough had destroyed the flower of the French armies, and the Court of Versailles was willing to purchase peace at home from Harley and the English Tories, even at the price of sacrificing the dream of French empire in the New World. The tenth article of the treaty gave up all Hudson's Bay to the English; the twelfth, "likewise that all Nova Scotia or Acadie comprehended within its antient boundaries, also the city of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, and all other things in these parts which depend on the said lands and islands, are yielded and made over to the Queen of Great Britain, and to her crown for ever;" and the thirteenth article declared that Newfoundland should belong wholly to Great Britain. Thus, at the close of a century from Argall's expedition, the title to the sovereignty of Acadia was finally determined, in a manner more regular and formal, although the consequences to the French colonists were far more distressing and irreparable in the end than any devastation caused by the English freebooter when he ravaged the coasts in 1613. By the treaty, France loosened her hold upon the northern half of the continent, and abandoned her title to the whole line of the Atlantic seaboard, except Isle Royale (Cape Breton) and the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and although the fortifications of Louisburg stayed for a time the tide of English conquest, and even enabled the French governors at Quebec to prosecute with temporary success their designs on the Ohio and Mississippi, yet her real loss was never regained in the New World, and the final triumph of New England, although delayed, was eventually assured.*

By the cession of the territory, the Acadians found themselves in this unhappy position—they were called upon to serve two masters, both exacting, each inexorable in the demand for a single and unqualified allegiance. The French crown, it is true, had formally relinquished its right of sovereignty over the inhabitants of Acadia, but its secret aspirations were well known, and the inseparable ties of race, of their ancient allegiance, of religion, manners, and language, were too closely and firmly knit to yield to any formal renunciation

* From a letter of M. Pontchartrain, Minister of the Marine, to M. Beauharnois, intendant of Rochefort:

"Dec. 24, 1711.

"Since I have learned the loss we have sustained of Acadie, I think continually of the means of recovering that important post before the English are solidly settled therein. You know that by the article of the preliminaries we give up the island of Newfoundland to the English, and that, if we do not recapture Acadie, there will not remain for us any place by which we can carry on the fishery. Besides, this country is so near to Canada that there will be every reason to fear that it will eventually involve its loss if the English retain possession."—*Paris MSS.*, Murd. i. 328, note.

made without their consent; while, on the other hand, the strong arm of military power, the unconcealed threats of removal from the rich diked meadows that they had cultivated for a century, their tenacious love of country, and the uncertainty of the future, impelled them to submit, with tacit acquiescence at least, to the authority of the English governors at Annapolis. By the terms of the capitulation of Port Royal, confirmed and enlarged by the letter of Queen Anne, of June 22, 1713,* the Acadians were permitted either to sell their lands and remove out of the province, or to remain unmolested on condition of acknowledging themselves English subjects. The French authorities, who were then engaged in settling and fortifying Cape Breton, were desirous of strengthening and consolidating the new colony, and strong representations were made to induce the Acadians to remove with their effects to the island; the frowning ramparts which the French engineers were beginning to raise above the harbor of Louisburg seeming to promise a last and impregnable defence against English encroachment. In July, 1713, Governor de Costabelle sent a messenger with letters to Père Gaulin, F.M., whose missionary labors were confined to the Indians, and to Père Felix, Recollêt, curé of Mines, urging them to use their influence to induce the Acadians and Indians to remove from the province and join the colony at Louisburg. One cannot fail to observe in this, as well as in every other movement in the history both of English and French-American colonization of that day, the carelessness of both governments respecting colonial interests, so far as they affected only the colonists themselves, the ignorance and indifference always shown by the home authorities with regard to the natural ties formed by birth and labor in a new country, and the entire subjection of all other considerations to the furtherance of imperial views alone. The few scattered missionaries, however, who still remained in the province, and who, in the absence of the regular civil authority to which they still felt themselves bound, were recognized by the Acadians as their natural leaders and most sincere friends, did not look very favorably upon a project which demanded such heavy and distressing sacrifices from their people, and preferred rather to rely upon the hope (then probable enough) of the eventual restoration of the country to the French crown, and upon the promises of toleration and civil liberty held out by the English governors. Father Felix Palm, in a letter addressed to M. de Costabelle, states the objections made by the Acadians to the scheme proposed by the French Government:

"Aux Mines, Sept. 23, 1713.

"A summary of what the inhabitants have answered me:

"It would be to expose us manifestly (they say) to die of hunger, burthened as we are with large families, to quit the dwelling-places and clearances from which we derive our usual subsistence, without any other resource, to take rough, new lands from which the standing wood must be removed without any advances or assistance. One-fourth of our population consists of aged persons, unfit for the labor of breaking up new lands, and who, with great exertion, are able only to cultivate the cleared ground which supplies subsistence for them and their families. Finally, we shall answer for ourselves and for the absent, that we will never take the oath of allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain, to the prejudice of what we owe to our king, to our country, and to our religion; and that if any attempt were made against the one or the other of these two articles of our fidelity—that is to say, to our king and to our law, that in that case we are ready to

* *N. S. Archives*, Aikens, 15.

quit all rather than to violate in the least thing one of those articles. Besides, we do not yet know in what manner the English will use us. If they burthen us in respect of our religion, or eat up our settlements to divide the lands with people of their nations, we will abandon them absolutely. We know, further, from the exact visits we have made, that there are no lands in the whole island of Cape Breton which would be suitable for the maintenance of our families, since there are not meadows sufficient to nourish our cattle, from which we draw our principal subsistence. The Indians say that to shut them up in the island of Cape Breton would be to damage their liberty, and that it would be a thing inconsistent with their natural freedom and the means of providing for their subsistence. That with regard to their attachment to the king and to the French, that it is inviolable ; and if the Queen of England had the meadows of Acadie by the cession made by his majesty of them, they, the Indians, had the woods, out of which no one could ever dislodge them ; and that so they wished each to remain at their posts, promising, nevertheless, to be always faithful to the French. In the colonies of Port Royal, Mines, Piggiguit, Coppeguit, and Beaubassin, six thousand (6,000) souls would have to be removed." *

The French plan for the removal of the Acadians to Cape Breton fell to the ground after a time, and was succeeded by a policy of reprisals more disastrous and harassing to the Acadians than to the English garrison at Annapolis ; while at the same time the English Lords of Trade and the colonial governors were slowly maturing a scheme for the forcible and wholesale removal of the French inhabitants from the province. The history of the expatriation of a peaceful and industrious people, the narration of the successive events during forty years leading up to the final catastrophe, the movement to and fro of the temporizing policy of the conquerors until they felt their power secure within their hands, the alternate hopefulness and anxiety of the conquered, the expectation of aid from their kinsmen abroad, sometimes drawing near, always eventually dashed to the ground ; the desolation of the settlements by friend and foe, the burning of their churches, the driving out of their pastors, to whom they were devotedly attached as their most reliable and unselfish friends, and their final dispersion over the continent and among the islands of the West Indies—make a sombre-colored picture which attracts the imagination of the observer, and fixes his attention even at this distant day. The beautiful pictures of contented industry, of rural peace and simplicity, drawn by Longfellow and the Abbé Raynal, find little counterpart in the reality of the stern and rigorous rule of the English military governors at Annapolis, Fort Edward, and Fort Lawrence, or in the harassing persecution and suspicious tyranny to which the Acadians were ceaselessly subjected until the fall of the last French stronghold on the peninsula, by the capture of Fort Beausejour, left the English government free to carry out its long contemplated plan of wholesale deportation.* One feature is more clearly

* Murd. i. 336, *note*.

* The expulsion of the Acadians took place in September, 1755. The single plea offered by those writers who have undertaken the defence of a political crime more inhuman than any that ever stained the character of the English government, has been the assertion of the continued hostility of the Acadians to the English, and their union with the French forces from Canada in the several attempts made to reconquer the country. It is not necessary to determine how far these statements are correct, nor how far the Acadians preserved the oath of fidelity with the condition not to bear arms which Governor Armstrong and Governor Philipps successively administered to them. Their removal was determined upon by the Lords of Trade prior to any question with regard to their oath of allegiance, and before a single expedition from Canada set foot in the territory. This forcible removal was never anything more than a question of time and of the sufficiency of the force at the disposal of the English governor at Annapolis. It was regarded by the English government simply as a question of political expediency. On the 28th of December, 1720, ten years only after the con-

marked than any other in the history of the Acadians—that is the single-hearted devotion with which the missionaries devoted themselves to the amelioration of the political condition of their people, as well as to the administration of the divine consolations of religion which helped to sustain them under their burthens. That their faithfulness to their duty brought down upon their heads the anger and suspicion of the English governors, need not be said. Later English writers, in discussing a subject so full of delicate, subtile, and grave problems of political morality as the question of the immediate allegiance of the Acadians to the English crown, have put aside without comments the nature of the oaths administered by the English governors, the fact that these oaths were first taken in 1726–7, sixteen years after the conquest, and six years after the letter of the Lords of Trade given in the note, the strength of natural ties of allegiance binding them to their mother-country, their prior occupancy of the soil, the force of the associations of a hundred years of labor in reclaiming the country from the wilderness and the sea—and have assumed that, because a garrison was kept at Annapolis, and half a dozen European plenipotentiaries signed some pieces of parchment at Utrecht, the French colonists in Acadia were immediately bound, without being parties to the agreement, by all the ties of English feudal allegiance. Holding these views, it is not surprising that those writers have not been sparing in their denunciations of the French missionaries from Canada and Cape Breton, who, not being subjects themselves, declined to become the agents of the English government in attempting to change the natural feelings and sentiments of the people under their spiritual care. The policy of conciliation, indeed, was a policy not much practised nor very much esteemed in those days, nor were the inherent rights of distinct populations very clearly recognized; the English held the country by the strong hand, and both priests and people felt its weight without distinction. Scarcely three months had elapsed after the capitulation of Annapolis, when Father Justinien, the curé of the settlement, was imprisoned under the frivolous pretext of having left the *banlieue*, and gone up the river without the order of the governor, Colonel Vetch; and in February, 1711, he was sent to Boston, where he remained a prisoner for nearly two years. The condition, in the meantime, of the inhabitants of the Annapolis River was wretched, and their minds were harassed with doubts as to the future; in the same year they sent M. de Clignancourt to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the governor of Quebec, with a letter, in which they say:

quest, and while the country was at profound peace, the Lords of Trade wrote to Governor Philipps: "As the French inhabitants seem likely never to become good subjects while the French governors and their priests retain so great an influence over them, we are of opinion they ought to be removed as soon as the forces which we have proposed to be sent to you shall arrive in Nova Scotia, for the protection and settlement of your province." (Murd. i. 381, *note*.) This letter was in reply to one addressed by Governor Philipps to the Lords of Trade, in which he says, that on a full consideration of these affairs in council, it was agreed "that, whereas, my instructions direct me with the effect of the proclamation, and that I have neither order nor sufficient power to drive these people out, nor prevent them doeing what damage they please to their houses and possessions, and likewise for the sake of gaining time and keeping all things quiet till I shall have the honour of your further commands in what manner to act—that it is most for his majesty's service to send home the deputies with smooth words and promises of enlargement of time, whilst I transmit their case home and receive his majesty's further directions thereon." The answer of the Lords of Trade was sufficiently plain. The penal transportation of a whole people, if it were possible, would always be an effectual way of settling political and national differences, and securing good government in a country. The practical difficulty, of course, might be the largeness of the population to be transported.

"M. de Clignancourt will give you, sir, a faithful report of all that has passed since the departure of the English fleet. He will make you acquainted with the bottom of our hearts, and will tell you better than we can do by a letter the harsh manner in which Mr. Weische" (Vetch) "treats us, keeping us like negroes, and wishing to persuade us that we are under great obligations to him for not treating us much worse; being able, he says, to do so with justice, and without our having room to complain. We pray you, sir, to have regard to our misery, and to honor us with your letter for our consolation, expecting that you may furnish the necessary assistance for our retiring from this unhappy country." *

Father Justinien was permitted to return in 1714–15, and continued to exercise the functions of curé at Annapolis until 1720. On the 28th of April, O. S. (9th of May, N. S.), of that year, Governor Philipps issued proclamations to the people of Annapolis, Mines, and Chignecto, commanding them to take the oath of allegiance without qualification, or to withdraw from the country within four months, without carrying away any of their effects, except two sheep for each family; the rest of their property to be confiscated to the crown. At the same date, letters were addressed to Father Justinien at Annapolis, Father Felix at Mines, and Father Vincent at Chignecto, ordering them to summon their people together and make known the governor's proclamation. † The terms prescribed by the proclamation were in violation of the promises made in the letter of Queen Anne, which guaranteed to the Acadians the right "to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without molestation (on condition of being willing to continue our subjects), as fully and freely as other our subjects do or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same, if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere." * Finding this alternative before them, the inhabitants sent a letter by Father Justinien to M. St. Ovide, governor at Louisburg, appealing to him for advice and assistance. Some correspondence took place between St. Ovide and Philipps, and the English governor, finding the forces at his command insufficient to carry out his proclamation, allowed the matter to rest for a time; "sending home the deputies," as he says, "with smooth words and promises of enlargement of time." The departure of Father Justinien was, however, looked upon unfavorably by the governor, and he was forbidden to return to the province. Philipps afterward granted the petition of the inhabitants of Annapolis to send to Cape Breton for a priest in place of Father Justinien. Father Charlemagne was appointed curé, and continued to officiate until 1724, when he in turn fell under the suspicion of the governor and council, and was sent out of the province.

* *Paris MSS.*, Murd. i. 322.

† "To the Rev. Father Justinien Durand: I hereby order you to read to-morrow to your congregation when att the fullest, the enclosed order directed to the inhabitants, and after you have read it, to affix it to the chappell door, that none may pretend cause of ignorance of the same, and if you have anything to offer on your part I shall be glad to grant any reasonable demands you can make me, as farr as I shall be authorised by his majesty's instructions."—*Letter of Governor Philipps*, April 30th, 1720, N. S.

* *Vide* Letter of Queen Anne, 23d June, 1713, *N. S. Archives*, Aikens, 15, *note*.

The inhabitants of Mines replied by letter to Governor Philipps. In this they say: "You demand of us an oath which is so much the more burthensome to us, that we should expose ourselves and our families to the fury of the savages who threaten us every day, and watch all our actions to observe if we do anything against the oath we took in presence of General Nicholson and of two of the officers of Isle Royale, which oath has been intimated to and known at the Court of England, and from which it appears to us very difficult to release ourselves. Moreover, by a letter of the late Queen Anne, of happy memory, it was ordered that a valuation of our property should be made, and that the amount of the said valuation should be paid to us, as was done in the evacuation of Placentia and other places ceded to the Queen by the King of France."—*N. S. Archives*, 29.

In February of the same year, Père Isidore, a Franciscan friar, came to Annapolis. He had been selected by Père Claude Sanquiest, Superior of the Recollets, at Louisburg, to be resident priest at Piggiguite (Windsor). Major Cosby, who commanded at Canso, wrote to Lieutenant-Governor Doucett, at Annapolis, that his excellency the governor had authorized Sanquiest to appoint a curé for Piggiguite. Father Isidore received the approbation of the council, and entered on his mission at Piggiguite. An event soon occurred, however, in which the missionaries were charged with complicity—the suspicious temper of the governor and council being prone to lay all their difficulties at the door of the "Romish priests"—and which resulted in the banishment of Father Felix and Father Charlemagne from the province, and the transfer of Father Isidore to the cure of Mines. The Indians continued this year to make war on the frontier New England settlements, and in the middle of the summer a war party of Micmacs and Malecites attacked the fort at Annapolis, killed two and wounded four of a party of the garrison, who made a sally and carried off several prisoners.* Father Charlemagne and Father Isidore were brought before the council, and examined with regard to their previous knowledge of the designs of the Indians. The council resolved that Father Charlemagne should be kept in custody until an opportunity offered of sending him out of the province, and he was forbidden to return on his peril. The evidence against Father Charlemagne was of the most slender character, and no jury could be found now to convict him of complicity in the attack; the council being obliged, in fact, to base its judgment on the supposition that he could have given the garrison notice of the proposed attack, and that he failed to do so. When it is known that he had no means of communicating with the garrison, except by the river, and that both banks were guarded by hostile Indians, determined to intercept any communication, it is not difficult to see that the verdict of the council was formed rather from their desire to find some whom they could punish for the late attack (as the Indians had escaped them), and upon the natural odium which they entertained against Romish priests, than upon the evidence in the case. The answers of Father Charlemagne himself were frank and straightforward, and offer a curious commentary upon the statement made in the report of the council that "he often prevaricated, and never answering directly to any question."*

* *News from Acadie*, by Father Felix, missionary; given by Murdoch, i. 409.

* In Council, 22d July, 1724. Examination of Father Charlemagne, the Romish priest of this river, before the Governor and Council.

Question 1st. Father Charlemagne, why did you not at yo'r arrival (when you waited on the Governor) acquaint him with the party of Indians being at Minas, and of their designs against us?

Answer. I must then have been a wizard.

Ques. Did you know of any party of Indians when you was at Mines?

Ans. There were Indians of this province mett there with Golin, their missionary, on account of devotion.

Ques. Did you know of any strange Indians being there, and that it was talked of their coming here?

Ans. There were six strange Indians who came there the Friday before I came away.

Ques. Wherefore, then, did you not acquaint the Governor of these six Indians, when at yo'r arrivall he asked you what news, when at the same time you told him there was none?

Ans. My business is only to attend to my function, and not to enquire into or meddle with any other business, news, or affairs; and that not finding any Indians in my way hither, and finding everything quiet here, I thought it was only talk of the Indians, and that they had no further designs.

Ques. Do you not think that all people who are under the protection of any gov'mt are obliged to discover any treason or enterprise carried on against it to its detriment?

Ans. It may be justly required; but I would not do it at the risk of my own person, for I love my skin better than my shirt, and I had rather have wars with the English than with the Indians.

The governor laid before the board a letter from Père Felix, who refused to appear before the council, as he was about to leave the province. It was resolved "that an order be sent to Mines, to be there published at the Mass-house, to discharge the said Father Felix from ever, at his utmost peril, entering this province without the consent and approbation of the government." Father Isidore was acquitted of any complicity in the attack upon the garrison; and, after having received the thanks of the governor in council, was appointed to the cure of Mines in place of Father Felix. The English then shot and scalped an Indian hostage who had been detained two years in the fort. He was put to death on the spot where Sergeant McNeal, one of the garrison, had been killed. The council also passed a standing order "that there should be no more Mass said up the river; that the Mass-house there should be demolished, and that one should be built at Annapolis, to which they might all resort, as an eternal monument of their said treachery."* It might perhaps be supposed that this furious bigotry wreaked upon innocent heads ended there—the Indians who had attacked the fort belonged mostly to a tribe called the Malecites, living on the St. John River, on the other side of the Bay of Fundy, who were strangers to the missionaries at Port Royal and Mines, and over whom they had no control; and it was not pretended nor asserted that a single Acadian had taken part in the raid—but it did not. Eight years afterwards, when another governor, Colonel Armstrong, had succeeded Philipps, the people up the river petitioned to have their church removed to the middle of the settlement, or else that the priest might spend half his time up the river. This was refused on the ground that the church had been removed to Annapolis on account of "*a massacre contrived by the priests*,† Charlemain and Felix of Mines,

Ques. Was you not detained some time there by the Indians that you might not gett here to give intelligence?

Ans. No; I was not; but I heard they had such a de-igne.

Ques. Did not the Indians at the church-door threaten to scalp you, if you should give any advice of their coming?

Ans. They did not tell me so, for they are better instructed.

Ques. Why, then, as you are not apprehensive of any danger, did you not find a way to give intelligence when they were up the river at your Mass-house?

Ans. I could hardly make to my own house.

Ques. Was there not a person at Minas, who in conversation with you mentioned to you the necessity of acquainting the Governor of the Indians' designe, for fear of the ill consequences that might ensue?

Ans. I had no such conversation with any one at Mines.

Ques. Why did you assemble the inhabitants to prayers on that particul r day, which occasioned them to pretend an impossibility of giving notice to the Governor?

Ans. It was on the occasion of the late earthquake.

It is to be observed that in the course of this examination he often prevaricated, never answering directly to any question, without being often repeated and put to him, runing in long discourses foreigne to the point.—Murd. App. c. xlvi.

* Murd. i. 409-484.

† The first accusation made against the priests in Philipps's time was that they had not given notice of the attack. The charge had increased in time. It is not now so easy to see how the killing of two soldiers in a sally made from the fort upon a party of Indians, who were strangers in the country, was "a massacre contrived by the priests;" but the Englishman of that day reached his conclusions on these subjects in a summary way. In the summer of the same year (1724), another party of Malecites captured, near Canso, an English schooner, on board of which Major Cosby, the English commandant, had placed two cannon and eight men, under command of a sergeant, to cruise and capture the Acadian vessels in the strait: the trade in cattle and grain between Mines and Louisburg being forbidden by the government at Annapolis. The Indians killed the captain and five men, and took three prisoners. Father Felix, who was at Canso on his way to Cape Breton, hearing of the capture of the English vessel, hastened to the place, and by his exhortations to the Indians succeeded in saving the lives of the three prisoners. He then ransomed the sergeant, and induced two Acadians, Pierre Le Blanc and Paul Melançon, to ransom the two other English prisoners. He himself was at the time threatened with death by the English government if found within the province. His action is a striking commentary upon the relative positions of the missionaries and the English provincial governments of that day.—*Vide* Murd. i. 410.

and several of the people, to be perpetrated by the Indians;" and they were told by Armstrong, "There are none of you but know how barbarously some of his majesty's subjects were murdered and wounded by these infatuated, unthinking people." The council were of opinion that their church should not be removed, but that it should "remain where it now is, as a lasting monument and memorial of their treacherous villany to his Brittanick majesty and his subjects." The last entry of a baptism by Father Charlemagne in the church register of Port Royal is July 25, 1724; and we find Père de Breslay officiating as curé October 7, 1724. Father Breslay came from Cape Breton at the request of the inhabitants, and, on petition to the governor in council, received permission to take up his residence and place of worship at the house called "the Mohauck Fort."

In October of the same year, the lieutenant-governor informed the council that he had received a letter from Father Felix, informing him of his (Felix's) return to the province, and that he had taken up his residence at Shickanecto (Chignecto) on the assurance of a letter from the governor of Cape Breton in his favor. Father Felix was accompanied by two other Recollets, missionaries, who also addressed letters to the lieutenant-governor, asking permission to officiate. The council, however, was inexorable, and ordered Father Felix and his companions not to remain in the province at their peril; but as its authority did not extend practically beyond cannon-shot of the fort at Annapolis, there was no means of enforcing the order, and Father Felix continued to officiate for several years. In January, 1725, Father Ignace, a Flemish priest, who had been sent by Father Jocunde, the superior of the Recollets in Cape Breton, with a recommendation to the people of Mines, arrived at Annapolis with the deputies from that settlement, and requested the permission of the government to officiate. The governor and council having demanded and received from him assurances that he would confine himself solely to his religious labors, and that he would take no part in the political affairs of the province, appointed him Chignecto, "in the hope," as they said, "of rooting out Felix." At a meeting of council on the 22d of January, Father Pierre, who had gone to Cobequid without leave, was ordered to be "banished the country," and the council threatened the people of that settlement with severe penalties for referring a question of building a church to the Bishop of Quebec. Father Charlemagne, who had been imprisoned since July previous, was sent to Cape Breton in the spring of this year (1725).*

In 1726, the venerable Indian missionary, Father Gaulin, finding himself greatly harassed by the hostility of the provincial government, surrendered himself prisoner at Annapolis, and petitioned the governor and council for leave to remain as a mis-

* The English chaplain of the fort, Rev. Robert Cuthbert, was dismissed about the same time for another cause.

"In Council, Sept. 22, 1724.

"The board unanimously agreed that whereas it appears that the Rev. Mr. Robert Cuthbert hath obstinately persisted in keeping company with Margaret Douglass, contrary to all reproofs and admonitions from Alexander Douglass, her husband, and contrary to his own promises and the good advice of his honour the lieutenant-governor; that he, the said Rev. Mr. Robert Cuthbert, should be keept in the garrison without port liberty; and that his scandalous affair, and the satisfaction demanded by the injured husband, be transmitted, in order to be determined at home; and that the honorable lieutenant-governor may write for another minister in his room.

"Then the Revd. Mr. Robert Cuthbert being sent for to give his reasons for stopping off Alexander Douglass' goods, etc., as is represented in said Douglass' petition, who, having come, and being asked, made answer, No! that he did not; he might have them when he pleased, and that he did not insist upon anything either for him, his wife, or child."—Murd. App. 7, c. xlvi.

sionary in the province. He was treated with great harshness and insolence by the governor and council; but, as it was deemed prudent at the time to conciliate the French inhabitants and the Indians, the decision of the council was that, "notwithstanding he was such a vile fellow, it would still be better at this juncture to continue him, than either to keep him in prison or banish him from the province."* Father Gaulin was accordingly called before the council, and after being reprimanded for his "intolerable insolence," "that old fellow Gaulin"—as the governor, Armstrong, calls the venerable priest who had been laboring for twenty years in the wilderness among the Indians without other recompense than the consciousness of duty faithfully performed—was set at liberty and allowed to enter again upon his mission without further molestation. The governor, Armstrong, was a man of violent and suspicious temper † who was always embroiled in disputes with his subordinate officers, but the brunt of his displeasure invariably fell upon the missionaries. In 1729, Father Breslay, curé of Annapolis, was banished from the province,‡ and it was not until 1732 that Armstrong granted the petition of the inhabitants, and wrote to M. St. Ovide at Louisburg to send him two priests, one for Annapolis and the other for Mines. He had previously ordered Father Godalie, curé of Mines, and grand vicar, to leave the province. Father Godalie was accused of having "basely contradicted himself"—"of presuming to build churches without the privity or authority of his majesty's government"—"of perverting one of his majesty's subjects to the popish religion,"* "and for styling himself the Bishop of Quebec's vicar." For these offences the council ordered him to depart out of the province, directed the inhabitants not to pay him any more tithes. Father Moufils and Father de St. Poucy arrived from Louisburg in the fall of that year; Father St. Poucy was stationed at Annapolis, and Father Moufils appointed curé at Pigiquid. In 1736, Father St. Poucy and Father de Chevereaux, another of the missionaries from Louisburg, were ordered to be sent out of the province, for refusing to obey the governor's order to go to Poubomcoup (Pubnico) to recover some property from the Indians—the missionaries declaring that they had no business with things temporal, and

* *N. S. Doc.*, Aikens, 68-69; Murd. i. 438.

† He committed suicide at Annapolis on the 6th of December, 1739.—Murd. i. 529.

‡ The following extracts from a letter of Governor Armstrong to the Lords of Trade, 23d June, 1729, will serve to show the summary mode of administering justice, in the case of popish priests, in vogue at the time: in this letter he complains of a "series of insults committed against me, thro' the malice of some people who are abetted and encouraged by the favor and countenance of Major Cosby, lieut. governor of this garrison, who, forgetting his own character and dignity, has condescended to become a party in the malicious contrivances of my enemies, who, without any regard to truth or justice, or his majesty's service, have obstructed, villified, and misrepresented all my actions.

"The first person I shall take notice of for his notorious insolence is Monsieur Breslay, the Popish priest of this river, who, having for some time past endeavored to withdraw the people from their dependence on H. M. government, by assuming to himself the authority of a Judge in Civil affairs, and Employing his Spiritual Censures to force them to a submission. His insolence and tyranny growing at last insupportable, I sent the adjutant to him to his house, which stands a little way from the fort, to desire to speak with him, but his intelligence proved so good, tho' nobody was acquainted therewith but Major Cosby, that before the adjutant could reach his house he was gone off, and has ever since absconded somewhere in the Woods about this River among the Indians; pursuing his former practices of obstructing H. M. service, and exciting the savages to mischief. To prevent which, I thought proper, by an order published at the Mass-house, to command him to be gone out of the province in a month's time."

* Intermarriages took place not infrequently between the English officials and merchants at Annapolis and the daughters of the Acadians. The baptismal register of Annapolis shows that the children born of those mixed marriages were commonly baptized by the French curé.

refusing to have anything to do with the affair. Father de Chevereaux stopped at Cape Sable, where he commenced a mission among the Indians; and Father St. Poucy, after having sent to Louisburg, returned again to Annapolis. The government immediately ordered him to depart on the first opportunity, but the inhabitants petitioning strongly in his favor, he was allowed to resume his functions as curé. He continued to officiate until 1740, when he applied for a passport, signifying his intention to leave the province by way of Mines. He returned to the province from Louisburg in the autumn of the same year, and wrote to Governor Mascarene, who had succeeded Armstrong, announcing his intention of establishing himself as missionary at Chignecto. The government refused, however, to sanction his return to the province, and Father Laboret was appointed curé of Chignecto. Father de St. Poucy was succeeded at Annapolis by Father Nicholas Vauxlin (Vauquelin), who continued to perform the functions of curé until June, 1742. The first mention made of Father de Loutre, of the Society of Foreign Missions, who afterwards played so conspicuous a part in opposing the measures taken by the English government to drive the Indians and Acadians out of the province, is found in a letter addressed to him from Governor Mascarene in January, 1741. Mascarene was a man of ability and moderation of temper, and there is every reason to believe that, if his successors in the government of the province, Cornwallis and Lawrence, had followed the policy of conciliation which he initiated, the discontent and anxiety of the Acadians and the hostility of the Indians would have been soon replaced by a loyal and contented submission to the English government, and the disgraceful outrages upon justice and humanity involved in the expulsion of the Acadians, which make one of the worst chapters in the harsh history of English colonial government, would have been avoided. Lawrence especially was a man of essentially bad character; his disposition was incurably vicious and cruel; and he proved himself a suitable instrument for carrying out such a scheme.

In the summer of 1741, Father de Godalie, vicar-general of the province, returned from France, and took up his residence at Mines; the personal relations existing between him and Governor Mascarene were of a very friendly nature, and a frequent correspondence was maintained between them.

In June, 1742, Father des Enclaves, who had been stationed at Mines, replaced Father Vauxlin at Annapolis, and continued curé of the mission until the final expulsion of the Acadians, in 1755, when he shared the fate of his people, and was carried off prisoner to Boston.* Governor Mascarene writes, in June, to Father de Godalie:

"I Received your Letter by Grand Pierrot (big Peter), and am Glad to hear that you got safe to Meins. Monsr. des Enclaves is also arrived here & when Monsr. Laborett is got to Chiconecto and Mons. St. Poucy has quitted ye Province, wch. I desire may be as soon as possible, the Missionarys will be settled according to the Regulation passed in Council."

* Father Jean Baptiste des Enclaves came from France to Canada in 1728. M. Taschereau, in his MS. notes on Missions in Acadia, quoted by Dr. O'Callaghan in vol. x. of *New York Documents*, says he returned to France soon after 1753, worn out by age and labor. He was, however, officiating at Annapolis in 1754, as appears by his letter of that year to Mr. Cotterell, at Halifax, respecting the site of a new chapel which he was then building. And Governor Pownall, of Boston, in a letter to Governor Lawrence, in 1750, mentions his being then a prisoner, with other French Acadians, in Massachusetts.—Aikens's *N. S. Archives*, iii., *note*.

He goes on to point out that, on a vacancy taking place, the parishioners must first ask and obtain leave of the government to send for a priest to fill the cure. When the new priest arrives, he must repair to Annapolis, and be there approved by the governor and council before he officiates, and that similar permission must be had for the removal of a priest from one parish to another.* In the latter part of this year, two priests arrived in the province from Quebec—Fathers Miniac and Girard. The Bishop of Quebec, in a letter addressed to Governor Mascarene, registered September 16, 1742, says that, as M. de la Goudalie informs him that he is unable alone to perform the duties of grand vicar, he sends Mascarene the Abbé Miniac, a man of birth, capacity, and experience, who had been for a long time grand vicar and archdeacon, and solicits the governor's favor for him.† The journey proved tedious and fatiguing. The younger priest, Girard, was obliged to stop at Cobequid with Father de Loutre, and the Abbé Miniac at Grand Pré, Mines. From these settlements, they wrote November 27th and December 2d, N. S., to the governor, announcing their arrival. Mascarene sent the Bishop of Quebec a copy of the regulations in force concerning missionaries,‡ and wrote to Fathers Goudalie, Miniac, and Girard. The council ordered that the two priests coming into the province contrary to the regulations may remain till spring, but are not to exercise any functions. The Abbé Miniac arrived at Annapolis in the spring of 1745, and satisfied the governor and council as to the purely spiritual objects he and Father Girard had in view in coming into the province. It was then resolved that Father Miniac should remain at Rivière des Canards, in Mines, and Father Girard at Cobequid; but a request for a second missionary at Pessaquid was refused, one being deemed sufficient.

With the founding of Halifax, in 1749, and the larger and more systematic efforts at the English settle-

* Governor Mascarene to Mons. de la Goudalie.—*Order Book, N. S. Doc.*, Aikens, 112.

† *Vide* Letter of Bishop of Quebec.—*N. S. Archives*, 121.

‡ *Order Book:* Collection of Orders, Rules, or Regulations in Relation to the Missionary Romish Priests in his Brittanick Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia, extracted from the Council Books, and Ordered to be here Recorded as by Minute of Council, on Tuesday, the first of March, 1742–3.

Whereas, the said Priests have, of their own accord, Resorted hither without acknowledging his Majesty's Sovereignty and Jurisdiction in and over this his said Province or paying the Least Respect or Obedience to this his Majesty's Government, and have been Guilty of Sedition and Treachery, as in Particular Charlemaine, Ignace, &c., Preferring the authority by Which they pretend to be Sent to that of his Brittanick Majesty wch. they have so frequently dispised.

Ordered, that no Priest shall be Permitted into This his Majesty's Province But by and with the advice consent and approbation first asked and obtained from his Majesty's Government.

That if at any time the Inhabitants Belonging to any of the Parishes shall want a Priest on account of a vacancy, they shall be obliged first to Petition this his Majesty's Government for Leave to have one, and Upon Such Leave obtained to apply where they Please for a Priest.

That upon the Priests comeing into this Province By virtue of the leave obtain'd by the Inhabitants, he shall before he shall exercise any part of his Priestly fonction present himself to the Govr. or Comm. in Chief and his Majesty's Council for Admittance or Approbation.

That in case any of them thus Admitted shall at any Time behave themselves Irregularly or with Contempt and disrespect to the rules and orders of this His Majesty's Province while they are in it, they may expect to be dismissed the same.

That it is agreed upon and expected by the Government that the Missionary Priest thus Admitted shall possess himself of nor exercise any part of his Priestly function in any other parish than that for which he was petitioned without the Govr's permission first had and obtained, nor is any priest so admitted by the Government to remove himself from the parish allotted to him to another by any authority but by that of this Gov'mt.

That no Romish Priest of any degree or Denomination shall Presume to Exercise any of their Ecclesiasticall Jurisdiction within this his Majesty's said Province.

P. MASCARENE.

By Order of his Honour the
President by and With
the Advice of the Council Extracted.
W. SHIRREFF, *Secey.*

ment of the territory, dating from that period, the history of the relations between the colonial government and the Acadians underwent a sudden and radical change. Within six years, priests and people had disappeared from the province, and were dispersed in helpless and scattered groups over English colonies. The larger military force at the disposal of the English governors at Halifax enabled them to carry out, without further delay, the long-contemplated plan for the forcible removal of the whole body of the Acadian population. The history of their expulsion has been often written, and has been made familiar, by poets and essayists, to all readers. It is a chapter in the history of the English colonial government of the eighteenth century which will not easily lose its interest so long as the associations of country and the sacred intimacy of family ties find a place in men's hearts. The missions were broken. Fathers des Enclaves, Dandin, Chauvreaulx, and Miniac were put on board the English fleet, and carried off prisoners with the people among whom they had labored long and faithfully.* Father de Loutre sailed for France after the capture of Fort Beausejour, but was taken prisoner on the voyage by an English cruiser, and sent to Elizabeth Castle, in Jersey, where he remained for eight years.†

In 1759, an act was passed by the provincial assembly banishing "popish priests," under penalty of imprisonment, etc.; any person found harboring and concealing one to pay a fine of £50 for the first offence; to be set in the pillory, and find securities for good behavior. In this manner ended the French missions in Acadia; but a soil crowded with the associations of so many laborers in the Lord's vineyard was not long destined to remain barren. An Irish Catholic Church, full of vigorous life, strong in that vitality of the faith inherent in the race, has sprung up on the ruins of the French missions.* The age has grown more tolerant, the old barriers against the liberty of conscience have been broken down, and the Catholic Church in the British provinces has no longer to contend against the difficulties and perils that beset the early missionaries. Looking back now at their shadowy figures, standing in the background of American colonization in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, and unclouded by the dark prejudices of race and religion which then enveloped them, we are able, in this age, to pay a more just and grateful tribute of admiration to the brave and faithful services they rendered to the Acadians.

NOTE.—In the previous article on the Early Acadian Missions, which appeared in the February number, the conclusion, beginning with the words, "In the autumn of 1610" (read instead 1710), and ending with "scenes consecrated by the sufferings of Biard and Masse, of Sebastian and Fontinier," was by mistake printed on pp. 634, 635 instead of at the close of the article.

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* Father Maillard, who, after the fall of Louisburg, had established a mission in the eastern part of the province, was invited by the provincial government to take up his residence at Halifax in 1759, in order to quiet the Indians.

† It is to be regretted that the old calumny, charging Father de Loutre with having been an accessary to the shooting of Captain How, under a flag of truce, by the Indians, in 1750, should have found a place in the volume of *N. S. Documents* published by the Provincial Government. It is unpardonable that, in a work demanding the strictest impartiality, the commissioner appointed to superintend the edition—a man named Aikens—should have been allowed to insert a note endorsing such a statement. In the same work, the impudent forgery of the French spy, Pichon purporting to be a letter from the Bishop of Quebec to Father de Loutre, is given as a genuine document.

* A large number of the Acadians expelled in 1755 found their way back to the country after many efforts and sufferings. Their descendants now form a considerable section of the population in the western part of the province of Nova Scotia and Island of Cape Breton. They still retain their language and religion, and their manners and customs remain almost unchanged.

THE GHOST OF THE LIME-KILN.

We were sitting in our cosy little parlor, in the twilight of a pleasant summer evening, when the conversation turned—as it does so very easily and imperceptibly at that mystic period of the day, when the spirit is hushed and awed by the silent and holy influences of the hour—upon the marvellous, the mysterious, and the supernatural, and, in the course of it, we were led to the question whether disembodied spirits did ever really become visible to mortal eyes.

"There can be no doubt," said my mother, "that the great and good God can accomplish his purposes by any means or instruments which his infinite wisdom sees are best fitted for them; and I should not hesitate to believe, upon sufficient evidence, in an apparition from the spirit-world, the reason for which was attested, as were those of Holy Writ, by the attainment of some great benefit that could not have been gained, humanly speaking, by ordinary means."

"Well," said my aunt, "I am no philosopher, and perhaps, were I inclined to search for the reason of all that passes my limited comprehension, I should fail to satisfy myself. But I am a firm believer in apparitions, for I have seen one myself, and 'seeing is believing,' you know."

"Oh! tell us all about it, aunty," I earnestly exclaimed, though shrinking, at the same time, from the thought of hearing about a ghost from one who had seen it.

I was a young girl, passing a year with your mother—she said, addressing herself to me—when your father removed his family to a home in the wilderness. You were then but a mere child, and I doubt whether you noticed the contrast—so striking to your elders—between those wild solitudes and our former pleasant home, or, if you noticed, could now retain any distinct remembrance of the singularly weird features they presented to our unaccustomed eyes. Yet there were many pleasures connected with that new mode of life which reconciled us to the change, and imparted a relish even to its unwonted privations and inconveniences.

We removed in the early spring, before the ice broke up in the river, which furnished us with a route for the journey, and the transportation of the household goods, as no roads were even surveyed for a great part of the way. The place was, in fact, an unbroken forest. The trees had been cut away on the knoll where the house was erected, for a space just sufficient for its location, and I remember well that, when the tall pines were felled in the grounds where the yards and gardens were afterward laid out, strong props were placed against them to prevent their falling upon the house. No less vivid is my remembrance of the trepidation with which I watched the performance from a safe distance outside the building.

The cabin of our nearest neighbor was three miles distant from us, through a tangled forest, in which even the Indian hunter often lost his way. So, whatever else we lacked, we had solitude enough, you may be sure.

During the fall after our removal, it became necessary to burn a quan-

tity of lime for future building operations. A lime-kiln was constructed at some distance from the house, in the deep woods at the foot of a ledge of rocks, down which a mad brook came brawling in numberless little waterfalls, which we named "The Cascades." The foot-path from the house led through the woods to a temporary bridge which had been thrown across the stream considerably below the lime-kiln, and had to be traversed at that season—after the fall rains—to reach the spot, though during the summer the brook could be crossed anywhere on stepping-stones.

The man who built the kiln was one of our nearest neighbors, by the name of Birch, a Yankee of that irrepressible class who are described, in the common expression, as being "able to turn their hand to anything;" and we found him an invaluable adjunct in more emergencies than one. He was assisted by his son, Horace—an overgrown, unkempt, and uncouth specimen of a backwoods Yankee stripling as one could chance to meet in many a summer day's ramble. It is impossible to describe this remarkable human anomaly in words that would convey any idea of the original—such a compound of ignorance, shrewdness, effrontery, and self-complacency. It was impossible to tell him anything in the whole range of human science and knowledge but what he had "hearn that afore!" or to give him any information, for he already knew all that was "worth knowing," and, if he did not, "Dad did," which was "just as well, seein' 'twas all in the family."

A great bravado, withal, was our blustering Horace. His stories of what he had seen and encountered in the woods were marvellous, especially the "lots of bars he had fought with; but he never yet seed the bar he was afear'd on." If you would take his word for it, there was nothing "in sky, or air, or caverns deep" that could by any possibility frighten him.

When the lime-kiln—the construction of which was an event in those solitudes, you must know—was completed, and in "full blast," as Horace said, on a fine autumnal evening it was proposed that we should all go up to see the gorgeous effect of the light from the fire in the kiln as it was thrown upon the surrounding forest. You were such a sleepy-head that we said nothing to you of the projected excursion, knowing you would want to go back before the evening was half-spent, and would be more comfortable if left at home with your father and mother.

After the tea-things were cleared away, we settled ourselves around the work-table as usual, your father reading aloud from a pleasant book. Soon his two wards, Sam S—— and George H——; your two brothers; Abby, your adopted sister, and myself, slipped quietly out, one by one, and, accompanied by Baptiste, the French boy, and two Scotch girls from the kitchen, took our course for the lime-kiln. Arriving there, we found Horace—who had been left by his father in charge of the fires—in a full blaze of glory, and, if possible, more boastful and heroic than ever.

Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the spectacle before us, and we were lost in admiration of its flickering and fairy-like splendors. The illumination of the adjacent wilderness, and the wild beauty of its dim recesses faintly revealed by flashes of the magic-working fire—places which the slightest stretch of fancy might people with every imaginable form of loveliness—and, above all, the dancing, laughing waters of the brook, whence we should scarcely have been surprised

to see some radiant naiad emerge, as they sparkled in the fitful gleam, all combined to hold us bound in silence, as by a spell, for some time.

"What an awsome place for bogles and kelpies, Gude safe us!" murmured the Scotch girl, Betty, in a half-whisper.

"What do you mean by your bogles and skelpies?" asked Horace, with a startled air. "I do wish to gracious you'd talk English, or some kind o' talk a body could understand! Scotch is tarnal nonsense, any way! But if it's any kind of a bar, here's at him, I say."

"She means wood and water spirits," Abby explained.

"Oh! some kind o' spooks, I s'pose. A feller must be a consarned fool that's afraid of spooks. I shouldn't care if there was a dozen on 'em to come right out o' the woods and water now!"

"Whist!" cried Betty vehemently, "ye daft, gawky haverel! How daur ye be speakin' that way i' this eerie place, and Halloween near han' wi' a' the cantrips o' the time! How daur ye do't?"

"What do I care for your Halloween or your cantrips? Who's afeer'd? If the spooks want to come on, let 'em, I say!"

At that moment, a long, low sepulchral moan, that sent a thrill through our hearts, was heard distinctly to issue from a thicket of bushes near a tall pine-tree on the opposite bank of the brook. Up the brook, some fifteen or twenty paces, was a corresponding tree and thicket, and about midway between them, but further back—forming a triangle open toward us—was a third one, with a clear space in front of it, upon which the full glare of light from the mouth of the kiln was thrown so strongly as to bring all its slightest outlines into full relief.

At the instant our attention was arrested by the moan and our eyes attracted in that direction, a very tall figure, arrayed in garments of dazzling whiteness, emerged from behind the lower thicket, stalked slowly up the brook in front of the middle tree —which formed a background that set it forth with vivid distinctness— and passed behind the one further up the brook!

We were all electrified! I do not think my first impression was that the form was that of a disembodied spirit; but, when I reflected for a moment, the fact that there were no young people within many miles of us to play any trick of the kind upset my philosophy. The French boy fell on his knees, and blessed himself devoutly. The Scotch girls shrieked "Gude safe us and help us!" and fell on their faces, "distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear," to use Shakespeare's expression on a like occasion.

And Horace! Frightened as the American portion of the party were, and fully persuaded that we had seen a visitor from another world, we could not subdue within ourselves the ludicrous effect of his overwhelming and pusillanimous terror.

"O Lordie!" he shrieked, "I'm an awful sinner, and no mistake! I own up, I do! I didn't believe in spooks, but I give it up now—that's so! O Lordie! don't let it come again, I *will* be good, and you better believe I'll never say another misbehavin' word 'bout spooks s'long's I live, I won't!"

Again that hollow, sepulchral moan rent the air, and again that spectral form stalked slowly back to the place whence it first emerged. It seemed to our fascinated gaze that we could look through the shadowy vision and see every object beyond.

This time poor Horace fell flatly

and heavily to the ground, crying faintly: "O Lordie! there 'tis again. It *is* a spook, there's no misdoutin' it. Oh! what have I done?—what shall I do? 'Now I lay me down to sleep'—O Loddy massy! I can't pray, and I sha'n't never dare to go to sleep again, I sha'n't!"

After this outbreak, all was silent for some time, when Betty ventured to raise her head, and shaking her fist at the thoroughly discomforted hero—

"There, ye skelpin' blatherskite! didn't I warn ye to stop your silly clavers? Now your een have had the sight, and your ears the croon, o' the bogle, to pay your ill-faute tongue for its clatter. Ye may weel gang chitterin' a' the rest of your life, ye ill-faired feckless loon!"

As soon as we could arouse ourselves from our dismay, those of the party who dared to cross the brook set out on an exploring expedition, despite the frantic entreaties of Horace that they would desist, lest they should tempt "the spook" to come back.

After the most diligent search in every nook and thicket along the brook and the foot-path, we failed to discover the slightest trace of our mysterious visitor, and were compelled to yield slowly and reluctantly to the conviction that it was not a creature of flesh and blood. But why should it appear to us at this time? The boys thought it was, perhaps, the spirit of some one who had been murdered near that spot; but Betty insisted that it was sent to rebuke the unbelief of that "fashious fule."

As for Horace, he was completely subdued. No more marvellous tales of his exploits or boasts of his superior prowess. He dared not even mention a "bar," lest it should make its appearance, and nothing earthly could induce him to approach the lime-kiln, by night or day, from that time, even if your brothers and the other boys were with him. You smile incredulously, but I assure you I have given you a true and unvarnished narrative of our adventure with the Ghost of the Lime-Kiln.

"I do not doubt it," I replied. "And now I will proceed to give you an equally true and simple picture of the other side."

When you were all whispering so slyly the day before the adventure, and laying your plans for the evening, you forgot the saying that "little pitchers have long ears." The little girl whom you so slighted was aware that something unusual was in progress, and by dint of close watching and listening possessed herself of a full knowledge of your scheme; upon which she proceeded to lay out her own programme for the evening. Though the most arrant coward that ever walked on two feet, and afraid, as you all know, to pass from one room to another alone in the dark, she was so thoroughly piqued at your neglect that she determined to bury her fears for the nonce, and, cost what it might, to pay the debt to the best of her ability.

You had hardly disappeared when I asked permission of my mother, who was quite absorbed in the book my father was reading to her, to pop corn in the kitchen, which was granted. I made a blazing fire in the great fireplace, shelled the corn, and then proceeded with my other preparations. The clothes from the ironing were airing upon the frames, quite convenient for my purpose. I drew on a long white night-dress, and fashioned a figure on the broom, which I arrayed in white robes, making it appear so real that I trembled

to think of what I had done—"look on't again I dared not!" All this I accomplished in less time than is consumed in the telling, and, when fully ready, I put the figure under my arm, and darted along the foot-path and through the woods with the swiftness of a young fawn, until I nearly overtook your advancing party. I remained just far enough behind to avoid being seen, and when you crossed the brook—wishing to keep that between your party and my diminutive self—I passed on to the thicket by the first pine-tree. Art could not have arranged a place more perfectly fitted for my purpose. After waiting for a sufficient interval, I raised the broom as high as I could hold it, letting the long drapery fall around and conceal my head and face, except a little opening, which I prepared by pinning it aside, to see through. With the aid of a large sea-shell which I had brought from the cabinet of shells in the parlor, I succeeded in making the hollow, searching moan that could not fail to be heard above the babbling of the noisy brook, and the echo of which, as it came back through the resounding forest, almost frightened me from the fulfilment of my purpose, and prompted me to rush through the brook and the intervening space at any risk to seek your protection. But I stifled my fears, and walked forth—slowly of necessity, for I trembled so that I could scarcely set one foot before the other, until I passed the middle pine and reached the one further on, behind which I glided. After a short pause, I repeated the moan, and returned to the place from which I started. The moment I reached it, I snatched down the figure, and dashed through the woods for home with the speed of the wind, imagining there were a thousand goblins in close pursuit of me in my wild scamper. When I reached home, I was surprised to see by the old kitchen clock how brief had been my absence.

After carefully putting away my costume, I proceeded to pop the corn, and was thus demurely occupied when you all came home. You were surprised to find the "sleepy-head" still up and awake, and I triumphantly exhibited a pan of nice popped corn for your refreshment, marking, to my own private satisfaction, the evident trepidation of your whole party. How did I chuckle, all to myself, the next day, when I observed the mysterious hints and whispers of one and another, and overheard the remark, "How fortunate that she was not there! She would have been frightened into fits, and we should be pestered worse than ever with her fears of the dark."

I should have felt myself bound in honor to reveal the facts to you after enjoying sufficiently the success of my plot; but when my brothers, no longer able to keep the matter to themselves, told the whole story at the tea-table the next evening, there was a token in the keenness of my father's lawyer-like glance at me, as our eyes met, which convinced me he comprehended the true state of the case, and I thought he would make all necessary explanations, without my giving myself the trouble.

"Well," said my aunt, "in our cogitations and questions, we debated whether it might not be a trick of yours; but your well-known timidity and your diminutive size settled the question conclusively. Then," she added, as if musing, and with a disappointed expression on her countenance—"then my ghost was not a ghost after all!"

OUR SAINT OF TO-DAY.

On our Bessie's little altar,
With his grave and modest air,
Stood Saint Joseph with his lilies
And his joiner's plane and square.

It was such a tiny statue
That, at first, I could not say
Why I gazed upon that figure
Closer, closer, every day!—

Why I felt my heart draw nearer
To that meek, retiring saint,
Whom the lowly called their brother,
Whom the artists love to paint.

Years had passed before the secret
Of that statue's wondrous charm
Stood revealed in all its beauty—
Could my worldly sense disarm;

Ere the artisan, Saint Joseph,
Like a mountain-peak serene,
Dimly through the hazy distance
Of my daily life was seen.

Honest labor had been lauded
Oft by pagan bards, I found:
Something more than rustic virtue
Must Saint Joseph's toil have crowned.

And, at last, I caught the sunbeam;
Clouds rolled back from headland stern,
And I stood before Saint Joseph
Labor's sacred worth to learn.

Thoughtful reverence, adoration
Of the Word Incarnate, filled
Joseph's soul with peaceful grandeur,
All his mortal pulses stilled.

Nazareth's workshop, Bethlehem's stable,
Sandy waste, the palm-tree's shade,
All were chapels where Saint Joseph
Acts of lowliest worship paid

To that Child whose infant weakness
  Could such boundless service claim;
All the drudgery of labor
  Lost in love's consuming flame.

Jesus at his side was sleeping;
  Jesus, from his humble dish,
After daily work dividing,
  Shared his milk, his bread, his fish.

Toil and worship—not succeeding
  Each to each, but both as one—
Held his soul in gentle bondage,
  Made the lagging moments run.

Bethlehem's saint! dear spouse of Mary!
  Yet our hope we meekly stay
On Saint Joseph's mild protection
  'Mid the dangers of to-day!

Now the universal patron
  Of the church declared to be,
Still he keeps the tender perfume
  Of his first humility.

Still he bears the mystic lilies,
  Still the joiner's plane and square—
Labor with thee, for thee, Jesus,
  Still the just man's life of prayer!

ITALIAN UNITY.

The protest of American Catholics against the spoliation of the Pope's temporalities is one of the most striking events of the day. If our European brethren have been imagining so far that the influence of the latitudinarian system of politics, creeds, and morals prevalent in the country would have a tendency to weaken the faith, enervate the mental convictions, or corrupt the public and private conscience of the faithful, how consolingly they must have been disappointed! For where in Europe has there been a more general, enthusiastic, independent, and energetic protestation of loyalty to the papacy than has been witnessed in every portion of the United States? The moment Victor Emmanuel's troops forced an entrance into the Eternal City and the telegraph flashed across the water the news that the Vicar of Christ was a captive, the whole Catholic community, from Maine to Texas, was roused to action. Meetings were held all over the coun-

try to denounce the wrong which the Lombard king had perpetrated. Archbishops, bishops, priests, and the laity of every condition, in the great cities, in the small towns, even in the poorest rural districts, met together, and unanimously gave evidence of the intense Catholic faith which pervades the whole American Church. The monster meetings held in the large cities were such as had never been assembled before for any such purpose. The tone of the addresses to the Holy Father and of the resolutions passed has the ring of the times of the crusades. Witness the following resolutions, from the meeting held in Baltimore:

"We, the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, in general meeting assembled, to the number of more than fifty thousand, in order to welcome the return from Rome of our beloved archbishop, wish to avail ourselves of this impressive occasion to give expression, in the face of all Christendom, to our earnest, solemn, and unanimous protest against the late invasion of the Roman States by the Florentine government, and this, our indignant protest, is grounded upon the following among other weighty reasons:

"1. This forcible invasion was made in open violation of solemn treaties, guaranteeing the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff in the government of the small remnant of territory which had been left to him; and what increases its atrocious injustice is the additional circumstance, that the pusillanimous invaders ungenerously availed themselves of the misfortunes of France, their former best friend and ally, to carry out their wicked purpose of spoliation. Without any previous declaration of war; without assigning any reason for their high-handed act other than the pretended political exigencies of their position, which really meant nothing else but that of their own interests and self-aggrandizement; without any complaints against the Pontifical government, the paternal mildness of which is known over the whole world, and which was acceptable to the great body of the people who lived under its gentle sway; without cause, and against all right, these bold and unscrupulous men struck down by violence a small and helpless neighboring state—the oldest and the most legitimate in its rights of all European governments. It was a triumph of might against right, of brute force against justice.

"2. The guilt of sacrilege was superadded to that of injustice. The Papal territory has been regarded by all Christendom, for more than a thousand years, not only as neutral, but even as sacred soil, belonging to two hundred millions of Christians scattered over the whole world, and administered for their benefit by the visible head of the church and the common father of all. It was held as a patrimonial estate, belonging to the whole family, which had come down in unbroken descent, and as an unquestioned inheritance, through more than thirty generations; and which was regarded by the general consent of nations and the settled jurisprudence of long centuries as necessary for the free and independent exercise of the primacy by the successive incumbents of the Pontifical office, which necessarily involved free intercourse with all Christendom, without the pressure of any preponderating political influence, or the possibility of any hostile political hindrance. To secure this necessary freedom of action, a small independent territory was sufficient, and, accordingly, that assigned to the Pontiffs by the wisdom and piety of past ages and the disposition of Providence, was large enough to ensure their liberty, but not so large as to exercise any great, much less preponderating, political influence over other nations.

"3. The principle which lies at the basis of this time-honored, world-wide jurisprudence is precisely that which was subsequently adopted by the founders of our own great republic, who wisely ordained that a small independent district should be marked out and set apart from the territory of the states, exempt from all state influence and control, as the seat of the general government, to be administered for the benefit of all.

"The District of Columbia is neutral and, in some sense, sacred soil, belonging to no particular state, but the common property of all the states. This provision was wisely made, in order to render the action of the general government free and untrammelled by particular state influence, which would necessarily have

the tendency to hamper its action and to beget mistrust as to its freedom.

"As between the District of Columbia in its relation to the United States, and the Papal territory in its relation to the united states of Christendom, the principle is the same, and the parallelism is complete; and if the states of Maryland and Virginia, or any other state or states, availing themselves of a crisis favorable to their purpose, should invade and hold forcible possession of the District of Columbia, in violation of our settled jurisprudence, and for their own selfish purposes, the indignation which would burst forth throughout the land would be but an echo of that which now breaks forth throughout all Christendom on account of the sacrilegious invasion of the Papal States.

"And our confidence in the sound good sense and even-handed justice of our fellow-citizens of all classes and denominations is such as to inspire us with the fullest certainty that all fair and impartial men will be drawn to sympathize with us in the calamity which has temporarily befallen our church in its visible head. In the nature of things, the calamity can be but transitory, just as in the hypothetical invasion of the District of Columbia. The united states of Christendom will redress this grievance as promptly and as indignantly as would the United States of America redress the other in the parallel case.

"4. Notwithstanding the specious and hypocritical professions of the Florentine government, and the sham of a *plébiscite* managed under the influence of the bayonet, we have the very best reasons for believing and knowing that the invasion was not invited or approved of by the larger and sounder portion of the Roman people, and that the Pontiff, far from being free, is virtually and even really a prisoner in the hands of his enemies—the leaders of whom are, at the same time, the enemies of all truth, of all justice, and of all religion: and that, finally, under the sad circumstances of durance in which he is held, guarded at his very palace gates by a hostile soldiery, he cannot have that free intercourse with Christendom which his high and responsible office of visible head of the church, for feeding the sheep and lambs of the whole flock committed to him in the person of the blessed Peter, and for confirming his brethren, necessarily requires; and that the faithful throughout the world can feel no confidence whatever that their communications to him and his answers to them will pass free and unmolested. Men who have violated all treaties and forsworn all faith are manifestly not to be trusted, at least whenever their selfish interests are involved.

"5. Rome is not only the centre of religion, but it is the sanctuary of ancient and modern literature and art; and well-grounded fears are entertained lest this sanctuary should be violated, and its precious treasures scattered or destroyed by the ruthless invader. The indications in this direction have been already unfavorable, in spite of the brief period of the occupation, and the future is lowering and gloomy.

"6. But what we protest against, with still more energetic indignation, is the open insult to all Christendom implied in the breaking up of the great Vatican Council, and the virtual expulsion from the capital of Christendom of bishops who had, at great expense and peril, convened from all parts of the world to assist at the solemn assizes of the church. They could no longer hope to be able to assemble in peace and liberty around their chief, to deliberate with him on the great interests of the Catholic Church: and hence no alternative was left them but to return suddenly to their distant sees, and none to the venerable Pontiff but to suspend, with a sorrowing heart, the Vatican Council.

"For this outrage the Florentine government will have to account with a world wide and indignant Christendom. For these and other reasons, we solemnly and indignantly unite, with two hundred millions of Christians, in protesting against the sacrilegious invasion of the Papal States by the Florentine government. And,

"Whereas our Holy Father, Pius IX., on the 29th of June, 1868, the Feast of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, did issue his Bull of Convocation for the meeting of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, to be opened on the 8th day of December, 1869, in the city of Rome; and,

"Whereas the said council did assemble accordingly, and, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, proceeded quietly with the work appointed to be done until on or about the 20th day of September, in the year 1870, when the States of the Church were,

without cause and without any previous declaration of war, invaded by the troops of a neighboring monarch, King Victor Emmanuel, and the Holy Father was made prisoner and his government overthrown by violence, and the authority of his holiness usurped by the creatures of the invader:

"Now, we, the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, having been called together to meet our dear Father in God, the Most Reverend Martin John Spalding, archbishop of this diocese, on his return to his flock after participating in the proceedings of said council, deem the present a proper occasion to express our firm convictions in relation to the outrage perpetrated by King Victor Emmanuel, as above stated.

"*Therefore resolved*, That the said invasion of the Papal territories and the overthrow of the government of his holiness and usurpation of his sovereignty were and are against right and justice, in violation of the terms of the convention of the 15th of September, 1864, between the Emperor of France and the said King Victor Emmanuel, and of good faith, and an outrage against the civilized world.

"*Resolved*, The circumstances of the case would justify the intervention of all Christian governments in favor of the restoration of his holiness to his sovereign rights.

"At the conclusion of the reading, the resolutions were unanimously adopted by all present in the cathedral rising in their seats, and raising up their right hands. At the same time, the protest and resolutions were read from the steps of the cathedral to the vast multitude outside, who likewise enthusiastically adopted them by raising their hands."

Similar resolutions were passed in the other dioceses. Who has not read of the immense parochial mass-meetings assembled in the New York churches at the call of our most reverend archbishop? Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Charleston, New Orleans, Detroit—the Catholics of the Western as well as of the Eastern States made their voices to be heard in this protest, without distinction of race or nationality. Americans, Irish, Germans, and French, gray-headed patriarchs and the generous youth of our colleges, vied with each other in expressing their abhorrence of the injury and injustice to the church which the modern successors of the Lombards had perpetrated in robbing the Pope.

We can say, without any exaggeration, that as among the laymen who signed the Catholic resolutions were men of great influence and wealth, of high honor and unimpeachable honesty, of eminent science, some of them the ablest lawyers in the land; and as our clergy and the masses of our people hail from every country in Europe, the American protest, though actually representing only seven millions of the faithful, may virtually stand for all the Catholics in the world. Let our brethren in Europe take courage, then. Our example will put new energy into them, give them new confidence in the power of the mass of the Catholic people to assert their religious rights by means which are peaceable and constitutional, but yet more irresistible than armed force.

The protest of the American Catholics against the unlawful taking of Rome shows principally their Catholic loyalty, and testifies to their strong faith in their religion, their abhorrence of a sacrilege, and their unshaken devotion to the Holy See. In this regard, we had no right to expect the sympathy of our Protestant fellow-citizens. But, as the protest is also one against injustice, illegal voting, and robbery, we hoped that all honest men, irrespective of religious prejudice, would give it the approval of silence at least, if their sympathy with the opposite cause would not allow them to give it open applause. The majority of Protestant Americans, especially of all those whose minds are not narrowed by sectarian education, or who do not make their

living by anti-popery preaching, have been true to the claims of honor, honesty, justice, and international law. But how sad it was to see the zealots who assisted and spoke at the "Italian Unity" meeting in the Academy of Music disgrace our national character, by endeavoring to represent the people of the United States as favorable to the most outrageous violation of common honesty which the nineteenth century has witnessed! General Dix, renowned for the classic beauty of his orations; Horace Greeley, whose friends call him "honest" and "philanthropic," and whose newspaper columns are continually filled, especially at election times, with attacks on "ballot-stuffing," "ring corruption," "illegal voting," and "dishonesty;" William Cullen Bryant, his *fidus Achates* in the same cause, and his superior in poetry, if not in prose; Henry Ward Beecher, who pretends to have no prejudice, and no fixed creed, and whose eloquence is indisputable; Parke Godwin; and last, but not least, Drs. Bellows and Thompson, two of the most popular and professedly enlightened Protestant ministers—these were some of the men who applauded the act of Victor Emmanuel in taking away by force Rome from the sway of the Pope.

They called it a meeting in favor of "Italian Unity"! But why call a meeting for "Italian Unity" instead of one for "German Unity"? Why are all these gentlemen so fond of "*Italian* Unity"? Why did they not hold a similar meeting to sympathize with Germany when King William became emperor of a "united" fatherland? Why did not these pretended lovers of republican institutions call a mass-meeting to sympathize with Mexico when she became a "united" republic by the overthrow of Maximilian? Why not call a meeting to sympathize with "Italian Unity" when Tuscany and Naples were taken by the Piedmontese? Why run in such haste to an "Italian Unity" meeting before the "unity" was an accomplished fact, before the Italian parliament had made Rome the capital, and before the king had set foot in it? Why, the moment Rome is entered by force, before the blood of its heroic defenders was dry in the streets, should General Dix, Horace Greeley, Beecher, Thompson, and the rest run to an "Italian Unity" meeting? Was it for "*Italian* Unity" they did all this? But the Romans are the only true Italians. The Sardinians are a foreign race of Lombard origin; the Neapolitans and Sicilians were originally Greek colonies, now mixed with Norman and Spanish blood. To have perfect "Italian Unity," the Pope, as King of Rome, who is not a foreigner but a true Italian, should conquer and annex Sardinia and Naples. If the Pope were to undertake the task of unification, would these gentlemen hold a meeting in favor of "Italian Unity"? He certainly would have as much right to annex Sardinia as Sardinia has to attempt the annexation of Rome. The principle of "Italian Unity" should come from the head of Italy, from Rome, and not from Sardinia, which is only a corner of the peninsula.

The Pope is an elective monarch, and may be of plebeian origin; and in this regard his government approaches nearer the form of our republic than the Sardinian kingdom, which is an hereditary monarchy. Yet our pretended republicans openly declared their preference for an hereditary monarch notoriously without virtue, who rules an overburdened and discontented people by the force of the bayonet, instead of the most virtu-

ous, the most lenient, and the most just of modern rulers, Pius IX. But of course it was all done purely for the sake of "Italian Unity."

These "Italian Unity" gentlemen knew that the King of Italy had no cause for war against the King of Rome; that, in fact, the taking of Rome was directly opposed to the law of nations. Our great lawyer Kent* lays down the following principles which apply to the case: "Nations are equal in respect to each other, and entitled to claim equal consideration for their rights, whatever may be their relative *dimensions* or *strength*, or however they may differ in government, religion, or manners. This perfect equality and entire independence of all distinct states is a fundamental principle of public law. It is a necessary consequence of this equality that each nation has a right to govern itself as it may think proper, and *no nation is entitled to dictate a form of government, or religion, or a course of internal policy, to another. No state is entitled to take cognizance or notice of the domestic administration of another state, or of what passes within it as between the government and its own subjects.*" The so-called King of Italy has his title since only a few years; the King of Rome has his title over a thousand years. For whom, then, should honorable men feel sympathy? But no matter—*violate the law of nations*, provided there be "Italian Unity." So think General Dix, Horace Greeley, Drs. Beecher, Thompson, and Bellows.

There was a *plébiscite* which favored "Italian Unity"! But was it the Pope who proposed the *plébiscite?* He alone had a right to do it. What right had the King of Italy to ask another king's subjects to vote against their lawful sovereign? Has the Governor of New York a right to cross the Hudson, seize the capital of New Jersey, imprison its governor, take over the roughs and rowdies of the Five Points to rob the state, and then ask the people of New Jersey to sanction the act—and, if the people of New Jersey attempt to vote against the illegal seizure of their capital, expose them to the dagger of the bravo and the bludgeon of the pluggugly? Has the President of the United States a right to make war without a declaration on Mexico or Canada, and use the scum of our cities, the jail-birds and escaped convicts, to subject the Mexicans or Canadians to mob-law, for the sake of "*American* Unity"? Certainly Mr. Sumner pretends not to think so, since he is so anxious to prevent any coercion in the case of the proposed annexation of San Domingo; yet Mr. Sumner sympathized with the "Italian Unity" meeting. How consistent!

There was a *plébiscite* in France just before Napoleon went to Saarbrück, and almost seven millions of a majority of Frenchmen expressed "the popular will" in his favor. In a few weeks he was dethroned by the same pretended "popular will." Of what value, then, is a *plébiscite*, especially when the ballots are managed by those who control the bullets? Must not popular votes be limited by constitutional means? No nation allows itself to be controlled by fickle popular whims. There is not universal suffrage in England. If there were in Ireland, English rule would cease in a day. We limit the right to vote daily. Suppose the next president should be a democrat, or the next governor of New York a republican, will there not be a period before the election, and certainly before the inauguration, when the man in office will not represent the "po-

* *Commentaries*, vol. i. pp. 21-23.

pular will"? May not the man in office hold his position for years and yet represent only a minority of the voters? Why? Because law and constitutional guarantees must limit the "popular will." In fact, it is more limited here than in England. In this republic, the president can keep his cabinet officers in spite of the "popular will;" in England, the queen cannot do so. Now, principles are the same in Rome as in America. The constitution of a state controls the will of the people. The people cannot at every whim or pretence vote out their rulers in the United States; nor can they in Europe. If they could, there never would be a stable government. The people of the United States have to wait four years for a new president; the people of Rome have often not had to wait half so long for a new king. When they get their king, he is generally a learned, able, generous, pious, amiable, conscientious prince, like Pius IX. We Americans have not always the same good fortune in getting presidents or governors. When the so-called King of Italy dies, the poor Italians must take an hereditary ruler, who is heir to the vices as well as the throne of the present gallant gentleman who governs them!

"The *plébiscite!*" It was a farce, ordered by one who had no right to order it. Besides, it is notorious that car-loads of criminals who had been exiled from Rome for years, came with the camp-followers of the Italian army and voted against the Pope. It is notorious that over one hundred thousand of the Pope's subjects abstained altogether from voting. It is notorious that no one on the day of election could vote against Victor Emmanuel without risking his life, for the rowdies beset the polls, crying, *Morte ai neri!* "Death to the priests!" According to the *Gazetta Officiale di Roma*, there were not fifty negative votes cast.* Only fifty in Rome to vote for the Pope! Now, if Dix, Beecher, Thompson, and the rest believe this, they should never again preach against "popish miracles." How credulous bigotry makes men! According to the same *Gazetta*, all the votes cast were 40,831 in the ten voting hours from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., at the twelve polling-places. This would have to be at the rate of about one for every ten seconds uninterruptedly. This, too, when we consider that the voters had to ascend a flight of steps, and prepare their ballots, while eye-witnesses attest that for hours during the day no one went to vote at all. Is not this a clear case of ballot-stuffing, illegal voting, and fraud? Now, will Mr. Greeley tell us, he who is so much opposed to this system in New York, how it can be perfectly legitimate at Rome? Alas! for his title of "honest."

"But," will say one of the great leaders of the "Italian Unity" meeting, Rev. Dr. Thompson, "*Gioberti, Rosmini, Lacordaire, and Döllinger, eminent and saintly Roman Catholic clergymen*, sympathize with the object of our assembly." This was the intimation of one of the resolutions proposed by Dr. Thompson and adopted by the meeting. We reply: Firstly, Catholics are willing to have Rosmini and Lacordaire called "saintly," for they were good priests; but Dr. Thompson ought to know that Catholics do not consider either Gioberti or Döllinger as "saintly." Secondly, it is a false assumption that any of these eminent writers ever wrote a line of sympathy with the object of the "Italian Unity" meeting. The pretended object was ex-

* These were probably all cast by persons belonging to the Piedmontese party, for the sake of keeping up appearances.

pressed in General Dix's telegram to Victor Emmanuel; to *sanction the fact* of the *taking away by force* of the Pope's temporal power, and to congratulate the king on an event which consummated "Italian Unity." Now, it is true that Gioberti was in favor of "Italian Unity;" but he wanted an Italian confederation with the Pope at its head; thus wishing an extension rather than a diminution of the Pope's temporal prestige. Gioberti's theory was adopted in the famous *brochure* published in France just before the Italian war against Austria, supposed to have been dictated by Napoleon III., written by his creature, La Guerronière, and entitled *Napoleon III. et l'Italie.* Any one who has ever read Gioberti's *Primato d'Italia* knows that he never was in favor of taking away the Pope's temporal power.

Rosmini, who retracted long before his death his few imprudent theories, could never count opposition to the temporal power of the Pope among them, for he always defended it. In his work on the *Five Wounds of the Church*, he *clearly and plainly approves and defends* the temporal power of the Pope. This work contained some strange views, which caused it to be put on the *Index;* among these views, however, was no opposition to the Papal sovereignty.

Nor is there a line of all that Lacordaire ever wrote to warrant Dr. Thompson's assumption in regard to the great Dominican.

The only one of whom there could be doubt is Döllinger. Yet even this author has written nothing against the temporal power of the Pope. From his work, *The Church and Churches*, written expressly to explain his views on the temporal power, countless passages might be quoted to show that he holds the very contrary of what Dr. Thompson assumed. On pages 2 and 3 of this work, he writes: "The church can exist by and for herself, and did exist for seven centuries, without the territorial possessions of the popes; but at a later period this property, through the condition of the world, *became necessary*, and in spite of great changes and vicissitudes has discharged in most cases its function of serving as a foundation for the independence and freedom of the popes. As long as the present state and arrangements of Europe endure, *we can discover no other means* to secure to the Papal See its freedom, and, through it, general confidence." The work from which we quote was written expressly, as Döllinger tells us in the introduction, to free himself from the reproach of being opposed to the Pope's temporal power, owing to a certain ambiguity in his Munich lectures. Again, Döllinger writes:* "At the present day, what we want, before all things, is the truth, the whole truth, not merely the acknowledgment that *the temporal power of the Pope is required by the church*, for that is obvious to everybody at least out of Italy." In a lecture at Munich on April 5, 1861, Döllinger said: "Of the good right of the Pope, which rests upon the strongest and most legitimate titles of acquisition and possession acknowledged by mankind, there can be no doubt. As little can exist of the faithless Machiavelism and the revolting injustice of the policy pursued toward the Roman See."† In the same lecture,‡ quoting Bellarmine's remark that "in the earlier ages the church did not need princely authority for the support of her majesty; now it seems to be a necessity," he adds, "This necessity indisputably exists in our time as

* *Church and Churches*, p. 10.
† *Ibid.*, Appendix, p. 457.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 458.

strongly as ever." This is from one of the so-called ambiguous lectures!

In view of these facts, how could Dr. Thompson have the effrontery to intimate that "Gioberti, Rosmini, Lacordaire, and Döllinger, eminent and saintly Roman Catholic clergymen," sympathized with the "Italian Unity" meeting? How reckless, how unprincipled, how disgraceful is such unfounded assertion!

Sympathize with the object of that meeting? Sympathize with the men who, not content with taking Rome, broke the locks of the Quirinal and robbed the Papal palace? Sympathize with *burglary?* Sanction *burglars?* Oh! no; Gioberti, with all his faults, Döllinger, with all his anti-infallibility mania, would not stoop so low as to applaud stealing. This honor belongs to the gallant General Dix, the "honest" editor of the *Tribune*, and the reverend champions who self-complacently consider themselves the representatives of American honor and American honesty.

We may add, also, that the sectarian press, and those whose opinions it represents, have deeply dishonored their claim to piety by their open sympathy with a movement so marked by impiety, and disgraced by ribaldry, sacrilege, licentiousness, and immorality. It is hard to say whether the note of imbecility or that of malignity predominates in the attacks made on the Holy See by anti-Catholic writers for the press since the time when the council was opened, and especially since its interruption by the invasion of Rome. The sermons, lectures, speeches, etc., of our clergy and laity are in marked contrast, in respect to argument and moral dignity, with these feeble and ill-mannered diatribes. And if we compare the meetings of Catholics to sympathize with the Pope with the unsuccessful attempt at rallying the men of intellect and influence from the non-Catholic community to the support of Victor Emmanuel, we may congratulate ourselves and Pius IX. on a great moral triumph in the United States of America.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL, AND ITS DEFINITIONS. A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longmans. New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co. 1871.

We welcome the republication of this new and masterly treatise by Archbishop Manning, which makes up a neat little volume of 250 pages. Its subject-matter is quite extensive, its manner of treatment very thorough and admirably lucid, and some interesting documents are appended. The most valuable part of it, in our estimation, is the explication of the definition of papal infallibility, especially in reference to its object and extension, that is to say, the matters over which the prerogative of infallibility given to the church and the pope stretches its domain. These learned and able instructions of bishops concerning great and important doctrines come next in weight and efficiency for good to those which proceed from the sovereign pontiff; possessing, as they do, besides the value which the same expositions would have from the pen

of private theologians, the force which is given to them by the episcopal character and authority. We trust, therefore, that this pastoral letter of Archbishop Manning will have that wide circulation, and receive that careful attention in this country as well as in England, which it deserves. As one paragraph on page 59, which alludes to the "alleged opposition of one bishop" to the definition of papal infallibility, may give rise to some surmises, we think it well to state that the prelate in question is probably the learned and celebrated Dr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg, and that the incredulity which Dr. Manning expresses regarding the truth of the allegation has since the publication of the letter been fully justified. The *Bien Publique* of Ghent has published the gratifying intelligence that Bishop Hefele, together with his chapter, has sent a formal adhésion to the definition of the Council of the Vatican. We announced the same of Bishop Maret in our last number. The like is known, also, of a great many others who abstained from voting at the last solemn session, as well as of the two prelates who voted *non placet*. The random assertions of the papers about several distinguished prelates withholding their assent are completely false. Not a single bishop has been found to countenance the handful of clerical and lay dissidents who have made themselves ridiculous by playing the wiseacre against the united authority of the Catholic Episcopate, whose voice has been echoed by the unanimous response of faith from their clergy and people. Once again, as in the instance of the definition of the Immaculate Conception, our century has witnessed the sublime and supernatural spectacle of the union of hierarchy and people with the See of Peter in the profession of the dogmas of faith proclaimed from the Chair of Truth; thus giving a new and splendid illustration of the old maxim: UBI PETRUS, IBI ECCLESIA.

SIMON PETER AND SIMON MAGUS: A Legend of the Early Days of Christianity in Rome. By Rev. John Joseph Franco, S.J. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham, 216 S. Third St. 1871.

The editors of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* are doing a good work, for which they deserve the warmest thanks, sympathy, and support of all Catholics. They devote solid learning and ability to the service of piety among the faithful by their magazine, which is of the highest quality in respect to literary excellence, yet studiously made plain, popular, attractive, and instructive to all, both young and old, and in the strictest sense a *religious* periodical, having for its chief end the promotion of Catholic piety and devotion. The series, of which this volume is one, is an excellent idea. Stories of this kind have a great and peculiar charm for the young, and for many older persons as well. The present story is written with a great deal of power and with the style of an accomplished writer. F. Franco shows himself to be not only a skilful artist, but a very learned scholar, both in the structure of his story and in his notes; and his accurate descriptions of the topography of Rome make one of the chief merits of his little volume. If we may be allowed to criticise one who has much more knowledge than we have concerning the literature of the subject of his story, we think he is rather too easy of belief in regard to the strict historic truth of certain traditions, and inclined to give too much value to documents which are of dubious origin and authorship. As a legend, based on some well-known or probable facts, the story answers its purpose fully, and this, it seems to us, is all that the principles of critical history will concede to it. The book is neatly and correctly printed, and we recommend it warmly to our readers.

As Roman stories seem to be in vogue, we recommend to any one who is disposed to take up the suggestion the publication in an Eng-

lish dress of *Cineas*, a French story, far superior to *The Jews of the Capena Gate*, containing among other things remarkable descriptions of the burning of Rome under Nero, the last days and death of that tyrant, and the destruction of Jerusalem.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF IRISH ELOQUENCE. Edited by a Member of the New York Bar. New York: James A. McGee.

This large and handsomely printed volume, containing select speeches of distinguished Irish orators, has been recently issued by one of our junior publishing houses in a style of workmanship that speaks well for the good taste and enterprise of the publisher. The selections—no easy task where so many flowers of rhetoric lay profusely scattered around, from which one nosegay only was to be culled—have been made with much discrimination, and with a view, it would seem, to the illustration of the historical incidents which called forth the orator's efforts, as well as to display the peculiar genius of each. Indignant denunciation and humorous description, forcible logic and pathetic appeal, thus placed side by side, clothed in their appropriate language, form a mass of reading interesting and instructive to every student, but more particularly to those whose special avocation requires the use of oratory in its various phases. O'Connell, the great popular orator of the century, and one of the greatest moral agitators of any age, properly occupies the largest space in the book. Eleven of his best speeches in Parliament, on the hustings, and at the bar are republished, exhibiting in all their details that magnificent rhetoric and withering sarcasm which made him the terror of corrupt ministers and partial judges, and which, united to his broad, irresistible humor, constituted him the darling and unrivalled leader of his countrymen for half a century. There are seven speeches, principally parliamentary, of Richard Lalor Shiel, who, for many years before and after Catholic Emancipation, was the Liberator's most efficient and brilliant assistant in and out of the House of Commons. An equal number of Curran's have been selected from his numerous forensic efforts—efforts which, unfortunately for posterity, were never fully or altogether fairly reported, but which, meagre as they are, give us some idea of the transcendent eloquence and inimitable wit of that great advocate, the unmatched orator of the Irish bar. Of Grattan's great appeals there are three, and we think there should have been more, for he was in the forum what Curran was in the court—

> "With all that Demosthenes wanted endued,
> And his equal or victor in all he possessed."

Burke's two speeches in reference to America will be read with interest in this country. One of the most remarkable of the whole collection, and the least familiar to the public, is that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the House of Commons, in opposition to Pitt's income-tax bill. We find also Emmet's dying speech, and the late General T. F. Meagher's apostrophe to the sword, delivered while yet a youth and prophetic of his after-career in this country; the very able forensic effort of Whiteside on the trial of Gavan Duffy; and a shorter, calmer, and eminently characteristic address of Thomas D'Arcy McGee before a benevolent society in Quebec. The biographical sketches, though short, are well written and correct both in diction and facts, but the illustrations, of which there are several, we are compelled to say are, with few exceptions, below the standard of high art, and not at all in keeping with the otherwise superior mechanism displayed in the composition of the work. True oratory, the handmaiden of justice and logic, has ever found its widest sphere

where free institutions are nurtured, but, like most of our accomplishments, a knowledge of the masters of the past generations is necessary for its thorough acquirement; and it is for this reason that we cordially welcome this new addition to our libraries, and anticipate for it a wide circulation.

THE OLD RELIGION; or, How shall we find Primitive Christianity? A Journey from New York to Old Rome. By William Lockhart, B.A., Oxon., Priest in the Diocese of Westminster. London: Burns, Oates & Co. Pp. 504. Third edition.

We think it a very interesting sign of the change which a single generation has sufficed to work in the public sentiment of England that such a book as this "may be had at Messrs. Smith & Son's Railway Book-stalls." Things have come round wonderfully since the Oxford leaders startled the scholarly repose of the great universities by their first hesitating advances in the direction of a Catholicity towards which they rather groped than aimed their way. Here in America we are far behind the point which has been reached in the mother country. Not that with us the church is less strong or less aggressive, but we are, as a people, less intellectual, and, we fear, less in earnest than our English cousins. At any rate, our "travelling public" has a far meaner literary taste; and we are greatly mistaken if the day is not far distant when the enterprising youth upon whom has devolved the function of turning our railroad-cars into reading-rooms shall find it a paying business to offer us Milner's *End of Controversy* or THE CATHOLIC WORLD along with "Carleton's Publications" and *Frank Leslie*.

We see no reason *per se* why a traveller (supposing him to be both intelligent and candid) who picks up *The Old Religion* at one of Messrs. Smith & Son's book-stalls, attracted by its title and cheerful cover, might not enter his railway-carriage at London an unruffled Protestant, and emerge from it at Liverpool or Edinburgh ready to make his submission to the first Catholic priest he might meet. The book is both complete in argument and charming in style. There is learning enough for the most scholarly, while the narrative and conversational form which the author has adopted will entice the most listless reader into familiarity with a subject from which he might have turned away in stolid unconcern. And the reasoning, we say, is complete; for, though we are not led on step by step in the formal manner of a treatise, yet, when we reach our journey's end, we find ourselves landed by intellectual conviction, as well as in imagination physically, in "Old Rome."

There are a few slight carelessnesses in the book, or what seem to us carelessnesses (as when the author speaks of "shooting" a Roman soldier); and the imitation of our American manner of speech is, to our thinking, rather overdone. Such imperfections, however, are trifling — much more pardonable than the negligence of the proof-reader, who seems to have done his work in a great hurry. Where is the advantage, by the bye, in giving no table of contents, and in not putting the date of publication on the title-page?

But we did not intend to find fault. We wish the volume might have as extensive a sale in this country as it has had in England. It certainly deserves it. Most of the characters are American, and there are allusions to places and persons which would doubtless be recognized by many of our Catholic readers.

We commend the allegorical "Story of the Old Ship" (chap. xxviii.) as one of the most racy and effective bits of satire we have read for a good while.

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS. By Arthur Helps. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

This is one of the series of Mr.

Helps's works which the Roberts Brothers are publishing, and is uniform with *Companions of my Solitude*, noticed by us in the December number.

Nothing from Mr. Helps's pen is entirely without merit, or fails altogether to deserve praise; but these essays, the first, we think, which the author gave to the public, possess less attraction for us than anything he has since written.

Both his matter and manner have steadily improved since this book was first published. We said, in noticing *Companions of my Solitude*, that Mr. Helps, with all his merits, was sometimes prosy. In these essays we must confess he is almost always so.

The truths they set forth are so very true, and the good advice they give so very good, that they fail to be effective, and lack altogether the suggestiveness of the thoughts and reflections given us so much less formally in *Friends in Council* and *Companions of my Solitude*.

They read too much like themes written as task-work by undergraduates bent on following the rules of composition laid down by their preceptor.

But, however little this book pleases us, we think the Roberts Brothers are doing an excellent thing in reprinting in so neat and attractive a form Mr. Helps's generally admirable works, and we look forward with pleasure to the publication of the rest of the series, some of which, we believe, are already in print.

History of American Socialism. By John Humphrey Noyes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New York: James Miller, 647 Broadway. 1870.

This work is not without interest as giving an impartial history of the various socialistic experiments hitherto made in this country. We failed, however, to find in it an account of the Fruitland community started by Bronson Alcott and Charles Lane, and which deserves a place in its pages. Mr. Noyes attributes to the Shakers' example the different efforts made to recast the world by socialism, and these, he adds, "are the far-off echoes of the primitive church." Why go so far to fetch these echoes, when you can find in the almost countless orders and communities in the Catholic Church the continuation of that one founded by the apostles? He avoids all mention of these. It is true his purpose was to gave a "history of American socialisms," but there are religious communities in the Catholic Church founded in this country and by Americans—among others, that by Mother Seton, at Emmittsburgh, Maryland. This would have afforded him a striking contrast of the labors for humanity of the Sisters of Charity with the industrial successes of the Shaker brethren. Our author indicates that "Christianity alone has the harmonizing power necessary to successful association;" and to make this statement as complete as it is true, he had but to add, in the Catholic Church alone do we find, since "the primitive church," this "harmonizing power" so practically applied and in successful operation. Had most of the men engaged in these socialistic experiments only known it, they would have found in the religious bodies in the Catholic Church what they sought after, and for which they wasted their strength and utterly failed in attaining.

Ten Times One is Ten. Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

Probably many of our readers remember the article published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, some years ago, entitled *The Man without a Country*, by which Mr. Hale acquired a great part of his reputation as an ingenious and effective story-teller. He was so successful in throwing around an intrinsically improbable and extravagant narrative, by matter-of-fact detail and description, an

air of truth and sincerity, that most people who read believed in the sufferings of the author's entirely imaginary hero, and even in many cases persuaded themselves that long before they had heard of the more salient incidents of the story as matters of history.

Mr. Hale has published many other stories since which owe their charm to the novel and striking power which he possesses of representing the fantastic, the improbable, and the impossible as natural and lifelike. The end attained or the result reached in them is almost always absolutely impracticable and extravagant, sometimes even sensibly impossible and absurd, and yet the methods of securing this end or result are, as he sets them forth, so eminently plausible and so seemingly within our power that it is hard for us, as we lay down the book, to answer the question suggested, "Why not?"

It is to this peculiar power of the author in making appear possible in detail that which in the aggregate is manifestly impossible, and to a certain De Foe-like realism in his style of story-telling, that his books owe whatever excellence they possess.

Ten Times One is Ten shows admirably this latter characteristic of his, but, as it deals more with the result attained and less with the means of attaining it than most of his other stories, it falls far short of them in their most distinctive merit. It compares very unfavorably with such tales as *The Man without a Country* and *The Children of the Public*. Though not without humor and interest, it seems to us very much nearer the work of Mr. Hale at his worst than at his best.

The moral of the story is the influence which a single unselfish life may exert. In this "vision of a possibility," as the author styles it, he brings about a final reformation of the world and a reconstruction of society on the basis of universal brotherhood and good-will.

Mr. Hale is a Unitarian clergyman of what are termed "advanced ideas," but we must claim the privilege of doubting whether he really believes, whatever this book may seem to imply, that any such result is possible except through supernatural means and divine grace. At all events, whatever may be the idle dreams of a fancy such as his, it is not the less true that it is the church alone which can reform the world, and bind all men together in the bonds of a universal charity.

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY. By Miss Jennie Collins. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Nine-tenths of this volume, of three hundred and twenty pages, are made up of stories of the *wrongs* of individual working men and women, inflicted by their employers, from almost every department of manual labor; like a string of shark's teeth strung together to excite our compassion for the unfortunates who have fallen into the jaws of suffering. But we think we could gather a chaplet of pearls, composed of individual instances of kindness, consideration, and tenderness on the part of masters and mistresses, which would demonstrate as well that on the whole employers are a merciful class. The truth is that neither collection of facts would *prove* anything. That there are great reforms needed in many branches of labor, both on the part of employers and employees, is patent to every observing mind; but we think Miss Collins fails utterly in her attempt to prove that these reforms are to be brought about by strikes and trades-unions. In her management of the servant-girl question, she is still more unsuccessful, giving as a reason why girls prefer the shop to the kitchen that in the latter department "she works for a stipulated sum, and is well aware that her employer intends to get all the labor he can for that sum," adding that "servant-girls are without the commonest means of shielding themselves; and in this fact may be found the

reason why so many fly to the shops for sustenance rather than the kitchen."

There are some statements in her book quite appalling. "In New England," she says, "where the manufacturing wealth was confined to so few, a select aristocracy was years ago established, and, as each rich man wished his child to marry into a wealthy family, they were obliged to marry cousins. This defiance of nature brought upon the stage a race of half-witted mental cripples, if not idiots." Think of that, ye manufacturers of New England! The author anticipates a state of society in the future when "there will be no paupers who deserve charity," while our Lord in his Gospel has said, "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

The volume closes with a chapter advocating "Woman's Suffrage," containing only the common arguments of the leaders of that movement. We put by the book with the thought that a person who can see but one side of a subject can hardly convince any one of the truth and justice of his or her reasoning.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

It is not often that there falls into the hands of the reviewer a book of light reading so admirable both in matter and manner as this.

The *Sketches* are pictures of life in old Cambridge — Charlesbridge, the author names it, as a feigned disguise.

We do not know how much of the delight with which we read these essays sprang from the associations which in our mind cluster around that beautiful, quiet university town, and from the recollections of every place and matter of local interest touched on in them; but we do know that, apart from them and by one who has never in all his life seen Cambridge, the book will be found charming. There is in it such refinement of thought, such depth and subtilty of humor, and such graceful elegance and artistic beauty of style, as makes us recognize with grateful pleasure that we have in America, to use the words of another, a prose-writer "worthy to be ranked with Hawthorne in sensitiveness of observation, and with Longfellow in perfection of style."

The work is that of a Pre-Raphaelite artist. Every detail is lovingly and appreciatively elaborated, and yet every detail is made to harmonize perfectly with every other in the general grouping and effect.

The most prosaic and commonplace objects and incidents are made to appear, by Mr. Howells's vivid and poetic treatment, as interesting and unfamiliar as the adventures of a tourist in lands afar and countries unknown. The author describes a walk to Somerville or a ride by horse-car to Boston, and, though we may have been over the same road a thousand times, he throws around them by his brilliant fancy the tender atmosphere of illusion, that, without falsifying, rounds and softens the crudities of fact, and makes it all as charming to us as though he were writing of floating through Venetian streets or strolling on Tuscan roads.

He tells us of his "door-step acquaintances;" and, although every detail of the description is accurate and complete, we forget the disagreeable reality of the dirty, unkempt organ-grinder who bores us to death with worn-out tunes, ground out from the wheeziest of instruments, and see only the dark-eyed olive-skinned Italian who, far away as he is from his beautiful country, never by day or by night forgets his love for her, and is always purposing to return one day to enjoy, as one of them told the author, "a little climate before he dies."

Mr. Howells's style is as pure and unaffected as it is finished and careful. By this and his former books he has gained a high place in Ame-

rican literature, and we hope that it will be long before we shall see the last production of so charming and graceful a writer.

BOOKS AND READING; or, What Books Shall I Read and How Shall I Read Them? By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

In these days of book writing and publishing, when the press of every country is pouring out productions in every language and of every degree of merit and of demerit, which, on the one hand, promulgate every form of error and falsehood, and, on the other, exhibit ever phase of truth and knowledge, an attempt by any man, however cultivated his literary taste may be, to set forth for the inexperienced and youthful student a course of reading which shall be at once practicable, complete, and advantageous, must be well-nigh hopeless.

Perhaps Professor Porter has succeeded as well as any person would be likely to in any such endeavor. He treats his subject with discrimination and good taste, and shows a careful and thorough acquaintance with English literature.

We think, however, that he gives altogether too little attention to foreign literature. By far the greater part of the intellectual wealth of Europe is accessible to all readers in America through English translations, and no one certainly can claim to be well read who is to any marked degree unacquainted with foreign books.

If this book leads any large number of young readers to systematize and therefore render more valuable what would otherwise have been a desultory and purposeless course of reading, the author should and undoubtedly will feel amply repaid for his labor.

ASPENDALE. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This small, unpretentious volume is a charming description of the life of two cultivated intelligent women who, for some unexplained reason, chose to make themselves a home under one roof, in a lonely country village. Here, however, they formed a few appreciative companions, and the book (without plot) is a series of conversations between these friends, who discuss various subjects from different standpoints. The "talks" are sprightly and well sustained, giving out many suggestive thoughts of men and things. The criticism "on the worship of blood" and "wealth," as displayed in the writings of Mrs. Stowe and "The Autocrat," is specially just and well put. The remarks upon *Ecce Homo* are also satisfactory, but we differ entirely from the author in her judgment of the writings of Madame Dudevant (George Sands). We could not recommend the reading of her works under any circumstances, on the principle that one cannot touch pitch without defilement.

THE UPWARD AND ONWARD SERIES: FIELD AND FOREST; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FARMER. By Oliver Optic.

PLANE AND PLANK; OR, THE MISHAPS OF A MECHANIC. By Oliver Optic.

LOST IN THE FOG. By James De Mille, author of *The B. O. W. C.*, etc.

DOUBLE PLAY; OR, HOW JOE HANDY CHOSE HIS FRIENDS. By William Everett, author of *Changing Base*, etc.

THE BECKONING SERIES: WHO WILL WIN? By Paul Cobden, author of *Bessie Lovell.*

THE BECKONING SERIES: GOING ON A MISSION. Illustrated.

The above six books are published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York. They are all finely printed and illustrated.

Oliver Optic's books are too well known to need commendation; they have been the favorite books of boys for years past. The *Upward and Onward Series* promises to be quite as attractive as any of the others; but his reign over boy-literature seems about to be seriously

disputed. *Double Play* is full of incident, with all the charm of danger and escape, and, more than all, is a true picture of boy-life. *Who will Win?* and *Going on a Mission* cannot fail to please both boys and girls.

MEMOIRS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL. Translated from the French of M. L'Abbé G. Chardon, Honorary Canon, Superior of the Diocesan Mission of Clermont-Ferrand. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 12mo. 1871.

This handsomely bound and finely printed book reflects great credit on its enterprising publisher. It is pious, instructive, and very interesting. To give the reader an idea of it, we make an extract from the author's preface: "These memoirs are a gallery of paintings in which is brought into view the Catholic doctrine on the ministry of guardian angels. An angel here tells what were his duties and his impressions from the moment in which a soul was entrusted to him to that in which she took her place at his side in glory."

THE VIRTUES AND FAULTS OF CHILDHOOD. Translated from the French by Miss Susan Harris. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1871.

We take great pleasure in recommending this little book to our youthful readers. It contains excellent stories all about children; it is beautifully illustrated, is printed on elegant paper, finely bound, and is, in fact, a credit to the good taste and judgment of the publishers. We hope to see many such books got out by our Catholic publishers.

A SECOND FRENCH READER. Progressively arranged; with a complete French-English Vocabulary and Table of Verbal Terminations. Compiled by L. Pylodet. PROGRESSIVE FRENCH READER. With copious Notes, Philological and Grammatical: and numerous references to Otto's French Conversation Grammar. By Ferdinand Bôcher. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

These text-books have been carefully prepared by experienced teachers. The first forms one of a series designed for schools where French is taught in a number of graded classes. The selections are fine, and the vocabulary so complete as to render the aid of the dictionary unnecessary.

Bôcher's *Otto's French Reader* is made up of many elegant extracts from modern French writers. The notes on each lesson, given at the end of the volume, contain excellent explanations of all the idioms met with in the text. The peculiar merits of the book consist in supplying the learner, in the space of two hundred pages, with the great bulk of ordinary French words and the common idioms, and the teacher with a variety of subject-matter sufficient to enable him to illustrate the grammatical construction of the French language. There can be no better text-book procured for the use of advanced scholars, for whose benefit it was especially prepared.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From MURPHY & CO., Baltimore: Lilia; or, The Test. A Drama in Two Acts for Young Ladies. Translated from the French, by a Pupil of the Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, and respectfully Dedicated to the Catholic Academies of Chicago.—The Two Crowns. A Drama in One Act for Young Ladies. Translated from the French of Rimbaut, by a Pupil of the Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, and respectfully Dedicated to her Classmates.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York: Italy: Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice. From the French of H. Taine. By J. Durand. Third edition, two volumes in one, with corrections and indices.

From ELDREDGE & BROTHER, Philadelphia: Six Books of the Æneid of Virgil, with explanatory notes and vocabulary. By Thomas Chase, M.A.

From BENZIGER BROS., Cincinnati, Ohio: The Catholic Crusoe. By Rev. W. H. Anderdon.—Afternoons with the Saints. By Rev. W. H. Anderdon.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston: The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood. By Jean Ingelow. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 172.—Margaret: A Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom. By Sylvester Judd.—The Earthly Paradise. By William Morris. Part IV.

From FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston: We Girls: A Home Story. By Mrs. Whitney. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 215.—Miriam, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 126.—My Summer in a Garden. By Charles Dudley Warner. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 183.

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